

# The Second Half of the New Outline

By Holly Lisle

I'm still hanging on to yesterday's migraine. Have the lights off in here, the blinds shut, and the monitor dimmed down to near darkness to eliminate as much of the visual crap as I can. I'd rather not be working right now, honestly, but the damned deadlines will not go away.

I'm going to see if I can at least figure out the rest of the scenes that I need, if only in line-per-scene format, and get them into some sort of working order. It doesn't seem like it should be such a big deal. Nine more scenes that sketch out the new direction of the story.

In fact, though, it is looming in front of me like a trek across the Sahara in bare feet.

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