

Here are some examples of good writing (college supplementals, memoirs, etc) to inspire you!!!!!!!

Link	Excerpt	Commentary
<a href="#">Brown Community Essay example</a>	<p><b>Brown University Community Essay Example</b></p> <p><i>I used to hate the NYC subway. I've taken it since I was six, going up and down Manhattan, to and from school. By high school, it was a daily nightmare. Spending so much time underground, underneath fluorescent lighting, squashed inside a rickety, rocking train car among strangers, some of whom wanted to talk about conspiracy theories, others who had bedbugs or B.O., or who manspread across two seats, or bickered—it wore me out. The challenge of going anywhere seemed absurd. I dreaded the claustrophobia and disgruntlement.</i></p> <p><i>Yet the subway also inspired my understanding of community. I will never forget the morning I saw a man, several seats away, slide out of his seat and hit the floor. The thump shocked everyone to attention. What we noticed: he appeared drunk, possibly homeless. I was digesting this when a second man got up and, through a sort of awkward embrace, heaved the first man back into his seat. The rest of us had stuck to subway social codes: don't step out of line. Yet this second man's silent actions spoke loudly. They said, "I care."</i></p> <p><i>That day I realized I belong to a group of strangers. What holds us together is our transience, our vulnerabilities, and a willingness to assist. This community is not perfect but one in motion, a perpetual work-in-progress. Now I make it my aim to hold others up. I plan to contribute to the Brown community by helping fellow students and strangers in moments of precariousness.</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>•</li> </ul>
<a href="#">UMich Community essay example</a>	<p>Every morning, I stare into the deep-set eyes of Timothée Chalamet. He springs to life from a sheet of 9×11 paper, his face chiseled by a graphite pencil. Timothée is my latest artistic pursuit. For the past four years, I have been captivated by artistry through my school's drawing classes.</p> <p>When language fails me, art is my interpreter of thoughts, a magnifying glass to the world. But beyond beauty, drawing sparked conversation and collaboration: "Isn't Timothée so dreamy?" one girl swoons; "Yeah, but his eyes should be darker!" another chimes in. I continue to connect with this community for its balance</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Interesting hook</li> <li>• Adds on identity? "Art is my interpreter of thoughts"</li> <li>• Could focus more on their own impact rather than group impact</li> <li>• Should stay with one story</li> </ul>

	between appreciating art and embracing growth.	
<a href="#">UMich Why This College example</a>	<p>“Raising livestock for human consumption generates 15% of total global greenhouse gas emissions, greater than all transportation emissions combined,” I project my voice into the chamber. “I implore this Senate to pass this bill to protect the environment for our future children.”</p> <p>For a week in June of 2022, I served on a local committee focused on agriculture, conservation, and energy, where I was captivated by environmental policy that bolstered sustainability. Specifically, I proposed legislation that subsidized the cultivation of alternative protein-rich crops and disincentivized animal farming. Becoming well-versed in environmental issues from soil acidification to fertilizer runoff, I grew eager to study the intersection of environmental studies and political science to address these global problems.</p> <p>Unwilling to compromise on these varied academic interests, I am attracted to the College of Literature, Science and the Arts for its dedication to interdisciplinary education.</p> <p>An aspiring double major in Political Science and Environment with a specialization in Environmental Philosophy, I will investigate the role of governing institutions in implementing ethical environmental policy. At the University of Michigan, I am eager to engage in rich, multidisciplinary dialogue with the dynamic living-learning community of the Residential College program. Through courses like IDIV 390 “Environmental Activism: Citizenship in a Republic” and “Contemporary Social and Cultural Theory,” I can not only deepen my interdisciplinary passion for sustainable environmental policy, but also receive intimate seminar-style instruction from my professors and my peers. The RC approaches communal learning through a global lens, which heightens my unrelenting desire to understand the world around me.</p> <p>In addition, I am attracted to the LSA Honors Program for its emphasis on experiential and immersive learning. Through first-year seminars like “Psychological Perspectives of Politics,” I can expand my understanding of human political involvement and apply those concepts to drive social change. Furthermore, as an aspiring constitutional and environmental lawyer, the “Lunch with Honors” series allows me to interact with pioneers in these fields. This includes Professor Mark Rotenburg of Georgetown University, with whom I can explore the limitations of free speech and other constitutional protections in the social media age.</p> <p>Divided between the unique opportunities for experiential learning through the LSA Honors Program and the intimate instruction of</p>	<p>Structure analysis</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>--Begins with dialogue</li> <li>--Immediately connects into extracurricular/direct experience with the related topic</li> <li>--Explains intersection of two unique interests <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “grew eager to study the intersection of environmental studies and political science to address these global problems.”</li> </ul> </li> <li>--States college of interest</li> <li>---Connects it to specific</li> </ul>

