

Preface

“You half-caste cunt” is undoubtedly the most shameful thing I have ever said to a fellow human being. I would totally understand if you stopped reading this book now. Put the book down. Step away from the book.

It was a particularly absurd thing to say considering that I am mixed race. If you want to know why I wanted to hurt this person so badly then you’ll have to read on, quite a bit. I’ll tell you this much now, though: I was 14 and his racial background had nothing to do with why I hated him. It’s the only time in my life that I’ve used a racist expletive in anger. And I apologised to ‘Morgan’ in my suicide note.

This is not an autobiography, it’s the stories of a journalist’s life, forever embedded in conflict situations. I don’t offer a linear narrative, it’s snapshots of my life: Memoir, anecdotes, reportage and opinions. I apologise in advance for throwing you readers around...life has kinda thrown me around.

I was born in Kingston upon Thames, Greater London, on May 9, 1972. My mum is white-English and my dad was brown-Indian. I grew up in the black capital of Europe, Brixton, south London. On Railton Road: The Frontline.