

## Save the Planet! – Day 4

*'Actually, I think he's OK', replied Freddy.*

*What was Wil dreaming about?*

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*'Eeaowwm!'*, said Wil again, a mad smile crossing his face.

*'Rrrrooom!'*, he said, then *'Yess!'*, as he lifted his arms in dreamy triumph. He sat up and looked around, arms still in the air.

*'Morning, Bro'*, said Freddy, *'you OK?'*

*'Yes, I've just had this amazing dream!'*

*'Sounds like you were in pain!'* said Hardy, *'in fact, I bet I know what you were dreaming about!'*

*'Bet you don't!'*

*'I think you were playing football, were running down the wing, then this HUGE defender came up to you and instead of going for the ball he lunged at you, and took your legs from under you. You were badly injured and they put you in an ambulance and drove you to hospital. On the way, the ambulance was driving really fast, going round a corner like this, eeaowwm!, and then round another corner like this, rrrrooom!, and then they got you in the operating theatre, they put you on the operating table, gave you some kind of injection...you looked up...and there was a doctor, in a white coat, with a big white mask over his face. You could see in his eyes he was smiling madly...he reached behind him and picked up this massive...and you screamed Eeaowwm!, three nurses held you down and you screamed Rrrrooom!...and then you woke up!'*

*'I don't think he would have woken up with a smile on his face!'*, said Michael, *'I think it was more of a cool dream, about football...'*

*'Maybe...'*, said Wil. Michael continued,

*'I think you were playing for Lancaster Road, but you'd bought these special boots which gave you secret powers. You were playing on the wing, you picked up the ball in your own half of the pitch, and you took off. The special boots gave you super powers, and you shot off down the wing Eeaowwm!, cut inside the defender, and with a mighty Rooooommm!, the ball screamed into the net, burst through the net and flew into the crowd'.*

The four of them sat there for a while, laughing at the crazy dreams. Freddy was quiet.

*I know my brother, he thought. I think the noises he was making, and the tossing of his head from left to right, were about driving. I think he was driving. And if I know him well, I think he was in a race of some sort. He was dreaming of being a racing driver. And if I know my brother, thought Freddy carefully, he would dream about a racing driver that was cool and calm and young. And who looked a bit like him!*

*'Lewis Hamilton?'* said Freddy, tapping his brother on the shoulder. Wil looked round at him, smiling in amazement.

*'You got it!'* said Wil, before adding, *'...but, how did you get it?'*

*'I know you well'*, said Freddy, laughing.

*'It was amazing. I was in this car at the front of the race. I could see the other cars behind me. I just drove and drove and drove, round and round. I could see thousands of people waving at me, cheering, screaming. But all I could hear was Eeaowwm!, Rrroom!, Eeaowwm! Rrooom! And then, at the end, I saw this black and white flag, and when I stopped and got out of the car, people were jumping on me, patting me on the back, smiling and laughing.'*

*'That was a cool dream alright! And most of it was true. Hamilton won his first race on Sunday!'*

*'Wow, cool!'* said Wil.

*'Let's get up!'*, said Hardy, *'I've got a problem today'*.

*'What's your problem?'*

*'Well, my cousin is coming over, and he's...well...really...kind of nice...but...well, he's also...really...kind of annoying.'*

*'He's your cousin, how come he's so annoying?'*

*'Well, for a start, he's the son of my mad Auntie Hardy...'*

*'Aunty Hardy?'*

*'I told you she was mad. Her real name's Harriet, but she calls herself Hardy!'*

*'OK, and what's so annoying about her son?'*

*'Erm....he's too young!'*, said Hardy desperately.

*'That's no reason to find him annoying!'* said Wil, *'I'm young, and I'm not annoying, am I?'* Wil flicked Hardy's ear a couple of times, annoyingly.

*'OK, so he's a bit young, but also, I don't know...'*

*'What?'*

*'He's just a bit too cool!'*

*'How can you be TOO cool?'* said Wil.

*'Wait until you meet him'*, said Hardy.

*'OK, what's his name?'* replied Freddy.

*'Oh that's annoying too!'*, said Hardy, *'he calls himself Lil' Jimi!'*

*'Well, if he's a bit small, it's OK to call yourself Little'*, said Freddy.

*'No, that's just it, it's not Little, it's Lil. Just...you know...annoying!'*

*'Well'*, said Freddy, *'let's go and meet him!'*

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They strolled over to Hardy's house later that morning. As they walked from the park up the lane to the big house, they were passed by a brightly coloured van, its windows blacked out and decorated with different coloured flowers and patterns.

*'That's them...'* said Hardy, kicking idly at the ground, *'they've arrived'*.

As they got closer to the house, the van came back towards them, music blaring from its stereo. It passed them and disappeared off down towards town. They walked on, and the big house came into view.

Sitting on the step, one rucksack and one long black case beside him, Hardy's cousin. Baseball cap perched on his head, tipped to one side.

*'Yo H!'* he cried, *'Long time no see, how's it going?'*

*'See...'* muttered Hardy, *'annoying!'*

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