

以下の英文を読み、問いに答えよ。

Have you ever been eating in a restaurant — just an ordinary café or dining room, (26) by the rush of waitresses, the buzz of conversation, and the smell of meat cooking on a grill — and when you take up the salt to sprinkle it over your eggs, you're struck by the simple wonder of the shaker, filled by unseen hands, ready and awaiting your pleasure? For you, the shaker exists only for today. But in reality, it's there hour after hour, on the same table, refilled again and again. The evidence is visible in the threads beneath the cap, worn down by (27) twisting — someone else's labor, perhaps the girl with the pen and pad waiting patiently for you to choose an ice cream, the boy in an apron with dirty sneakers, perhaps someone you'll never in your life see. This shaker is work, materially realized. And there you are, undoing it.

Or you might have wandered through a department store, looking at neat stacks of buttoned shirts. The size or color you prefer is at the bottom of the stack, and though you're as gentle as can be lifting the shirts, extracting only the (28) one, the pile as you leave it is never quite as tidy, and it won't be again until the invisible person returns to set things right.

Cash in an ATM machine. Hotel towels on the floor. The world is full of (A) this kind of work, always waiting to be done and then undone, so it can be done again.

This morning, I gathered up all the cans and bottles thrown about the apartment by my boyfriend and put them in a bag to carry down to the building's rubbish area. He hasn't slept here in a week, but I'd been staying late at the university library and only managed to lift myself out of bed in time to bathe and run to my secretary job in an office in downtown Kobe, where every day I perform my own round of boring tasks. I'm fairly good at it, though. I'm careful to put the labels on file folders so they are perfectly centered, perfectly straight, and I have a system of the colors of ink and sticky notes that keeps everything (29). I never run out of pens or paper clips. When anyone needs an aspirin or a piece of gum or a cough drop, I'm the one who has it in her desk drawer. Always. Like magic.

Today is Sunday and both the office and the university library are closed. My boyfriend texted he'd arrive at one o'clock, so I have all morning to straighten up the apartment and shop. Around eleven last night I finished my final paper of the year, and there won't be another until classes begin again in a few weeks. It's a comfortable feeling.

Besides the cans and bottles, there are the containers of takeout yakisoba, with dried spring onion stuck on them, from our dinner together last weekend. The oily paper bags that once held pastries I pick up half-price from the bakery in *Sannomiya before it closes. I eat these on weeknights, alone, in bed. Sometimes in the morning, I discover bits of pastries or spots of cream on my pillow. My boyfriend would be (30).

After throwing away the containers and bags into the overflowing rubbish box, I strip the

bed sheets and leave them in a pile beside the bed. There are many other things to do, but the sky is threatening rain and I decide to do the shopping before it starts to pour.

To go out, I put on a salmon-pink raincoat and hat my boyfriend gave me on my birthday. He mentioned, modestly, that it came from a special shop in Tokyo. Not long after, I spotted the same set in an ordinary clothing store in *Umeda. (B) It's possible the Tokyo salesgirl took advantage of him; she probably convinces every customer what he purchased was one-of-a-kind. Then, after he left, she simply brought out another from the back.

I didn't tell my boyfriend about the second coat, or that the shade of pink was exactly like the smocks worn by the small boys and girls in the daycare down the road. The first time I wore it, I found myself in a narrow alley with the daycare attendants and a long line of small children, moving like a grotesque pink worm. The attendants grinned at me as I pressed my back against the wall, trying to disappear, then hurried off the other way.

On a Sunday, though, the children should all be at home.

With my purse, shopping bag, and the collection of cans and bottles, I leave the apartment and lock the heavy metal door behind me. The apartment is on the top floor, so there are three flights of stairs before I reach the parking lot level. I rarely meet anyone going up or down. For several years, this building has been (31) by foreigners: English teachers from the neighborhood conversation schools, Korean preachers, now and then a performer from an amusement park. None of them stay very long. My apartment was the home of the former secretary in my office, and when she left to get married, she offered her lease to me. That was five years ago. I am now the building's most (B) tenant.

The rubbish area is in a sorry state. Despite the clearly marked containers for different types of glass and plastic, and the posted calendar of pick-up days, the other tenants leave their waste where and whenever they choose. I place my cans and bottles in the proper boxes, and with my foot attempt to move the other bundles toward their respective areas. Some of the tenants combine unlike items into a single bag, so even this small effort on my part doesn't clear up the mess. I feel sorry for the garbage collectors, the people (C) _____ one by one.

*Sannomiya (三宮) : 神戸を代表する繁華街

*Umeda (梅田) : 大阪の二大繁華街の一つ

(A) 下線部(A)の内容を説明せよ。

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(B) 下線部(B)の内容を具体的に説明せよ。

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(C) 下に与えられた語を正しい順に並び替え、下線部(C)を埋めるのに最も適切な表現を完成させよ。

is / it / pieces / sort / task / the / to / whose

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(D) (26)~(31)には単語が1つずつ入る。それぞれに文脈上最も適切な語を次のうちから1つずつ選べ。同じ記号を複数回用いてはならない。

(26)	
(27)	
(28)	
(29)	
(30)	
(31)	

a) chosen	b) encouraged	c) horrified
d) occupied	e) organized	f) realized
g) repeated	h) surrounded	

(E) 空所【B】に入れるのに最も適切な語を次のうちから一つ選べ。

a) boring b) difficult c) egocentric d) faithful e) popular

(F) 本文の内容と合致するものはどれか。最も適切なものを1つ選べ。

- a) The author does not like her boyfriend who has no taste in clothes.
- b) The author focuses on the necessary labor which is done unnoticed.
- c) The author has a good friend in her office who always helps her like a magician.
- d) The author has an ambition to reform the local community and public welfare.
- e) The author is fed up with her domestic household routine and her job as a secretary.