

## **A Bad Week for Jimi – Day 5**

‘This is definitely my favourite!’ said Clara, colouring in a large figure on a piece of card.

‘Oh come on, don’t be nasty’, replied Freddy, who was in charge of the ones.

‘I’m doing the zeros, hee hee!’ said Clara happily, ‘Nul points!’

‘I’m doing my favourite number five’, said Michael, holding his own card up for the others to see.

Barry was busy shifting his drum kit onto the little stage they had created outside the HQ at the bottom of Hardy’s garden. Jimi was nowhere to be seen.

‘He said he was really nervous’, said Freddy nervously, ‘so we’ve got to be nice to him, right?’

‘We can’t be nice if the song is rubbish!’ said Clara, waving her ‘zero points’ sign above her head, ‘if it is ‘nul points’ I’m going to tell him so!’

‘Yes, OK, but we’re trying to choose a song for our team, so we need to like at least one of them’.

‘I’m not going to like one of them if they are all rubbish!’ said Clara (again), waving her ‘zero points’ sign above her head, around her waist, and then hopping about with the sign stuck right in front of her face.

Barry was struggling to shift the bass drum onto the stage.

‘You want a hand?’ said Wil.

‘Don’t you touch it...whatever you do!’ replied Barry, staring at Wil, and rolling his sleeves up. He finally got the drum in position, and sat sweating on the drumstool. Picking up his sticks, he tapped around each drum, sliding each one into the exact place he needed it.

Wil had produced a banner which he had strung from two trees. It read ‘Lancaster Road-Vision Song Contest’ in very large black writing, ‘Jimi’s Got Talent’ in very large green writing, ‘The J-Factor’ in smaller yellow writing, and then finally ‘you decide’ in light grey. Wil was still taking his time over some of his spellings.

Freddy collected up the various points scoring cards, and put them down on a table he had set up in front of the stage. Clara, Michael, Wil, and Alec sat on four logs which served as chairs. Barry sat at the drum kit, and did a little drum roll.

Jimi was nowhere to be seen.

Barry gave another little drum roll.

There was a scrabbling around in the shed.

Barry gave another little drum roll.

A faint ‘oh, man’ came from inside the shed.

Barry slammed his sticks down on his drums.

Jimi appeared, shuffling out of the door, his guitar slung low across his body. He walked slowly over to the front of the stage area, where a large 'J' had been placed on the floor. He smiled weakly.

'Hello...er....my name is Jimi, man, and...er...I think I've got the J-Factor'.

'Sorry, wrong show!' said Clara laughing, 'Get off!' Freddy kicked her under the table. Jimi slunk off. Barry followed. There was much talking from inside the shed.

A few minutes later, Jimi re-appeared, looking a little more confident. Barry followed. Jimi made his way to the front of the stage.

'Hello...er...er...my name is Jimi, and...er...I think I've got talent'.

'Wrong again!' screamed Clara, 'it's a song contest! To find the best song for Lancaster Road football club. Get it right!' Freddy kicked Clara twice. She didn't seem to care.

Jimi and Barry were now arguing loudly from inside the shed. Strange noises, and strange sounds. After what seemed like a long time, they reappeared. Barry was carrying a gold and black flag, which he perched beside his kit. Jimi walked to the front of the stage area. He strummed a chord on the guitar, and Barry struck up a bouncy beat on the drums. Jimi started to sing.

'Offul Dufful, dufful fufful, offul dufful...'

Freddy shifted uneasily from foot to foot. This song, whatever it was, was not going to win. The judges fiddled with their cards.

After what seemed like hours, Jimi brought the song to a close, and muttered a brief 'Tanke Shein'. He scuttled off stage with Barry.

'Oi, come back, wait for the points!' yelled Clara. The two musicians stood at the front of the stage, heads bowed. Michael was the first to deliver his verdict.

'Well, yes, I kind of liked it actually. What was it about? What was the connection with football?'

The two musicians bowed their heads a little further.

'So what does offul dufful mean, anyway?' Michael persisted.

The two musicians bowed their heads so that they were nearly falling off the front of the stage.

'You don't know, do you?' repeated Michael.

'NUL POINTS!' screamed Clara, waving her zero sign triumphantly above her head. The other judges reluctantly followed suit, and Barry and Jimi raced back into the shed.

The next song involved Barry in setting up some kind of washing line between two trees, and the song, as performed by Jimi, entailed him singing and smiling, whilst dodging in and out of the washing. Once again the words were indistinct.

Once again...

...nul points.

Finally, Barry emerged with a flag in the colours of Lancaster Road.

Aha, this looks better, thought Freddy. Barry laid down a drum sound, a deep rhythmic funky beat.

And Jimi emerged onto the stage, wearing a Lancaster Road shirt, his ever-present battered old jeans, and a black baseball cap pulled down over his eyes, which were anyway covered with dark black sunglasses. He played a massive power chord at full volume.

Aha, this is definitely, definitely going to be better! thought Freddy, as the judges started searching for their four and five cards.

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