



Toby and I were arguing whether Clapton or Hendrix was the greatest when Lisey came in and told us we were both wrong. She was drunk off hyacinth wine and sat near Toby's lap and she said that Clapton, Hendrix, Eddie Van Halen, Little Bo Peep could all go to hell because they played the same six strings and acted special. Toby picked up the ukulele he had bought in France.

"What do you expect, something new?" he said, blowing into the peghead like a trombone. I'd never seen anything like it. I damn near cried, it was so beautiful.