	<p>the RC, I am grateful that at U-M, I can participate in both.</p> <p>But at U-M, learning isn't confined to academia. LSA provides me with the flexibility to explore my vast array of interests. Through the Politics, Environment, and Science Lab, for example, I seek to continue my interdisciplinary inquiry into environmental policy. Working under Professor Ariel Hasell, I will explore social media's influence on public perception of expertise during public health and environmental crises. The Michigan in Washington program also provides a unique opportunity for experiential learning; as an Intern in the White House, I will gain firsthand experience observing the churning gears of political institutions. On the Ann Arbor campus, Michigan Parliamentary Debate would sustain my global curiosity through my passion for debate, allowing me to engage in rich discussion with the diverse-minded intellectuals that call U-M home. I will also lend my Desi American voice to the Student Advisory Board to further encourage cultural appreciation. In essence, as a Wolverine, I will employ my interdisciplinary perspective and inclusive nature to lead, on campus and beyond.</p>	
<p><a href="https://www.collegeessayguy.com/blog/community-essay">https://www.collegeessayguy.com/blog/community-essay</a> Community Essay example</p>	<p>The Pumpkin House (Narrative + Montage Combo Structure)</p> <p>I was raised in "The Pumpkin House." Every Autumn, on the lawn between the sidewalk and the road, grows our pumpkin. Every summer, we procure seeds from giant pumpkins and plant them in this strip of land. Every fall, the pumpkin grows to be giant. This annual ritual became well known in the community and became the defining feature of our already quirky house.</p> <p>The pumpkin was not just a pumpkin, but a catalyst to creating interactions and community. Conversations often start with "aren't you the girl in the pumpkin house?" My English teacher knew about our pumpkin and our chickens. His curiosity and weekly updates about the pumpkin helped us connect.</p> <p>The author touches on the values of family and ritual in the first few sentences. She then mentions the word "community" explicitly, which clearly connects the essay to the prompt. In the second paragraph she mentions the value of connection.</p> <p>One year, we found our pumpkin splattered across the street. We were devastated; the pumpkin was part of our identity. Word spread, and people came to our house to share in our dismay. Clearly, that pumpkin enriched our life and the entire neighborhoods'.</p> <p>Here she introduces the problem. Then she raises the stakes: the pumpkin was part of her family's identity as well as that of the community.</p>	<p>---Memorable and unique topic of pumpkin --- Serves as a symbol "The pumpkin was not just a pumpkin, but a catalyst to creating interactions and community."</p>

	<p>The next morning, our patch contained twelve new pumpkins. Anonymous neighbors left these, plus, a truly gigantic 200 lb. pumpkin on our doorstep.</p> <p>Describing the neighborhood's response offers a vivid example of what makes for a great community.</p> <p>Growing up, the pumpkin challenged me as I wasn't always comfortable being the center of attention.</p> <p>But in retrospect, I realize that there's a bit of magic in growing something from a seed and tending it in public. I witnessed how this act of sharing creates authentic community spirit. I wouldn't be surprised if some day I started my own form of quirky pumpkin growing and reap the benefit of true community.</p>	
<a href="https://usacademic.hk/essay-service/common-app-essay/">https://usacademic.hk/essay-service/common-app-essay/</a> Common app essay	<p>In our house, English is not English. Not in the phonetic sense, like short a is for apple, but rather in the pronunciation – in our house, snake is snack. Words do not roll off our tongues correctly – yet I, who was pulled out of class to meet with language specialists, and my mother from Malaysia, who pronounces film as flim, understand each other perfectly.</p> <p>In our house, there is no difference between cast and cash, which was why at a church retreat, people made fun of me for “cashing out demons.” I did not realize the glaring difference between the two Englishes until my teacher corrected my pronunciations of hammock, ladle, and siphon. Classmates laughed because I pronounce accept as except, success as sussess. I was in the Creative Writing conservatory, and yet words failed me when I needed them most.</p> <p>Suddenly, understanding flower is flour wasn't enough. I rejected the English that had never seemed broken before, a language that had raised me and taught me everything I knew. Everybody else's parents spoke with accents smarting of Ph.D.s and university teaching positions. So why couldn't mine?</p> <p>My mother spread her sunbaked hands and said, “This is where I came from,” spinning a tale with the English she had taught herself.</p> <p>When my mother moved from her village to a town in Malaysia, she had to learn a brand new language in middle school: English. In a time when humiliation was encouraged, my mother was defenseless against the cruel words spewing from the teacher, who criticized her paper in front of the class. When she began to cry, the class president stood up and said, “That's enough.”</p>	<p>---Amazing diction, direct but powerful and commanding style</p> <p>---Circle ending</p> <p>---Anaphora of “in our house”</p>

