Burdocks

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Burdocks

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The branches hover above me like parents lovingly watching over their child. I sit nestled in the crook of
the arm of my favorite tree, my red boots swinging as if I'm pumping myself up higher and higher.
Aimlessly stripping the leaves from the branches most near me, I stare up the hill. Just beyond lies my
house: my security, my toys, my loved ones, and at the moment, a chaotic mess. A gust of wind
comfortingly pats my face, and I smile in agreement."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss1/20
The branches hover above me like parents lovingly watching over their child. I sit nestled in the crook of the arm of my favorite tree, my red boots swinging as if I’m pumping myself up higher and higher. Aimlessly stripping the leaves from the branches most near me, I stare up the hill. Just beyond lies my house: my security, my toys, my loved ones, and at the moment, a chaotic mess. A gust of wind comfortingly pats my face, and I smile in agreement.

Here there is no conflict, no yelling, no loudmouth little brothers. Only the silence of the wind, the bullfrogs singing, and the dimming sunset of the memories.