

Save the Planet! – Day 6

‘I can’t get no satisfaction’, said Michael. ‘I’ve got an idea’, said Freddy.*****For the rest of the day, Jimi amazed them with his virtuosity on the guitar, picking out tunes, bending notes, shaking the house to its very foundations, and talking in that so?cool way of his. Even Hardy’s mother had come down to watch and listen. ‘Listen man, I’m tired’, said Jimi, although there was no man in the building. ‘Yes, I think it is time to stop now,’ added Hardy’s mother, ‘and Hardstaff, you know your father wouldn’t be pleased when he gets home’. Hardy’s pleasure at the end of the guitaring was thoroughly countered by his embarrassment at his mother using his real name. Freddy and Wil just about managed to stop themselves laughing, because they knew from experience how much Hardy hated it. It had been his grandmother’s name before she was married, but why he had to have it now, he really didn’t know. ‘Hey man, cool name!’ said Jimi, leaning back against his guitar case, tilting his hat to even more of an angle, and chewing on the end of a plectrum. ‘Er, thanks...er...man’ said Hardy, trying to sound cool, his face losing some of its redness. ‘Why do you call everyone man, er...man?’ said Wil. ‘I dunno, man, just go with the flow, right?’ replied Jimi. ‘Yes, absolutely, right...man’, said Wil. This guy was so cool. ‘Actually, man, I gotta plan, for the old man Stan, you know, he’s a film fan, so I began to plan a trip to Cannes for him and Suzanne’.

‘Wow, cool’, said Wil, who hadn’t understood a word Jimi had said. ‘Father’s Day’, grumped Hardy, ‘well, I’m not doing anything!’ ‘You’ve got to do something H,’ said Freddy kindly, ‘we’ll give you a hand. Let’s make a card at least’. ‘Actually, I’m going to do one for my grandad instead’, said Hardy, his mood brightening a little. ‘And I’ll do one for Mr Andrews’, said Michael. ‘We’ll do something for our Dad’, said Wil and Freddy together. So, there in the hallway, they set about making Father’s Day cards in preparation for Sunday.*****‘Hey! Is it Father’s Day or Fathers’ Day?’ said Wil, hunched over a piece of paper, staring at the two words he had written. ‘What do you mean?’ said Hardy. ‘Well, I don’t really know how to spell it’. ‘I?T’, said Michael, unfunny. ‘Ha ha, no, what I mean is, I don’t know where this thingy goes’, added Wil, being a little more specific. ‘What thingy?’ ‘This a pos...a poso...astroposophy’, said Wil. ‘He means, the apostrophe’, explained Freddy, sounding sophisticated. ‘So, where do I put this apostrophe key?’ said Wil.

‘It’s a preposterous apostrophe!’ said Freddy, ‘and you put it between the r and the s. It means ‘belonging to the father’, so that means it is a day belonging to the father’. ‘It doesn’t belong to one father, it belongs to all of them’. ‘Hmmm....you could have a point there, Bro, put it after the s, that means it would be a day for all fathers’. Hardy and Wil looked at each other, then at Freddy. ‘What does it matter?’ said Hardy. ‘Well it does matter, sort of’, said Freddy unconvincingly. ‘Well, I’m going to put Grandfather’s Day, with this thingy just there. He’s my grandfather and he’s the best, and so this day is for him and him only’. ‘Well said, man, well said’, added Jimi dreamily. ‘I’m going to write mine in German’, said Freddy. ‘Trust you to do something clever!’ said Wil, busily writing his own card. ‘Well, Dad goes to Germany a lot, he will understand. Normally I do boring cards’. ‘Liebe Vater’, muttered Freddy to himself. ‘What did you say?’ said Hardy. ‘Liebe Vater’, repeated Freddy, ‘it means ‘Dear Father’ in German’. ‘Well, my Dad would throw me out of the house if I said that to him!’ said Hardy. ‘Whatever’, said Freddy, continuing with his card. ‘I’ve done a poem’, said Hardy proudly a few minutes later. ‘OK, let’s hear it!’

‘No way!’ replied Hardy, ‘it’s for my Grandad!’ ‘Oh come on!’ said Wil. Jimi, who had been sitting watching for the last few minutes, sidled up behind Hardy, and looked over his shoulder. Hardy didn’t see him. ‘You’re not seeing it!’ Hardy repeated. Jimi went back to his guitar case, and pulled the instrument out. He started to sing. Fathers, Uncles, Grandads ‘Hey that’s my poem!’ said Hardy indignantly. ‘Oh come on, let him finish’, said Freddy. Jimi continued, strumming his guitar along with the poem. Fathers, Uncles, Grandads, They tell you off sometimes, They drink and smoke and swear and

curse, They commit all sorts of crimes
They sit around, they lark about
They read the paper, scream and shout
And when they finally do go out
They don't come back
Til morning
Whilst Mummy flits around the house,
Floating like a fairy,
All Grandad does is moan and grouse,
All rough and tough, and hairy
But actually, its not quite that bad,
He's kind, he's funny too,
And I know he love's me so,
And Grandad, I love you!*****

As Jimmy worked on a chorus to the song, and Hardy started tapping his heels on the hard wooden floor,
Freddy went back to daydreaming about his idea. Which had now become his BIG idea.*****