Margaret Osburn (00:01):
I asked a 10 year old friend of mine once, I said, “What makes a good story?” And she said, “The best stories are the ones with the most problems.” Margaret Osbourne, 611 Deepdene Road. Well, I don’t have a word count goal. I write until my eyes are crossed. Five mobiles hung from the lost railing. 28 yellowed snowflakes, each the size of a giant cookie, cascaded at odd angles just above our heads. I have a small net book that I can lie down with the netbook on my stomach and not look at the screen and type like crazy. And I find that very freeing, not looking at the monitor.

Aaron Henkin (00:47):
Just listen to the sound of the keys, I guess.

Margaret Osburn (00:49):
I just listen to the words in my head and go with it because I can type pretty fast.
Margaret Osburn (00:56):
Iris laughed. Not that mindless shrill that trips from the tip of girls' vocal chords, but a bird song that resonated from the groundswell of her being.

Margaret Osburn (01:08):
I try to write a scene. I might just write one scene a day or something until the story is complete. And then I go through with pair of tweezers and look at every single word to make sure that all the words conform to the same color palette.

Margaret Osburn (01:27):
We're suspended, draped and bound in broken twisted wires and strings. When our breathing grows quiet, I help her down. Broken snowflakes and the harsh skin of dragon hearts pierce our feet.