Introductions

Example A

Upon reading the article “Keeping Daylight Saving Time Year Round” under Room for Debate - New York Times, debater Steve Calandrillo argued was daylight saving time a risk factor to the world. “Extending daylight saving time year-round would save lives, reduce crime, save energy and stop Americans from losing sleep each time we switch our clocks,” is how he opened his argument. His main points were darkness, saving energy, and traffic fatalities. The fact of the matter is what is the cost of saving the daylight?

Example B:

“The talk.” If your like me, this phrase floods your mind with painfully awkward memories of listening to your parent(s) try their best to explain puberty or “the birds and the bees” without blushing. For some, this discussion is something they giggled through, during the sex-ed part of their health class. Others never got “the talk.” Those kids learned about sex and growing up either on their own, or through friends and television. Eventually we all learned about sex in one way or another, but which way was best? This brings up another extremely controversial question: when is learning about it best? Debra Hauser answers these questions in her article “What they need to know at 5 and 15.” She discusses her opinion that sex education should begin in Kindergarten: “honest, sequential and comprehensive sex education is the foundation for helping them [children] to become sexually healthy adults.” The clearer and sooner things are explained, the less likely it is for children to be affected by misinformation, or be clueless to potentially dangerous situations. Even though children need to
maintain their innocence, starting gradual sex education in kindergarten is the best way to prevent health risks, and inform children about a fundamental aspect of life.

Example C:

You know those awesome glow in the dark stars that people glue on their ceiling? Everyone had them at some point. You were either really poor or your parents didn’t love you if you never had glow in the dark stars on your ceiling. Anyways, my boyfriend had these stars on the ceiling of his room. Some nights we would lie in his bed and look at the “stars,” while talking about us and our future. Sometimes we wouldn’t talk at all. Sometimes I laughed so hard under those stars that I thought I would never recover. And other times I wondered if we would ever break. And we never did—never break, that is. We broke up, but we never broke. I loved him as I said goodbye, and I cried as I broke his heart. It wasn’t easy, but then again, it wasn’t hard. Perhaps it wasn’t hard because I knew—deep down—that I would be back eventually, and that we were still in love, and always would be. But maybe it wasn’t hard because I broke up with him for someone else. Maybe he wasn’t my true love after all. For nearly three years it was embedded in my mind that he was the only one out there for me. I believed in the idea of “one true love” without a doubt. Now, however, I am not so sure. Is there really only one person out there for each of us? One who we are destined to be with, forever?