

Tonight In the Dark

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

It's tennish on a Sunday night, which for me would usually be , because I get up ludicrously early most of the time—I light mornings.

But the bedroom is dark; just my nightlight and the glow of the laptop screen. The fan whirrs, and my heart races. Tonight. Tonight.

Tonight the story starts. Not the outline, not the cards, not the characters, not the math.

Tonight I walk into a darkened museum where an assistant has stayed late to put together a vase that doesn't fit the form or the materials of the dig in which it was discovered. Something terrible is about to happen, and tonight, I will write it out.

I've been waiting for this moment. Anticipating. Playing with it as I drifted off to sleep, letting it run in my head before I rolled out of bed come morning. This is an intimate moment, the start of the story; it is the place where you hope you have it right, and know you may not; it is the start of a very long labor.

It is a lovely moment. And I'm happy to have reached it at last.

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