

“The End of the Route” was one of those stories that swirled around in my head for years before it finally found its way to the page. I struggled with the main character, and for the longest time tried to tell it from the point of view of the driver’s assistant volunteer. But, the narrative remained shallow and distant. Once I pivoted and decided that it should be told by the person who had the truest attachment to the other characters, the story flowed. Rarely do I shift the point of view of a story once I’ve come up with the idea, but this time it cracked the code.