

Writing

By Holly Lisle

1500-plus words yesterday, 1500-plus today. It's like writing in the middle of a hurricane, or sitting in Dorothy's house in the center of the tornado, putting down words. Nothing else is stable, there is no solid ground, there are no guarantees. But I have the words, and I'm hanging on to them, and trying to build my bridge to safety with them. The story ... it's coming along. I can't tell you right now if it's good or if it's awful, but it's moving forward. Not as fast as I'd like, but as fast as I can manage.

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