

**Introductions, Major and Minor Claims, and Conclusions  
(Sample Evaluation Arguments)**

Adam

EN 201

Prof. Clauss

February 14, 2002

### Healthplex Sports Club

After quitting college swimming as I freshman, I found I was missing an aspect of recreational fitness in my life. As a year-round swimmer in high school, I had developed a love for vigorous exercise and activity that is hard to duplicate outside of an organized athletic environment. Working out on my own, it was difficult for me to stay motivated on a long run or push myself to get in a last set of lifting in the dingy Atherton fitness center. I began to lose my enjoyment for exercise, and I longed for an environment where working out would be fun again. When I moved off-campus as a Junior I decided to explore fitness opportunities in the area surrounding Butler. After a brief search I was pleased to find that the Healthplex Sports Club was exactly what I was longing for. Although it is not free, the Healthplex is a perfect fit for my athletic desires. I have now been a member for six months and have found the club to be a truly outstanding facility.

#### ***Sample Body Paragraph:***

Of all the extras that Healthplex members are offered, the one I enjoy the most is the exceptional friendliness of the staff. From the moment I walk in the door to the moment I leave, there are smiling, available employees to answer questions and provide services. The weight floor's staff of personal trainers, called Coaches, are especially helpful and friendly. On one occasion I pulled a muscle in my wrist while lifting weights, and it was making funny cracking noises several days later. Concerned about its status, I approached a Coach and asked him for his opinion. Although I did not have an appointment with him and we had never

spoken before, he took the time to feel my wrist and asked me several questions about my symptoms. Then, to my surprise, he told me about a free injury clinic on the lower level of the club and walked me down to get me set up with one of their trainers. This exemplifies the attitude of the staff at the Healthplex: always happy to help. A smiling face scanning one's membership card and a "Have a nice day" on the way out of the locker room create a friendly atmosphere that really tops off the Healthplex experience.

***REST OF ESSAY DELETED BY PCCLAUSS***

Trevor

Professor Clauss

FYC 13100

10 December 2008

### That's Vincenzo's

“When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's *amore*.” This romantic line from a 1950's Dean Martin song may inspire the reader to pleasant, beautiful recollections; for me, the line inspires only nauseous memories. It forces me to recall the nightmarish details of my summer job at Vincenzo's Italian Restaurant. Night after night, I endured inhumane work conditions against the backdrop of a looping soundtrack, “That's Amore” playing twice every hour. Cycle after cycle, song after song, I trudged steadily forward. With each mishap, my coworkers and I would laugh it off with a simple slogan: “That's Vincenzo's.” Bad days became the norm. Together, all the unpleasant occurrences can be viewed as a crucible, forging my abilities as an employee. Through two long months of constant testing and refining in a fire of horror and mistreatment, my character as a worker emerged. This summer I overcame a myriad of frustrations to prove myself as a valuable employee.

A forefront quality which demonstrates my worth as an employee is my resiliency. Gaspare, a businessman and chef with a Sicilian accent as thick as the crust of his tiramisu, was my boss for the summer. Dealing with his abrasive demeanor shaped my resiliency night after night. One night, soon after I was hired, the restaurant was fairly busy. As a new employee, I was working steadily but cautiously as I served my tables. I chose a pace that provided timely service yet still allowed me to converse with customers. After half an hour of such service, I encountered Gaspare in the kitchen. The sickening smoke that came out of the cigar in his left hand foreshadowed the smoke which would soon pour from his

mouth. He immediately began to scold me, berating me for not working fast enough. This harsh criticism frustrated me, as I felt my pace had been excellent and I had not kept any customers waiting. Still, I picked up my speed, moving from table to table at a fairly fast clip. When I returned to the kitchen, Gaspare yelled at me again, this time for working too fast and possibly making customers feel uncomfortable. Despite intense frustration I worked hard and did my job, an indication of my resiliency.

