

## Starting a scene

I decided to think about how I'm putting together a scene as I do it. The first scene written was the "oops" scene, and then the dream scene.

So I want to write the next scene. I know that I want to reintroduce Windwolf. Having him just show up would lead to inane batter - there has to be more the scene than just seeing how pretty he is. They need something to talk about.

I think that I want them to talk about dreaming/seeing the future and the upcoming party. "Think" because sometimes I start into something to discover that I was wrong. Even as I type those words, I remember that things that I haven't written will probably impact the discussion: the big mess at Turtle Creek, the monster, and Riki.

Only the reader has already seen the mess and most likely had whatever thoughts Tinker had about it, and talked about to Pony. Yet Windwolf will bring in a political side of the mess that neither Tinker or Pony would consider. I suppose I could even use this to create tension in the scene, as Windwolf will be concerned about this getting worse, and Tinker unsure if he's mad at her about it.

At the same time, I have to be careful. I want readers to like Windwolf enough for them to believe he's the same male that Tinker abandoned Pittsburgh for at the end of book one. I also want to explore their marriage, and if I accidentally make him hateful, everyone will be flinging the book across the room.

So I have to walk a fine line - make Windwolf lovable while introducing fine stress to their relationship. ACK!

My first impulse was for Tinker to wake in his arms, and he's all lovely dovey and delicious. I try writing the scene and can't get beyond the first sentence. Total roadblock. I have found this is my writer's instinct crying "Nnnnnnnnnnooooooooo!!!!"

I start over again. Tinker wakes in their bedroom and he's across the room working on papers. Nope. Still doesn't work past sentence one.

(I would snippet this but really, it's getting no farther than: Tinker opened her eyes to summer sky framed by an unfamiliar window.)

I now try Tinker waking up and she's close to the place where the monster attacked. It's isolated and maybe she got more banged up than I planned, and maybe other people were more seriously hurt, so they're trying to get an ambulance down to them and Windwolf shows up. Let's see how it went...

-----

Tinker opened her eyes to summer sky framed by oak leaves. Acorns clustered on the branches, nearly ready to fall. A (bird) sung its rain song someplace overhead.

With a slight rustle, Pony leaned over her, bruised and battered himself, worry in his eyes. "Domi, are you well?"

Tinker blinked back tears. "Yes, I'm fine."

She sat up, trying to ignore the pain in her head.

"X is badly hurt. We have called for help to move you and her to the hospice."

A sudden roar of wind announced the arrival of Wolf Who Rules Wind, head of the Wind Clan in North American, also known as her husband, Windwolf. Riding the winds with the Wind Clan's magic, he flew down out the sky and landed on barren no-man's-land of the Rim. Dressed in elfin splendor, his duster of cobalt blue silk, hand-painted with a stylized white wolf, whipped out behind him like a banner. He was beautiful in the way only elves could be - tall, lean, and broad shouldered with a face full of elegant sharp lines. With a word and gesture, he dismissed his magic. Released, the winds sighed away.

Beauty, power and able to fly like superman -- what more could a girl want?

Apparently feeling guilty that she'd been hurt, the sekasha knelt, murmuring "Lord Wolf Who Rules." Pony only bowed low, as was proper, since he was (pledged? Bond?) to Tinker, not Windwolf like the others.

Windwolf folded her into his arms. "Beloved."

And with the loving embrace, she lost control of the tears she'd been keeping at bay. What was it about him that made her feel so safe in a way not even Pony could? She hugged him tightly, trusting he would make it right. As she wallowed in the luxury of being sheltered by the only force besides nature that seemed larger than herself, Windwolf questioned the sekasha. His voiced rumbled in his chest under her head, like contained thunder.

Finally she pulled free of his hug, smearing at the tears that were burning her eyes. "They did well. It would have killed me if they weren't with me."

He gave a sudden smile, as if her words pleased him greatly.

"What?" She sniffed.

He kissed the tears from her cheek. "I'm proud of you. Your first thoughts are of your people - which a good domi should."

(information on the monster - car arrives)

"Come." Windwolf swept her off her feet and into his arms.

"Hey, I can walk!"

"I know." He turned and carried her toward the Rolls Royce. "I have seen you do it."

Tinker sighed at the nuances lost in the translation. This was how she ended up married Windwolf - she accepted his betrothal gift without realizing he was proposing to her. "There is nothing wrong with my legs."

He eyed her bare legs draped over his left arm. "No. There is not. They are very nice legs."

