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## Seasonal Comfort: College Admission Essay Sample

**Here you find a wild Kirby in her natural habitat.**

~ My hair still damp and smelling of chlorine, a product of summer's first swim, I settle into the armchair's cool leather embrace. Sipping iced coffee and gazing out the window I mentally prepare myself for my first year of college. The sunlight streaming through the window fosters a sense of security.

~ Crackling leaves stuck in the soles of my shoes, I smile as the various scents of autumn take me back to my grade-school years of carving pumpkins, baking apple pie with my mother, watching the stars in the back of a pickup truck, and Thanksgiving family dinner. Crisp autumn air rolls in as customers meander in and out. The captivating golden-amber haze of a fall sunset peeks through the window.

~ With winter wind nipping at my face, I tug my cozy scarf closer. Trudging up the walkway and crunching snow under my boots to a door adorned with a homely wreath. I step inside, and the familiar aroma of pumpkin spice, peppermint and mocha instills contentment in my soul and carries memories of my family's annual holiday dinners with all my relatives talking by the fire, my uncle ecstatically exclaiming at the multiple *Star Trek* DVD's that everyone gave him for Christmas, throwing confetti to celebrate the new year and the beginner's guitar class I took with my father.

~ The smell of freshly cut grass and honeysuckle accompany me through the doorframe. A lively skip in my step and a flower in my hair, I sink into a plush arm chair to re-read one of my favorite books, memorize lines from a play, doodle a picture, or pour out my stream of consciousness on a bright sheet of paper. Hearing snippets of conversations, watching the varying interactions between parents and their children, and awaiting the spring season's newest drink.

**~ I am most content at a coffee shop.**

I have lived my entire life in Virginia and I ache to explore my country and the entire world. My parents grew up moving from place to place, as is normal in military families, and thus I was supplied a happy stable home and encouragement in following my dreams. I love interacting with and learning from people from differing cultures and backgrounds. Coffee shops have, over the years, become a part of American culture that is one of my constants. A coffee shop can represent a quiet personal niche, a social gathering frontier, or even a place of business. For me, a coffee shop is both a home and a birthplace of new interactions. When I look toward my future, I see myself traveling all over the world. While I meet new people and open my mind to new ideologies, I can still visit any coffee shop when I feel homesick. The reliable waft of coffee perfumed air greets me as I open the door to the special place I rely on to keep myself grounded. This peaceful environment helped me through countless mornings and evenings over the course of my stressful years in high school. I am happy to know that as I grow up and fulfill my dreams, I can always settle down in a cozy armchair, in my own little haven.