

Hayden Stills
Period 5
Marcus
9/5/14

The cool damp breeze pulled over every inch of my body, making the silent river of tears flow even faster. Lying there with the endless blanket of tiny sparkling worlds floating above in the dark endless sky, I couldn't help but let my mind wander and get lost in the bright little specks that covered every inch of the inky black night. The beauty and the wonder took my mind off of the fact that in just a couple hours I would have to give up the only real paradise I have known. Every so often the tiny glowing worlds would be taken away by a cloud wandering aimlessly in search of the rest of its flock. There was only so much time that I would get to spend in this place that I have called home for so much of my life. Even thinking about leaving created a dulling feeling spreading its way across my chest. The usually calm sound of the small waves from the lake made me restless. The quick chirp of the crickets sounded off like each tick of a clock marking my time shorter and shorter. Laying there in the cool summer air, where time had practically stood still for the past 8 weeks, thinking of the world where everyone else had been carrying out their everyday lives, a world that in just a few hours I would have to rejoin, was almost as chilling to the bone as the wet sand that pressed up against my back.

Even though I had been lying there with 38 of my closest friends, who had turned into the best family I have known, not a word had been said for hours. This family around me had become a part of me, and I a part in them. Never seeing them again was a sickening thought that seemed to cross my mess of thoughts every chance it

could get.

The clouds that had been floating past began to form a thick blanket, taking the tiny worlds away, and gently releasing a mist that slowly began to drown out the crickets and the waves. The eventual downpour did not stir a single person. Looking out at the lake, I saw the sail boats kissing bows, and houses across the lake casting glowing reflections onto the choppy water.

Every year it rained on the last night, and into the morning. While this tradition has been nothing but an annoyance, this year it was something different. All 38 of us had lived, not on this earth but with it, and to us it was perfect. The rain was this spectacular place, that had become so sacred to all of us, crying for us as we have all cried for it so many times.

Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: Hayden Stills

Title: Moment

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:

For this piece I know exactly what I want, but I just don't know how to get there. This moment was actually about half an hour when it actually happened so I am still trying to find out how to incorporate more information about the history of this moment without taking the reader out of the moment.

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

The original spark for this work was that this is honestly one of my most vivid memories. Even though nothing really happened I can picture this small period of time better than anything else. I really wanted to see what it would look like on paper and in words, so I choose it for my moment.

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

1. I like the personification I gave to the clouds, boats, and weather.
Ex: "Sail boats kissing bows"
2. I also like how I start kind of "zoomed in" and slowly expand the picture.
Ex: I started with just me laying on the beach and then expanded to show that there were other people there with me.
3. I enjoyed writing the part about the stars.
Ex: Lying there with the endless blanket of tiny sparkling worlds floating above in the dark endless sky, I couldn't help but let my mind wander and get lost in the bright little specks that covered every inch of the inky black night.

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

I am sure that I will not change the part about time passing. That is the part that was most important to me in this story. The fact that time was moving and I could do nothing to stop or slow it down. It is not super prevalent, but to me it is almost the most important thing.

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

1. Add more descriptive words, and enrich vocabulary
2. Incorporate the other people who were there with me.
3. Bring in more detail about where I was.
4. Make it a story.
5. Somehow give my history with this place without leaving the moment.

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

I think the feedback that I will get is that nothing really happens.

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

My response would be I know and am really trying to find a way to give it more of a story aspect.

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

1. Do you need to know where I am specifically?
2. Are there parts where the detail is overkill, or not detailed enough?
3. How would you like to hear more about the history of my experiences here?
(ex: flashback, plug little details in here and there etc.)