

Sample Conclusions (Evaluation Arguments)

from Adam's "Healthplex" essay

In many different ways, the Healthplex is an outstanding facility. The weight floor is full of an amazing variety of very nice equipment, which creates the potential for countless different exercises. The club provides an equally impressive assortment of cardiovascular workout opportunities, with options for those looking for an intense workout with entertainment or a jog to clear the mind and limber the body. All of these fitness opportunities are enhanced by a luxurious atmosphere and a helpful, knowledgeable, and accessible staff. Finally, for a student on a budget, the club offers a tremendous deal for all the services it provides. The Healthplex goes beyond being just a place to work out; it is a fantastic facility that all health clubs would do well to model themselves after.

from Andrew's essay about his father

Although I am now over 800 miles away from home and my dad, the memories he has left me with will always be important in my life and close to heart. Just yesterday I was that directionless boy in Mrs. Feinberg's class, and now I am a serious student at a prestigious university. Although I owe a large part of my academic success to my father, I more so want to thank him for setting an example for me to follow in life. It was not what he taught me explicitly that mattered most, but rather what I learned from watching him in action. His insight, dedication, and love are virtues I will strive for as I try to walk in his footsteps. I love my dad, because he was the best father he could be; he is certainly one of the best. Thanks, Dad.

from Collin's essay about his coach

A coach is supposed to be an icon for a player, someone who the player can respect. A coach should understand the game and be able to teach and clarify certain aspects of the game to each player, despite skill level. Most importantly a coach should be someone who supports his players and builds moral so that they may succeed. Because Uwe did not demonstrate any of these characteristics, he was doomed to be an awful coach. His harsh attitude towards his players, his degrading comments, and his general lack of knowledge concerning both soccer and coaching condemned both him and his players. The memories of playing under Uwe are some that I will never forget. They remind me that no matter how terrible other coaches or teachers may be, they will never be worse than Uwe.

from Anne's essay about the DMV

With no respect or concern for clients at all, the DMV is a miserable, stressful experience. When I wove through the crowd to exit through the front door, license in hand, I was ecstatic--mostly because I knew I was free from coming back to the DMV for a long time. Though I am now a comfortable six hundred miles away from that horrible building, I still remember vividly the experiences I had there. I would like to stay far away from the uncaring employee with the sunglasses, the cheerless rows of plastic chairs, and the mocking, smiling portrait of Governor Ed Rendell. But I know that someday, I will inevitably return to that horrible building on Lancaster Avenue--a reunion that I would much rather avoid.

from Michelle's essay about her dance teacher

When Fernando Bujones asked for volunteers to demonstrate the steps, I had only just begun my training with Charlton. Before Charlton came, I would have never had the confidence or ability to rise to the challenge. But even in those early days, his training had given me the self-assurance and poise needed to do so. Evidently, Charlton was an excellent ballet teacher, well beyond anything I could recognize at the time. His demands for professionalism in the dance studio, along with his dynamic teaching style, and concern for our lives, combined to establish Charlton as the best ballet teacher I can imagine. His lessons are ones that will be apparent not only in my classical technique, but in my work ethic in ballet and beyond. Because of Charlton, I am one step ahead.

from Sarah's essay about her deceased father

I remember talking to my younger sister one night, shortly after the funeral when we were having a hard time falling asleep. We were struggling to make sense of the situation and finding it impossible. We had heard enough “he’s in a better place” and “there’s a plan for us all” comments to last a lifetime; such remarks may have been true but weren’t particularly helpful. Finally my sister sighed and said something I will never forget, something that has helped me through many rough nights since. “Well,” she said, “I know that I would have rather had our dad for 16 years than anyone else for a lifetime.” My dad taught me so much when he was alive, and I have him to thank for the person I am today. Even now, nearly four years after he died, I continue to strive to live my best life and become a good person so that, wherever he is, he has reason to be proud of me.

from Trevor's essay about his employment at Vincenzo's

In a summer of endless hassle and heartache, I established myself as an excellent employee. I pressed continually on, with a friendly smile on my face and full respect for Gaspare's authority. I could always be counted on to be obedient, resiliently enduring each new demand. Exceeding the job description became my specialty even as work conditions devolved. I did my job excellently. Reflecting upon my nightmare of a summer job, I long for poetic justice. Unfortunately, all I can do is dream that one day, one redemptive day, Gaspare will think back to the summer of 2008 and admit to himself, "that's one good employee I had at Vincenzo's."

from Lee's essay about Jinny's Diner

It comes as no surprise that ever since that first wary dinner I had with Brian, catching a late meal at Jinny's has become a tradition. While I never really have gotten over the squalid state of floors, tables, bathrooms, and anything else in the restaurant, I have fallen in love with the food and fun we have at the café in the early morning. In fact, with the passing of time, Jinny's has even become an odd sort of currency for us. For example, when I challenged Brian to go two weeks without smoking this past summer, the prize was a meal from Jinny's at the loser's expense. After a week of irritation and cravings from my nicotine free friend, the Jinny's we had when he lost was a welcome relief for both of us. Actually, when we were home from college for Thanksgiving break, my friends and I made it a point to share a meal at Jinny's before we returned to school. After having not seen each other in four months, a trip to Jinny's Café was the perfect way to catch up. Even after high school, going to Jinny's is the perfect way to forget finals,

jobs, or the ten-page paper I had to do at the time. Plus, the fact that the trip reminded me that Brian still owed me a meal from the summer made hearing, “Dude, let’s go to Jinny’s” sound excellent.