***REST OF ESSAY DELETED BY PCLAUSS***

Hannah D

FYC 13100

Professor Clauss

February 20, 2008

### My Role Model

The day I moved into my first college dorm was one of the most anxious and nerve-wracking days of my life. My family was on the verge of driving me crazy, I was nervous about fitting in with my new roommate and neighbors, and I was completely overwhelmed by the newness of my surroundings and people everywhere. Luckily, I had one source of peace and calmness. My aunt Carolyn, who I've called Cookie since I was old enough to talk, came with my family to help me move in, and she was by far the most helpful person in the dorm. This is just one example of the way Cookie is a constant source of comfort and support in my life and the lives of several other people. Throughout her everyday life, Cookie displays her caring, generous, and understanding nature in her interactions with everyone, especially her family. Cookie sets an example of the kind of person I aspire to be.

One of Cookie's most evident characteristics is her generosity, shown by her willingness to share whatever she has with other people. She constantly has her house open to anybody who needs to stop by, whether it be for one dinner or to stay for a few weeks. Cookie's daughter Sarah, who lives in North Carolina with her family, came to visit this past Christmas for two weeks, as she often does during summer or the holiday season. Her family never had to worry about finding a place to stay, as Cookie offered beds for them to sleep in, hot meals at any hour of the day, and anything else they could have ask for. Cookie is also always the first to volunteer her house for a family get-together or party. On a typical Christmas Eve, one could go to Cookie's house to find twenty family members

milling around and socializing, and Cookie baking six different food dishes in the kitchen and enjoying every second of it. Cookie even offers her home to others when she's not in it. One stressful night my junior year of high school, I was rushing to get my homework finished and bake a dessert for a drama club potluck dinner that very evening. I discovered that I needed more brown sugar and knew that I didn't have time to run to the store. I called Cookie, and she told me not to hesitate to go to her house (conveniently, we live next door) and get the necessary ingredients out of her pantry, even though she wasn't home at the time. Cookie has the ability to make anybody feel perfectly at home in her house.

***REST OF ESSAY DELETED BY PCLAUSS***

Ellen

FYC 13100

Professor Clauss

February 20, 2008

### El Chico

Growing up in Nashville, TN, every Saturday night my family and I would go out to eat at a restaurant, more often than not a Mexican restaurant. My sister, my brother, or I had to have a pretty good excuse to miss these dinners, and even then there was no guarantee that my dad would not make the victim go anyway. However, once we all became teenagers and started hanging out with our friends on Saturday nights, our weekly Saturday dinners came to a halt. We would not have been caught dead having dinner with our family on a weekend night. After about a decade, now that we are in college, we no longer feel the shame that a Saturday evening out with the family used to entail. In fact, it is quite refreshing for me to have something to look forward to after weeks and weeks of dining hall food. Furthermore, I cannot wait to swap stories with my family and catch up on old times over a bowl of hot chips and spicy salsa at El Chico. El Chico is the ideal restaurant for families to get together and have a good time with each other. They have a friendly staff, superb family atmosphere, tasty food, and affordable prices.

One of the best things about El Chico is its friendly staff. After entering into El Chico, visitors are greeted with a “Hola!” by the hospitable staff. Usually, people are seated right away, but even if they have to wait five minutes most people forget about their hunger because they are quickly entertained by the staff. Unlike hosts at most restaurants, standing like stiff statues, the hosts at El Chico are chatting away with each other. The last time I went to El Chico, the hosts were talking about the University of Tennessee football game from the night before, and



I jumped in their conversation and told them that I had a couple of friends that were at the game. Until my family and I were seated, our conversation continued. When we were seated, our waitress immediately arrived to take orders for drinks. My dad told the waitress that he wanted an Arnold Palmer, as he does at most restaurants, and he asked the waiter if she knew what an Arnold Palmer is. Waiters at most restaurants say, “No, but the bartender will know.” However, this waitress set herself apart from the typical waiter and asked what the drink was. My dad then went into an in-depth story of the famous golfer Arnold Palmer and how he coined the half sweet tea and half lemonade mixture as his drink. I am sure that our waitress had no interest whatsoever in Arnold Palmer, but because she was so friendly she listened with enthusiasm to my dad. Almost all of the waiters that my family and I have had while at El Chico have been as friendly as this waitress, and they have all humored my father’s life goal to educate waiters everywhere on the Arnold Palmer drink.

