

The Exotic Tango on Hold

By Holly Lisle

I'm going to get my 3000 words on HAWKSPAR before I do the rest of the revisions on LAST GIRL DANCING – I got the same great copyeditor for this book that I got for MIDNIGHT RAIN, so I'm not hunting down horrific changes made to my work by someone else. I'm just fixing small goofs I made, and okaying minor wording changes done by the CE to improve clarity. Because of that, this copyedit is going very quickly. (You never know going in what you're going to find, so I always assume the worst.)

Hawkspare is about to take off on a dangerous cross-country race with a stranger to get back to her own people; I have no idea what awful things are going to pop out of the rolling hills and grassy plains at her, but I do know that she hasn't been horseback riding in about twenty years, so whatever is is she has to deal with, she's going to be really sore while doing it.

If you've never ridden, there's just nothing quite like the pain from your first three or four days in the saddle. I know her pain – so I'm going to make sure she suffers fully. It's a writer's vengeance for having suffered the same things myself.

Headache is with me – I'm fending it off with Goodie powders (cousin of BC powders). Kid is still sick but up and around and not feverish at the moment. Older kid is snoring so loudly I may go wake him up just to shut him up. But it's nice to hear him back in there. I've missed him.

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