

## “Fear”

**A story by Sam Terrett (aged 12), Clyst Vale Community College, Jarrow, Tyne and Wear**

I feared school. I had been nervous coming into Year 7 and I had a right to be. It has been nothing but bullying. But, there might be a way to make it bearable. There was this gang, called the “kool kids” and, if I got in there, they might leave me alone. I approached them, trying to act cool, but they looked at me as if I was dirt that just rolled out of a dustbin. Now, a little more nervous, I started to ask them to let me in their gang. At first, they smirked at me, then they realised I was serious. I started to plead with them, “I will do anything, please”.

One of them signalled for a group talk and they all huddled in closely. I could hear them whispering stuff like “No way” and “he’ll never do it”. When they came apart again they all had a smirk on their face.

“If you could get our ball back, I expect that there might be room for a scrawny person like you.”

They obviously liked playing football near the construction site. Some developers were building two new science blocks. Their ball had gone missing on the site – I had to get it back. Although I know they would never admit it, they were clearly too scared to get it themselves.

After school, I went to check out the area. It was deserted. There was metal fencing all around the dusty place. As I looked around I found a small ragged hole, dug by a fox or a badger. Being ‘scrawny’, I just managed to wriggle through, but the metal fence scraped along my back resulting in some nasty scratches. When I got up, I brushed the dirt and dust off. Catching my breath, I had a good look around. There were some completed parts of the building, but most was clearly unfinished. Machinery was everywhere, and scaffolding surrounded the half-built walls. The area looked as though it was full of lethal traps. Maybe I shouldn’t have come here. However, thinking about the future months of teasing, I knew I couldn’t go back now.

Knowing I needed to find the ball, I started to explore inside the building and saw something that looked out of place. I rushed over, but before I could investigate, I tripped on some bricks and, on contact with the ground, I heard a sickening crack from my knee. When I got up, my knee was in agony. Hobbling onto what I had seen, I found that what I thought might have been a ball, was just a bag of the builders’ leftover lunch.

As fast as I could, I limped away from the mouldy contents of the bag. In the process, I entered another room which smelled of burnt oil. I went to the next room. Nothing was to be seen in here so, hope fading away, I leant against one of the half-built walls. Instead of supporting me, it collapsed beneath me. A brick landed on my arm. It felt broken, but there was nothing I could do. Feeling full of despair, I asked myself why I had come.

Planning to get out, I looked around for the easiest way out. It was then that I saw the football. Momentarily forgetting the pain in my leg and arm, I staggered forward and picked up the ball. However, I crumpled and fell against the scaffolding. One of the poles moved and the whole thing started to tremor. All the scaffolding wobbled and like an avalanche, started to fall. A pole hit the back of my legs, which buckled and I collapsed to the floor in agonising pain. A bit of wood had hit my chest, winding me, freezing me in place. It felt like torture, not being able to do anything as poles and wooden planks hammered down on me. A nail slid across my neck, leaving a gash of red. A piece of wood hit my head causing a lump to grow. I just managed to move as the last of the structure came down. It covered up the exit so I was trapped inside in this gloomy, dusty place.

I tried to get up to escape, but the pain was excruciating. My head was throbbing from where the pole had hit me. The rest of my body was in unbearable agony. My arm felt worse than before, and it looked deformed. The elbow was more jagged than usual. The cut on the back of my head was still

oozing blood. With a struggle, I got a tissue from my pocket and held it to the cut. Quickly it soaked up but when I took it off the cut, it was bleeding less.

Through some crack in the building, I saw it was now night time. I had told my parents I was going to a sleepover with a friend, so even they wouldn't be looking for me. And nobody else would look for me. Not matter what position I was in, the pain multiplied by 10. It was as if it was punishing me for coming here and I didn't deserve to get comfortable. All I could do was try not to think about the heart-breaking pain. After a long time I started to feel light-headed. I tried to keep strong but I started to sway and then everything went black.

I awoke to the sound of beeping. My vision was blurred. Although I knew I wasn't in the building site because I could see white, I had no idea where I was. My vision started to clear and I saw curtains surrounding me. Then I realised I was lying on a warm and comfy bed, rather than the floor of the building site. I tried to sit up but my head started to pound so I laid down again, my anxious looking parents were at the end of my bed. When I sat up my mother gave a cry of joy and rushed over to me and gave me a hug. Over her shoulder I saw dad. He came towards me like he was about to yell. But he knelt down and put his arm around me. I started to cry. I say with tears on my face, "I'm sorry, I'll never do anything like that again."

I stayed in there for another week which meant I missed out on my football match but it served me right. But when I came back to school I had the football and I handed them the ball, but I declined their invitation to join the gang. For some reason, even though I wasn't part of the "kool kids", I wasn't picked on as much. But I'm never going to do that again, for anything.

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