

Well, Crud ...

By Holly Lisle

... in a "not as masochistic as I wanted to be" sort of way. Me and math ... oh, not a happy thing.

I need twenty to thirty replacement pages, and two replacement scenes. I'm getting right at 200 words per page. I was thinking (and we can only call this thinking in the "there was electricity in my brain" sense) that twenty pages was ten thousand words. Don't ask me why. I don't know. I just woke up? I've been plagued by weird, lingering nightmares these last few days? Cats have been playing with my synapses while I sleep? No clue.

What I ACTUALLY need for LGD is 6000-ish words. I've done that on a Saturday without breaking a sweat, and am in fact more than half the way there already.

So, just because I'd geared myself up for a bloodthirsty writing day, I'm going to tack the 3000 words I should have for HAWKSPAR onto the total, and shoot for that.

9,000 words. It's a lot. But, hell, nothing like 11,000 would have been. Back to the word wars, chastened by math.

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