

Subduing the Morning

By Holly Lisle

Have been writing since not long after six. Jean and I are doing ten-minute sprints again, and I was making nice progress until I realized this particular scene I'm writing is failing utterly to produce conflict.

I'm going to sit and scowl and do bubble diagrams until I figure out what their problem needs to be. They're in harbor, their lives are at risk, they're trying to get hold of dangerous weapons to take into battle with them without drawing attention to themselves, and I have to show all of that through the eyes of the people who got left on the ship. Dammit.

(Entry title courtesy of Jean)

Ah, right. Start point: 112,531. Goal: 115,531 or better.

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