

Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: Shane Title: Ell's

1. What stage of the writing process are you at with this particular piece of work?

Check all that apply

- Just getting started Still exploring Know what I want, but not there yet
 Need others to read Need more time Need to leave it alone for a while
 Have specific questions Feeling good Totally bumfuzzled

Explain:

Its like not done yet but its already super long. I tried finishing but it didnt sound right.

2. What was the original spark for this piece of work?

Dan suggested leach, peach, I was like good point. After a couple of attempts I switched it to a poem

3. List three things you like about what you've written? Give examples...

Good rhymes: All rhymes throughout

4. What's non-negotiable for this piece of work? What are you sure isn't going to change?

Its going to be funny. If you suggest taking something out that I think is funny, then you have to give me a better idea that is funny.

5. List three things you're struggling with and want to improve in this piece?

- I want to have the end because there is foreshadowing that hasn't been brought into the light.
- I want it to be less gross maybe
- I need a title

6. What feedback do you expect readers will give you?

It's funny, It's gross, Immature
Nice rhymes!!

7. What would your response be if you receive this feedback?

You are totally right but
I'm an artist.

8. List three questions you want to ask your readers?

- Can you think of a silly character
- Is it too gross
- What is a good title?

A leech searching,
desperately for a host,
It's been so long since she's fed,
She can't go on much more.
Fiending for the taste of blood,
She knows she can not rest,
Drifting in the ocean so long
She's leeches herself
Into a big bloody mess.
It's been six months
since Luann the leech
saw the lake she had fled,
embarked on a dangerous journey
to avenge her father's death.
And here she is, floating,
skinny and shriveled up.
She wondered if she
could go on living just long enough,
to find someone,
willing or unwilling,
whom she could suck their blood.

Just as she began
to close close her eyes,
for her very last moments,
Luann noticed a floating can,
and knew it was an omen.
Mr. Pibb the can read.
She hoped to find the disposer,
before she was dead.
Using her nose,
Luann followed a trail,
which directly led,
to a pair of legs,
planted deep in the sand.
Quickly she squirmed,
using what little strength she had,
to attach onto this person's leg,
opening a tiny river of red.
At first this person,
did not seem to notice,
then their leg went numb.
Next the pain got intense,

and to the beach they'd run.
The victim was just a young kid.
His mom pulled the leech out his leg,
and yelled, "Holy Shit".
The leech was thrown in the sand,
rejuvenated was Luann for she had gotten her fix.

Fat and juicy looking,
full of blood Luann,
How will you find Billy Rae Cyfish.
Since yo ass
is stuck on land?
You can not fly,
you have no wings,
So what is your plan?
Surely you haven't given up on slaying,
the country music catfish
That swallowed your dad.

Now that she was on land
more issues would a rise.
Shes covered in sand
and in this heat,
soon she will be dry.
Luann kept her eyes
open for any kind of escape.
She needed some kind of moisture
if even a tiny grape.
Alas came a man with a cooler,
a mere passerby,
the dude was swinging the cooler
above his head so hi.
An opening in the cooler
released a juvenile peach,
that landed right by Luann's side.
Astonished, she couldn't believe there was,
a very handsome young peach,
just starting to grow fuzz.
She swiftly burroughs,
into the peach,
her hunch was right.
A peach on a beach,
is a totally sweet place,

to spend the night.

Typically a peach,
would never be
a part of Luann's diet,
but inside the peach,
she was able to find peace,
so sweet so quiet.

By morning Luann
ate her way to the pit
but her borough had become nasty,
and filled with her own shit!

She realized that the peach,
though nutritious and tart,
had become spoiled,
and smelled like fart.
She decided it would be best to go,
to where her peach feast did start.
but once she was nearly
at the end of the tunnel,
she narrowly avoided
being split into two parts.
Then she was swallowed,
and everything went dark.

Once she slid down some tunnels,
Luann knew she had been consumed,
Quickly she was approaching the stomach,
she could smell the acidic fumes.

She had to find a way out.
If she didn't , she was sure to be doomed.

She's not a leech to give up easy
but what should she do?
She tried swimming up the tunnels,
but couldn't shake loose.

Luann realized her only hope
was to brave the stomach,
Swim like hell,
til she came out in poo.

Luann jumped into the stomach,
with no fear at all,

She streamlined her body,
to lessen the impacts of the fall.
Out the stomach hole she came,
it helped that she was so small,
moving too fast,
was her greatest fear of them all.
What if she penetrated the small intestine,
and landed among this man's balls?

And so she flattened out,
to try and lose some speed.
The impact didn't penetrate the organ,
but landed with an impact indeed.
Fortunately, the impact made the intestine bleed.
She was sure to drink
The blood real quick
Getting nutrition she would need
To reach this man's pooper
So Luann could be free.
Working like a snake
The intestines expand and contract
Sometimes so tight
She could not breathe.
One sweet thing was
She did not have to swim
The organ moved her for free.
and so, tired from the long journey
Luann went to sleep.

The slimy blood sucker,
Continued through the bowls,
When her blissful, deep sleep
Was interrupted by haunting growls
Next she was showered
In brown water and corn
That smelt awfully fowl.
Given what just happened
She knew the time was now.
Out the butt and off the side of the boat
Poop shot out.

To be continued...