

Filling holes

So as I write, I leave holes behind. I can't think of an exciting way of doing something. Or I'm not sure how to get where I want to go in the story because I'm not totally sure where I am going. I skip over that part and come back later to it, once I know where I'm going. Here's a bunch of little fills and slight changes to what I've written.

First insert: Why hasn't she told anyone anything – important so that the conversations that follow aren't redundant. This doesn't hack it as well as I would like, but I think readers will excuse her not to fully debrief people on things she know.

She and Pony had spent the last two days recuperating from their escape from the oni. She'd endured an endless parade of visitors -- her cousin, Oilcan, her human friends, and seemingly all the elves in Pittsburgh -- between bouts of drugged sleep, which gave the entire experience a surreal nightmare feel. Everyone had brought offerings and stories of Turtle Creek, until her bedroom and curiosity overflowed.

Second insert: Shouldn't there be something to keep people from stumbling into the mess at Turtle Creek?

Beyond the bridge, the Elfhome Intelligence Agency, EIA, had strung up plastic yellow tape as a barrier around the valley. It rustled ominously in a stiff breeze. She heard that there were plans to replace the tape with something sturdier if the valley continued to be unstable. The EIA and Windwolf, however, were too busy chasing down the remains of the oni forces.

Third Insert: Tinker should start into the measuring process, however crude it might be.

"Let me borrow one of your knives." Tinker used the knife Pony handed her to score the bark of saplings at the fringe of the shift. "I want to be able to tell if the area is shrinking or not, over time."

Fourth Insert: I realize that Tinker should be focused on building a gate to rescue Pittsburgh. What is she planning to do? Does she even know? Easiest answer: no.

The Rolls was a joy to drive so she drove down drove in a lazy figure eight around the city; she dropped down onto the Parkway for three open lanes and unhampered access across Fort Duquesne Bridge and then, via the weird North Shore off and on to get to Veterans Bridge and then from there a run down Boulevard of the Allies to loop through Oakland to drop onto the Parkway again.

"Where are we going?" Pony asked when they hit the Parkway the second time.

Where indeed? Tinker clicked her tongue in an elfin shrug. “Out. Away.”

One of the reasons she’d investigated Turtle Creek was to verify reports that the oni compound was totally gone. The oni had stockpiled materials for building a hyperphase gate for years, perhaps decades. Everything she would need to rescue Pittsburgh had been right there: her completed plans, the exotic materials, and generators to power everything.

Certainly she could recreate her plans, but everything else – it was daunting to consider.

“We’re going to my scrap yard.” She could at least draw a list of what was needed and start the scavenger hunt.

So this time as they cross the Fort Duquesne Bridge, she turned onto Ohio River Boulevard and ran out to McKees Rocks.