

## TAYLOR'S TIPS for a productive writing career...



Dear Fellow Writer,

That's my dog, Rex. He loves to watch me work...and work...and work. Sometimes we go out to the dog park where he gets to roam and play. Sometimes we take a walk around the neighborhood. But Rex's life is not as bad as you'd think. At his beck and call, I let him in, then let him out, let him in, then let him out. Play ball with him in the backyard, feed him, play with him. So don't let that cute face fool ya.

What I have been doing, with Rex's encouragement, is writing up a storm. But it has not come in the big blobs of writing time that I had wanted this month. It came in....

### **Dribbles, Chunks, and *Hunks!***

At the beginning of May I set a goal to finish my novel. I set section goals (not chapter goals -- that didn't work for me....too many chapters that took off in too many directions....I never knew

how many chapters to try to get done!). I divided the book into *sections* and figured out if I finished up a section a week I'd have it done by the end of last week. Well, guess what happened.

**Dribbles** happened. There were days when all I could get done were a dribble here, a dribble there. A smidge of a chapter, a re-edit of one I did the day before. Why? Well, as you know, life gets in the way. And our backyard happened to get in my way. We live in Southern California. Earthquake country. Over the years the concrete in the yard heaved with the earth. We had splits and cracks everywhere. It was time to resurface. So on the days when it wasn't too noisy, I did manage to get.....

**Chunks** of writing done. And on those days when I could, I attacked the computer and poured it on, often getting three or four chapters done in a day. But then something else happened....and this was for a FULL WEEK, every day, nonstop for five full days....

**Hunks!** Nope, not hunks of writing time at my disposal, not hunks of manuscript finished. This was hunks in a very disrupting kind of way. It was men. Manly men. Bare chested, hard-working, tanned and buff men. Three of them right outside my window. I swear I had to close the blinds to concentrate....on my work. You see, they were quite a distraction, heaving and huffing and sawing and cutting and sweating and straining...oh my.

Okay, this is a PG rated newsletter, so we'll stop there. I was going to put a photograph of them up top for you, but thought I'd have to get their permission. So no photo (sorry).

So while my writing dribbled in on some days, and chunks of it appeared seemingly out of nowhere on other days, and the hunks were a distraction, I managed to meet my goal. My novel is finished. It tops out at just over 64,000 words, 238 pages long. I'm in the final editing stage and will soon submit it to my agent. Yippee!

What goals will you be tackling this summer?

Happy writing and blessings on your work.

## ***What's Happening...***

**Taking a Breather...**Not from writing...from construction work. Seems it's always something around the house. But we're done with the backyard. Whew. Don't know how many of those distractions I could take.

*Follow your dreams...*

**B.J.**

**Author of :**

**“The Complete Guide to Writers Groups That Work”**

Available on Amazon.com or <http://www.buybooksontheweb.com/product.aspx?ISBN=0-7414-4099-7>

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