

If I can go to anywhere in the world, I think my journey will be quite memorable. With a plane to Egypt, to see one of the oldest civilizations alive, I start my journey at the desert under the blazing sun, staring at the magnificent Sphinx and the pyramids.

Then, I take off to Greece to breathe the aura of another ancient world. Hopefully the remains of the temples—though in ruins but still proudly standing as incarnation of those mighty gods and goddesses in myths—will speak to me with the divine air that's not lost.

Taking another plane to Italy, I start with the floating Venice. The city on water has been a dream place for me. I imagine riding the gondola and listening to the boatman sing those traditional yet somewhat familiar tones. Next, I take a train through the colorful countryside to Florence. There, I want to visit the footprints of the Renaissance, including the genius of DaVinci, Michelangelo, Brunelleschi on my list. Last stop in Italy would be Rome, where the coliseum in its ages stands. I want to see the fallen empire's glory.

Leaving Italy behind, the plane carries me then to Paris. I would stand under the Eiffel Tower, stare up, and smile at the *déjà vu* that has appeared in my dreams for a million times.

Due to limited time (for I will for sure take my time at each place to fully absorb the cultures), my journey ends in London. I think at last, I will listen to the deep bang of the Big Ben, think about the flow of time, and look back at my journey.