

Walking on Broken Glass

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

I'm starting into the new line-per-scene today, and I could be having equally as much fun hitting my head with a brick. MAYBE even a little more fun.

Can I blame it on lack of sleep? Emotional weariness? Being murderously sick of these characters? That pain-in-the-ass writer's malaise that hits all writers from rank newbies to NYT bestsellers? (I'm guessing about NYT bestsellers, mind you, but I know damned well that from time to time it affects newbies, and other pros, and me.)

I don't know. And at the moment, malaise or not, I don't have the time to whine. I have to make some concrete progress today, and I've fiddled around with the twiddly bits on my computer and my desk and the internet and gone for snacks and drinks for long enough.

So.

Maybe if I math it out, and break out my Inspiration software, (and let Annie Lennox walk on broken glass for me – thank God for iTunes) I can get something done in spite of myself.

I have 59,000 new words ahead of me.

273 new pages.

2000 words per scene.

Rounds up to 30 scenes.

That's 15 for the hero, 15 for the heroine.

That's IT? Shit, that doesn't seem like anything now that I

look at it. That seems like knock-it-out-in-ten-minutes numbers. (I'm still reeling from the 116-scene HAWKSPAR run.)

By the way, Annie Lennox singing "A Thousand Beautiful Things" kicks ASS.

So. That's the goal for this morning. 30 scenes, first in line-per-scene form, and then in clear enough form that I can show my editor and let her shoot holes in any wrong directions I'm taking.

Hey, this is the same editor who helped me shape MIDNIGHT RAIN, and who then was responsible for getting me a 175,000-copy print run for it. I'm more than willing to suffer at her behest. She's proven she can make it worthwhile so far.

Back later with updates.

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