NSK

For two whole years I, and about a hundred 17 and 18 year olds were taking part in a race. A race to scan our fingerprints by 7:44:59. Gone were the days of sneaking in into assembly or having your teacher cover for you by marking your attendance knowing fully well that you’re late. Thanks, technology.

The most ridiculous part of it was how this was done over the theme of the Pirates of the Carribean. Blasting through loudspeakers at such a volume that you can hear the faint sound from the bus stop 500m aways. Once the music started you knew you had 60 seconds to scan in or, wait for it, face the music. Why they chose Pirates was never disclosed to any of us, but I would like to think it was a school administrator who humoured himself with the daily mania of finding a scanning station and queuing while fearing for your life.

Scanning late not only meant your attendance was marked late, but you would be standing in the latecomer’s corner for the duration of assembly and would be paraded in front of the student and staff population (including the principal + HODs and the like) for another good ten minutes while being interrogated by the discipline master. Though I only ever scanned-in while the music played, I can only remember a handful of instances when I failed to make the timing.

I loved my time at Pioneer Junior College. Those mornings were spent with an hour on the bus and a 20 minute jog to school (I lived in queenstown, school was in the far end of choa chu kang), I would be drenched in sweat and tired before the day had even begun. But I wouldn’t have it any other way lol.