

The Value of Skipping Time

If you could snap your fingers and make time move ahead one hour, how often would you utilize it?

This was a question I, maybe oddly, considered a lot growing up. I would regularly think, I wish I could snap my fingers and this class would be over, or the school day, or the week. I would look at the time while sitting in my class and fantasize about having the power to move time ahead, or just skip ahead. I remember even trying to think hard enough and somehow make time move by sheer will (because I watched too many dumb movies about magic, super powers, and other supernatural phenomenon). In retrospect it seems incredibly sad, and as time goes on, it is getting sadder.

My time feels so precious to me. The concept of skipping hours and days of my life to relieve excruciating boredom seems pitiful. I will lose an hour that I can't ever get back. Sure, I could use it every once in a while when experiencing intense pain, but surely it would be less than a couple of hours a year.

I think many people forget the intense boredom of schooling. I think they forget their feelings of being treated like an inferior. Too often it is just false/ingrained narratives and flashes of memorable positive moments that remain of people's idea of schooling. I think the only way for me to desire to skip time again in the same way was if I were to go to prison. However, that would kind of make sense, *school is prison*.