

The Barn

Description Essay by Jessie Smith

Sun-kissed colors blend into the sky, as the Kansas sun comes up over Bird City. The fresh snow covers the ground. The baby calves cry for their mothers. Birds chirp as if to wake the barn yard. The wind whistles in the air.

The white, worn-out Ford pickup comes up over the last hill. As we look in the pasture for new born baby cows, Dad grabs his old, green, tattered, heavy work coat. We then walk to the barn door, toward the same, old white door that we walk through every day. But I then run to the metal gate, the one used to keep in the cows. I look for new babies.

The sun is rising over the hills; all different colors are bursting into the sky. It looks like a painting that belongs in a museum. Everything stops for a few seconds: no more cries from baby cows, no more wind, no more birds chirping. It is peaceful. Nothing could be more beautiful.

Dad opens the barn door. I run in. Inside the barn are all the usual things: the horse saddles that are hung up, ropes, horse brushes, coke cans, and other miscellaneous items, all covered with dirt and dust. We walk through another door. Inside it is warm, like baby's milk. I sit on the old, brown, dirty couch. Dad is looking at the records and writing things down.

Next we walk back outside and tag the new calves, feed and water the cows, and do normal chores. I find a yellow baby kitten to entertain me. I sit on gate playing with the kitten while Dad finishes.

Once he is done, I go into the barn and grab a coke out of the fridge. We walk to the pickup and drive home.