

Stop the Clock



Reading

I'm a member of a generation that is very concerned with saving time but often unaware of why we're doing it. Like many, I'm nervous and jittery without a wrist watch and a daily planner. I am one of a growing number of students who are completing college in three years instead of four—cramming credits in the summer. We're living life on fast-forward without a pause button.

In my freshman year, my roommates and I survived on Chinese takeout, express pizzas and taco take-home dinners. We ate lunch while walking to class. Every day seemed an endless picnic as we ate with plastic utensils and paper plates.

It was fast and easy – no washing up. My girlfriends and I talked about our mothers and grandmothers, models of domesticity, and pitied them. We didn't see the benefits of staying at home, ironing clothes and making spaghetti sauce when canned ones were almost as good and cleaning service were so convenient. A nearby store even sold throwaway underwear. "Save time," the package read. "No laundry."

You can see the whole lesson from your teacher, please ask them to send it to you before the class.

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