

A favorite item of
clothing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The of my leather bomber jacket is a pleasant topic to discuss. I love the way the jacket feels, looks, smells, and sounds. From the smoothness to the familiar creak of the leather as I slide it on, I love describing my leather jacket. My leather jacket will be depicted in a positive light below.

The rough leather feels familiar to my fingertips. The roughness of the stiff jacket can be smoothed with leather oil, but I prefer the stiffness. After years of wearing this jacket, I have made the stiff jacket comfortable for myself alone. The arms of the jacket fit me like armor. The large interior feels roomy and comfortable. The heaviness of the jacket on my shoulders reminds me I am wearing leather. Coolness meets my hands as I deposit treasures in my inner pockets. My outer pockets can feel light or heavy, depending on the items placed there. The whole jacket feels familiar, comfortable, and unique to me.

As black as night without a moon, the leather is so dark it seems to reflect the light. The darkness is so black. The ebony color of my jacket reflects light, showing a white light bouncing off my jacket under direct artificial light. The only true way to appreciate the jacket's true color is in natural light. Raven black covers the whole jacket, except for the zippers, buttons, and other silver accessories. The silver twinkles in the sunlight. However, in artificial light the metallic twinkle is muted, depending on how close to the light I get.

My leather jacket might look like any other leather jacket to the casual observer, but I would be able to pick my jacket out of a multitude of jackets. The arms are symmetrical like every other jacket, but the body is slightly longer than your average coat. Deep creases form in the arms of the jacket that match my arm bends and shape. The round buttons look like they came

from button fly jeans. The round silver hoops hang off my jacket like earrings on a pretty girl. The pockets are creased from my cell phone, keys, and money placed there daily. My jacket is unique to myself, if not to others. The smell of my jacket is faintly leathery. Since it is an old jacket, the leather smell has faded over the years. If I use oil on the ancient leather, the smell becomes stronger. The strong leather smell is heady, but I prefer the faint leather smell. The faint leather smell reminds me of the warmth, security, and familiarity my jacket has provided me with over the years. Even after put up for the winter, the familiar smell beckons me from time to time. I find myself placing my nose in my jacket once in a while during the summer as it hangs in my closet. The smell represents security.

My jacket also speaks to me faintly. When I remove it from the closet, the creak of appreciation can be heard softly. When I run up the stairs, the silver zipper and accessories jingle in protest to the physical exertion. The slight slipping sound as I retrieve my jacket from a chair reminds me that my jacket has personality. As I fidget in my chair, my jacket squeaks in protest of my unnecessary movement. The sounds are familiar and comforting once again.

Finally my jacket is an extension of my personality. I could have chosen another jacket, but I love my leather jacket. This coat keeps me warm, while shouting that I am a rebel inside. It also states I am a serious student that wants to keep warm. I become mysterious due to the black leather jacket. This jacket helps me become noticeable or unobtrusive depending on my behavior, not my outerwear. My black leather jacket has its own personality. I would not have it any other way.