

Triumph of the Dog's Breakfast

By Holly Lisle

So – I feel somewhere between the dog's breakfast and underdone death. Nevertheless, I decided to write today. Desperation hath limits, but clinging flu ceased being one of them. And because I've been stalled out on the climactic scene, which I have rewritten and discarded too many times now – at about three thousand words a pop – I decided to start writing earlier today by just writing some notes to myself.

I did this rambling little piece about how I couldn't figure out the point of view for the scene, and how I needed these specific actions from each of the characters, and how I wanted to see particular challenges and character development for a couple of them. I pointed out a personal struggle Molly is having.

And 'click'. The scene – or rather, the three scenes that will replace the one scene I kept crashing over – fell into place. Much to my elation, the words are coming, and the first scene of the new triptych is filling out, and we win one for the dog's breakfast, which would really like to go lie quietly in a corner somewhere except that my overdue deadline is getting deader and deader.

Onward, then, with triumph in my heart and and a touch of nausea elsewhere.

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