**Paragraph Structure Drafting Exercises: Use Models to Create/Revise Paragraphs (Williamson)**

**For your argument process paper writing exercises please have**

**1 process analysis**

**1 extended definition**

**1 cause and effect**

**1 classification and division**

**Paragraph Structure Models:**

**Process Analysis (Steps that Go Through a Sequence): “On Fire”, Brown**

You learn early to go in low, that heat and smoke rise into the ceiling, that cooler air is near the floor. You learn to button your collar tightly around your neck, to pull the gauntlets of your gloves up over the cuffs of your coat, that embers can go any where skin is exposed. You learn that you are only human flesh, not Superman, and that you can burn like a candle.

You try to go easy on the air that’s inside the tank on your back, try to be calm and not overly exert yourself, try and save some of your strength. You learn about exhaustion.

You learn eventually not to let your legs tremble when you’re pressing hard on the gas or the diesel pedal, when you’re driving into something that is unknown.

And on that first time you’ll probably be like I was, scared. But you can’t let that stop you from doing your job.

**Process Analysis (Steps that Go Through a Sequence) Excerpt from “On Dumpster Diving”, Eighner**:

At first the new scavenger is filled with disgust and self loathing. He is ashamed of being seen and may lurk around, trying to duck behind things, or he may try to dive at night… Every grain of rice seems to be a maggot. Everything seems to stink.

That stage passes with experience. The scavenger finds a pair of Nike running shoes that fit and look and smell brand new. He finds a TI pocket calculator in perfect working order. He finds pristine Blue Bell ice cream, still frozen…He begins to understand: People do throw away perfectly good stuff, a lot of perfectly good stuff.

Most divers do come to realize that they must restrict themselves to items of relatively immediate utility.

**Extended Definition “The Wife-Beater”, Gayle Smith**

Everybody wears them. The Gap sells them. Fashion designers Dolce and Gabbana have lavished them with jewels. Their previous greatest resurgence occurred in the 1950’s when Marlon Brando’s Stanley Kowalski wore one in Tennessee Williams’ *A Streetcar Named Desire*: They are still all the rage.

What are they called?

The name is the issue. They are known as “wife-beaters.”

A Web search shows that kids nationwide are wearing the skinny-ribbed white T-shirts that can be worn alone or under another shirt. Women have adopted them with the same gusto as men. A search of boutiques shows that these wearers include professionals who wear them, adorned with designer accessories, under their pricey suits. They are available in all colors, sizes and price ranges.

Wearers under the age of 25 do not seem to be disturbed by the name.

But I sure am.

**Extended Definition: Excerpt** **from “How It Feels to be Colored Me”, Hurston: Here, Hurston defines a concept by saying what it is not.**

But I am not tragically colored. There is no great sorrow dammed up in my soul, nor lurking behind my eyes. I do not mind at all. I do not belong to the sobbing school of Negrohood who hold that nature somehow has given them a lowdown dirty deal and whose feelings are all hurt about it. I have seen that the world is to the strong regardless of a little pigmentation more or less.

**Extended Definitions: Excerpt from The Voice in the Fog, Harold MacGrath**

Fog.

A London fog, solid, substantial, yellow as an old dog's tooth or a jaundiced eye. You could not look through it, nor yet gaze up and down it, nor over it; and you only thought you saw it. The eye became impotent, untrustworthy; all senses lay fallow except that of touch; the skin alone conveyed to you with promptness and no incertitude that this thing had substance. You could feel it; you could open and shut your hands and sense it on your palms, and it penetrated your clothes and beaded your spectacles and rings and bracelets and shoe-buckles. It was nightmare, bereft of its pillows, grown somnambulistic; and London became the antechamber to Hades, lackeyed by idle dreams and peopled by mistakes.

There is something about this species of fog unlike any other in the world. It sticks. You will find certain English cousins of yours, as far away from London as Hong-Kong, who are still wrapt up snugly in it. Happy he afflicted with strabismus, for only he can see his nose before his face. In the daytime you become a fish, to wriggle over the ocean's floor amid strange flora and fauna, such as ash-cans and lamp-posts and venders' carts and cab-horses and sandwich-men. But at night you are neither fish, bird nor beast.