“Be like that class president,” my mother said with tears in her eyes. The class president took her under her wing and patiently mended my mother’s strands of language. “She stood up for the weak and used her words to fight back.”

We were both crying now. My mother asked me to teach her proper English so old white ladies at Target wouldn’t laugh at her pronunciation. It has not been easy. There is a measure of guilt when I sew her letters together. Long vowels, double consonants — I am still learning myself. Sometimes I let the brokenness slide to spare her pride but perhaps I have hurt her more to spare mine.

As my mother’s vocabulary began to grow, I mended my own English. Through performing poetry in front of 3000 at my school’s Season Finale event, interviewing people from all walks of life, and writing stories for the stage, I stand against ignorance and become a voice for the homeless, the refugees, the ignored. With my words I fight against jeers pelted at an old Asian street performer on a New York subway. My mother’s eyes are reflected in underprivileged ESL children who have so many stories to tell but do not know how. I fill them with words as they take needle and thread to make a tapestry.

In our house, there is beauty in the way we speak to each other. In our house, language is not broken but rather bursting with emotion. We have built a house out of words. There are friendly snakes in the cupboard and snacks in the tank. It is a crooked house. It is a little messy. But this is where we have made our home.

<a href="#">Brown Open curriculum essay</a>	<p>To many, mathematics is little more than calculating how much flour Mrs. Smith needs to bake her famous apple pie. I felt this same way until I got to calculus. There, I was examining the fundamentals of change, infinity, and nothingness daily.</p> <p>During one discussion with my teacher, he expressed his belief that the Fibonacci sequence was a proportion of divine handiwork. I'd never considered any application of mathematics outside of hard sciences. As I sat at my kitchen table that night calculating the instantaneous velocity at time <math>t</math>, I understood that mathematics, despite a well-defined set of laws, contains the philosophical ambiguity I find so stimulating.</p> <p>Though finding the volume of a sphere may not fit the traditional idea of aesthetics, it serves the same purpose — as a study of structure and order. This intersection between mathematics and philosophy is one I hope to continue to explore.</p>	<p>--Nice 3 sentence hook  ---Interesting combination of mathematics and philosophy  ---Starts with specific examples of how they got into the topic, then they transition to something</p>
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I never understood the power of community until I left home to join seven strangers in the Ecuadorian rainforest. Although we flew in from distant corners of the U.S., we shared a common purpose: immersing ourselves in our passion for protecting the natural world.

Back home in my predominantly conservative suburb, my neighbors had brushed off environmental concerns. My classmates debated the feasibility of Trump's wall, not the deteriorating state of our planet. Contrastingly, these seven strangers delighted in bird-watching, brightened at the mention of medicinal tree sap, and understood why I once ran across a four-lane highway to retrieve discarded beer cans.

Their histories barely resembled mine, yet our values aligned intimately. We did not hesitate to joke about bullet ants, gush about the versatility of tree bark, or discuss the destructive consequences of materialism. Together, we let our inner tree-huggers run free.

In the short life of our little community, we did what we thought was impossible. By feeding on each other's infectious tenacity, we cultivated an atmosphere that deepened our commitment to our values and empowered us to speak out on behalf of the environment. After a week of stimulating conversations and introspective revelations about engaging people from our hometowns in environmental advocacy, we developed a shared determination to devote our lives to this cause.

