

# My owl – college essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

A scream passing through an open window at the edge of town rattles the settled sounds of a night tucked in, the filtering whispers of leaves outside in the breeze interrupted, yielding to the call of a helpless exater protected by sound walls; only the nearby creek persists. Call of crickets resigns under full moon, and hill-riding wind halts for a moment following the cry. Slowly, the leaves begin to whisper again, though slightly muffled, offset by the impression of a scream when it was the last thing on the night's mind.

Like his twisted feathers, his many scars, the reliable old owl chose the gnarled, weather-beaten, but solid branch often—it being a companion to the wise alone with the night and the last branch to creak in the heaviest wind. He often came to survey the fields and the clouds before his hunt, to listen to the steady sound of the stream passing through reeds under the bridge, while combing his feathers for the unwanted—whatever they might be. The owl heard the scream, and his branch creaked with all the others as the scream seeped into the tree's blood, flowing slowly through the wood.

The tree winced, and the old owl turned his head towards the call. He bobbed his way awkwardly down the branch, away from the run cold blood inside; a sloppily precise side-step with head pressed to breast feathers, moving closer to the tree where the branch was thicker, Thick, strong oak wood was carved into curves and poles all connected to be shaped into the perfect rocking chair. It was painted a deep brown that glints gold when the sun shines on it. The armrests mold to your arms like they were carved precisely for you. It feels like your melting into chair even though it's a stiff wooden frame.

The seat cushion used to be thick and luscious but has become thinner and thinner as the years have passed. It remains tied to the chair by two thin strings that keep it attached tightly to the back of the rocker. The chair is old but the age only makes it more important and extraordinary. From this seat you can see into another world, a world filled with lush green woods, like seeing straight into the middle of the rain forest. You can see trees upon trees canopy on top of streams and watch flowers blossom before your eyes.

This chair has survived hurricanes where wind tore through the porch and blizzards when it was left out in the cold until feet of snow piled on top of it. The wood is worn and the paint has long since faded away. The old tattered cushion still remains but doesn't provide much comfort. When you sit down the chair always creaks and no matter how far away you push it, it always manages to slam against the house wall. It provides you with a great view of the driveway so you can always see the comings and goings of your friends and family.

Sitting on the rocking chair provides great peace and a place to think without interruptions but if you remain there for too long the wooden frame starts to dig into your back. Although the chair has long lost the comfort it had when it was new there is an emotional comfort that will always remain attached to the chair. This chair is a representation of how I've grown. When I first sat in this chair my father had to lift me into it and my legs were barely as long as the seat. As I grew up I became more independent and I was able to get onto the chair...