

ANALOGIES

Student samples

The mountains are like a heart. Snow from the mountains melts and travels down the mountain. The water flows into rivers that travel throughout the land nourishing the plants and animals. Eventually the water evaporates, causing the whole process to start over. Likewise, the heart pumps blood to the body. The blood travels through the veins giving nutrition to all parts of the body. The blood, once it has traveled through the body is used again also.

The violence and death in our society today are much like the destruction of the rain forest. Each are major issues in our country and many political groups are spending much time and effort to put a halt to this destruction. The lumber industry is cutting hundreds of acres of the innocent rain forest down a day; the same as the youth who are killing hundreds of innocent people a day in the inner cities. A tree is crucial to so many lives. This is comparable to the importance of each child to loving family and community. With each beautiful tree being denied life, the ozone layer decreases, denying the needed oxygen to reproduce. Likewise, each bright young man who is dying as a result of a bullet takes away the breath of his mother and all his other loved ones.

Thoughts are like a spider web; each thought leads to a whole new idea, as each strand of a spider web leads to a new circle. When a person starts thinking, an initial idea is always formed. The spider starts its web with that vital first outside thread. That first idea transforms to a liking thought. This thought expands and is added to and changed. The spider joins each strand to the other, creating circles and squares. These ideas are added together to make the entire plan or idea, finishing the thought process. Each tiny strand of the web makes up the beautiful patten of the spider's finished web.

The tuba is like a thunderstorm. The tuba's sound is dark and ominous like the large billowing high clouds of a thunderstorm. The notes that the tuba can reach are like the bolts of lightning, cutting through the sky. And the low notes are like the rumble of thunder. The notes that are held are like the constant drizzle of the rain as it falls.

Life is an inkblot; different people see different aspects of it. Some people see life as an object of beauty, a butterfly. Others find life a bore or a nauseating experience. Others find it as an array of possibilities, a kaleidoscope. Others see it as something they are stuck in, a black hole. Yet others see life for what it is, a ball of rock we live on, full of possibilities for success and failure.