



The other kids laughed, which I thought was a bit cruel, but it was the truth. Mark's mum rang him at least three times a day – and he always called her "Mother". You weren't supposed to have your phone switched on in school, but Mark always seemed to get away with it. The teachers never caught him.

"Sorry about that," grinned Mark as he ran back over to us. "You ready?"

"We've been ready for ages!" said Omar.

That was a lie – Mark had only been a few minutes.

We kicked off again, but now Omar seemed to have it in for Mark. He started tackling him really hard, and shoving him out of the way whenever anyone passed him the ball. Then he deliberately tripped Mark up as he was about to score again.

“Penalty!” shouted the other kids on my team.



But I didn't. Mark was holding his knee, and I was worried that he'd hurt himself. I ran over and crouched down beside him. His trousers were torn, and I expected to see loads of blood where he'd cut himself – but there was none of that. Mark's skin was ripped back and, inside his knee, there was a long, metal bar and loads of coloured wires. There was even a tiny circuit board, like the ones you get in computers.

