

‘Oh, nothing. You had to be there,’ Donna says.

‘Where did you have to be?’ I ask.

Pilar fiddles with her gold stud earring.

‘We went swimming on Sunday and there were these lads there who ...’

Donna begins but she can’t continue because she is laughing again.

Uncontrollably.

‘You went swimming together?’ I ask. Pilar didn’t tell me. She certainly didn’t invite me.

‘We all did,’ Mariah says.

‘And then for kebabs,’ Hazel adds.

‘I didn’t ask you because I knew your nan would’ve said you couldn’t come,’ Pilar says. She examines the floor.

‘And it’s always awkward with odd numbers,’ Donna says.

‘I was busy on Sunday anyway,’ I tell them.

‘Church?’ Pilar asks. She’s forgotten I told her I was meeting Mum. She’s forgotten how important it was to me. And she hasn’t even noticed my new shoes, which I slipped on once Nana had dropped me off.

‘Yeah, church,’ I say.

‘Shall we get lunch, Pilar?’ Donna asks. She doesn’t look at me, so I know I’m not invited and I expect Pilar to tell Donna that she always eats with me—that it’s the two of us at school and no one else.