



## Chapter 1

**Me**

My name's Liam, Liam Buckley. Does that sound like a good white boy's name? That's what I used to ask myself. Or does it sound like a good black boy's name? I used to ask myself that, too. Because I'm both. Part black, part white. They used to call it half-caste, but now it's mixed race, or biracial, or dual heritage. Keeps changing. I can't keep up with the names, so I don't worry about them. Why would I worry about a label to describe me? If you ask me who I am, I'll just say, "I'm me." I don't need labels.

I grew up in Peterborough. Not many people know Peterborough, but a lot of people live there. Everyone knows Cambridge. So go north from Cambridge – that’s up – and soon you come to Peterborough. Nothing much happens there, but it’s quite an important place. It has a train station. Not a big train station, but an important one. Say you’re in London and you want to go to Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, Sunderland, or anywhere like that, you have to stop at Peterborough, so it’s important.

I don’t do gangs, I don’t do drugs, I don’t smoke, I don’t swear (well I try not to, anyway) and I don’t go out looking for trouble. I just go out looking for girls.

Joking. Why would I go out looking for girls when I have the best girl in school?

Her name’s Amy, Amy Zyskowski, but you can call her Amy. I do. I can’t pronounce her second name. It’s Polish. She came here when she was really small. Anyway, I’m going to marry her and then she’ll just be Amy Buckley. Life will be easier then.

