

Airhead!

The diary of an incompetent air-con apprentice...



MONDAY

In deep doo-doo after we installed a system at the wrong house! Got two clients' names mixed-up – and it was my spelling mistake on the work schedule. Max had a right go at me: *"Bloody kids today! Yer parents send you to college for a decent education.. and for what? Can't even bleedin' spell!"*

That's rich, coming from him – he can barely hold a pen. But it seems we lost the client to *Penguin*, so Max was steaming and went down the golf club to chill out...

TUESDAY

Max was at the club again today. Although not considered the right 'calibre', he recently bought himself into a position of trust with the administration, so he could leech some business from

the members... With the help of a 'donation' to the club Treasurer he's now become *Deputy Vice-Secretary* – a nominal post with bog-all to do. But this week the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Vice-Secretary are all away at a meeting with the course developers, and something came up that requires an urgent vote among the members. Today the Vice-Secretary emailed Max asking him to organise a ballot. *"Finally!"* he exclaimed, *"A chance to show those effin' snobs what I'm worth!"*

WEDNESDAY

Max was busy all day sending out invitations to attend tomorrow's ballot evening, *"With drinks and snacks sponsored by Al-Cool – smart, eh?"* he crowed. I offered to produce the invitations for him, but he just sneered *"Reckon*

we've 'ad enough of your typing cock-ups recently, don't you?"

THURSDAY

Spent all day internet-surfing. No sign of Max – but it's the ballot to-night, so I guess he was at the club preparing for the voters to roll up...

FRIDAY

Brilliant! Max has screwed-up big time! 'Seems a big crowd turned up last night - but all dressed in smart evening-wear... Then the club patron, the Swedish baroness, arrived holding theatre binoculars, accompanied by her two young daughters dressed in tutus. Max couldn't work it out, until someone pointed out a typing error on his invitation - to a ballet evening. Oops - spells trouble for Max...!

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info@penguinaircon.com

www.penguinaircon.com

Tel: 289 092 595

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