'What, 'cause your dad's a doctor?'

'Yeah. So?'

'I was sick,' said Sam. 'On Helen.'

Helen is one of his plastic dinosaurs. The other two are James and Wolverine.

'When?' Paris edged away from him.

'On my birthday,' said Sam. 'It was all cake.'

Paris sighed then 'cause Sam's birthday was months ago. 'Anyway,' she carried on. 'It's probably 'cause she's a Traitor.'

'Helen's a Traitor?' I said.

'No, duh. Mrs King.'

Ahmed stopped. I stopped. Even Sam stopped. 'What's a Traitor?' he said.

'Someone against the king and Albion,' I said. 'And anyway, she's not.'

'How do you know?' Paris stuck her hands on her hips.

'Well, how do *you*?' replied Ahmed. 'You think everyone's a Traitor. Just because your dad's an Albioneer.'

Paris's dad wasn't just any old Albioneer, he was

a massive one, in charge of local rallies and stuff. And he was massive in other ways, too. Like, his neck was wider than his head and his arms were as big as our dad's thighs and on one of them he had a tattoo saying AAA for Albion-America Alliance, which was who was wanting war against The Rest of the World.

Her mum looked almost normal though. Just like any mum, I suppose, with earrings and leggings and lipstick. Still, we had to be careful. Even though she was always saying 'call me Donna' and handing out mini Mars bars or rocket lollies over the fence, because 'someone has to take care of you boys.' Because of us not having a mum. Which isn't even true. We did have one, but she died having Sam. It's Not His Fault though. I know that because Dad told me every day for a year and always in capitals. Until he actually believed it.

'Did you hear me?' said Ahmed. 'I said it's just because your dad's an Albioneer.'

Paris pulled a face. 'Whatever. Anyway, I could report you for that.'