

Airhead!

The diary of an air conditioning apprentice...



MONDAY-THURSDAY

Blew my first month's wages at the weekend... But what a party! Met this really cute girl called Galina, from Romania... or was it Poland? Or Ukraine? Anyway, one of those countries where they live in big concrete blocks (hence 'Eastern block' I suppose)...

I joked about her name being like 'chicken' in Portuguese, then said I'd got an English male chicken for her to play with... ha! ha! But luckily she didn't understand, 'cos it turns out she's really intelligent and I could've offended her... Then I'd never

have got off with her. Mind you, borrowing dad's *Merc* helped... And she looked dead impressed when I told her I was an 'Indoor Climate Executive'... Or maybe she was just off her face. When she asked who I worked for and I said "*Al-Cool - ?*" she just shrugged and asked for another vodka - Red Bull...

But language is no barrier to love, that's what I say. And I like a bit of foreign tongue.

Not much work booked for this week. Strange for an air-con business in the middle of a heatwave. Maybe it's the re-

cession. But *Penguin* look like they're doing OK - we keep seeing their vans all over the place. Max hates them.

FRIDAY

All week in the office and no calls. Though we did get a fax from *Ka-Pow!*, the club where I met Galina... I did leave some *Al-Cool* business cards there, but I didn't understand the enquiry - something in Portuguese about an order for 6 bottles of vodka and 4 bottles of Jack Daniels. Surely we didn't drink that much?! Anyway I ran it through the shredder before Max saw it...

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