

The Big Idea – Day 4

And for tonight, and tomorrow, and the weekend, back to HQ, in the daytime, to find out Jimi's secret discovery.

Back at school on Monday morning, Jimi's influence was obvious.

'Yo M', said Wil, high-fiving Michael.

'Yo!', replied Michael.

'Yo H!', called out Wil to Hardy across the playground.

'Yo...' said Hardy, before hastily adding, *'why are you talking like that?'*

'Well...it's cool isn't it?', replied Wil, *'Yo Alex! Yo Clara!, Yo JoJo!'*

There were several more minutes of yo-ing before everyone had greeted everyone else. Except Jimi, of course, who was much too cool for school. Well, for their school anyway. Hardy had explained unhappily that Jimi attended some kind of academy for talented children, which is why they only saw him at weekends.

'I can't wait until next weekend', Wil had said, his admiration of Jimi knowing no bounds.

'Yo Barry!' said Freddy finally, looking pitifully at Barry.

'Yo yo!' said Barry, trying hard, but making himself look utterly foolish. His friends started laughing maniacally at him, until he turned round and threatened each one of them in turn, his fists held high, boxer-style. Freddy walked away, smiling.

Michael was kicking a ball up and down, as he usually did during any spare time. Wil watched for a while, as the ball went rhythmically up and down. Occasionally Michael would catch it on the bridge of his right foot, where it would settle, motionless, until he flicked it back up to continue the up and down motion.

'I call this one the yo-yo!', said Michael, the ball seemingly attached to his foot as it looped up and down, *'I've been practicing this all weekend. What did you do?'*

'You'll never guess, you know what I told you on Friday, well, y-y-y-know, the st-st-storm...'

'Slow down a bit, what are you saying?' said Michael. Wil sometimes stammered a little when he was desperate to say something. Which he was now.

'You must come down, you must, you'd love it, it's great, really, will you come?'

'Come where, what's great? Let's sit down'.

Michael led Wil over to one of the benches at the edge of the playground. These benches were usually full of chatting children on a Monday morning, but as they sat down, they discovered why today was different.

'Urgghhh!' said Wil and Michael together, sitting down, then standing straight up again to examine the slimy green patches on their trousers. The weekend rain had turned the natural shine of the wood into an unnatural combination of dirty water, green algae, slippery mud, and the occasional patch of aerial bombardment from the birds above.

'Too late now!' laughed Michael, sitting down again, *'can't do much about it!'*. They sat back down.

'So, you said you were at Hardy's place during the storm, you sheltered in some kind of shed, Jimi explored in the darkness, found something, but then you all left. What happened next?'

'Well, you won't believe it!' said Wil softly, leaning over towards Michael, as if sharing a secret.

'Try me!' said Michael.

'No, you won't believe what we found!'

'Well, I can't believe it if you don't tell me, so tell me!'

'We found...a box full of buried treasure!' Wil smiled.

'I don't believe you!'

'OK, I'll whisper it to you!'

'OK', Michael turned his head to the side and moved towards Wil, his trousers sliding greasily across the bench.

'....' said Wil into Michael's ear.

'What, did you say something?'

'I said, wishoowishoosish', said Wil.

'Wishoosish? What does that mean?' said Michael.

'I said, mimifundajunky!' whispered Wil a tiny bit louder.

'Mummy fun day funky?' replied Michael, guessing wrongly.

'No! Jimifundajunket!'

'Jimi found a junket!', said Michael, looking round the playground.

'Oi, don't tell everyone, it's a secret', said Freddy, walking over towards them.

'Not much of a secret!' said Michael, *'what's a junket, anyway?'*

'It's a kind of milky dessert thing...oh never mind, he didn't say junket, he said DRUM KIT!'

'Jimi found a drum kit?' repeated Michael.

'Where is it?' sneered Barry, moseying over to where a little crowd had now gathered.

'Oh go away, will you', snapped Freddy, no longer remotely scared of Barry and his cronies, who slipped away meekly when challenged.

'Can you play it?' said Michael.

'Nah – we tried, but we were all rubbish', Wil replied, *'anyway, most of the tops of the drums were all saggy, and when Hardy tried to play one of them, the stick he was using went straight through. We're meeting Jimi back there tomorrow, do you want to come over?'*

'Sure!' said Michael, his face etched with concentration, his mind apparently racing with ideas.

As was Freddy's.

We need some help here. We can't do it on our own, he thought. *But once we're finished, it's going to be great!*
