

Seventy Pages a Week

written by Holly

June 6, 2003

By Holly Lisle

I've been staying on track. 2000 words or better a day. It's adding up. I'm currently adding seventy pages per week of (more or less, at least in my mind) finished text to the **Talyn** manuscript. That's one chapter and three-fourths of a second, since I'm doing four scenes per chapter and forty pages per scene. Scene length remains variable. Currently, the Talyn scenes are quite long, the Gair scenes mostly short, as planned.

The story is unfolding well. Gair, for whom things have been going badly, has now seen them get almost as bad as they possibly can. The next little twist, when they get even worse, starts today. For Talyn, however, events progress in a manner that is much less clear; while she is unhappy with decisions that have removed her from her Shielder position, and that have made that position unnecessary, still she is at last able to follow her dreams, and they are going well. And she has just met a man who has come halfway around the world to be with her, though she has not yet confessed that she's the woman for whom he has come so far and risked so much. He isn't Tonk, after all, and to one of the Tribes of the Tand, that sort of thing matters a lot.

So that's where I am with **Talyn**. I also heard back from my agent with the request-for-revisions letter on the **Midnight Rain** proposal. The revisions on the book will be extensive, and will require a lot of time. The revisions on the proposal – well, basically, the proposal has to be rewritten from the ground up, but even if rewriting it doesn't land me this sale, it will make the changes I want to make in this book clear in my mind. I think the exercise will be worth it no matter the

short-term outcome, which means I'm going to go ahead with it. Which means I'm going to be squeezing in the proposal rewrite on top of the **Talyn** pages, so I'm going to be even scarcer around the site until that's done.

Please forgive slow responses. (I'm going to translate that phrase into Latin and tack it beneath my personal crest – typewriter sable on a white field of broken pencils, argent.)

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