

Get Healthy! – Day 6

'Well, have a good summer. Let's meet at HQ in August when Hardy gets back. We've got a season to prepare for. It all starts again on September 5th!'

It was the Friday before they went away. Wil and Freddy had gone to check out HQ with Hardy, before they dispersed for the summer.

'Where are you going again,' said Hardy, as they sat outside HQ soaking up some rare July sunshine. Everything around them was a deep green reflecting the massive levels of rainfall so far this summer.

'I told you before, we don't know yet!' said Wil impatiently, taking deep breaths of the freshly cut grass smells all around him. *'Dad's planned a sort of surprise'.*

'We don't even know if we're going today or tomorrow!' said Freddy, evidently pleased at the prospect of something exciting happening.

'Humph...' said Hardy sadly, looking down at the ground, *'my Mum and Dad are going to America. But I've got to stay here with HER'.* Hardy pointed vaguely in the direction of the house, where his grandmother was busy cooking.

'She's OK', said Freddy, *'she's a great cook!'*

Hardy tried to brighten his mood, but failed.

'I know, but I've nothing to do here all summer. Nothing. NOTHING!'

Freddy thought Hardy was going to cry.

'Don't worry H', he said, going to put his arm around Hardy, who pulled back, turned away slightly, and curled himself up against the side of the shed.

'We'll be back in a couple of weeks!' said Wil brightly.

Freddy looked at Hardy with a mixture of pity and embarrassment. Embarrassment because he knew that if there was a surprise planned for them it would be absolutely fantastic, that was guaranteed, and he felt a little guilty that Hardy would not be a part of that. Pity because Hardy looked so pathetic, just sitting there.

He went into the shed, which had a shaft of bright light shining through the window. The light fell directly on the drum kit which as usual took centre stage. Freddy sat down at the kit. A wood pigeon, seemingly perfectly at home, flitted around in the roof-space. Otherwise all was quiet.

Freddy picked up the drum sticks that Barry had left perched on the shell of the bass drum and tapped lightly at one of the cymbals. The wood pigeon hopped along the roof beam it was standing on.

Freddy played a little rhythm on the cymbal and the snare drum.

The vibration didn't stop this time, it just got bigger, wilder, more violent, until the ground was shaking like in an earthquake. Hardy and Wil grabbed hold of each other.

'Get down on the floor' shouted Freddy above the rumbling sound, *Get down!* His voice was faint as the floor where he was standing opened up under him, and he was swept off his feet by the force. He grabbed at anything he could, grasping at one of the drums close to him. The smallest tom-tom that he caught hold of came off in his hand and he was left holding it as Wil tried to stop him being pulled towards the hole that was enlarging every second. Instead Wil, too, was pulled inexorably towards the bright light which emanated out of the now huge crevice in the floor. They slid, no more than a few centimetres, grasping, grabbing at anything they could.

Only Hardy could save them. He inched forward, and managed to touch fingertips with Wil. They struggled to get a proper grip as Freddy's weight pulled Wil in the other direction. Hardy made a desperate lunge to get to them, but only succeeded in slipping, so that his momentum carried the three of them towards the light.

At that moment, Freddy resigned himself to whatever was going to happen to them. He was in a sitting position now, moving, dragged along by an invisible force, towards the light. Natural light. The three of them sat, quite calmly, arms linked.

Utterly helpless.
