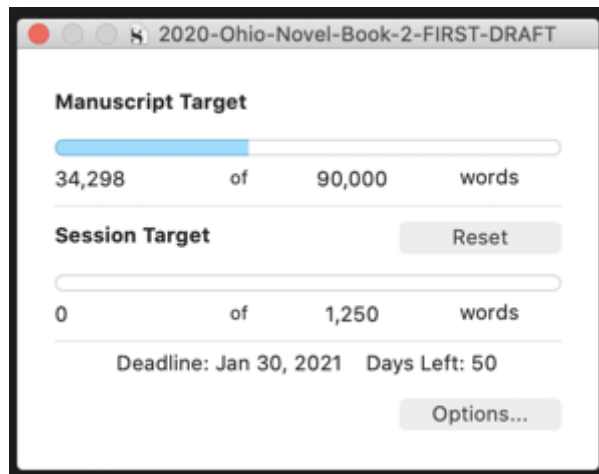


Seven. But close to done.

By Holly Lisle

At the moment, I don't have much more to say than that. If I can get this last hill of shit shoveled, I will then be able to get some actual words today.

If I get to my fiction before I run out of working hours, I'll be starting at 34,298 words, with a writing goal of 1250 or better – but if I get to work on the book at all today, and don't hit my wordcount, just getting to write some fiction



will be a win.

Here's hoping. AND working.

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Help I didn't ask for... a long slog ahead to fix what a

“helpful” company irreversibly broke

By Holly Lisle

Oh, irony.

Two days ago, I think, “Gee... the writing is going really well, I miss blogging, and I would love to blog about writing fiction again.”

Two days ago, after a middle-of-the-road-but-not-bad day of getting my words – I have fun, I like the words I get, and I get enough of them to move the story forward and to add some pretty spiffy complications – some nameless jackass at some nameless company decides that said jackass can make some changes to my basic NONWRITING work process that will make my life better by breaking the way I do damn near everything I do.

I can either put my faith in this awesome company [THAT’S IRONY] which – having once completely broken my still-unfixed daily work – has proven that although it might NOT break my process again, it could. At any time.

I can say, “Yeah, sure. I’ll take that chance.”

Or I can change my process, not depend on the help of that company or any other company like it, and make sure I control this particular mission-critical task from end to end.

EASY DECISION: Wherever it’s possible, you don’t give other folks the power to wreck your work.

OUTCOME: I have to figure out how to control the process from end to end.

So yesterday I worked from 6 a.m., when I started work and

discovered I couldn't work on anything else until I fixed this, to not long after 6 p.m., when my eyes were crossed and I didn't dare keep going.

And my accomplishment can be summed up in a single number.

3

This is an objective number that defines what I accomplished yesterday, encompassing 12 hours of straight work, one cup of coffee, and one bathroom break. This is not 3 out of some knowable bigger number, because I have no way of telling what the end number could be. I could be 6. It could be 60. It could be worse than that.

It is, however, an objective number of what I've completed in a finite but very large task.

BECAUSE... if I can't get words, I can damnwell stick with my decision to get back to blogging, so that when I can get back to fiction, the blog will attest that I did not just forget. I did not lie down. I did not make excuses.

So that, when I can get back to the words, I will have the reminder of what broke them for however long this takes, and the reminder of how important it is to keep your mission-critical processes in your own hands.

Three. At the end of today there will be another number. At the end of tomorrow, there will be one after that. And so on, until this is fixed.

'Nuff said. Onward.

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Got my words on Wishbone Conspiracy

By Holly Lisle

Got a good chunk of the novel note-carded with my current best ideas on how it will go, and wrote a big chunk of words of background and outlining, plus 1151 words of the actual story.

And I like what I got.

This being Saturday, I'm not supposed to be writing fiction. Saturday and Sunday are BOTH supposed to be days off.

But I was one day short on my Patreon hours because of a doctor's appointment on Thursday – news on that was all good, incidentally.

So I figure the three hours I put in today will cover that.

No snippets right now. I want to get into the flow on this thing first, make sure I'm heading in the right direction.

Then I'll drop a few hints.

But I'm very happy. It's so cool to be writing Cady from her own point of view again.

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Published the WARPAIN

Soundtrack

By Holly Lisle

It took a while to find the right music for WARPAIN.



First, this is the music I have playing in the background while I write, so it has to fit the universe, the characters, and the “feel” of a lived-in place full of real humans, real needs, and the themes of the story. And it has to not grate on my nerves or distract me from my words.

It has to become subliminal, has to leak into my subconscious mind and feed the story I want to write.

So the soundtrack places HEAVY emphasis on Jim Tozier’s guitar work, which fits Cady like her skin.

The rest of the music in the soundtrack hits plot points, characters, or some element of theme or characterization I want to have in my head.

But Tozier is the backbone of the whole track.

So here’s the WARPAIN soundtrack.

(Link is to iTunes. It’s quick and convenient, and every other

listing option I've tried has proven a giant pain in the ass.)

Consider it a sneak preview.

On a personal note, I still have the damn headaches and migraines. I'm getting some work done—putting the soundtrack together was a little bit of relaxation when my head hurt too badly to do anything else.

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Look what UPS just brought

By Holly Lisle

Have to do the proofs, but the reality of getting these live is getting closer.



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