remaking Ft. Worth 10-min. version into Denver 20-min. version:

--use 1st 4 pp. as they are, except for p. 4 reference to "10-min." time slot.

--insert Ft. W p. as Denver p. 16.

--insert concluding Ft. W p. 10 as Denver concluding p. 18.
For me, the sweatwork starts with thinking up the situation for a book. "Thinking up," otherwise known as staring holes into the trees outside your window while you imagine, "what if?" What if... two people had been in love... had a war of the heart and snapped apart... but still had to work... in the same office? What if it was a really small office, the size of a... motorhome? Three years of what-iffing, and here is this book--what if I called it, Ride with Me, Mariah Montana--featuring a newspaper photographer named Mariah, her emphatically ex-husband Riley Wright the reporter assigned with her to do a series of stories for Montana's centennial--being driven around the state by Mariah's struggling newly-widowed father, Jick McCaskill, in his Winnebago.
After the what-ifs come the arithmetic of creation. Making the words and sentences add up day by day—and along with them the details that make a book sound believable: the write stuff, the W-R-I-T-E stuff. In the middle book of this trilogy I've just done, for instance, English Creek, I needed to know the details of a haying season in Montana in the 1930's, when the haying machinery still was run mostly by horses instead of horsepower, so that my narrator Jick would have that experience, the memory in him, of "the leather reins in my hands like great kite lines to the to the pair of rhythmically tugging horse outlines in front of me." To get those details, I ran little classified ads in weekly newspapers in Montana, asking to hear from anybody who had worked on a haying crew there in the late 1930's—and from scatter rakers to a woman who did the laundry for those hay-makers, I did get details.
Once the novelist has the details for the people he's inventing on his pages, I believe the next step of craft is to invent them for all you're worth. To make even the minor characters of a book vivid. To make them behave as vitally in my pages as Laurence Olivier said each actor in a play must contribute to the play as a whole—"the third spear carrier on the left should believe that the play is all about the third spear carrier on the left."
So, those are at least a handful of the makings of books such as mine, and doubtless of many others' writers as well. The what-iff's which, after enough staring, come down out of the forest of the mind with the liquid hops of a squirrel. The accurate details that are the molecules of literary creation. The passion you put into your characters, big or small.

All in all, it's a job description which it has taken the Internal Revenue Service, in its omniscience, to do justice to. In the IRS four-digit codes for self-employed business or professional people, the writer looks in vain down the pageful of numerals for beauticians and undertakers—and even used car salesmen—to find that his occupation is left to that last lonely line down in the corner—"unable to classify."