

Chapter 1

I didn't want to go to a camp. I wanted to be on the streets.

The rest of the kids at the beach camp were happy to be there. They wanted to stay for weeks and weeks, just swimming in the sea, lying in the sun and playing cricket on the beach.

But sleeping in tents with big fat bugs with lots of legs was not my idea of fun.

My idea of fun was to hang out in the mall with Dean and Carly and the rest of the gang. I was happy there.

We just hung about on the street and sat in the door ways with our legs sticking out. Chicks in smart black dresses would trip on us with tippy feet when they were going into the shops. They spent pay on stuff they didn't need, but we didn't need pay at all.

When we sat on the steps of the bank, a man would come out and say, 'You kids are always in the way. You are lay-about's. That's what you are.'

He would say to me, 'Lenny, you should be in school.' And he would say to Dean, 'You are seventeen. You are too old for playing. You should get a job or go in the army.'

But Dean didn't want to get a job. He wanted to rap all day.