

## SUNDAY

OMG!!!

"Welcome to the real world, son" dad announced this morning. "We can't have you lazing around the villa every day... It's time you earned your keep and learned something useful. So we've got you a job." *Whaaaaaat?!!!*

Seems he was at *The Watering Hole* last night and got chatting with some bloke called Max who runs an air-con business, *Al-Cool*. Never heard of 'em, but the guy reckons

he could use an apprentice, so it was 'done deal' by the time the third bottle of *Quinta Adegas Summer Holiday* had slipped down his throat...

Thanks, Cliff.

Well, best look on the bright side, I guess... it's a good opportunity to put my degree to good use. I'll soon have him doubling his profits. He'll probably offer me a partnership. After all, how hard can it be?

## MONDAY

Too exhausted to write. I don't have my own office and had to drive around with Maxi-moron in his van. He swears a lot. We went all over the Algarve, it was really tiring. And I had to stand for ages holding a big spanner. I dropped it twice. My toe hurts. I'll give it another week. Anyway my dad says I have to.

# Airhead

The diary of an air conditioning apprentice...



## FRIDAY

*TGIF!!!* What a week! There's actually quite a lot to this air-con business – might take a bit longer to get my head 'round it... Apparently some companies even have technicians with qualifications, can you believe? But at *Al-Cool*, Max reckons that's a waste: "It's just common sense and a bit of sales patter", he said. "Just stay one page ahead of the punters and they'll never know." Smart guy. 'Mind you, he does get caught out...

One of dad's golfing pals thought he'd help my first

week at *Al-Cool* by calling to ask for a quote. Max was dead pleased. Though he looked a bit strained when we learned that *Penguin* had quoted for the job earlier that day. As a result the client was clued-up about the right systems and how best to install them, which seemed to take the wind out of Max's sails – let alone sales (ha! ha!)

"Nah, it's all about price, son", he said as we drove away after. "See, *Penguin* have their qualified technicians, a fleet of vans, their marketing clap-trap, blah-blah... Just

unnecessary, see? All I do is come-on a bit friendly, undercut *Penguin's* price but then order a lower-spec system – the punter never knows the difference. So I still make my margin, see? Bish bosh!"

I guess Max is right – after all he's been around for a while (as he's always saying). Still it's a shame we didn't get the job. Those *Penguin* people are really quite good, apparently.

Follow *Airhead's* diary in the *Resident* every week...



**Don't get an airhead, get an expert!**

# PENGUIN



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## MONDAY-WEDNESDAY

Week three as an Indoor Cooling Executive – neat title, eh? I even got some new business cards printed –

*Aaron Head*

*Indoor Cooling Executive  
(I.C.E.)*

–  
Geddit? Awesome!

Bit of a problem this week. Max got really p\*\*\*\*d off. He's such a yob. 'Seems he got drinking with some wealthy guy at The Watering Hole on Saturday and was soon shoe-horning the subject of air-con into the conversation. "That's the way to get business, son", Max told me on Monday, "Catch 'em off-guard while

they're drinking. I do it all the time". And he does too – he's always hungover.

Seems the guy's air-con was leaking refrigerant gas. Max told him that gas was banned because it's killing the Rain-forest so he'd have to buy a completely new system. He even got the guy's deposit money. But it turns out the guy double-checked with Penguin and found that Max's story wasn't true: you can simply replace the gas with a substitute – it costs a bit more than the normal stuff but far less than buying a new system. So then it all kicked off – the guy came in to see Max on Tuesday and had a right

go at him, got his deposit back and stormed off. I heard it all from the tea room.

Max threw a real tantrum afterwards. No need to take it out on me, though. That tea was really hot.

## THURSDAY

Blimey... Just found out that air-con can be used for heating too – no-one told me that, doh! So I had to throw away the new business cards. Max was annoyed, said something about "Airhead, more like". Best keep my head down next week...