

# What did he know, and when did he know it?

By Holly Lisle

This question – and unfortunate answers – have been the downfall of many men. Now Molly has been forced to ask this question about Seolar, her lover, her friend, her world – and the answer has terrible repercussions for her.

Shakespeare's **Merchant of Venice** is singing in my veins, most specifically this portion of Shylock's well-known speech:

*If you prick us, do we not bleed?  
if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison  
us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not  
revenge?*

Significantly cut from the original, it nonetheless whispers its fury to Molly, who has more reason than ever she could have imagined to feel betrayed, and by the one person in the world she had every reason to trust most.

Dark times.

I'm 1053 words into today's writing, and I like what I'm getting.

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