

# Sweet, sweet fiction, words like storm after drought

written by Holly

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The story called me back tonight, in spite of this being my official night off. I suddenly knew what had to happen next—not what I had planned, but what was better than what I'd planned.

Aleksa is on her way into deadly trouble, while fleeing deadly trouble—her problem with the rock and the hard place is that both of them are careening straight at her.

So I got 479 words, and I feel like I took my first deep breath in a week.

How are you coming with your story?

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