It was confusing, too: who was good and who was bad, and whose side was I meant to be on – Albion's side, or The Rest of the World's. I'd asked Dad to explain it and he said it was more complicated than that and that there were good people and bad people in all the countries, and some people even had good and bad inside them, and to just to get on with being a kid, maybe, for a bit.

Finally, Mrs King smiled, wide and real. She said we'd probably done enough war for the day and we should get on with painting our mural of Important Women, which was of a scientist called Marie Curie and a writer called Maya Angelou and a girl called Rosa Parks who had sat in the wrong bit of the bus, which was brave because she was black. So we did.

Only, Ahmed and Jayden argued about where Ahmed should sit on the bus, which Jayden said was in the driver's seat and Ahmed said was in the bus company headquarters, owning all the buses in the world. And Mrs King was just telling them to pack it in when Paris Metcalfe from next door spilt pink paint all over her shoes, and started crying because they were expensive and her mum would kill her, and Mrs King said she'd clean them up so they were as good as new, and by the time she was done they almost were.

Then it was home time and she said, 'Goodbye, everyone, see you all tomorrow!' like she always does. And I didn't even say bye back and nor did anyone else because we were too pleased to get out and play football or cricket or just eat crisps or whatever.

But I should have; we all should. Because, even though we didn't realise it at the time, Mrs King was our tipping point. She was our Franz Ferdinand.

Because the next day, she was gone.