

# Revolt

Thursday, 05 July 2007

When I was in first grade,

We used to have to stay at school after class

to sing socialist songs and do homework together, and have an afternoon nap on beds of wooden planks. There was a chart in the classroom with red and black dots under each of our names. We were given red dots for merits and black dots for bad behaviour. Those who had six red dots were allowed to play outside during that afternoon rest. I could never sleep in the middle of the day, what a waste of precious life time it was! The others slept like babies as soon as their heads hit the pillow. How did they do that? So I sat up in bed, staring into the room, waiting for time to pass, while the matron stared back at me, shaking her head. "You'll never get your six red dots", she said. "I don't care", I replied. That was my first revolt.