'Go on then.'

'I will then.' And Paris stomped off by herself, which was against the Guidelines, but it was only about four houses, so was probably OK.

'You shouldn't have said that,' I told Ahmed. 'What if she does?'

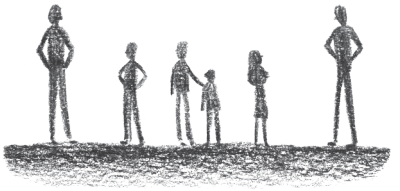
Ahmed shrugged. 'What's she going to tell him? That I'm not white? Reckon he can see that for himself.'

I felt a bit sick then. Because I *am* white. But that isn't my fault any more than not being is his and what did it matter anyway? 'Still,' I said.

'It'll be fine,' Ahmed said. 'Mrs King'll be back and all. Tomorrow, probably. You'll see.' And he nudged Sam. 'Who would win in a fight?' he said then. 'Megalosaurus or Mr Metcalfe?'

But I still felt sick, because I could feel it coming. War, I mean. Creeping up on us, into our town, down our street, into our house. Smiling like a friend, like it was Batman come to save us when really it was the Joker all along.

THE LIST



Mrs King wasn't back the next day. Or the day after that, or the day after that.

'Definitely a Traitor,' said Paris. 'Maybe even Resistance.' She whispered that word – *Resistance* – because no one dared say it too loud, because of who might be listening, but it felt dangerous and dirty all the same.

Resistance was the worst kind of Traitor, according to Albioneers. Not just against Albion like the Traitors, but plotting to stop it, to use their own guns and stuff to go back to how things used to be, before all of this. And that was confusing too because in World War Two, the Resistance were the goodies. Only now, you had to hate them.

'She is not,' I snapped. 'How can she be?'