She studied him. All total, they had spent very little time with each other and she was still getting to know him. She was beginning to suspect, though, that he had a very subtle but strong sense of humor. "Are you teasing me?"

He said nothing but the corners of his eyes crinkled with a suppressed smile.

She smacked him lightly in the shoulder for teasing her. "You don't have to carry me!"

"But I like to."

"Windwolf," she whined.

He kissed her on her forehead. "You might think you are well, but you are in truth pale and wobbly. You have done what was needed. Let me care for you."

She supposed that she could insist and then run the risk of falling flat on her face. What harm could letting him carry her, except to her pride? Like so often since he charged into her life, Windwolf left only bad choices for her to make in order to protect her sense of free will - and she was too smart to choose stupidity. Sighing, she lay her head on his shoulder and let her carry her.

He tucked her into the Rolls and slid in beside her.

(talk?)

...Tinker notices a small fabric bundle...

"What's this?" Tinker eyed it tentatively. Accepting a similar package from

Windwolf had indicated her acceptance of his marriage proposal - when she didn't realize the significance of his gift. She still had mixed feelings about being married to Windwolf. As a lover, Windwolf was all that she would want -- warm, gentle, and caring wrapped in a sexy body - and she loved him deeply.

It was the whole marriage thing - having someone else's will and future joined to hers. They were build 'their home' for 'their people' and someday, maybe, 'their children.' Being the Viceroy's wife, too, came with more responsibilities than she wanted; people were entrusting her with their lives. So far, the good outweighed the bad - but with elves "till death do part" meant a very long time.

"It is for you. Before the Queen summoned me from Pittsburgh, I ordered clothes and jewelry to be made for you. I know that they are not of the style you might pick for yourself, but I wanted to be sure you had something for the (august) festival."

She'd forgotten all about the (august) festival. It was one of the rare times elfin and human holidays overlapped, combining Labor Day and the elfin celebration of Freedom. "Will there be one this year?"

"Yes."

"Even with the oni and Pittsburgh being stranded on Elfhome? Food will soon be in short supply."

"It is important that the people feel safe, and that means continuing as we would otherwise."

"Okay." She pulled loose the bow and unwrapped the fabric. Inside were four small velvet pouches with drawstring pulls. She opened the first to the glitter of gems. "Oh!"

She gasped as she poured diamonds out into her palm. Over a foot of necklace studded with pea-sized diamonds. "Oh my! They're gorgeous!"

As she lifted them up, the afternoon sun prism into a million tiny rainbows.

"They will look lovely against your skin." Windwolf dropped a kiss on her throat.

The second bag held a matching diamond bracelet. The third spilled rubies into her hand like fire, but as she lifted up the strand, it reminded her of the red ribbon in her dream.

"They're beautiful," she said truthful, but still put them away.

The fourth bag held a pearl necklace. She couldn't keep the dismay off her face.

"You don't like them?"

"I had a bad dream after the beast knocked me out. I was looking for something in a forest with this woman. She had a long red ribbon tied around her eyes and on the other end of it, was a pearl necklace."

She'd wanted him to say "it was just a dream," but instead he said, "tell me all of your dream."

"Why?"

"Sometimes dreams are warnings. It is not wise to ignore them."

So she said it, "It was just a dream." How could he rebuke her so easily with just his eyes? "I'm still me. I'm still mostly human - not elf. I can't see the future."

"In elves it is carried by the female line; being that humans and elves can interbreed with fertile results, we must be very similar." He put away the pearl necklace. "It is the nature of magic to splinter things down to possibilities. Even humans without magic can see where the splintering will happen, and the possible outcomes. Humans call it an 'educated guess.' In the past, where magic would leak through natural gates from Elfhome to Earth, there were often temple with oracles predicting the future."

She had really hoped her life would be return to sanity with the defeat of the oni, but she supposed until Turtle Creek was returned to normal - somehow - there was little hope at that.

"Tell me your dream." Windwolf ran the back of his hand lightly down her cheek.

So she described out what she could remember. It had been so vivid right after she woke up, but the images were tattering. "She's someone I know but not really. A movie star or something like that - I've only seen picture of her."

"The ribbon -- the intanyai seyosa wears one when she's predicting. It helps block out things that would distract her from her visions, but also it is a badge of her office."

"So I'm dreaming that she's dreaming? That's very Escher-quse."

Windwolf looked confused.

"A human artist that my grandfather liked."

---

I'm not sure how to wrap up the scene yet. I'm happy as it stands at the moment but I might go back and add to the ending to discuss things I add later.