

*Alma Warren, five years old, thought that they'd probably been shopping, her, her brother Michael in his pushchair and their mum, Doreen. Perhaps they'd been to Woolworth's. Not the one in Gold Street, bottom Woolworth's, but top Woolworth's, halfway along Abington Street's shop-lit incline, with its spearmint green tiled milk-bar, with the giant dial of its weighing machine trimmed a reassuring magnet red where it stood by the wooden staircase at the building's rear.*

*Jerusalem von Alan Moore: 1 | 2*