While the staff is extremely friendly, it is the family atmosphere makes El Chico such a great restaurant. First of all, there is a cornucopia of different decorations, diverging from Hispanic artwork to imitation Spanish arches to colored lights to sombreros hanging on the walls. Last time we dined at El Chico, my family and I actually had a fifteen minute conversation that began with talking about the different lights streamed all over the place. It reminded my sister of the bright Christmas lights that my dad used to hang up on our house when we were little. On coming home from our almost yearly trip visiting family in California for the holidays, we would run out from the minivan to look at our own live gingerbread house. As we sat in El Chico being nostalgic about times from our childhood, I am almost certain that other families sitting at tables nearby were having similar conversations. The festive decorations seem to remind everyone of parties and other special events. In addition to the decorations, there are television

sets hanging slightly below the ceilings displaying football or basketball games. Fathers do not have the excuse not to spend an evening out with their families in order to watch football. They can have a good time with their families while still catching the game. I remember one Saturday night when my Dad wanted to watch a University of Southern California football game, and he almost did not come out to eat because it was supposed to be on television that night. However, he was able to come join us because he knew that El Chico had televisions visible from every corner of the restaurant. And if numerous televisions and nostalgic decorations are not enough to make families feel welcome, the amount of booster seats and high chairs surely will. I can remember one night in particular where I was surprised by the amount of little kids sitting at the table next to us, and every single small child at that table had a booster seat. El Chico certainly does a great job of accommodating every type of family that may come in its doors.

***REST OF ESSAY DELETED BY PCLAUSS EXCEPT FOR CONCLUSION:***

For so many reasons, El Chico is a great restaurant for families to have a meal. The friendly staff allows families feel comfortable and relaxed. The colorful decorations, the hanging television sets spaced throughout the restaurant, and the abundant amount of high chairs and booster seats gives off an impressive family atmosphere. More importantly, El Chico has delicious food. With El Chico's appetizers, entrees, and desserts, families can really enjoy their food. But the best thing about El Chico is its affordable prices. At El Chico, families do not have to spend a fortune to have a tasty meal. Therefore, El Chico is almost impossible to beat for families that want a good family atmosphere with good food at a good price.

Andrew

FYC 13100

Prof. Clauss

September 21, 2008

### Thank You Dad

On a Sunday morning in early August, Father Walter asked the congregation to reflect on the blessings they have been taking for granted in their lives. This request resonated in a special way with me because for the past week I had already been thinking about a similar question. Getting ready to leave for college, I came to the sad realization that my dad was not going to be coming with me. I knew I was going to miss him because he is an exceptional mentor, and he has shown me through his own example what it means to be a great husband and father. Sitting at mass that Sunday morning, I thought about all the thanks I had for that man sitting next to me, my dad.

My dad had a sense of calmness about him, which, together with his fatherly ingenuity helped me overcome what held me back. When I was in Mrs. Feinberg's class, attention deficit disorder made the classroom my enemy. First, paying attention for a whole school day on end was nearly impossible. Worse yet, was the way Mrs. Feinberg dealt with me; she made me sit alone, and further isolated me by drawing attention to my trouble focusing. One night, when I was reading in bed, I heard my mom anxiously talking to my dad in his den. She repeated all the things Mrs. Feinberg has told her in the conference: that I couldn't focus for long periods of time, that I always wanted to know what my neighbor was doing, that I asked a lot of rhetorical questions, and that I didn't follow instructions. There was a pause, and then my dad said in response, "Sounds like a normal kid to me, Sharon." Knowing that my dad understood made some of that feeling of isolation melt

away, and made me more receptive to addressing the issue of my ADD. The next night he came into my room and had a long talk with me about control. “Control is something that is up to you, buddy”, he told me, “It’s not up to your friends, your teachers or even your parents. It’s very important that you learn to have control over your attention span.” My dad then helped me control my concentration by teaching me a strategy that I still use today. He taught me how to combine my daydreaming with what was being discussed in class. For example, I used to daydream a lot about fishing, which was my favorite hobby in the third grade. So when Mrs. Feinberg was teaching the class geography, and my mind started to wander, I would create a connection between fishing and geography. For example, I still remember what major body of water borders Israel and Jordan, because the Dead Sea is far too salty for any fish species to survive. My dad’s combination of understanding and intelligence was crucial to my success in elementary school.

