

# Twelve Over Easy

By Holly Lisle

Hit the goal already, and then some. Finished with 165,138 words. And today – finally, finally, finally – I got that ‘click’ you wait for the whole time you’re writing out a story. The little settling in of loose pieces as if I’d planned them that way that told me I’ve been on the right track, that the subconscious has not been yanking me around for grins and giggles, that even trusting myself to do this in the dark, without rope or net, I’ve been writing true.

Neither of the two people I’d thought would die yesterday did. Instead, a third did, most unexpectedly. And yet this death of one beloved person paves the path for a future triumph that had been completely unforeseen for me until now.

I may not yet be out of the woods. But I think most of the forest now lies behind me, and I should be able to find my way to HAWKSPAR’s end.

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