

Chapter 4

'Who are you?'

I look up. Somebody is standing there with his hands on his hips.

'Who are you?' he says again.

'Andrew. Who are you?'

'Lewis. What are you doing here, in my town?'

'I didn't know it was your town.'

'You should show some respect. Did you come over here looking for a fight?'

'No, not at all. I don't know where I am.'

Lewis stands and looks at me for a while. 'I suppose that what you are saying is true. You are not one of them. You are too skinny and weak. The Silver Gang would not have you looking like that. Jed would make

you lift bar bells all day to bulk you up a bit,
so you could fight.'

'Who would I have to fight?'

'Us.'

'Who is us?'

'The Blue Crew.'

'Why do the Silver Gang want to fight
you?'

'They are nuts, that's all. Now, I've got
stuff to do. What are you like with a paint
brush?'

'What?'

'Can you slop paint on a wall?'

'I suppose so.'

'Well come on.'

I follow Lewis between heaps of
shipping containers.

'Why are all the shipping containers
painted like shops and houses?' I ask as I

trot along, trying to keep up with his long legs.

‘It’s just what we do. Have you got a better idea?’