

Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: ~~Marcus Renner~~ Kaylie

Title: ~~Crickets~~ IDK

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: I think it's good don't know where to go from here.

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

I was talking with a friend and got the idea

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

It's sarcastic
It shows my writing style
It expresses what I like to read and write.

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

IDK

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

- 1) adding or subtracting words
- 2) idea to add she doesn't know much about her family other than her younger brother and mom
- 3) make it all fit together

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

IDK

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

try and ~~in~~ add or subtract what I can

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

Does it make sense?
Overall idea of the story?
Then

Prologue

Screaming. It was a normal thing around here. I had two older brothers, an older sister, and a devious little brother. They often wanted to do things, like go with friends and do things outside the house. My mother on the other hand never wanted us to do things, so it was normal when one of my siblings asks if they could do something, and it ended in a screaming match that ended the same way: my sibling had to stay home, and mother was left the winner of the fight.

Right now my older sister, Faith, wanted to go out with the high school's hottest jock. My mother, Sarah, had protested, and thus began the senseless screaming. I already knew it was going to be like all the other times when my siblings wanted to do something but couldn't because my mother wouldn't let them.

My mother is a tiny lady, with long blonde hair that hung low past her butt with dull, grey blue eyes. She doesn't look intimidating, but if you got her upset, she would turn into your worst nightmare. She might be small with a kind face, but she is fierce and protective. She is around forty-two but only looks thirty. However, when she is stressed, worried, or yelling she looks much older. My two older brothers, Kade and Kody, are twins with stark blonde hair and bright blue eyes. They are identical so I often get them mixed up. Sounds weird that I couldn't tell the difference between my brothers, but I don't really hang around them much. I really should know more about them, but I still think it's a miracle I can remember their names and age. They are eighteen and I am only ten, so they don't do much to get to know me either. My sister, Faith, has dirty blond hair like my father supposedly did. Faith is a girly girl princess that always dresses like

the town slut. She has blue eyes as well, and they are often the reason that many boys chase after her. She is only fifteen, but many men older and younger want her and don't do much to hide that fact. It makes my mother angry but just gives Faith more courage to be more slutty. My younger brother, Koda, has blonde hair and blue eyes like the rest of my family but where as they looked more thin, almost sickly thin he and I have a more muscular build to us. I think we got that from our dad. Koda is very mischievous and is often in trouble. He, however, is the only sibling I really talk to being as how we are the closest in age him being eight and me ten. I am very different from my, family however. Instead of the common blonde hair, I have black hair, and instead of the blue eyes I have yellow ones that remind me of wolves. My mother says the reason why I am so different is because I am unique, and greatly gifted. However nobody else seems to view it that way. I feel very aloof and distant from them sometimes. I am often teased or bullied based on that. Many think that I was adopted or that my mother had an affair. Some had even gone as far to get it tested and proved that indeed I was my father's kid. I don't know my father because he died right before Koda was born my mother said that he was a kind and gentle man that loved us. That's all she told us however.

I was pulled out of my thoughts as my sister started to scream. I looked down at her through a hole in the old broken down wooden floor. She had tears streaking her face and looked defeated. I knew that my mother had won at that moment and my sister was finally accepting that. She ran to the back of the house with muffled sobs. As I was about to look away we heard a knock on the door. Since my mom was standing by the door, the place she and my sister fought, she was the first to open the door.

I wondered who it could be at such a late hour and turned to look who was at the door. All I saw however was a cloaked shady figure.

Now I was curious. I slowly started down the creaky stairs making sure not to make any sound. When I got to the bottom, I saw that the cloaked figure in the doorway was an old, crinkly lady with grey hair and a long nose. She reminded me of the way witches were rumored to look in old stories and folklore. I looked down and saw a girl about the same age as myself and wondered what they were doing here. I slowly walked closer and hid behind a wall to see what was up. I heard the old lady begging mother for something, although I didn't know what. I kept listening and took a step forward. I grimaced as the floorboard beneath me groaned and made an awfully loud sound. I instantly knew my cover was blown. My mom turned and looked at me surprised, while the old lady looked confused.

The old lady turned to my mother as if I wasn't there and spoke with a graveness to her voice that I had missed before, "I thought you would be alone Sarah, but no matter. The situation has not changed I still need you to take her."

My mother looked from me to the old lady to the young girl who was hiding behind her and finally asked with a defeated tone in her voice that I have never heard, "How long?"

"Until she is ready to be on her own and fulfill her duties," the old lady replied.

My mother looked to the girl one last time and finally responded with an even more defeated tone, "Fine."

The old lady smiled quickly and shoved the dark haired girl, who would forever change my fate and destiny into our house. She then slammed the door shut to finalize what had just occurred.

The rest of my siblings came running down the stairs to see why the door slammed. My mother then turned to us and shoed us away with a promise to let us know what happened in the morning. My siblings agreed to that and turned to leave, I looked at my mom one more time before I turned to leave as well. Before I could turn all the way however, she stopped me. "Rose, please take Sage to your room and set up a place for her to sleep."

My mother turned without another word and left us there to stare into each other's eyes and silently wonder what the other girl was thinking. After five minutes of just staring at one another I finally ushered her upstairs and into my room I then turned towards her and stared, "We can share the bed tonight. Tomorrow I will get something better for you. My name is Rose, I guess you are Sage."

