

My Peaceful Place – Written by Jia Rui

“One more minute to go, finally!” I muttered to myself triumphantly as I tapped away on my phone, playing my favourite game. If I had won this battle, I would have levelled up and earned a new character that I had always wanted. A once in a lifetime opportunity. I had already successfully taken down one of my enemy’s towers, and there was only thirty seconds to go. Just then, my mother came over and ordered me to stop playing. I ignored her, hoping that the last twenty-five seconds would be just as fruitful.

Before I knew it, the phone was out of my hands. I had a terrifying glimpse of my enemy destroying two of my towers before my furious eyes darted towards my mother.

“Hey! Why did you just take the phone out of my hands when I was about to win? You caused me to lose two towers! Two hard-earned towers!” I screamed, stamping my foot, to make an impact.

“It serves you right for being so disrespectful! No video games for a month!” she retorted and stormed out of the room, leaving me fuming.

I was in desperate need to retreat to The Room of Tranquility. My peaceful place. My bedroom. It is here that my angry nerves never fail to calm. My room is filled with books, top to bottom, small and big, fiction and non-fiction, old and new, funny and sad, social and personal, historical and modern – my own version of a library! Whenever I read a book, I become immersed in it and get drawn into the depths of the story. I feel the emotions of the characters in the book; I listen to ancient wisdoms and learn moral values, and forget about all the worries and unhappy things in life. These wise books come alive to provide a platform for reflections and meditations.

I pushed open the heavy wooden door and was immediately greeted by the familiar scent of my books. I looked around and picked up the book that I had been reading the night before - “The Diary of Anne Frank”.

After an hour or so, I shut the book tight. There, the story ended but my reflections had begun. Anne Frank was in a worse situation compared to me, her family was poor and peace was nothing but a luxury in the country she called home. She had to hide all the time! She wrote in her diary to make the days go by, to make life tolerable. I am blessed. To be raised in a peaceful country. To grow up happily, far away from terrible wars. I should not have ignored my mother’s request. Instead, I should have asked her nicely for an extension of play time. Feeling ashamed about my lack of respect, I walked out of my room to apologise to my mother. I smiled secretly in my heart. My books – windows to profound wisdom. I would make up with my mother now.