

The Construction Site

"I'm off to work", shouted Matt's dad.

"Ok Sweetie see you later" said Matt's mum from up the stairs.

"Bye Matt. See you later!"

"Bye" Mumbled Matt

Matt had always longed to go to work with his dad. He would love to see the construction sites he works on. Matts really into sport and at the moment his dad was working on the Olympics stadium! He had asked his dad loads of times if he was able to come with him one day and take a look at the stadium but had got no luck with it at all.

"It's too dangerous around it" he had said.

After he had got dressed and came down stairs to eat his breakfast his mum asked him what he fancied doing today.

"Going to see the stadium" he mumbled back.

"Well you know that's not an option and you're not allowed.

"Now come on and get over it. What do you want to do?"

"You know what I want to do!" screamed Matt and stormed up to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him. His mum sighed.

That night when his dad came home again and they were sat around the table eating lasagne his dad passed him a little letter addressed to Matt. The envelope said, "Matt, please read the letter attached. From Steve."

"Who's Steve?" asked Matt.

"Well if you read the letter you will find out" replied his mum and she winked at her husband. Matt opened the letter and read it in his head. It said;

Dear Matt

Your dad has said that you are eager to come and see the Olympic stadium we are building. Well we have decided to give you a special visitor pass to come and have a tour around. But you must promise to be on your best behaviour.

Frome Steve, your dad's boss

"Oh wow!!" squealed Matt in amazement.



“Well read it out to us. What does it say?” his parents said. Matt read his letter out loud. He was due to go tomorrow morning at eight with his dad.

That night, Matt went to bed at 7:00pm (which is very early for him) so he would awake in time. He dreamt of working at the site when he was older and then becoming the best builder in the world.

At 8:00am he and his dad left. It was only just light outside and Matt didn't normally like that. But today he didn't mind because this was going to be the best day of his life and he knew it. As they arrived at the construction site he realised that it wasn't only him going on the tour. There were two other families as well. One family had two kids about 13 and eight and the other family had a girl roughly the same age as him.

When the tour began Matt got butterflies in his tummy, he was that excited! ‘This is going to be great’ he thought, they saw the main stadium; the swimming and the synchronised swimming pool and the cycling stadium too! By the end of the tour the eight year old boy was getting a bit restless and started to misbehave and run about everywhere. The families were told to go to the meeting room where they would be served tea and biscuits. As Matt and his dad turned to walk away to the meeting area, they heard a big bang and then a squeal. Matt turned around so fast he nearly fell over. He looked around to see the eight year old boy lying on the floor by a crane. He had been hit badly in the head.

Matt rushed over to the kid to see if he was ok. He had blood coming from his head and was unconscious. One of the site workers rang for an ambulance which was there within ten minutes. They took the boy away to hospital to be treated. They told the address of the hospital to Matt so he could go see him later on.

The next day Matt's mum took him to go and see the boy in the hospital. He was unconscious and still in a coma. They said it was a matter of life and death and they couldn't do anything more other than wait to see what happens. As Matt left, one of the nurses said he was free to come anytime he wanted. Matt agreed and said he would come tomorrow at the same time. When he got home, he could smell pasta being cooked by his dad.

“How is he?” said his dad in a shaky voice.

“The nurses said it was a matter of life and death. I am going to go and see him tomorrow at the same time.” Matt whispered.

That night he couldn't sleep. He was too busy thinking about the boy to sleep. The next morning as he awoke he was shattered. He had only got about two hours sleep during the night. It didn't help matters that the rain was pelting down on his bedroom window.

“Did you sleep ok last night honey?” his mum said in a jolly voice as he slumped down the stairs.

“I got about two hours sleep” said Matt. “I was too busy worrying about the boy to sleep” He ate hardly any of his bacon and egg butties; he was too tired.

As they arrived in the ward, one of the nurses seemed to be expecting them.

“Ahh. I have some news for you” she said.

“I am afraid Ben passed away last night. His injuries were too severe and as he was only eight he wasn’t strong enough to manage them”.

Matt’s mum started to cry. She has never been good with coping in these harsh conditions. The nurse gave her some tissues and Matt put his arm around her neck.

“I think it’s best we go now” Matt said. “Thanks for telling us and say we are sorry for their loss to his family for us”.

“Will do and bye” said the nurse.

“How is he?” said his dad as he came in that night.

“He...he...died last night” whimpered his wife.

“Oh” said his dad and went to put his arms around Matt’s mum.

“It’s time you had better go to bed” said Matt’s mum

“But-“, said Matt

“Just go to bed! I am not in the mood for arguing” his mum shouted in a fierce voice.

That night Matt couldn’t sleep again. But when he did finally manage to doze off he dreamt about it all over again and again. He was wrong. It was not the best day of his life and now he will believe his dad that it is dangerous at the construction site.