Introductions, Conclusions, and Other Stuff

Introductions:

1. **You can be funny.**

Jacapo licked his left paw nonchalantly. "Just be cool," he thought, glancing at the open patio door. A warm summer breeze wafted into the dining room, mom hummed to herself as she loaded the dishwasher, and dad was nowhere to be seen. "Now's my chance," Jacapo told himself. With one final gaze around his prison-house, Jacapo revved his kitty-cat engines and bolted past Mom's legs towards the deck, screaming, "You'll never catch me, you abominable, pasty-faced, buffoons!" Jacapo had made a momentous decision: he would have more fun outside, even if he was catnapped by the neighbor, since his lily-livered owners despised him.

2. **You can ask a question.**

Why do cats long for their freedom? Why would an always-indoor cat willfully choose to walk through an open door and never return? This is a question asked by many cat owners, especially ones who have lovingly protected their feline from dangers by keeping them locked inside a safehouse. Cats occasionally defy their captors because they long for a wild, fun life, they think that being catnapped would be better than living inside for the rest of their years, or because their current owners are unbearable.

3. **You can be dramatic.**

Jacapo, who has never set a paw on grass or chased a butterfly, was about to do both. A sweet, spring scent catches his attention. What is that smell? It comes from the room where the humans eat. His little cat brain tells him to investigate. There – the big, glassy barrier is open. How can that be? Why has nobody noticed? He must examine; he is a cat, after all. Even if it means his death, he must walk through the portal. Who knows – maybe he will have more fun on the other side, maybe he will get catnapped, or maybe he will finally have revenge upon his horrific prison guards.

4. **You can tell an itty-bitty story.**

The day was spent, dinnertime had passed, and our favorite cat had not come home. Jacapo was a large, fluffy, orange tabby, the delight of our family. He let us carry him, he slept on our laps, and he always came in before dusk. The kids and I had walked through the neighborhood, calling "Jacapo! Here, kitty kitty!" However, there was no sign of him, and tears were beginning to flow. As the mom, I was thinking that maybe Jacapo decided he wanted his freedom, or a well-meaning neighbor took him into their house, or perhaps he thought we were the meanest cat owners on the planet.

Conclusions:

Two rules only this time –

1. **Your first sentence must be a restatement of your thesis.**

   Maybe Jacapo disappeared because he longed for the wildness of the outdoors, or because he was catnapped by the neighbor, or perhaps because his owners did not love him.

2. **Your conclusion must be satisfying for your reader.** Think of a conclusion as the dessert of your essay – not cooked carrots, soggy peas, or cold bacon – more like apple pie or an ice cream sundae.

The Other Stuff:

Final drafts must be written neatly or typed --

- If you write by hand, you must **double-space your lines** and watch margins.
- If you type, set your computer to make **1-inch margins at the top, bottom, left and right sides.**
- Double-space everything; do not put extra spaces between the title and the introduction, or between paragraphs.
- Use a **12-point** font size, **black** ink only. Plain, hard-working fonts are best, such as **Times New Roman** or **Calibri.**
- NEVER use a **weird font**: Algerian, Bodoni MT, *dreaming Outloud* script are all inappropriate.
- **Indent** each paragraph.
- **Spell** words correctly.

See my example paper, attached!

Font is Times New Roman, 12pt.

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Cats Do Whatever They Want to Do

by Mrs. Baumgaertel

Jacapo licked his left paw nonchalantly. "Just be cool," he thought to himself as he glanced at the open patio door. A warm, summer breeze wafted into the dining room, Mom hummed to herself as she loaded the dishwasher, and Dad was nowhere to be seen. "Now's my chance," Jacapo told himself. With one final gaze around his prison-house, Jacapo revved his kitty-cat engines and bolted past Mom's legs towards the deck, screaming, "You'll never catch me, you abominable, pasty-faced, buffoons!" Jacapo had made a momentous decision: he would have more fun outside, even if he was catnapped by the neighbor, especially since his lily-livered owners despised him.

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indent

Once he was outside, Jacapo decided that he was having too much fun. He had always peered longingly at the squirrels and birdies in the backyard. He saw Sergei and Atlas, the neighbor cats, walking with ease across his lawn. He thought, "I'd sure have more fun if I were a wild kitty." So, Jacapo decided outside was more desirable than inside.

(No extra line space here)

Little did Jacapo know, the next-door neighbor saw him bolt outside. "Now, that looks like a beautiful specimen," mused Mrs. Sardine. Waiting until dusk, she set an open can of tuna on the porch. Jacapo's tummy was just beginning to rumble when he smelled the tuna. Without a care, he followed the scent. Immediately, Mrs. Sardine plopped her husband's fishing net over Jacapo and scooped him into her house. Too startled to escape, Jacapo realized he had traded one prison-house for another, as the neighbor slammed her door behind him.

black ink

"Oh, well," thought Jacapo, "this human could be an improvement over the humans who had despised me." Perhaps Mrs. S. would feed him tuna every day, instead of that dried, crunchy food he'd had to eat at his first home. Maybe she would insist that he sleep in on her bed,

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instead of in the laundry room on a fur-infested rug. Perhaps…just perhaps she wouldn't mind if he scratched the furniture. Perhaps she would keep his litter box clean. "This could be better for me after all," mused Jacapo, "although I truly think that all humans are despicable."

To Jacapo's cat brain, he almost had a wild life, he may have been catnapped by a nicer prison guard than his previous human, and above all, he was happy to have escaped from his dreadful Mom and Dad. And if not, it was only a matter of watching and waiting for another open door, and he'd be out in a jiffy.