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My Vocation

I always cherish a secret fantasy; what if we do not have any such thing to show or remind us of the time of the day. The round device with two metallic arms, one shorter than the other, and an often invisible needle rotating about a common point inside a glass casing hanging on a wall in the study of our houses, controls us always. It is both a mystery and magic. Nowadays, it is practically impossible for anyone to think about spending a day without time consciousness. We are driven more by time than our own impulse or inner voice. Time is an intangible resource we are blessed with. Yet, it literally controls all our actions in a day, right from waking up in the morning to going to bed in the night. I am a typical undergraduate, who hates doing things on a schedule dictated by time. Instead, I believe I am capable of producing my best when I am not enslaved by time. Hence, I decided to do away being time-conscious, and scheduling my life based on that for some days. I stopped the clock, which struck every hour, reminding us of what to do now and then, and had been controlling all our actions like a remote control for as long as I can remember, for four days. I also stopped wearing my wristwatch, and saved it in the chest beneath my bed.

On the first day, I woke up before sunrise, having had an undisturbed sleep, thanks to the old clock now hanging silently on the study wall like a portrait with no ticking sound. Besides, all these years, I had programmed my mind to wake up when the clock or my watch proclaimed a particular time.

Usually, striking of the clock in the stillness of night woke me several times while sleeping. I got up early even as my other family members were still soundly sleeping in other rooms, waiting for the alarms to go off to wake

them up. Listening to a mild music, I started reading a literary magazine that I had been procrastinating for quite a while for want of time. After many years, I enjoyed the first sunrays reaching me through the window pane. My mother, serving breakfast to my father, who used to leave early to work, was surprised to see me at the dining table. I never knew sipping hot coffee in the morning was that gorgeous. I went for a morning walk, and saw the sidewalks of the street crowded with people, jogging and even running to work. Later, I spent some time arranging my study table and wardrobe. Feeling happy at my accomplishments in the morning, I was set to go to college. The perspiring walk in the morning sun, and fixing up the room made my stomach crave breakfast. I spent a considerable time at the dining table, munching the delicacies, and listening to my body thankfully responding to the filling nourishment.

I was earlier than usual to college, and thus had ample time to browse and explore books in the library, which I always loved to do. I again explored books when others went to the lunch room. I still felt my innards working on digesting mother's rich breakfast in my stomach and deferred having my lunch then.

I was determined not to watch TV, since the programs tend to make me more time conscious. In the evening I spent some time with Mother at the kitchen. I even worked on a term paper I had been delaying when my wrist watch decided things-to-do for me. To mother's surprise, I took my supper earlier than usual, following the direction of my physical self. I even helped my little sister with her homework. After a couple of hours spent on studying, I reflected on my adventure of the day and mentally planned things for the

next day. I went to bed when my body gently whispered in my ears its need to call it a day.

The following few days were still adventuresome. Over the days, I listened to my body and understood it as though understanding a new friend. I ate, slept, woke up, and did things when my body and conscience desired, and told me to do so rather than having a time schedule. I realized that I was becoming a better person now than I used to be when I listened to the wall clock and my wristwatch. I decided to follow my biological clock, and throw away my wristwatch along with the old clothes in the chest beneath my bed.