Four Types of Introductions

**H**ook  
**I**nformation  
**T**hesis

Commentary

**(Hook)** It has been many years since my family had the privilege of becoming yet another divorce-stricken statistic. I cannot even begin to recover any of the broad details lost in the nooks and crannies of my mind that concern life with my father. Save the infrequent Christmas visits, he was an alien to me -- not quite an intruder in my life, but more like an intermittent visitor. **(Information)** Then, six years ago, when I was ten, the annual “reunions” ended. Over a third of my life had passed before I saw him again at a time when I could finally understand who this stranger really was. **(Thesis)** My relationship with my family has been an interesting one because of how seldom I saw my father after my parents’ divorce; as a result, I am very grateful for the time I get to spend with family.

Anecdote

**(Hook)** I wake up in the morning, look out my window, and a wave of disappointment splashes over me. I expect to see the city streets, and tall skyscrapers towering over the morning fog. Of course, these are just the memories of the home I left behind. **(Information)** Each morning I have to face the fact that I’m not in California anymore, and I have to bring myself back to the shar reality that I have ignored. I’m in a new place, with new people, and this is where I’m going to be for a while. Moving is one of the hardest things, but denying it hurts even more. **(Thesis)** I will always miss my home of California because I grew up there; as a result, I am always dreaming of the things I miss so much about it.

Startling Information

**(Hook)** Imagine. You live on the outskirts of Melbourne, Australia. You have, ideally, six months to live. Radioactive dust is moving slowly, steadily south, averaging about 100 miles a week. Cairns, Port Moresby, and Darwin have all been abandoned, and the inhabitants have gone south. **(Information)** Sometime next autumn, you will also have to move. Problem is, you live ten miles from the coast. You have no-where to go. All you can do is wait for you, your family, and everyone you know to die slowly with much pain and suffering. Not a pretty picture. **(Thesis)**  In Nevil Shute’s *On the Beach*, the author creates a fictitious, worldwide nuclear war in order to warn the masses about the possible consequences of the Cold War nightmare of the 1950s and ‘60s

Dialogue

**(Hook)** “Like, oh my gosh! He’s, like, soooo cute!”

“Yeah, and those legs!”

“Ooooh, let’s kick some sand on him by accident or something.”

**(Information)** These are the familiar sounds of a typical conversation by a couple of girls at the beach in search of some company -- or maybe just a smile from a chose candidate for hunk-of-the-month. The art of scamming on the boardwalk is one mastered by more girls and is a much more popular pastime than swimming in a salty, freezing, seaweedy ocean. Nope, these days the beach is the coolest hangout. **(Thesis)** However, I prefer swimming because I think it is more productive; in that case, not only am I healthier than the average beach-goer, but I’ve also retained some of my dignity.