

## Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: Dawson R. Zink Title: 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 have a solid base, but I need to make it great. What do I need to make something that I can be proud of*

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

*I don't really know. The idea just came to me*

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

*story  
effect  
overall format*

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

*The point of view.*

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

dialogue

character development

senery

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

content suggestions, story critique

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

I would consider all of it  
and determine what needs to be changed

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

Where is the story weak in senery  
How can I make the characters better  
Do you like it.

I need a title

They are playing a game of twister in the garage. There are four people in a human knot on the mat, and they are moments away from falling. A man about the age of 20 walks up to the group and sits in a chair. Another man walks up behind looking just a little bit younger.

"It was one of his favorite games you 'know" He finds a chair and sits down

"Ya I did know Robert. John would bring the game to all the parties. We would make fun of him a bit for it." His posture slouches a bit, and his shoulder slacks down.

"I know you think it was your fault, but he made his choice, and now the rest of us have to pay for it."

"I know I just wish things could have been different."

...

Robert walks slowly to the front pausing for a moment before stepping on to the stage and turning around. The sound of papers being shuffled echoes through the room. He looks around for a moment then finally begins.

"It was August 29 of 2010 when I first met Johnny. It was the first day of freshman year I was looking around for my second period class when I tripped causing all my books, and, papers and, pencils went flying everywhere, and I remember thinking 'Crap! I'm going to be late.'"

He pauses looking around at everyone then continues.

"That's when he came up and helped me pick up my stuff, and even showed me where my class was.

That's what he was like. He loved to be helpful, and he loved people. He first introduced himself to me saying his name was Johnny but everyone called him John, but I didn't want him to think of me like everyone else so I called him Johnny. It must have worked because after that we ended up spending a lot of time together. He being a junior meant we didn't have any classes together, but we spent time at





lunch together. We would hang out after school, playing games and doing homework. We became good friends. Those were the best of times.”

Robert stops. His jaw as tight as a vice. Eyes just starting to become moist.

“No one could have seen it coming, but I guess everyone has to have their faults.”

Tears have now fully formed in his eyes. A woman comes up and helps Robert back to his seat.

Then a tall, official looking, woman comes to the front.

“Thank you Robert.” She says looking at him sadly.

“Is there anyone who would like to say a few words.”

Someone stands up and walks to the front. She has long streaks down her face from cry, and her eyes look sunken and hollow.

“Hello, I’m Katie I was Johnny’s older sister.”

Her voice quivers when she talks and she scarcely looks at the crowd choosing instead to look down at her feet.

“I loved my brother. He was so kind to everyone he met. He was like a puppy, always full of kindness and love. He was also so clueless when it came to social activities, but he loved to participate anyway. I remember once when a friend made a sarcastic comment about how fat he was, when everyone could see he was practically a twig, he just would be confused taking what people said at face value. He was so funny and so innocent.”

“I’m just so thankful that I could have a brother like Johnny”

She starts to sob a little then stops and tears streaming down her face.



"I just wish she would have told us, so we could help him."

She quickly gets down from the stage, and meanders down to a seat next to an older man who looks to be her father. He offers her a tissue. The sound of her sneezing echoes louder in the silence.

Again the official woman comes up and says "Thank you Katie, is there anyone else who has something to say."

...

Robert is standing next to the buffy table when an older man walks up to him.

"Excuse me Robert, do you know when the drinks are? I can't seem to find any beer." The old man looks around then back to Robert for a response. Robert looks a bit surprised.

"Oh. Sorry Greg, we though considering what happened it be best if we didn't have any alcohol or drinks at the after party."

"I understand, sorry" the man walks away with a sad grimes on his face."

...

A teenage boy stands up. He looks like he hasn't slept in days. He doesn't walk to the front. Instead he just starts speaking where he is at.

"I'm Charlie. My brother was my best friend, and, um it's going to be really hard without him." He was shacking. The emotional strain of speaking was evident in his clenched jaw, and broken demeanor.

"But he loved people and always wanted them to be happy. We would play games in our backyard where we would fight dragons, trolls and some times each other in these amazing. He was amazing and now he's gone. He left us." Then Charlie just sits down.

Then the tall woman asks again "Is there anyone else."



Her voice echoes in the silence. No one else speaks. There is nothing else to be said, no one else who can speak. So the tall woman continues with the funeral service saying a few words that are lost in the crowd. Then they take him away, out the door and to the car. A single man sits outside the door. He looks to be about 19, he wears a flannel coat, but his face has taken on its own a sunken look. He looks like a man that hasn't slept in days no because of sadness, but guilt. As the cast passes he stands up and looks at that coffin. Robert has followed them out, and sees the man standing there.

"Excuse me what are you doing." Robert asks. The annoyance in his obvious.

"Oh. Um, sorry" he says only giving Robert a second's notice.

"Did you know him?"

"Ya, I did. I'm so, so sorry." He says again shaking his head in regret.

"What are you sorry about, it wasn't your fault." All the annoyances has left his voice replaced instead by sympathy and a bit of confusion.

"No, it really was. I'm Gary." He says. Robert face changes again to look of understanding and surprise."

"I'm so sorry" He says again. Then just leans against the wall and slides back down to the ground.

It was the night after graduation everyone was partying at Gary's house. Johnny was enjoying a drink. In the kitchen.

"Hey don't you think that might be no many" She says yelling over the music.

"Nah its fine" he says giggling a little "I do this all the time."

"Ya but don't you got to drive home."



“Ah I’ll be fine I sober up real quick” Johnny takes a step forward and almost falls on his face. He laughs

“Maybe your right” He says with a smile. “But let me just finish this one drink” the girl just shrugs and walks away. Then Gary walks up to Johnny.

“You like the drinks I wiped them up special.”

“Awesome bro, well I got to go.”

“Ok man done wreck your car on the way home.”

“Ok man no problem.”

On the way home Johnny way swerving and have a hard time focusing. He was currently driving down the side of a hill to his house. When he came down around the corn a deer stood in the middle of the road. Johnny swerved off the road and down the steep slope.

After Gary had explained what had happened Robert was silent for a moment standing there with a pained, but sympathetic expression on his face. Gary just stood there looking back in grief and regret.

“You know, I’m not say what you did was right, but I don’t think John would have wanted to just sit out here all by yourself, and I now he wouldn’t want you to feel responsible for what happened. I think you should come to the after party with use will be telling stories and having diner. I think it would be a good experience for you.” Then Robert walk over to the car, Robert unlocks it, and they both get in.

