

I LISTEN CAREFULLY. IT'S CAROL AND LEWIS. I PEER THROUGH THE BRANCHES. THEY ARE SITTING THERE, WITH TILLY...

'ALICE, ALICE, ALICE, AAAA-LICE...' THEY KEEP ON SINGING.

LEWIS STOPS SINGING. I CAN SEE HE'S GETTING BORED NOW. CAROL NUDGES HIM WITH HER ELBOW. SHE'S STILL SINGING, BUT HE WON'T JOIN IN. INSTEAD HE STANDS UP.

'YOU ARE NOT,' I SAY. I CLIMB OUT OF THE BUSH, BRINGING THE TRAY WITH ME. 'I'M NOT GOING TO SAY GOOD-BYE.'

'ALICE,' HE SHOUTS, VERY VERY LOUDLY, 'IF YOU DON'T COME OUT I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT CAKE AND EAT IT MYSELF.'

'WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE?' SAYS LEWIS. 'ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS MR P'S CAKE.'

THE GATE IS OPEN. IN MY GARDEN MY PARENTS ARE HAVING COLD DRINKS WITH MR AND MRS P, LEWIS AND CAROL'S PARENTS, AND MY TUTOR BETHANY.

I CARRY THE TRAY OVER TO THE TABLE VERY CAREFULLY. CAROL AND LEWIS AND TILLY COME WITH ME.