

Keywords in NewView Thesis Statements & Topic Sentences

Bold = core keywords from the NewView thesis statement

Red = directional element keywords that tell what sequence/direction the essay will follow

Blue = newness keywords that summarize the details of the following paragraph

NewView Thesis

After my parents' **divorce**, instead of a worse relationship with my dad, I actually **grew closer to my mostly absent father** in **emotional, social, and financial ways**.

Outline of Support with Topic Sentences

Despite the **divorce**, I've **grown emotionally closer to my father because now he lets me talk to him about important things, like boys**.

Although he's **not around every day**, my father does **social** things with me every week, **like going on "dates."**

Best of all, my dad's **financial ways are better, now, and he buys me lots of fun things and gives me more money than before the divorce**.

NewView Thesis

Although diabetes really is *not* a good thing, my **diabetic condition** has surprisingly **improved my life** by teaching me **good health habits**, such as **wholesome eating, regular exercise, and personal hygiene**.

Outline of Support with Topic Sentences

My **diabetes** has sure **changed my eating habits**, but I've found many **wholesome** foods to eat that are **even more delicious than rich, unhealthy foods**.

Though **regular exercise** is a pain, **I'm glad to be more athletically competitive with my buddies, now**.

Now that I must maintain **good health habits**, my new **personal hygiene makes me more attractive to girls**.

NewView Thesis

Since I've always hated riding buses, I would never have guessed that **riding a noisy, dirty city bus** would **teach me to relax, get better grades, and appreciate the humor of people**.

Outline of Support with Topic Sentences

That **noisy, dirty city bus** taught me to **relax because I finally realized that no fretting or cursing could hurry it**.

After learning to **relax** on the **bus**, I began **studying French regularly while riding, which introduced me to my French angel and got me better grades in French**.

Riding the city bus taught me to appreciate the humor of people by giving me the opportunity to see lots of silly personal dramas.

The Adventures of the Silent One

Teenagers never seem to think about death. We think we're indestructible, and I'm no exception. But when I was 15, the doctor's prescription of prolonged silent treatment seemed worse than death. The virus and growths seriously affecting my vocal cords were indeed dangerous, and silent treatment was the only hope for a partial recovery of normal speech. Because partial recovery did not include singing, changing pitch, or projecting my voice from a stage, I felt that I was doomed to a bleak existence. In short whispers, I presented my problem to my speech coach, my drama director, and my choir director. After each one of these advisors "released" me from speech competition, the theatre troupe, and singing groups, my future truly did seem bleak. Though it was difficult then to see any sunlight through such a blizzard of misfortune, I know now that my illness did me good in many ways. I found, surprisingly, that **being indefinitely silenced by my doctor greatly increased my ability to listen to, to understand, and to solve others' problems.**

Before being forced into becoming a **listener**, as a drama theater geek I was **a total flop** at being **silent** or a **listener**. Before, I was too loud and too interested in entertaining to listen. Once, on the way home from a speech and drama tournament, I kept almost the entire busload of kids in stitches with my impersonations of lousy judges in the tournament. I didn't even notice my best friend, Nancy, crying in the seat beside me, who had been crushed by a judge's rude comments. But now my illness forced me off onto a silent sideline away from the high school limelight.

I learned to really **listen to** others, even when I hated their ideas, as I accepted **my new role** of being the **silent listener**. Since I could no longer speak, my only mode of meaningful communication was listening. Thus, I was forced into becoming the silent listener. As I began to accept this new role, my heart began to open to others' ideas, even ideas I hated. For instance, one day after school I found a girl, Serena, crying in the bathroom on the floor because she was afraid she was pregnant and needed an abortion. I threw aside my past strong disapproval of such situations, stopped, and in a few whispers encouraged her to talk about her problem. She talked about her problem a lot, and I helpfully kept nodding my head a lot, whispering a few words here and there to encourage her to keep talking. When we left, we both left feeling better. **My new role of being the helpful Silent One** had made me listen closely to and appreciate a subject I had once hated and closed out of my mind as just plain evil, under any circumstances. Now I wasn't so sure.

In time, I became **more than just** a **silent** listener: I **slowly became** an **understanding** listener. A few days after the bathroom incident, I heard Nancy kick her locker shut. Normally, I would tease Nancy about a thing like that and turn it into some kind of joke. But now, the Silent One could only turn around, listen, and try to understand as she began to rant and rave about her rotten boyfriend. Finally, the real problem dawned on me as I listened: Nancy's father had left home a few months ago and Nancy was holding a grudge against all men. I whispered a few words about that idea to Nancy. After a moment or two, she agreed with me. She said she appreciated my listening and allowing her to bring her problem out into the open so it could be understood, and she promised she'd work on accepting boys as human beings.

From all the **silent** listening, **my growing understanding also helped me to see** simple **solutions to others' big problems**—and make a profit from it. Joe Chandler, for example, was positive he was stupid. Whenever he complained about being so stupid, I usually agreed with him and kidded him about it. But now, unable to tease, the Silent One watched and thought about Joe's situation and took it a little more seriously. I began to realize his real problem was that he talked so much in class that he never knew what was going on. Finally, in a note I bet him ten dollars that solving the simple problem of talking so much in class would cure his big problem of stupidity. Joe took the bet and found out that I was right. Instead of resenting his losing the bet, Joe was so grateful to me that he's been my good buddy ever since—and I was ten dollars richer.

The things I learned in developing my abilities of **listening** and **understanding** made the **silent listener** role much more rewarding than the bleak existence I had feared. Even better than that—Now I have recovered one thousand percent more than medically expected! My voice is *back*! Not only can I speak, but I can sing and act as well as ever! Perhaps just as important, though, I emerged from my illness with a greatly increased ability to **listen**, to **understand**, and to appreciate and **solve others' problems**, as I did with Serena, Nancy, and Joe. But, please, dear God—I really did learn my lesson about **listening** and being **understanding**, so I sure do hope my next wonderful lesson in life isn't so painful!