**English 109**

**Research Project**

**STUDENT SAMPLE**

**INTRODUCTIONS**

**The following student samples are in rough draft form. Note how research is inserted in each paper:**

**INTRODUCTION A:**

Aches and pains are typical for former athletes in their later years. It's common for a forty year old ex high school linebacker to awaken with pain in his knees and lower back. Gordon had never played sports. He had lived a sedentary lifestyle for most of his forty years. After struggling to get his pants on, he slides on his size eight slippers and moseys towards the kitchen. He flips on the television like he does every morning to the Today Show on NBC. Katie and Matt were reviewing the latest study done at Harvard University. Thirty percent of kids age 8-11 are overweight, and 15% are obese (Obesity in Youth, 2001). Obesity is more common in boys then girls while in adolescence (Obesity in Youth, 2001). Finally, when obese children grow up they may also suffer pain in joints, especially the hips (Obesity in Youth, 2001). Gordon turns his attention from the TV and gets on his tiptoes to grab the cereal from the top shelf of his cupboard. Gordon was never a tall boy, which is probably the reason why he never got into sports. Standing a shade under 5' 8", Gordo's noticeable lack of height was overshadowed by his girth. Tipping the scales at 275 pounds made Gordon no featherweight. At work last week had plugged his height and weight into a computer program on a weight management web site to calculate something called Body Mass Index or BMI. "Most men have a BMI between 20-25" (Obesity, 2003). Gordon's was 41. Anything over 30 is widely considered obese (Obesity, 2003). Unlike his pants, Gordon fit into that category just fine.

**INTRODUCTION B:**

To whom it may concern,

By now I should be gone, and I will finally be happy. Please keep in mind, I love you all, but my life no longer has value. I would rather live eternally in Hell than continue this pitless life here. Please tell my brother, Michael, that he has a great life ahead of him, and to know that I’ll always be with them, and be sure to tell him how proud I am of him. Also, make sure my parents know it is not their fault. It is no ones fault, only my own. The reasons I have, I will take to my grave. Tell my Mom and my Daddy not to worry, their princess is watching over him and she is beaming. To my friends: don’t cry for me I’m not worth it, just take care of yourselves. My 15 years of life is long enough. I’m through with wearing a smile and pretending to be something that I’m not. I hate what I am, and I know I’ll never be the girl everyone wants me to be. No one knows what it is like, and worse, no one cares enough to try to find out why. Life has lost its flavor for me. The pressure from our world is too great (Murphy, 1999) . A world completely of fear. I am afraid to love who I choose. I am afraid to speak my mind. I am afraid to take a chance. Most of all I am purely afraid, but I am not afraid to die. I am not afraid of the pain. I have been through too much of it already, that it is not worth being scared. But be glad because

now I have found peace, I am gone, I have no fears. Don’t cry one single tear, just live the life I could never have, and forget me.

Kendall

There, she thought, It’s done, now I can finally be free. The tears were streaming down her face as she pulled out the gun. She sat there looking at it and thought, How could such a harmful gun look so innocent? Almost like a toy, but without the wear from countless games played in the backyard of cowboys and Indians. Kendall remembered her older brother, Michael, had a toy gun like this, and he used to play those games. She remembered how his face lit up when he tore away the wrapping paper to reveal the gleaming, plastic revolver. He was so proud when he showed his friends the next day. Michael was only seven years old and she was four.

She would look out the window and watch her brother and his friends galloping and hiding throughout the woods. They would run and shout and fire the pretend bullets that would pellet through the air and strike each of them. He and his friends would fall down laughing, and he would look like he was having so much fun. Kendall looked up to Michael so much, he was everything she wanted to be, he was the one everyone loved (Galas, 2007). Kendall was quickly brought back to reality at the sound of Michael’s stereo. She closed her eyes, he has grown up since she first gave him that toy gun, she thought, how eleven years has gone by fast, but he’ll be

OK, he’s strong, I know he is. She turned and rays of light flickered off the lustrous gun. This is it, she thought as she walked over to the window, finger on the trigger.