As we shared a goodbye hug, my new friend whispered, "The world needs saving. Someone's gotta do it." For the first time, I believed that that someone could be me.

--Begins with describing origin: (conservative suburb)

- Specific example of contrasting views: trump's wall and the destruction of the natural world

[Yale](#)  
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## SHANGHAI

I have a curious choice to make every time I pronounce this city's name, like deciding between two sides of a conflict: Do I speak in the tongue of the town I was born in or in the language of the land I live in?

"SHANG-hai." I come as a foreigner, accenting the first syllable, twisting the A into the curve of my lips as the word twangs in my mouth. Born and bred in Californian sunshine, I hated this city of haze at first with a simmering fire in my gut that clawed its way into notebooks full of acrid words. A prisoner of my father's job, I discovered in the next six months that no amount of steamed buns could fill that hole in my soul where my hometown used to be. I burned my first bridges in that flight across the Pacific; left drifting, I struggled to learn how to pronounce the slang of the city like a local, to acclimatize my tongue to the new way names rolled from my lips.

"ShangHA-AI." But sometimes I defend the besieged stronghold, my adopted city, opening up the soft palate so "ah" comes out in the first syllable before bouncing through the second one. Accents make all the difference in local supermarkets here, where the slightest slip-up in your vowels can expose you as nonnative. But now, that fear doesn't stop me from chatting with taxi drivers on my way to dance practice anymore; every person I can convince that I'm not foreign-born is a small victory in the uphill battle of learning the language of my parents.

Adjusting to life in China requires more than a tectonic shift of mindset; reality lies in a long war of attrition—a personal ten-year siege of Troy. I did not embrace Shanghai all at once; slowly, haltingly, I accepted truces. Late night strolls weren't so bad, I admitted, and the new people—friends from Canada, Denmark, New Jersey, and even the sandwich deli lady—were as fascinating and compelling as any Greek or Trojan hero. Through conversations as short as ordering a vegetarian panini or as long as shared plane flights to a forensics competition, they helped me realize that unhappiness has always been a choice. I needed to reassess the values that directed my life, to look around with wonder instead of prejudice. Because even after the war ended and Troy fell, it was rebuilt; and even as I fought air pollution and reckless drivers, idiomatic grammar and my own biases, Shanghai reforged me with the defiance of its people and the steel of its skyscrapers. Wars don't make people; wars change people.

Two years later, I smile at the shopkeepers I once feared, switching languages as easily as jackets. I make small talk with security guards and savor the rare days of pollution-free air. Now I see the fortune I have to live in an international forum, filled with

---Nice metaphors, mature but engaging writing style  
--"SHANG-hai" to "ShangHA-AI"

---Nice verbs

- accenting the first syllable, twisting the A into the curve of my lips as the word twangs in my mouth.
- Opening up the soft palate so "ah" comes out in the first syllable before bouncing through the second one.
- Chinese rolls from my lips with rich authenticity.

---Metaphor of war and american vs chinese tongues

	<p>snapshots of lives across cultures and continents—a place where we can learn from each other even as we laugh, where we sing the cadences of our sentences that pay homage to our countries of origin.</p> <p>“I live in—Shanghai.” I still wobble between accents, stumbling before the word as I remember where I am. “But I’m originally from California.” Sometimes, my American tongue wins out; others, Chinese rolls from my lips with rich authenticity. Language used to mark the front where my cultures clashed with each other. Now, it opens new paths that lead me off into undiscovered regions, familiar and exotic. This internal war has given me open palms and words in three languages, grounded me in knowing who I am and what I love, and made me ready to adapt to and appreciate the world, wherever the winds blow me.</p>	
<a href="#">Northwestern painting the rock essay</a>	<p>If I could paint The Rock, it would outwardly appear a “smouldering, unclean yellow” with horizontal stripes for bars wrapping around the circumference in a tight, perfect bow. Upon further inspection during the night, however, you might see a silhouette of a woman bent over, fingers gripping and shaking the bands.</p> <p>Just as the narrator in “The Yellow Wallpaper” represents the idea that women are either forced into social conformity or are ostracized and deemed mad if they attempt to rebel, my painting would emphasize that the essence of this story holds true to today. As president of MeToo Club, I understand that many remain uncomfortable confronting their sexual assault under the legal system and in the midst of brooding shame. I am eager to spread awareness on how abortion regulations, unequal pay, and a lack of representation in STEM and senior corporate positions remain hurdles for women.</p> <p>Painting this picture would not only align with values of social justice and feminism I embrace closely, but also reflect the goals of Northwestern’s SHAPE, Student Counselors for Social Justice, and College Feminists student organizations, which I hope to join in my undergraduate years and continue to advocate with.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• connection to literature and value of minority empowerment</li> <li>• Connection to northwestern club at end</li> </ul>

