

The Ohio Series – A chaos writing day... and seeking calm through abusive knitting

[By Holly Lisle](#)

I did the best I could.

I had phone calls to make, though, and phone calls to answer, and emails that had to be dealt with promptly, and things I had to put together for people, and at the end of five hours (I was up EARLY this morning), I had 381 new words of fiction, and that wasn't even with deleting any.

I'm throwing in the towel.

It was a good day overall, but fiction-wise, I might as well have been trying to write in the middle of an Iron Maiden concert with Bruce Dickinson at full volume running in circles around me while he sings. (Yeah, I'm a fan.)

That would be a great experience, but probably about as productive for getting fiction written as today.

So I'm going to check on the forums, going to put together notes for the podcast, and then I'm going to close my eyes and breathe and wind down a little.

Or frustrate the crap out of myself with the Sweater from Hell, an ad-hoc design-as-I-go exercise in demonstrating to myself yet again that simple counting – 2-2-8...2-2-8... – is my nemesis.



So my [Summer of Fiction Writing](#) numbers have taken beating this week.

I'm hoping things will settle down next week so I can just fall back into my world and focus.

I'm not counting on it, though.

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