

Saira        it's easy to make lamb kofta. my mum taught me when I was about seven ... get some minced lamb - make sure it's off a shoulder joint. take it home, nice up the lamb with parsley, coriander, paprika, black pepper and whatever else sweets up your tongue. I prefer to roll up the lamb into meatballs but you can shape it any way you like. after that you heat up a frying pan with olive oil. put the lamb in with some onions and pepper on top. wrap some foil over it, let it cook in its juices: bitmis!

Venetia     I told you everything. how I helped Colette's mum dress her so she would look nice in her coffin. how her mum still can't get over it. how around four o'clock in the afternoon she still expects Colette to come bouncing through her gates from school. her mum can't even throw away her clothes. they're still in her wardrobe! her school books are still there in her bag in her bedroom!

BushKid    that first day of school when I was different, and I had all that nice stuff and they jacked my leather satchel. you probably laughed. they emptied my satchel all over the floor. my sandwiches, pencil case, my my pads ... sanitary pads, note from my mum with little smiley stickers round it – God why did she do that...?  
you all laughed.  
you did.  
you all laughed.

Jonah        great! freaking-deaking great! say this taxi driver doesn't turn up? say he drives back to his yard now after his airport run? say he doesn't want to take some South Cong hood-rats in his car? say the Hunchbackers come hunting for our asses again? what we gonna do then?

*He kicks something*

I was meant to be linking with Saira tonight! me! Bit was gonna set me up neatly. that was the programme! but he hasn't had time to do that, cos you've been hogging her attention all for yourself! I can't get a look-in!

Nesta       it'll be better for you if I go missing, for now, anyway, I'm getting tired of Crong, I need to work out what I wanna do with my life, try to figure out what I'm good at - Yvonne says she don't want no wasteman. and once I get settled I'm gonna see a counsellor or something. Dad's looking into it for me. I need help McKay. real help. and you know what, it don't mean you're weak if you look for it. there aint no shame on that. but I have to leave this place to get it. living in the ends it's just ... just too much. you hearing me?

McKay       I know what it's like, V. you collect all the *sorry for your loss* cards and put them in a box. then after a while you wanna tear them all up, cos you can't bear to read the messages. you can't do squat. you can't throw any of her stuff away. you go back to school and everything is supposed to get back to normal, it's never gonna feel normal again. every day, still expect her to be in the kitchen when I get in, stirring up something in her mango-jackfruit apron.

Bit (*after McKay has banged down his door for his attention*)  
what's wrong with you bruv? how many times have you called for me in my yard in the last four months?  
*whispering* over a hundred times, and you still can't press the freakin door bell? use the damn ting! when you slap our gates like that it makes us all think you're the feds, or worse, that it's Manjaro coming back to Voldemort us! my fam is giving me nuff grief 'bout it.

