

The most relaxing  
place essay sample



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

In one's life, humans always seeks for somewhere he can feel calm and relaxing as a getaway place. For someone, it could be his bedroom. For another one, it could be the beach. And, for some others, it could be Paris. All of those used to be where I thought I relaxed myself most, but surprisingly often times they bore me. The only place that I have been visiting very often and yet never disappoint me is my own mind as it is no-place attachment, present, and the most amazingly beautiful. ! After waking and doing my daily routine, I gather myself, leave my dormitory, and starting walking to class. During weekdays, my mind seems to be like a cement path. Somewhere of it is rough and broken, and somewhere is smooth and stable. Then, my mind starts to be filled of uninvited guests — a big noisy and annoying crowd flowing like a water towards somewhere of his own. After ten minute of a journey, my mind starts to turn into a not-so-big or so small square pale room decorated with a messy whiteboard and almost bald-head robot wearing a tie and black shiny leather shoes.

Or, on the weekend, my mind changes itself to a three seater, brown, wool sofa. On it, there are three big black and white cushions resting themselves against the backrest, and three smaller cushions snuggling up with those bigger one. Standing behind the sofa is one huge ceiling-to-floor window, made of oak wood carved as a picture frame and painted white.

Accompanying both sides of the sofa are bookshelves. As simple as eyes see things, my mind is no place in particular as it is where I go, and where I am. ! My mind is also in love with the past and the future. Like, when I sit in class forced by the duty of being student, I turn the page of Plato's Dialogue, and listen to translation from madman to human language. My mind is drown

under the black tiny Cordia New letters typed the conversation between Uthypho and Socrates. Then, my mind travels around.

As a scientific shown that people is normally able to absorb boring information attentively for one and a half hour maximum, after that the brain will be distracted or lost. Undoubtedly, my mind shifts to tomorrow, to the upcoming day. I dream of places I have never been. For instance, Japan where it has girls with fully and thick make up faces, South Africa where elephants and zebras are still running to each other, or Greece where I can always find the treasure of knowledge and art. In contrary, while I am enjoying myself on the favorite window sofa, and listening to the music, or reading a Nicholas Sparks's novel, my mind can still trick me by going back in time and flashing some old and dull memories. To exemplify, my minds often flashes a memory of my old house where I was born and spent half of my life there. I can remember an innocent girl who owned a bedroom which was painted pink and decorated with everything which is stupidly unbearable pink.

I am always amazed about the fact of how the brain functions — It is supposed to remember knowledge we have learned, but the brain can easily forget 80% of the information received within 24 hours while something is undesirable and painful, the brain just never forget. ! Now starting to get bored of teacher who speaks on and on, also feel pain in my coccyx as I sit on a hard plastic lecture desk. I lean forward to the desk and rest my head on my folded arms, and gradually fall asleep. Or, when I feel so comfy as I slightly and slowly lay myself on the sofa. My body feels warm as it starts to stamp itself on that sofa. Somehow my mind slip away and I, then, fall

asleep. In the dark, my mind subconsciously play the movie of somewhere I don't know.

It often is a mixture of many places and a lot of people known and unknown. Sometime I see a woman wearing a well-designed dress and a Louboutin high heel standing with the human-sized Statue of Liberty in front of bloody red Eiffel tower which located in Sanam Luang. I come to realize that my mind is the most imaginative than books I have ever read about, and it is also the most beautiful than every places I have every been relaxing myself at. ! Personally, the only place that I can always be alone and relax is only in my mind, my own bubble. It can be describe as private, yesterday and tomorrow, and Europe and Asia. My mind is an anytime escape door from tough, boring, and tiring life, a Doraemon's time machine which Nobita always try to steal, and a hope of bright tomorrow. Unquestionably, I will never allow anyone to invade this place and pop my bubble!