



Mr. Wilson rolled his eyes at Freddie and said, "Why don't you go and see if anyone wants another drink Freddie."

"Leave it to me!"

he said. "I mean how hard can it be to take a few orders for drinks?"

"WOULD YOU LIKE ANYTHING ELSE TO DRINK?"

Freddie shouted over the music.

"Lemonade please. Fizzy orange please," people replied.

Freddie struggled to hear them but thought he'd heard correctly. He also took food orders from people.

"Here's your ginger ale and chips sir, enjoy!"

Freddie was just walking away when the man shouted after him,

"Excuse me.... Waiter!

I ordered lemonade
and ribs!!....

Not ginger ale and chips!"

Freddie returned to the table expecting the man to be annoyed or at least frustrated but he wasn't. He just said, "Never mind waiter. This music is so good, I don't mind at all!"

The trouble was Freddie only heard part of the man's conversation due to the singing. What Freddie heard was, "You should've left this food behind. You're just not very good and I totally do mind!"

Freddie started to feel frustrated.

