I can’t do anything. I started mucking about at lunchtime – so they’d see I’m just the same as them. I spat out some of my stew. But they just told me I was disgusting, and they didn’t want to sit with me.

He tried to get all chummy with us at lunchtime. Pretended he couldn’t chew the meat in the stew, and spat it out on his plate. Didn’t mean it, the goody-goody. Well, we just totally blanked him. I told him to forget about sucking up to us.

Then something happened tonight. Something good. The garden of our new house backs on to the football pitch. I was looking at the newts in the pond when I heard them. Five or six of the boys from school, having a kick about. Darren Hewitt, Stewart Sims and their mates. Dad could hear them, too, and he came down to the pond.

“They sound like a right crew!” he said.

I agreed with him. Anyhow, the grass was wet with dew and the boys were skidding. Darren Hewitt was running with the ball, and he drew back his foot to have a shot at goal. But he slipped and fell, twisting his leg.

Gripping his leg in pain, Darren Hewitt, started to cry. He sobbed and cried like a sick kitten.