

Noughts & Crosses by Malorie Blackman

SEPHY:

{to audience} I lined up in the food queue. I collected my chicken and mushroom pie with boiled-to-death trimmings, my jam tart with custard and my carton of milk and, taking a deep breath, I headed for the table where Callum and the other Noughts were sitting.

{Sits at lunch table}

Do you mind if I join you? Why should I Callum? I want to sit here. Hi I'm Sephy Hadley, welcome to Heathcroft.

{Teacher comes over}

Sorry Sir? I'm eating my lunch sir. But I want to sit here. I'm sitting with my friend Callum

{Callum says 'your not my friend' and Sephy leaves the table angry and hurt. Callum follows}

Turning your back on me like that. Some best friend.

You're a snob Callum. And I never realised it until now. I thought you were better than that. Above all that nonsense. But you're just like all the others. 'Crosses and Noughts shouldn't be friends. Crosses and Noughts shouldn't even live on the same planet together.'

Well, if you're not a snob, you're a hypocrite, which is even worse. I'm okay to talk to as long as no one can see us. As long as no one knows.

Which one is it Callum? Are you a snob or a hypocrite?

With pleasure. {goes to leave}

You're sorry? I thought that was my job in this friendship. Saying sorry. Sorry for being at a good school. Sorry for saying the wrong thing. Sorry for sitting at your table. I'm sick of feeling guilty all the time. It's not my fault that things are the way they are

Then stop blaming me, And if you can't, then leave me alone.