

Morning pages. Tuesday. Rain ~~again~~ again, which the cat considers a personal insult.

Rules for this week: three pages before coffee, no going back, no reading what I wrote yesterday. Draft Mode on. If I make a mistake I strike it ~~out~~ out and keep moving. It looks terrible. It feels wonderful.

Things on my mind, in no order. The chapter with the ~~fire~~ flood in it, which is still a fire in my head. Mum's birthday on Friday (card, not flowers, she says flowers make her feel like an invalid). Whether the woman in chapter four is lying ~~of~~ to the reader or only to herself. Tomatoes.

I keep wanting to fix the sentence above. I am not going to fix the sentence above.

What I actually want to write today: the scene where they find the boat. I have been circling it for a week ~~because~~ because I know it is the heart of the book and I am afraid of getting it wrong. Getting it wrong is what drafts are for. Write it badly today. Write it well in March.

Rain heavier now. The gutter is making a sound like ~~applause~~ someone pouring tea from a great height.

Page two.

I notice that when I can't delete anything I stop trying to sound clever. The words come out plainer and ~~true~~ truer. Maybe that is the whole trick: not to make writing easier, but to make ~~eras~~ erasing harder.

Coffee soon. One more page.