It has been more than ten years since Kensuke had me sworn to secrecy. I could let sleeping lies sleep on but I have completed my tuition and had time to think so I think it’s time the world knows. However, there’s a better motive: the world should understand the great man Kensuke was.

Thinking back, there was a consistency about my early childhood. It 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 were reserved 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 revelled in it: the air was pure and fresh unlike the brickworks.