**Identifying Appeals to Logos, Ethos, and Pathos**

**Context:** Last night, two parents received this rather unexpected email from their 17-year old son.

**Instructions:** Read the email below and identify where the author used logos, ethos, and pathos. Fill in the blanks provided to identify which of the three appeals is being made.

I know that I am running out of time to unregister and apply to other schools, and I’m also aware how happy both you and mom are with me and that fact that I was accepted into this amazing school **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_].** The thing is, I have such amazing friends who are all going to Brandon University and, if we were to separate after graduation I would miss them so terribly much. They’ve been here for me through all the rough stuff happening with you and mom… **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]** B.U. isn’t a terrible school and going there provides such a perfect opportunity to continue our friendships together… it seems SO STUPID to me that we would go to different schools, when the program I want to go into is offered at B.U. **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_].**

Every day that I’m sitting in class now, I feel sad. I often go off into a daydream, thinking of all the fun my friends and I could be having together next year, and all the times we are going to be missing, just so that I can be at a school that has a “great reputation” **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_].** The truth is, I wouldn’t be robbing myself of a better education if I was attending Brandon University. It has small class sizes, friendly personnel, and a great Chemistry program. The only reason it has a reputation that is not as highly regarded is because of the amount of money it costs for admission. **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]**. Sure I’ll make new friends there, but I can’t seem to get rid of this feeling of being alone because I know I will never have the same comfortable relationship that I have with my best friends **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]**

I really need you to believe me when I tell you this, but I decided to accept my invitation to McGill on a sort of an impulse, and because I felt so excited and privileged about getting accepted in to such a highly-regarded school **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]**.I’ve been regretting that decision just about every day since I registered for my courses. I sort of feel like my friends’ and my relationships are falling apart already, just because of differences between the universities we are choosing to attend **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]**. I am really grateful that you two have offered to pay for my schooling… but that does not mean that you are the only people who get a say in where I go for the next five years. I will be an adult next month, and I have proven to you, through my grades, extra-curricular experiences, and that responsibility I’ve taken on at the personal care home, that I am grown-up enough to make this decision for myself **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]**.

I know there are probably some grammatical errors in here, it might not flow very well, and I probably jumped around quite a lot, but I just want to say that this came from the heart, and I mean everything I said. Please just talk to each other about this. Sorry that I sent it in an e-mail rather than in person, but I just thought I could say what I wanted on here without being interrupted **[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_]**.