

Student Name

Teacher Name

DC Advanced Composition

31 August 2014

This I Believe

Growing up, most children have the common memory of grandmas fresh baked cookies.

The warm sweet smell that billows throughout the house. The salty cookie dough left in the bowl and the temptation to steal one from the cooling rack before dinner. When you'd ask her just how she got them so perfect, time

The imagery used within this paper enhances the story and provides the reader with a clear picture.

and time again, her reply would always be, "just a quick pinch of love." Although you never did quite get the answer you wanted, it always seemed to suffice. Love was the key ingredient to everything growing up, but the times have changed and your not a little kid anymore. You want answers and this time 'cutsie' wont cut it.

For me, I had to do some undercover work on my own. I had to read the books, watch the shows and play the game. Let me tell you, the game teaches you one thing and one thing only.

You can't make delicious baked goods with LOVE! You have to make them with HATE! You have to tell those cookies who's boss. With every ingredient you have to add three times as much

anger and frustration into the mix. You want those cookies to be oozing with chocolaty pissed off goodness. It took me a long time to understand

The diction here generates a strong voice for the author.

this and apply it to my baking. And with this realization, is why I believe in a cookie rage.

This thesis statement could be more specific (what realization?) and better developed within the body of the paper.

Id come home from school, to see my mom had bought another bag of chocolate chips and I would immediately start for the mixer. Word by word, I would read through the recipe on

the back, scour the fridge for all my supplies and start the ritual. I would ‘zen out’, meditate if you will, and clear my head of any stress and negativity, this is when the magic happened. Or so I thought.

I would carefully measure out all my ingredients, mix them when told to and add as much love into the dough as I could muster. Portioned to perfection, I’d place the military lines of cookie dough in the oven and set the timer. DING! The bell would ring and my spirits would soar as they did like when I was a child. Running to the oven, waiting for that sweet smell to hit my nose, I smelt something that reminded me more of burning last-nights-dinner rather than cookies. I flung the door open and to my surprise, the once chewy and tantalizing drops of desert had turned to nothing more than a sheet pan length of over caramelized sugar.

All of the time and love gone into those cookies, only to be burned alive in the pits of hell I call an oven, made something spark inside me. A feeling that is unlike any anger and hatred a human could ever imagine; a rage so powerful that it can only be known as, a cookie rage. I was consumed by this cookie rage and within minutes I had torn my kitchen to shreds. The sheet pan was launched across the room crashing into the fridge denting it, cabinet doors and drawers were slammed and kicked with brute force and words never heard by man were uttered at inhuman decibels. After my transformation passed and the red faded from my vision I had seen what my best like self had done and was flushed over with a wave of relaxation and peace. Peace with the world and peace with myself.

The metaphor of baking cookies is the vehicle used to describe the perseverance and preparation for the unpredictability of life that this student possesses. However, the significance of this metaphor could be better developed in the paragraph below.

I believe in cookie rages because they show how no matter how hard you try, you never have full control over all the aspects in your life. You can measure to a T, but still never get that

end result. It teaches you how when things don't go as planned, you have to let yourself go and try again. I didn't stop making cookies after my incident. I made more and more challenging myself. Yes, I did get more batches like my first but I would scrap them and try again.

After years of new techniques, I found my way of making grandmas cookies. There was no love in the recipe, only boot-camp style discipline and tone. I will yet at my cookie dough until it cries. Scream at it and tell it until its in the fetal position. I even give the dough consequences if it doesn't turn out. I found my way of baking and that is to take out all your anger and frustration on those cookies. Its like therapy minus the paying a guy to listen. Cookie rages helped me find out how much devastation I could take and how I could overcome that. They were an important part of my adolescence and something I will pass on to my children. Baking may not be for everyone but that is only until you find the way that works for you.

The strong voice, imagery, and use of an extended metaphor qualify this piece as "prepared."
Stronger thesis and topic sentences, more development of the significance of the extended metaphor, and attention to grammar (possessives in particular) would have qualified this paper as "exceptionally prepared."