

Chapter 3

This welding is fun. I weld a metal rubbish bin to a pot. I stick a kitchen whisk to a tin lid. Then I weld the lid to the rubbish bin.

Then I get my drum. I can not drum on it, so I weld that on too.

I hunt the flat for metal things that I can weld on to this thing. The clock? Dad's golf clubs? Yep, stick them on too.

I need stuff to weld, but there is not much metal in the flat.

I go up the street to the block next to the shop. There is a lot of rubbish there. Steel cans, hub caps, wheel trims, tent pegs. I chuck them in my back pack.

Then I see a dump bin at the back of the block. There is lots of scrap metal in there – flat bits, long bits, thick bits, thin bits, nuts and bolts, steel rods and rings, a bit of the door panel of an old green truck.

With lots of trips from the block to the flat, I drag the junk back and stack it in the shed at the back of the flat.

The shed belongs to the man next door. He will go mad if he sees it, but that is just too bad.

Then I begin welding. From my metal dump in the shed I pick some bits. I go to and from the shed to the kitchen with bolts and rods, cans and hub caps. I just stick things on - this bit there, that bit there. Then I see ...

This is going to be a metal man.