A Realistic Essay With a Slightly Pretentious Title

There's an issue I have with English class. Hear me out, and I'll do my best not to end up on a soapbox - partly out of courtesy to the reader, and partly because I wouldn't want to be heard in that manner. Before I begin, there are a few things to keep in mind: (1) This is written mostly in a stream-of-consciousness-thought style, rather than one of a pre-planned essay. (2) I do enjoy the English language despite my qualms to be discussed. (3) I understand my subjective view is not held by all. Now to begin, here is my deal with English classes.

When I mention English class, I refer primarily in part to research-and essay-writing-based classes such as the mandatory ENG 104 at Ball State. There are numerous reasons for having it - many of which I can support. As a lexophile (lover of words), the idea of learning to write in a way that varies one's use of wording, structure, style, content, et cetera is certainly appealing. As a reader, a finely composed piece of writing can be a true joy to experience. The act behind it is an exquisite balance of logic and aesthetic. Unfortunately, this is not how many of the papers I write need to be formatted. MLA and APA are useful, yes, but a requirement of sixteen pages on a topic that I can write about concisely and succinctly in seven feels more like an exercise in literary marathons. And that's the thing. I have to be clear, concise,
and outright utilitarian in my use of day-to-day language. Why
Because no one has time for extensively drawn out
rambles. If I employed a five paragraph structure in
my work-related emails ("work" meaning "job"), it would
cause productivity to slow down immensely.
Though I would like to write more, I have used up
the hour I had before work almost entirely, and must
go.