It has been more than ten years since Kensuke made me keep his secret. I have had time to think and I think it’s time the world knows. However, there’s a better reason. The world should understand the great man Kensuke was.

Thinking back, there was always the four of us (Mum, Dad, me and Stella Artois – our black and white sheepdog). Every morning, we went down the road to school. ‘The monkey school,’ Dad called it. ‘Monkey face,’ Dad called me. After school, I’d be off to play football with Eddie Dodds, Matt and Bobby and the others. We called our team the Mudlarks. Saturdays was for my paper round from Mr Patel’s shop on the corner. On Sundays, we’d go dinghy sailing on the reservoir. Mum and Dad loved it: the air was pure and fresh unlike the brickworks.