



## CHAPTER 1

# NEW HOUSE

Imani

We've been driving for nearly an hour.

"Almost there!" Dad says cheerily.

I'm squashed in the middle of the back seat. My noisy six-year-old twin brothers are strapped into car seats on either side of me. It feels like it's been a long journey. I can't wait to arrive, but I also feel nervous. What will our new house be like?

I've lived in the same place all my life: 25 Lanton House, on the sixth floor of a block of high-rise flats. But the flat feels too small for our family now the twins are growing up. Mum and Dad have

told me the new house is bigger, and it's closer to the hospital where they both work.

There are lots of reasons for us to move — but I still feel like I've got butterflies in my belly. Lanton House is the only home I've ever known.

“Just a few minutes more Imani,” promises Mum. She knows I hate being stuck in the middle of the twins.

I see a sign which says Crayley Hill. Mum and Dad have told me this is the area where the new house is. I cross my fingers. I hope I like the new house. The car turns the corner and we pass some shops. I spot graffiti on one of the closed shop shutters, sprayed messily in red paint. It says OC Forever. My heart sinks.

Suddenly, I don't feel welcome here. OC stands for Our Country. It's the name of a horrible group whose members don't seem to like anyone who they view as not British. I've seen them on the news. They believe that anyone who is a different