Firstname Lastname

**This is what your paper should look like as a finished product. Use this as a model.**

Mr. Teachername

Assignment name here – not in title!

27 October 2017

Title, Centered and Based on Topic

He ran across the room, grasped the bottom edge of the window, and tugged, staring through the glass. He saw the yellow sheet, dimly now in the darkness outside, lying on the ornamental ledge a yard below the window. Even as he watched, it was moving, scraping slowly along the ledge, pushed by the breeze that pressed steadily against the building wall. He heaved on the window with all his strength and it shot open with a bang, the window weight rattling in the casing. But the paper was past his reach and, leaning out into the night, he watched it scud steadily along the ledge to the south, half-plastered against the building wall. Above the muffled sound of the street traffic far below, he could hear the dry scrape of its movement, like a leaf on the pavement. **THESIS STATEMENT HERE.**

**TOPIC SENTENCE, A DIRECT RESPONSE TO THE THESIS, GOES HERE.** The living room of the next apartment to the south projected a yard or more farther out toward the street than this one; because of this the Beneckes paid seven and a half dollars less rent than their neighbors. And now the yellow sheet, sliding along the stone ledge, nearly invisible in the night, was stopped by the projecting blank wall of the next apartment. It lay motionless, then, in the corner formed by the two walls--a good five yards away, pressed firmly against the ornate corner ornament of the ledge, by the breeze that moved past Tom Benecke's face.

**NEXT TOPIC SENTENCE, A DIRECT RESPONSE TO THE THESIS AND A SPEARATE POINT OF EMPHASIS FROM PARAGRAPH ONE, GOES HERE.** He knelt at the window and stared at the yellow paper for a full minute or more, waiting for it to move, to slide off the ledge and fall, hoping he could follow its course to the street, and then hurry down in the elevator and retrieve it. But it didn't move, and then he saw that the paper was caught firmly between a projection of the convoluted corner ornament and the ledge. He thought about the poker from the fireplace, then the broom, then the mop--discarding each thought as it occurred to him. There was nothing in the apartment long enough to reach that paper.

**NEXT TOPIC SENTENCE, A DIRECT RESPONSE TO THE THESIS AND A SPEARATE POINT OF EMPHASIS FROM PARAGRAPH ONE AND TWO, GOES HERE.** It was hard for him to understand that he actually had to abandon it--it was ridiculous--and he began to curse. Of all the papers on his desk, why did it have to be this one in particular! On four long Saturday afternoons he had stood in supermarkets counting the people who passed certain displays, and the results were scribbled on that yellow sheet. From stacks of trade publications, gone over page by page in snatched half-hours at work and during evenings at home, he had copied facts, quotations, and figures onto that sheet. And he had carried it with him to the Public Library on Fifth Avenue, where he'd spent a dozen lunch hours and early evenings adding more. All were needed to support and lend authority to his idea for a new grocery-store display method; without them his idea was a mere opinion. And there they all lay in his own improvised shorthand--countless hours of work--out there on the ledge.

**NEXT TOPIC SENTENCE, A DIRECT RESPONSE TO THE THESIS AND A SPEARATE POINT OF EMPHASIS FROM PREVIOUS PARAGRAPHS, GOES HERE.** For many seconds he believed he was going to abandon the yellow sheet, that there was nothing else to do. The work could be duplicated. But it would take two months, and the time to present this idea was *now*, for use in the spring displays. He struck his fist on the window ledge. Then he shrugged. Even though his plan were adopted, he told himself, it wouldn't bring him a raise in pay--not immediately, anyway, or as a direct result. It won't bring me a promotion either, he argued--not of itself.

**NEXT TOPIC SENTENCE, A DIRECT RESPONSE TO THE THESIS AND A SPEARATE POINT OF EMPHASIS FROM PREVIOUS PARAGRAPHS, GOES HERE.** But just the same, and he couldn't escape the thought, this and other independent projects, some already done and others planned for the future, would gradually mark him out from the score of other young men in his company. They were the way to change from a name on the payroll to a name in the minds of the company officials. They were the beginning of the long, long climb to where he was determined to be, at the very top. And he knew he was going out there in the darkness, after the yellow sheet fifteen feet beyond his reach.

**CONCLUSION, A RESTATEMENT OF THE THESIS, GOES HERE.** By a kind of instinct, he instantly began making his intention acceptable to himself by laughing at it. The mental picture of himself sidling along the ledge outside was absurd--it was actually comical--and he smiled. He imagined himself describing it; it would make a good story at the office and, it occurred to him, would add a special interest and importance to his memorandum, which would do it no harm at all.