

# **The first draft of The LONGVIEW I: Enter The Death Circus is done. (INCLUDES SNIPPET)**

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

Caught a good writing wind this morning at 6 AM, and just now finished the first draft of **Enter the Death Circus**, which is the first of six (or possibly seven) stories in *The LONGVIEW* series. I did 2,783 words today to get it finished.

And I'm pleased with what I got. I have to go through my series matrix to make sure I didn't miss anything critical...and one of the main characters threw me a total shock this morning, and I'm going to have to run that through the matrix to see what sort of weird twists it adds.

Here's a snippet—the story opener. (By the way, the story is told from several points of view).

## **From The Longview #1: Enter the Death Circus**

**NOTICE:** This material is copyrighted, unchecked raw first draft, probably buggy. Please don't post typos or corrections (I do my edits at the end of the first draft of the project and will not see your comments when I revise). This material may not survive to publication. Do not quote or repost anywhere or in any format. Thanks.

*Down the darkness, down the line of standing cells, three*

words rippled urgently and under breath. "Death Circus here!"

In the dark, this criminal had waited long and longer for death to come. This criminal could not lie down, could not sit down—its captors had made certain its cell, and the cells of the others like it, permitted only standing.

With its bandaged knees pressed into one corner, its spine jammed into the other, this criminal drifted in that lightless place, never certain whether it was waking or dreaming. When it ate, it ate maggots. When it dreamed of eating, it dreamed of maggots. When it pissed or shit, it pissed or shit down its legs. When it dreamed, it dreamed of the same.

In one thing only, this criminal knew a dream was a dream, and that was when it touched We-42K again, or saw its wondrous smile.

That could only be a dream, for We-Above had taken this criminal out of its cell to watch beautiful We-42K volunteer its death and the death of the unlicensed-but-born that We-42K and this criminal had made. We-42K had stood above the flames of Return to Citizenship with the born in its arms, and had turned to smile at this criminal. It looked thin and starved and filthy standing there, and the born looked dead, and as if it had been dead for a while.

The born had been beautiful when this criminal had first seen it, when this criminal and We-42K had hidden in the hills and held each other at night, had accidentally made the born, had brought it into the world together. The born had the bright red hair of We-42k, and eyes that looked at this criminal with strange knowing—and this criminal thought for a little while that life could hold more than work and duty.

That ended, and after the end, the capture, the sentencing, the imprisonment, this criminal watched the flames and knew that the We are right to say Only Death Forgives.

*This criminal has no right of judgement, but this criminal will never forgive.*

**I want to do the revision and get the story live on Kindle KDP in the next week.**

For writers, I'll be building the first module of the **How To Write A Series Expansion** at the same time, though it probably won't be finished at the same time.

I'll announce here and via the HTTS Boot Camp Member list (*login*, then click Member Updates from the classroom hub and sign up) and the *Writing Tips list* the day before I take **HTWAS Expansion: Module 1** live.

**Quick reminder if you want the course...**The price will go up by \$25 when I add the first module, and by the same amount when I add each subsequent module.

You are grandfathered into ALL FUTURE MODULES at whatever point you buy the course. The current price is the best it will ever be.

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