Another reason my dad was helpful to me growing up, was that no matter how busy he was, he always found time to spend with me. One such example was when my mother became very ill with Meniere’s disease, and lost her hearing and balance. In between driving her to Mass General Hospital twice a week, taking care of her in the middle of the night, going to work by the day, and going back to Boston alternating nights for his MBA, enjoying time with two young children did not seem to fit into his the hectic framework. However, my dad never let that be the case. One of the most memorable moments I spent with him was captured in a picture I’ll always treasure: the two of us laying on the family room floor, and I brushing his teeth. The irony of that picture is that it is entirely candid and carefree- him and I with all the time in the world and no worries, yet it was taken during probably one of the most grueling days of his life. He had just gotten back after nine-thirty, having gone to work, class, and then the hospital for hours upon hours of hearing tests for mom. I remember how he walked in the door, went

straight past the dinner Gram had waiting for him, and straight past the piano, which had always been his favorite thing to do after work, and he came and sat right next to me watching the television and asked, “What do you want to do buddy?” So I got my toothbrush and brushed his teeth for a half hour which I will never forget; just him and me, without a care in the world. We laughed until our stomachs were numb at the gobs of toothpaste oozing out of his mouth onto the couch. This was not out of the ordinary, as chaotic as his life ever was he seemed to find the time to tackle everything, and then a little extra for just being silly.

The time my dad spent with me when I was growing up, fostered a relationship in which he could express his emotions to me without brute force or a scene. Just last summer I was grounded on a Saturday night in July for getting into a fight with my younger sister, Ashley. I tried to convince my dad to let me go out, but he wouldn’t budge. After about a half hour of pleading with him, I went stomping up to my room. In my frustration, I kicked my foot through the air, and I accidentally sent my heavy sandal crashing through my bedroom window. I’ll never forget the sound of that crash, or my dad’s heavy footsteps on the stairs. He came up and just looked at me with this long, heavy face and disappointed eyes that said, “Boy, have you let me down.” He looked into my face and then descended back downstairs without saying anything about what he saw. The next day when I came home from up the street, I saw my dad fixing my window for me. He waved to me understandingly from atop his later, but he never said a word about that incident. He didn’t need to, the look on his face that night in my room said it all, I knew I had crossed the line a thousand times over. In a new context, and without any words, my dad had reinforced the statement he told me many years earlier, a statement that will reverberate in my mind for the rest of my life, “You must have control over yourself.”

Just like that summer night when in my frustration I destroyed my dad's property, my dad had once destroyed a piece of mine. However, when he did it, he showed his immense respect for my property. I had spent all afternoon one snowy day building the biggest and most elaborate gingerbread house to impress my relatives with later that week on Christmas Eve. When my dad came home that night, he immediately went over to inspect the masterpiece sitting atop our dining room table. He reached out to straighten a graham that was out of place, but in doing so, accidentally knocked over half the structure. I went berserk, and I burst into tears. My dad calmed me down and promised he would fix it, but told me to go get ready for bed. I pretended to ascend the stairs, but then went back to the dining room opening to watch him work. As he tried to rebuild the collapsed side, he progressively caused more destruction until the entire apparatus became one massive catastrophe. When I stepped forward from the doorway, my dad turned and had a look of sincere apology in his eyes. I do not know exactly why I did, but I chose to exploit that sorrow I saw in my dad. In tears I exclaimed, "How could you, Dad, I worked all day to build that house!" For the rest of the evening, my dad devoted himself to fixing a trivial gingerbread house. When I went to bed that night, without having kissed him goodnight, my dad was still working. In the middle of the night I got up to go to the bathroom and noticed my parent's bedroom door was still ajar, which meant my dad was still downstairs working; it was 2 am. When I awoke in the morning, I ran downstairs to check on my ginger bread house. What I saw was a poor attempt at a basic box, with dried frosting smeared everywhere. Yet I could not have cared less; I wanted to find my dad and give him an enormous hug.

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.