

"Hello, Budi," Mum calls from the kitchen. "Hello, Rocky. It's good to see you again. How is your mother?"

"Very well, Ibu."

"And your sisters?"

"They're also well, thank you."

Mum smiles and stirs the contents of a pan.

"This won't be ready for a while so you can go out and play if you like."

"It's training, Mum, not playing! How many times! Anyway, I've got to show Rocky my poster first."

"Okay," she says. "I'll call you when it's ready."

Rocky says hello to Grandma and then I take him to my room and retrieve the poster from down the side of my bed. I unroll it and place it on my mattress, pinning it down with my hands.

"That's amazing," Rocky says. "Where did your parents find it?"

"I don't know. It must have been really difficult to get hold of. Look at where he's signed it."

Rocky stoops over and squints at the black squiggle in the corner.

"There's a number eleven in that loop," I say. "Can you see? That's how you know it's genuine. Isn't it perfect?"

Rocky straightens up, nodding. "It's really cool."

I gaze at it for a few moments before rolling it up and putting it back in its hiding place.

"Aren't you going to put it up on the wall?" Rocky asks.

"No way! Do you know how much this must be worth?"

"No. Do you?"

"Well, a lot. It's way too valuable to just stick on the wall. What if there's another earth tremor – or a leak in the apartment above – and it gets ruined? Or what if someone sees it through the window and climbs in to steal it?"

"I don't think anyone's going to climb through your window to steal it," Rocky says.

"Well, I don't want to take that chance. You're the only person who knows where I've hidden it, so make sure you don't tell anyone."

"All right, I won't."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, Budi." Rocky sighs and places a hand over his heart. "I promise not to reveal the whereabouts of your poster to a living soul."

"Good. Now we can go and do some training."

Rocky goes to fetch Fachry, Uston and Widodo while I practise kick-ups in the square. Everything around me –

"Hello, Budi," Mum calls from the kitchen. "Hello, Rochy. It's good to see you again. How is your mother?"

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"And your sisters?"

"They're also well, thank you."

Mum smiles and stirs the contents of a pan.

"This won't be ready for a while so you can go out and play if you like."

"It's *training*, Mum, not playing! How many times! Anyway, I've got to show Rochy my poster first."

"Okay," she says. "I'll call you when it's ready."

Rochy says hello to Grandma and then I take him to my room and retrieve the poster from down the side of my bed. I unroll it and place it on my mattress, pinning it down with my hands.

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