Then the letter came. My parents were being made redundant (no job). There was a terrible silence at the table that morning. On the following Sundays, we did not go sailing anymore. They hunted for other jobs, but they found nothing. The house was miserable. They started arguing and bickering about silly things that had not mattered before. I tried to take my mind off it by playing football as much as I could. Then Eddie moved south. Our team only worked with Eddie, so the Mudlarks split up. Everything was falling apart.

I came home from my paper round to find my mum in a blubbering mess on the stairs. She was crouching in a pool of tissues. Her face was flushed, her eyes bloodshot and her hair was stuck to her forehead with sweat. Mum told me how Dad had sold the family car, how he had gone off and how he had a brilliant plan in mind. “Silly beggar,” she sniffed into a tissue. I couldn’t disagree.

He called her the week after. Dad, I mean. Apparently, he’d wanted us to pack our possessions and go down south. So that’s what we did. We hopped on a train.

Dad was ecstatic when we arrived at the station. Full of jokes and giggles. We caught a bus down the coast so we could meet someone. Turns out it was a yacht – a gleaming dark-blue yacht. Dad had named it, ‘Peggy Sue’ like it was a person.

That was where he suggested the idea …..