

## Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: *Katie Austin*

Title: ?

### 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 the general idea of the characters and plotline, I just don't think it is developed enough.*

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

*Honestly, it was the only storyline I could think of that I liked at all. A lot of pieces to this story resonate with me, and so I thought that's what I should write about.*

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

*The descent into depression  
How much she depends on Celia  
The format → I like the diary entries.*

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

*Format, Depression.*

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

I am struggling with the scenery. It's hard to create a whole world out of a few diary entries.

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

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

- How should I elaborate on or change Sammi's relationship with her parents?
- are there pieces missing out of the story that I should add in another diary entry?

### Entry 1

My birth certificate says I'm Samantha. Call me Sammy. I've been going to private schools my whole life, but my dad just moved out with the money, and my mom transferred me to public school. She now works double shifts at the hospital on a regular basis. I never see mom anymore.

### Entry 12

I have all A's in school. Mom says she's proud of me, but I don't think she even notices me anymore. No one does. I can go for days without talking to anyone.

### Entry 26

My mom told me today she has been seeing someone. She speaks really highly of him, but I know her. She tries to hide it, but I can hear in her voice she doesn't really like him. Why is she doing this to herself?

### Entry 35

Mom brought him home today. His name is Matt. She spoke so highly of him, just to show me he is just like dad: nauseating and fleeting. She works so hard for him. She cleaned the house before he arrived. She even cooked for him. She never cooks anymore. Why is she acting like this?

### Entry 39

He smells like cigarette smoke and speaks like he wants to be somewhere else. His voice fills the room, commandeering every corner by just talking. He tells us stories of bars and friends, devouring the silence provided by my mother and me. His knowledge of the world is comprised of the few streets he owns. Is that what being an adult is?

He calls me Samantha.

That's not my name.

#### Entry 54

Matt picked me up from school today. He said he was taking me home. He has no right to call my house home.

Mom bounced over to me as I entered the front door.

"Matt is moving in with us!" She said with a wide grin plastered to her face.

I still think it's a show.

She only smiles when he is around, but her smile never reaches her eyes.

I wonder why she is pretending.

I don't understand what is going on, but I know I don't want him here with us.

#### Entry 63

The teacher called on me today in science class. For the first time, I didn't know the answer. The girl at my table wrote it on a piece of paper for me when she realized I was floundering.

Her name is Celia.



When I told her thanks, her eyes sparkled and she flashed a smile when she said,  
“You owe me now.”

I don't think I have ever been so happy to owe someone in my life.

#### Entry 72

When I come home, I go straight to my room. I am essentially my own jailer.

I barely see my mom anymore, and I hate it, but seeing only the same four walls every day after school is better than the alternative, trust me. Matt comes home and lands himself in his usual place on the couch. Right away he is off, bellowing at my mother.

School has become my refuge.

#### Entry 77

Every day I get to school and immediately look for Celia's dark head of hair bobbing along with the other students in the hallway. We sit together in class. I respect her wish for anonymity; and she protects me from my daily tormenters. We have come to an understanding. We're becoming fast friends, inseparable.

#### Entry 84

Celia keeps asking about my home. She wants to come and study, meet my family, or just hang out at my house. I tell her my parents don't like guests.

My mom doesn't even know I have Celia. I don't talk to mom anymore.

I just don't want Celia to see my mom and Matt. I'm embarrassed that this is what my family has become.

We used to be perfect.

#### Entry 89

I see Celia every day now. We spend every moment at school together, inseparable. I spend so much time at her house and with her family, she is pressing to meet mine. What do I say to her? My mom still doesn't know about Celia. She doesn't know about anything. Celia can't come home, but I am scared what that will do to our friendship. What if she gets bored of trying and decides to leave me? I don't think I have a choice anymore. I have to let her in.

#### Entry 91

I brought her home today. My mom was nice but Matt didn't even try with her. It's no worse than I expected with him, though I didn't expect very much. It feels like my life at home is one of those silent black and white films from the twenties. The only time I ever feel anything anymore is with Celia. I feel like I have to be with her to live. She transforms me into a whole new person. Without her I am a shell, victim to overwhelming dark thoughts and extreme measures.

I'm so scared when I'm without her. I want to tell her, but I just can't say the words to her face. When did I become so dependent? What would she do if I told her? I can't lose her. She hasn't asked to come over again.

Dear Diary

Even writing is getting hard for me. My hands shake and my throat clenches as I try to just get the words on the paper. But who cares anyway? It's not like anyone reads this. It feels like I am living my life in such huge extremes. I roll on waves from the intense high I get around Celia to the sheer numbness of my thoughts and emotions when I am alone at home. My grades are slipping along with any chance I had for a different future. There's no way I can think of to get out of this mess and fix myself.

Dear Diary

Celia has started to notice. People have started commenting about my "depression" to her. She came to me today to talk, but I blew her off. I didn't want her to wreck my happiness around her with serious talk, but I think that was a bad decision. She is becoming wary around me, worried that she is the problem. I hate to do this to her, but I don't know how to change. She's the only thing that makes me feel right anymore. But I'm losing her because of that. How messed up is this world?

Dear Diary

She's gone.

She came up to me today. She said for the last time. She had told the counselor about me. I was called to his office and sat there while he tried to fix my problems. I don't have any problems. Except Celia. Without her, I can't feel anything anymore.

This is the last you'll be hearing from me. I'm tired of people trying to fix my life. They either care too much, like the counselor, or not enough, like my mom and Celia. I'm sick of people leaving me. I'm obviously doing something wrong because they seem to think it is so easy to leave me behind. I was fine before this. They'll see.

*Sammy's mom got off work early. She came home after her shift and decided to make that paleo meatloaf that Sammy used to love so much. She hadn't spent quality time with her daughter for much too long and was determined to make it right tonight. She called Matt and had him make plans with his friends that would keep him out for the night.*

*After an hour or so, the succulent smell began wafting through the house. She expected to see Sammy's head tentatively peeking around the landing on the stairs, testing the air and measuring the mood in the house. Without Matt tonight, it was a good one. But Sammy's door stayed shut and as usual, the room was quiet upstairs. Sammy's mom ventured upstairs and knocked on her door. There wasn't a response so she hesitantly opened the door a crack.*

*The room was spotless.*

*Her shaking hands reached for the phone to call 911 and report a missing minor as her eyes frantically scanned the room for any signs of life. Any signs of Sammy at all.*

*Nothing. She was gone.*

# Creative Writing - Workshop Prep

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Title of piece/Author: \_\_\_\_\_

## Impressions

What impact did this piece have on you? What magical effect did it have over your thoughts, feelings, and experience?

## High Level

Given this, what meaning are you taking away after your first encounter with this piece? What truth is this piece grappling with? What questions does it open up for you?

Describe the relationship between the narrative or poetic voice and you as a reader. Think about the attitude, distance, and especially point of view. To what degree do the choices in this area contribute to the impact of the piece?

## Mid-Level

Comment on at least one of the mid-level elements of craft (description, character, plot/structure, setting, or use of metaphor; if a poem, also consider the overall sound and form). Either describe something that is working well for you or ask a clarifying question. Provide an example.

### Close Level

Comment on at least one craft element at the close level (word choice, sound, and the rhythm of the sentences; if a poem, also consider choices inside the line). Either describe something that is working well for you or ask a clarifying question. Provide an example.

### Response to Writer's Questions

Use this space to respond to the questions the writer has listed on their reflection sheet.

### Clarifying Questions for the Author

What questions can the author answer that would clarify the choices he or she made as a writer