

PRECIOUS LITTLE TALENT

Ella Hickson

JOEY: *(to audience)* It's a movement, isn't it? That's what they call it. When people feel the same thing in their soul at the same time - they call it a movement. I've always been jealous that I never got to ban the bomb, or burn my bras, jealous of people that lived through the war because, well, they had a common enemy and that'd make you want to fight and it'd make it clear what you were fighting for and it might even allow for a hero or two.

We sat with Dad, and played board games and talked and - Sam would take over when Dad forgot things, or when I found dirty plates in the cupboard or his shaving stuff in the cutlery drawer, or once when he struggled for my name - Sam stepped in at times when I just couldn't really stop myself from finding it all horribly sad. *(Controls tears.)*

In January Sam took me away for the weekend - and when we got to Washington, strangers were high-fiving each other and smiling and everyone seemed so - excited. It was that same feeling I'd had, on that rooftop on Christmas Day, right in the pit of my stomach, looking at all those tiny lights holding tiny lives and knowing that they were part of something - but that something was bigger than them - and it was good. And when it came to it, with the sun peeking itself out behind the Washington Monument, and looking down The Mall and seeing two million people waiting, exercising the muscle of - faith - well, I thought that it didn't really matter what you believed in - just as long as you knew how to believe.

And just as he appeared and all the flags started waving and young kids started whooping and older men and women shed some quieter tears, Sam turned to me and he wrapped me right up in his scarf and he said -

'Now, you've got to believe in this - right?' And I looked at him, and he had this stupid smile on his face, grinning ear to ear, and suddenly I realised what kind of balls it takes just to think that the world isn't such a bad place.

But of course, Sam, Dad, even that new President of theirs, they weren't really mine to believe in, not for ever anyway. No, us British, English - well, me - I'm not like them, I'm not flying the flag of revolution, I don't have fire in my belly or idealism on my tongue and I'm not singing the song of change and why? Because I don't know the words yet; but I will, we will. I won't be forgotten.