tricked into thinking they're the good ones after all.

And the real heroes? They can slip in and out without you even noticing. And fight with their wile and their wits and their kindness instead of weapons.

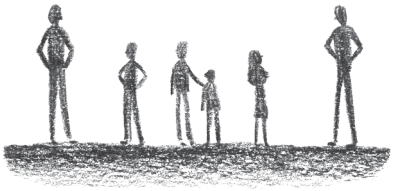
And they might be skinny as a stick and dressed in a T-shirt and just a kid.

But I didn't know that then.

I just knew the world was changing.

And I knew I wanted it to stop.

HOW IT BEGAN



It started with Mrs King.

Actually, that's not totally true. It started ages ago when the Albioneers won the election. Maybe before, even – before I was born. When England decided it didn't like Europe any more and then there was graffiti on the Co-op wall telling anyone who wasn't white, or the right kind of white, to go home, even though home was here. Then home changed its name anyway, turned into Albion, and it wasn't the same for any of us.

That's what Dad would say, anyway. But Dad wasn't around for half the story, and he's not telling it, I am. So I say it started with Mrs King.

Least for Sam and me.