<p>UW Community Essay Example</p>	<p>I grew up in Hawaii, a world bound by water and rich in diversity. In school we learned that this sacred land was invaded, first by Captain Cook, then by missionaries, whalers, traders, plantation owners, and the U.S. government. My parents became part of this problematic takeover when they moved here in the 90s. The first community we knew was our church congregation. At the beginning of mass, we shook hands with our neighbors. We held hands again when we sang the Lord's Prayer. I didn't realize our church wasn't "normal" until our diocese was informed that we had to stop dancing hula and singing Hawaiian hymns. The order came from the Pope himself.</p> <p>Eventually, I lost faith in God and organized institutions. I thought the banning of hula—an ancient and pure form of expression—seemed medieval, ignorant, and unfair, given that the Hawaiian religion had already been stamped out. I felt a lack of community and a distrust for any place in which I might find one. As a postcolonial inhabitant, I could never belong to the Hawaiian culture, no matter how much I valued it. Then, I was shocked to learn that Queen Ka'ahumanu herself had eliminated the Kapu system, a strict code of conduct in which women were inferior to men. Next went the Hawaiian religion. Queen Ka'ahumanu burned all the temples before turning to Christianity, hoping this religion would offer better opportunities for her people.</p> <p>I'm not sure what to make of this history. Should I view Queen Ka'ahumanu as a feminist hero, or another failure in her islands' tragedy? Nothing is black and white about her story, but she did what she thought was beneficial to her people, regardless of tradition. From her story, I've learned to accept complexity. I can disagree with institutionalized religion while still believing in my neighbors. I am a product of this place and their presence. At UW, I plan to add to campus diversity through my experience, knowing that diversity comes with contradictions and complications, all of which should be approached with an open and informed mind.</p>	<p>Analysis from the website:: ""</p> <p>This student also manages to weave in words from the prompt ("family," "community," "world," "product of it," "add to the diversity," etc.). Moreover, the student picks one of the examples of community mentioned in the prompt, (namely, a religious group,) and deepens their answer by addressing the complexity inherent in the community they've been involved in. While the student displays an inner turmoil about their identity and participation, they find a way to show how they'd contribute to an open-minded campus through their values and intellectual rigor.""</p>
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<p>Community ? Or extracurricular essay</p> <p><a href="https://essaythatworked.com/university-of-michigan">https://essaythatworked.com/university-of-michigan</a></p>	<p>I have always known that soldiers and veterans are the people who have sacrificed for our country. Yet, I have undervalued them since they were of no consequence in my life.</p> <p>After my dad signed me up (read: forcibly volunteered) to assist a night game of bingo at the NY VA, I did not know I would be joining <u>a new family</u>. While distributing snacks, the patients constantly asked me about my well-being and personal stories. As I volunteered more, I met new family members.</p> <p>I cleaned wheelchairs and gathered them from the parking lot to ensure the wheelchair supply was always sufficient for visitors. Through this, I gained an appreciation for the precise care it took to transport family members and ensure they felt at home after surgery. Admittedly, I grow impatient when tasks are not moving at my desired pace, but if I was taking care of sick family members, I knew I had to change. Seeing the struggle it took for a family member to get into a wheelchair and retrieve his oxygen tank helped me realize that I had to develop patience and composure.</p> <p>At the VA, I became a grandson, who learned how to take accountability for his actions. I discovered communication skills that will help me become closer with those of different backgrounds. My VA family has molded me to connect with and lend a helping hand to new families. The Edward Ginsberg Center at your school is a platform that will allow me to leverage and expand my skills in community engagement. I can see myself taking on a leadership role, engaging in service, and continuing to contribute to the VA and other communities through the Community Leadership fellows program.</p>	
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