

Introduction

I'm now less of a small author than a small activist very aware that other climate protesters have taken bolder and more regular action and spent more time in prison. Like *Rebelling for Life* which documented my XR year in 2020, and *Still Rebelling for Life*, a second collection of short stories, personal accounts and poems from 2021, *Rebelling Like There's No Tomorrow* grew from activism – this time through 2022, a year that extended my criminal record with Just Stop Oil as well as Extinction Rebellion and took me, briefly, to HMP Bronzefield.

It's been a year in which climate protest has regenerated around the world, temperatures have decimated records and floods, fires and droughts should rationally have raised the alarm more effectively than sitting in a road or throwing soup at the glass protecting a painting. Scientists agree that climate chaos is increasing faster than their models predicted and some are taking to the streets themselves, because still governments subsidise fossil fuels and sign off new oil, gas and coal projects that make a mockery of the Paris Agreement. Time is short. Like them I don't know what, other than nonviolent civil disobedience, can force change from criminal governments hell-bent on endangering life on this planet.

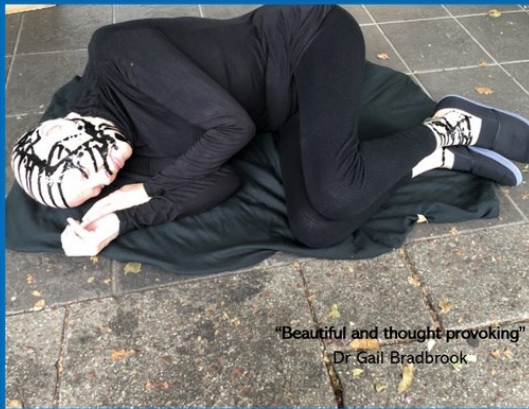
This book won't raise much money to fund direct action, and I don't kid myself that it will reach more than a few hundred readers. But maybe just a few of those will feel stirred to play a more determined part in the movement for climate, racial and social justice.

blog post from March 2022

Bad character

Recently, two years after my last author-in-school visit, a teacher from a comprehensive asked if she could book me for a Diversity and Inclusion Day. There was a time when I would have been delighted to raise awareness about alopecia as well as the power of stories, but that's changed. For a start, having read widely through lockdown about racism, white privilege and fragility, and having protested against a bill that criminalises the Romany and traveller community (and reported Jimmy Carr to Twitter), I can't help feeling that challenging as it is, alopecia rates relatively low on the disadvantage and discrimination list. I volunteered for six years with a refugee charity; I have a Deaf friend and others with transgender children. My beloved husband is non-binary. So while I haven't forgotten how diminished and fearful alopecia made me for nearly three decades, as an ambassador for diversity I'd feel something of a fraud as a middle-class white woman who no longer minds being bald and blames a superficial consumer and celebrity culture. But of course, the education was always about respect and empathy rather than hair. So I would have accepted the booking, except that the teacher who made contact believed me to be an Ambassador for Alopecia UK and I'm not, not any more, by mutual agreement, to spare the charity grief, because I'm a "person of bad character" according to the Crown Prosecution Service. The government's endless climate crimes have made a criminal of me.

Rebelling Like There's No Tomorrow



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