

Shifting Gears; Trashing the Tranny

written by Holly

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So shifting from **Talyn** into a quick detour through the new outline for **Midnight Rain** may not be the most graceful trick I've pulled off. Today's writing session felt a whole lot like downshifting from third gear into first while having a foot slip off the clutch; the sound of gears ripping and grinding against each other was terrifying.

I don't like working on two projects at once. I'm a very linear writer, but more than that, I'm an immersive one. I fall into a world and a story and my mind works on it not just while I'm writing, but while I'm sleeping and spending time with my family and at other odd moments. And my head is still in **Talyn**, and worse than that, I hit a wall on the outline where I have come to the cold, stark realization that I don't know what happens next. I know what happens later. I know what happens last. But **next**? No clue. I am lost, lost, lost.

Tomorrow morning, I'll be sitting down and asking myself questions, to see if I might kick something loose somehow.

My dead guy is up to something. I know he is. I just have to figure out what.

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