

The beauty of quiet places

Psychology



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The beauty of quiet places is that one can find peace; there is no one to disturb you, and one can feel at ease. It also gives you privacy; no one can judge whatever you do, and you can also feel safe.

My favourite quiet place would be the library. The sound of pages being flipped, the smell of the books' pages, the cool feel of the tables and seats against skin, and the sight of various books neatly arranged on rows everywhere in this spacious area, soothes me. In the library, I can read any book I want; there is no one to tell me that what I am doing is a waste of time.

I shift in the cosy Victorian couch, feeling its smooth texture against my skin. I sigh in bliss; I wish that I can stay here forever. I do not like the idea of going out to the noisy, polluted world; I want to be here.

Sometimes, I think that the library and everything beyond its walls are two completely different worlds. The library is safe, relaxing and, maybe, educational, whilst everything else is dull and dangerous.

I actually fear everything outside this establishment's lot.

The only other place where I find tranquillity is in my own sanctuary. The feel of my warm mattress and duvet, the smell of fading perfume, the sound of the clock ticking, and the sight of my belongings, calms me. I can also read books in my room, but they are limited, unlike the library, where it has millions of them.

I arise from my seat, the book I was reading in my hand. I scan through the different rows – sections –, looking for a new book to read, whilst I try to put the finished book back where I found it.

I take out another novel and make my way back to my seat, my footsteps echoing in this silent place. The floor is slippery, though, so I take careful steps as the cleaner had just finished mopping them.

Settling down on the couch, I crack the book open and begin to read. I'm usually a speed-reader, but I have decided to take my time, today.

I cross my legs, prompt an arm on the armrest of the couch and lean at the back of my hand, eyes fixated on the white pages with flooding black letterings.

Another beauty of quiet places is that you have freedom. Freedom to do and think what you want; freedom to decisions. That's the kind of sense – feeling – I get from being in my beloved place.

" The library", for some reason, people immediately think of the word " boring" when they hear the place. But for me? This place has to be the most interesting and educational of all. This place's serenity is perfect for someone who wants to concentrate and study. This place, in my opinion, is the epitome of silence, and I like it.

I turn the page, almost unconsciously giving myself a paper-cut. I do not mind. I bring my bleeding finger to my lips and lick the salty, crimson liquid away; trying to ease the building pain on that particular part of my body.

I blow on that finger, cooling it down. Still, I do not mind the pain, for it just shows me that I am living – existing – with the warmth that it is giving me.

Several minutes later, I go back to my neglected novel, resuming to where I last stopped.

The clock ticks by; seconds turns to minutes, and minutes turns to hours. By now, I can tell that the library is closing with the sound of shuffling and footsteps against the tiled floor.

Sighing heavily, I once again arise from my seat, return the book and get ready for the outside world.

The world beyond this comfortable place's protective walls, lays a busy yet boisterous crowd, which I call I like to call " horde".