

When you're glad no one can see you

By Holly Lisle

I'm sitting here reading that first chapter of **Talyn** aloud, acting out the part, being Talyn as she walks along the docks late at night and greets the whores and gamblers and drunks in the bad part of town, and as she recounts Pada's mercenary approach to men. I'm doing the voices, the facial expressions, acting out the part as if I were in a play – and it strikes me: I'm **damned** glad no one can see me working. That no one can see me stomping around the floor of the office choreographing a fight scene, or watch me acting out the parts of would-be killer and potential victim in an attempted murder pretty much simultaneously. Or hear me talking to myself – and answering myself – as I work out bits of dialogue and heated exchanges between two characters.

I'm thinking – I'll bet a lot of writers who ended up locked in the loony bin in ages past weren't nuts at all; they were just unlucky enough that someone saw them at work.

Anyway, I got more than my 2050 yesterday, and I'm already a hundred or so words to the good in today's 2000 plus.

And I'm getting that voice. Slowly but surely, I'm getting that voice.

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