

Christmas Day was very enjoyable. The time difference between Australia and Spain is nine hours so I called my family to wish them a happy Christmas early in the morning, but they were still having dinner on Christmas Eve! It was a little strange to be so far away, and I missed our family Christmas. I also missed Emily. We talked on the phone, but it wasn't the same as being with her.

We celebrated the day with everybody who was staying at the beach house in Byron. It was a very unusual way to spend Christmas – relaxing in the sun and surfing in the middle of summer, with no **reindeers** or snow! We had a barbecue on the beach and then we played football. The Australians played against the international team – we were Spanish, Japanese, English, Scottish, German and French – and we won, of course!

Rick and I sat on the beach, listening to some music that people were playing nearby. Then, my phone rang. “Daniel, it’s Matt, from the market in Mullumbimby. Listen, I need a **favour!**”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Well, I sell drums at the Woodford Maleny Folk Festival,” he explained. “I have a big **stall** there and it attracts a lot of people. It’s an enormous live music festival near Brisbane and artists come from all over the world. It’s a fantastic six-day event and I go every year. The problem is that the couple that was going to help me can’t come. They called me an hour ago! I thought that maybe you’d like the experience – I can give you a bed and food and you’ll have time to enjoy the festival. But I need you here by tomorrow!”

“OK, it sounds possible,” I said. “But you said there were two people who can’t come. Do you need another person, too?”

“Yes, why? Do you know somebody?” he asked. “Most people have plans for New Year or they’ve already bought tickets for the festival.”

Rick was smiling at me. “Tell him I’ll come, too!”

So I told Matt about Rick and we arranged to meet him in Brisbane the next day at 2.00 pm.

“Daniel! You’re the luckiest man I know,” exclaimed Rick. “I’ve heard about the Woodford Festival and I’ve always wanted to go there. This is a great opportunity.”

The next day, we met Matt at the entrance to the festival. The site was enormous. “I had no idea it would be this big,” I said to Matt as we drove through it. “I’ve been to festivals in Spain, but this is like a small town!”

“The organisers bought the land in 1994 and there are now lots of roads and bridges leading to it,” Matt said. “They’ve planted more than 60,000 trees here too, so it’s really green. But it often rains during the festival, so it gets very muddy as well!”

“We’re here! Welcome to the Threeworlds camp,” said Matt as he parked his van. We walked into a large circle of tents and other vans. There were sofas and old chairs all around. “Some people are staying here for more than two weeks so we like to make it comfortable,” laughed Matt when he saw the surprise on our faces. “Come and meet Jason and the rest of the group.”

“G’day,” said Jason with a big smile. “Thanks for coming to help us. I think you’ll love this week. It’s a lot of fun here – we come every year.”

“What exactly is our job?” asked Rick.

“Well, we need help in the café and we also need somebody in the drum shop, so you can choose. You work for six hours a day and then you’re free to enjoy the festival.”

“That sounds good,” said Rick. “I play drums, so I’d like to help you in the shop. Daniel can be your sexy Spanish waiter! The girls will love his accent!”

The next day, I woke very early. Outside my tent, there was a group of people doing Tai Chi and I could hear Jason and Matt playing their drums. I could smell coffee so I went to the café to have some.

“G’day, Daniel!” said Matt. “Help yourself to breakfast. It’s going to be a busy day!”

He was right. People started to arrive at 7.30 and we were