**Classification and Division (Sorting ideas into categories) Excerpt from “The Ways We Lie”, Ericsson**

We lie. We all do. We exaggerate, we minimize, we avoid confrontation, we spare people’s feelings, we conveniently forget, we keep secrets, we justify lying to the big-guy institutions. Like most people, I indulge in small falsehoods and still think of myself as an honest person. Sure I lie, but it doesn’t hurt anything. Or does it?... When someone lies, someone loses.

There are many, many ways to tell a lie…

The White Lie assumes that the truth will cause more damage than a simple, harmless untruth…

The Façade. When I put on a suit to go to see a client, I feel as though I am putting on another face…

Ignoring the Plain Facts. In the 60’s the Catholic Church in Massachusetts began hearing complaints that Father James Porter was molesting children. Rather than relieving him of his duties, the authorities simply moved him from one parish to another…

**Classification and Division (sorting ideas into categories) Excerpt from Margaret Chase Smiths “National Suicide” speech**

As a woman, I wonder how the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters feel about the way in which members of their families have been politically mangled in Senate debate—and I use the word “debate” advisedly.

As a United States Senator, I am not proud of the way in which the Senate has been made a publicity platform for irresponsible sensationalism. I am not proud of the reckless abandon in which unproved charges have been hurled from this side of the aisle. I am not proud of the obviously staged, undignified countercharges that have been attempted in retaliation from the other side of the aisle.

As an American, I am shocked at the way Republicans and Democrats alike are playing directly into the Communist design of “confuse, divide and conquer.” As an American, I don’t want a Democratic administration “whitewash” or “cover-up” any more than I want a Republican smear or witch hunt.

**Classification and Division (sorting ideas into categories) “The Crack-Up” F. Scott Fitzgerald**

Now a man can crack in many ways – can crack in the head in which case the power of decision is taken from you by others. Or, in the body, when one can but submit to the white hospital world, or in the nerves. William Seabrook, in an *Unsympathetic Book*, tells of how he ended up in the mental ward. What led to his alcoholism or was bound up within it, was a collapse of his nervous system… It was his nervous reflexes that were giving way… too much anger and too many tears.

I found that I was good and tired…. And I cracked like an old plate.

**Cause and Effect: Excerpt from What Makes a Serial Killer, La Donna Beaty**

“Man’s inhumanity to man’ began when Cain killed Abel, but this legacy has grown to frightening proportions as evidenced by the vast number of books that line the shelves of modern bookstores – row after row of titles dealing with death, anger, and blood. We may never know what causes a serial killer to exact his revenge on an unsuspecting society. But we need to continue to probe the interior of the human brain to discover the delicate balance of chemicals that control behavior. We need to be able to fix what goes wrong.

**Cause and Effect (with an anecdote): excerpt from *Kids Who Kill Are Still Kids*, Cohen**

This is what happened to Nathaniel Brazill, 14, who was recently sentence to 28 years in prison for the murder of a teacher, Barry Grunow. Brazill was only 13 when he shot the teacher on the final day of school. Grunow, a much –beloved teacher had stopped Brazil from talking to two girls and disrupting the class. He went home, got a gun and returned to school. Gunow was Brazill’s favorite teacher.

I always feel in columns of this sort the necessity to say something about the victim and how his life was taken from him. But Gunow is gone and nothing can be done to bring him back. That is not merely a cliché, but also an important point. Kids who kill are still kids. Justice is needed, but where is the deterrence in trying a child as an adult?

Consider what Brazill did. He shot his teacher before oodles of witnesses. He shot a man he liked. He shot someone without any chance of his getting away. He shot someone for almost no reason at all…He shot someone without fully comprehending the consequences. He shot someone because among other things he was just 13 years old.

Will other 13-year olds now hesitate before killing their teacher? Hardly. Who is being punished? The child at first, but later the adult he becomes