Sage smiled at me with a warm friendly smile and said, "Thank you for your hospitality, I will return the favor one day, yes my name is Sage and thank you again." I shrugged as if to say 'no big deal' then let her borrow some of my pajamas and soon we were both in bed curled up next to each other staring again at the other.

Sage broke the silence with a question that kickstarted my future and changed my view on life, "How far along are you with your spell training?"

I blinked, staring at her with confusion.

"What? What kind of training?"

Sage replied in confusion, "Spell training, you know the best part of being a witch!!"

I didn't move. I couldn't. This strange girl with dark brown hair and misty green eyes, had just told me she thought that there were such things as witches. I gulped, "You think that witches are real?"

"I don't think I know."

"How do you know?"

"Because all my life I was trained to be a top class witch."

"Oh." I nodded trying to act like I understood. "And how do you become a TOP class witch instead of a low class witch?"

"Well, you are originally born into a top class witch family. I thought you would know that."

"Ya well, I forgot. And how many types of classes are there again?" I continued trying to act like I knew what was going on. To tell the truth I think that this girl is crazy, but what is wrong with going with a story, right?

"Wow, you don't know much do you?" I shrugged and encouraged her to continue, "Well there are three classes, the first and least powerful being the low class witches. They can't do much except a few simple spells, and most don't even know they are witches unless someone tells them. The most powerful class is the royal class. They often rule over a coven and tell the lower class and top class witches what to do." She paused and must have seen the confusion on my face because she quickly added, "A coven is where a group of around 100-250 witches gather to get protection and learn how to control their powers."

She waited for me to gather all the information that she just told me, and when she saw me lightly nod my head, she continued, "The top class witches are powerful but not as much as the royal class. The top class are people like warriors and peacekeepers, sometimes they will run a coven if they don't have a royal. You and I are both top class witches, so I ask again how far is your training because I know for a fact you can't not train and be a top class witch?"

I gasp and tense this had gone way farther than her being crazy. She was nuts if she thought I was a witch. How could she even consider it, unless..... No that is totally not true I thought..... Unless.....

"Sage? Do you think that witches are real?"

"Of course! And I also know that you and I are witches, Rose, I am telling the truth," she said with a look that I couldn't deny. I tried to swallow the lump in my throat but couldn't quite get it down.

"Ok," I said, trying to calm down enough to help this girl, "Sage listen, witches aren't real, They are just a story your parents probably told you to get you to sleep."

Sage shot up in bed looking furious. She threw the old comforter off and stood away from the bed. I slowly followed her lead. She waited until I was standing as well and said, "Rose listen witches are real, and I will prove it."

Sage walked over to the candle in the corner of the room and waved me over. Once I was standing next to her, she pointed to the flame and said, "I will make this candle's flame go out and come back with my mind."

She moved her hand over the brightness and heat of the candle and said, "Alov." I watched on in amazement as the candle went out. She then moved her hand over towards her body and put her hand down. Without saying anything she then repeated the process only this time when she said, "Alov" the candle's flame came back.

I stared in shock as she brought her hand back and lowered it to her side once again. I couldn't believe my eyes! "You see," she said, "witches are real."

Awakening from my shock I looked at her and smiled, "OMG! What else can you do!" She laughed and tried to calm me down. Once she did she finally spoke, "I will show you in time as well as teach you all I know but for right now I am tired and really want to sleep."

I can't remember a time that I was so happy and excited.

That night all I could do was think about the next day and the fire trick that this new amazing girl had done.

Ten Years Later

Waving my hand over the candle's wick I whisper, "Alov," and watch as the candle magically caught a flame. Next I went over to the empty bowl, waving my hand over it I whisper, "Su," and watch as the once empty bowl slowly fills with water. I move from the table with the candle and bowl and walk over to the flat spot on the ground. I stop and bring both my arms up, then down and say, "Yer," the ground trembles as the small flat part of the ground starts to shake as it rises slightly then sinks about six feet into the

earth. I look at the new hole in the earth and smile at the perfectly round crater, but now is not the time to praise myself. I still have one more element to go, and it is the hardest to control. Moving away from the hole I now go to the corner of the room which I usually practice the last element. Swirling my hand in a counterclockwise circle, I say, "Hava," I feel the air collecting around my hand then see the start of the whirlwind that I am creating and spin my hand faster as the now small tornado picks up and flies from my hand into the bullseye on the other side of the room.

Loud slow clapping suddenly came from the opposite corner of the room, when I turned to look at the one responsible there was a huge grin on my best friend's face. She looked just as proud as I felt.

"Congratulations!!!!!! I can't believe you just mastered all the elements in a few years. It took me around five years just to learn fire, damn you." I laughed at my friend's sarcastic remark and gave her a shining smile to let her know that I appreciated all her support and love.

"Oh my friggin' god, I can't believe I was able to do all that!!!!!!"

"I know I am so proud, now you know the reason I was so hard on you in training all these years, I knew you could succeed and accomplish something like this!"

"Thanks Sage, I could not have done this without you!"

"Right well don't forget me when you are a famous witch ruling people and loving life."

"So you still think I am royal class witch?"

"Of course I do, no top class witch can master all the elements, come to think of it most top class witches can only master one of them."