

# Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

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Title: ~~Crickets~~  
Unfilled

## 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 feel good about my story, I just need advice on what to improve.

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

My character Richard and the way he lives his life.

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

My character

his job

the plot

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

My character and basically the entire plot.

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

I don't have three things that struggling with, but I want to improve on my ending. I want to write more of an ending and not have it end so abruptly.

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

That the story ends very abruptly.

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

What should I add or expand on to have this story not end so abruptly.

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



Well I'm late for work. I knew I had to hurry cause I hate listening to Barb's shit in the morning. I rush through the house and scavenge for my work clothes that I wore yesterday. Quickly threw on my clothes and ran out the door kicking everything thing over in my way. Beer cans, ashtrays, and spilling my cigarette butts all over the place. I sprinted out the door and booked it down the porch stairs and quickly go into my car. As I'm pulling out of my neighborhood I noticed my neighbor Mary picking weeds in her front yard. I stopped the car and yell " hey Mary got any smokes?" She slowly gets up and lets out a sigh and says "Yeah I'll be right there." Mary walked over to my car "Yeah I got some" she handed me one of those old lady cigarettes and then I drove out my neighborhood.

I hate my neighborhood. Well I shouldn't say I hate it, but I do. My neighborhood is called Vista View Estates. Now don't let the name deceive you. Cause trust me many people read that sign and think estates and when you think estates you think of big ass houses not trailer park. Yeah you heard me; I live in a trailer park. Trust me I know its not an ideal situation, But I make it work. I mean I'm pretty happy here. I keep to myself for the most part, its pretty mellow around here for the majority of the time, occasionally there will be some cop cars and ambulance further down the street, but I just try and ignore it. It's not any of my business anyway.

Hell yeah! I just remembered I bummed a smoke off Mary. I better smoke this quick cause I'm almost to work. So my work is only a couple minutes down to road from my humble abode, which gives me plenty of time to finish off my morning routine. I always have a coffee and a cigarette. Which reminds me I need to get a

refill on that when I get into work. Gas station coffee is the worst. Always tastes gritty and bitter.

I park my car in the same spot every time I work. I don't exactly know why, but that's just what I do. I get out of my car and start walking towards the front doors. I struggle to tuck my shirt in cause I forgot to do it this morning when I put my belt on. Anyway when you walk through the front door there are aisle's right in front going vertically. The cashier is directly to your right when you walk in the door. The cashier counter is surrounded in supposedly bulletproof glass and behind the counter is just the usual shit.

I walk in the doors and head directly to the employee lounge. Its not much of lounge it's just three lawn chars and a poker table. Usually Barb will be sitting there creating schedules or doing whatever Barb does. I walked in the lounge and softly said " Hey Barb sorry I'm late, shit didn't go too well this morning" Barb said " Its no problem just make sure you clock in and start working. You are working the counter today. I would, but my feet hurt like a son of a bitch."

Usually when I show up to work I do the same kinda thing. I'm always the guy you never see at the gas station. Most of the time when you walk into a gas station you only will see one to two people depending on the size of the gas station. I'm the guy that walks around the parking lot picking up trash or I'll clean the bathrooms. I don't like doing new stuff I like to stick to my routine.

So, today I'll be working the front counter. You wouldn't think this position would suck, but it does. I don't like the fact that I have to interact with the customer.

If all I had to do was just check the person out and not feel obligated to speak with them, then the position would be perfect!

After I left Barb's office I walk over the computer and clock in and start my shift. About a couple hours into my shift and several fake conversations later I go out on my break. About every couple hours I go out and take a smoke break. I go back to the break room and tell Barb I'll be back in about 15 minutes. I head out the back door and sit in the lawn chair that I brought from home and light up my cigarette. I take a couple drags and sip on my coffee. It's always pretty peaceful back here, only thing I hear the cars whooshing along the highway. The gas station I work at is in the middle of nowhere. I live in Twin Falls, Idaho and I work just a bit outside of town. Not the most exciting place in the world, but I've been here forever and plan to die here.

As I get ready to head back inside I hear some arguing coming from the front of the store. I walk around towards the front and notice a large Native man, probably in his early 30's, arguing with an older woman. I don't think anything of it cause quite frankly I don't give a shit. I turn and walk around back and enter the back door. I walk through Barb's office to get back to the cash register and I notice Barb left me a note that said "left to get lunch be back soon". I sit down on my stool and watch the two people out front argue. Eventually the woman leaves and the man angrily storms through the front doors. He didn't say anything after he walks in and I didn't say anything to him either. He comes to the counter with a couple bottles of water and a candy bar. I finish scanning the items and the total comes out to \$4.36. The man gets out his wallet that he has attached to a chain. When he lifted

up his shirt the get out his wallet I notice something tucked into the back of pants. Didn't get a good look at what it was and suddenly said with a pissed off tone " what you lookin at old man" I said nervously back " just thought I saw something weird in your pants" The man pulls out a pistol and places it on the counter. I slowly take a few steps back and say" hey there's no need for trouble I was just making a simple observation."

I wake up in the hospital. My head is throbbing I look down and see a bandage around my chest. I look over to my left and notice Barb asleep in a chair. I lean over and wake Barb up and asked what happened. She slowly opens her eyes and said I was shot by Jim Rawls a wanted man from Kansas. I asked her If the police had caught him she responded not yet.

I sit there and think to myself, I wish he had killed me. I am 54 years old and have no purpose to my life. I live in a trailer park and my best friend is a 13-year-old dog-named Ralph. I work at a gas station making about \$8 an hour and have been for the last 20 years. I have no contact with any family. Last time I saw my parents I was 18 years old. I wish I were dead.