

COLLEGE ADMISSION ESSAY

A. STUDENT

The stars of the universe light up my soul. There is one particular star on the generally left side of the sky that reminds me of something in particular; summers at my grandmother's house. And of course, the old dresser of hers that always bothered me a great deal because the woodsmanship was rather shoddy. I mean, whichever relative created it obviously had plenty of time on their hands, because it was back many, many years ago when all people had to worry about was food and children, so I fail to understand the lack of quality. They should have practiced more before trying to make a dresser that would stay in the family for generations. Sometimes I am even tempted to burn it, like the proactive individual that I am.

But even through my rage the dresser reminds me of the tiny mice that used to scuttle about the old house, and my childhood days spent trying to catch them with only peanut butter and my bare hands. Those were the days, with my scrawny childhood legs and pure, innocent, untouched naivety. Prior to the discovery of devilish mind altering substances, drink, and sexual relationships. Prior to learning that everyone around me were just a bunch of crummy phonies. Everyone's a phony nowadays, and remembering those mice reminds me of more pleasant, ignorant times. Those mice captivated each and everyone of my golden, sunshiney summers, until my grandmother adopted a stray cat. Who, greedily, proceeded to kill and eat all the house mice before moving on to the field mice. Sometimes he contracted fleas and diseases, and I often simply wished for him to leave and the little childhood mice to return.

Regardless, the cat had some of the most gorgeous fur I have ever laid my now jaded eyes upon. It had these brilliant orange and white stripes that cascaded down his spine, and reminded me of a tiger. And tigers are an animal I draw much inspiration from, due to their strength and also because they are endangered. I care a lot about endangered species, especially the one known as Intelligent Americans, which is rapidly dwindling in our great country. I wish more citizens cared about this cause as much as I do, because preserving Intelligent Americans is the key to solving racial bigotry and global warming.

I hope to inspire people like the night sky inspires me; helping them come to the revelation that saving Intelligent Americans is the most important, at-risk cause that currently exists. In the meantime, I myself alone will protect and continue the great lineage of smart, non-obese americans, as for generations my family has possessed these traits and I therefore have the genetic ability and know-how of how to do things right to save the world. For example, my great-great-great grandfather was a hardworking, patriotic soul who believed in abolishing slavery, and also was a great woodscrafter. In fact, we still have a massive table he once made. It is much higher quality than the cabinet I previously mentioned that was passed down my mother's immigrant side of the family, and it is also massive.

In the end, I guess what I mean to say is that I am a hardworking, intelligent, non-obese All-American American who hopes to better your school with my know-how and witty comebacks, that I unfortunately only think of hours after the initial quip. Perhaps your classes will help me improve my speed of delivery of my witty comebacks, and I will then be a perfected human being. It is at that point that I will be able to save the world. So please, do your part and allow me to attend your university for as long as I see fit or until I get bored.