

Left margin should be 1.25 inches

Right margin should be 1.25 inches

Course title, section

Student Last Name, First
English 405:06
Mr. Scharaga
December 6, 2007

Teacher's name

Date

Center the title, and skip
a line after the title

Spinning through Time

Indent the
first line of
each
paragraph
one half inch,
or one tab

“And then one day you find ten years have got behind you.”

Line spacing must
be double spaced

Use 12 -
point font

The phonograph spins methodically as Pink Floyd is echoed out into our living room interrupted by pops and scratches. My father would tell the story of the first time he had ever listened to *The Dark Side of the Moon* back when he was, “about my age.” I could see the look in my father’s eyes; he was staring off into space reminiscing about when he was sitting and listening to the very same song on the very same record thirty years before. Putting the sleek black disc on the record player, my dad turned on a familiar song by Deep Purple. Another song brings back more memories, and I would listen intently about his college days and how someday I would have as rich of an experience as he did.

This music is more than a mere vinyl recording; it’s a time machine spinning at 33 rpm. It’s what ties generations together and reveals an entirely different world, a world my father knew. If such an environment made my father who he is, then the influence this music has over me must be a constructive one.

“Check this out,” he said holding up an original copy of *Abbey Road*. The turntable filled my ears with music while my father filled my head with wisdom. Mutual respect of classic rock links my father’s past with my present, and through my dad’s lessons, my future as well. These truly timeless tunes transport me to a time long past and conjure memories and wisdom from when he was my age. From my father’s perception, I learned hard work, chivalry, and reliability, and that wisdom comes from years of experience along side the music that inspires him to pass on his knowledge.

Only write on the front side of the paper

I start my journey in life where my father did, in the melodic rhythms resonating from a turntable in the corner of the room. While the music shares my thoughts with my dad's advice, I flourish with understanding. He teaches me the philosophy of classic rock well traveled by the footsteps of my father and soon to be repeated but personalized by my own. As Pink Floyd famously put it, "The time is gone, the song is over."

The song cut out and my dad lifted the needle as he passed the torch to me. As I walk on a bridge of insight that spans a generation with only the music to guide me, I think to myself, my dad gave me the greatest wealth of all, the means to pass his wisdom on to a child of my own.