

We've stuck together ever since, in one school after another. Some of the teachers try to separate us. "Go and sit over there, Will." Or, "Choose someone else to work with today, please, Eddie." But it's never for long because I'm good at helping Eddie with his work. And he spends most of his weekends at my house, if I'm not over with him at his.

So off we went to find out where the noise was coming from. It was across the road, beside the park. Four men were working on a hole in the road. We stood there for a while, Eddie and me, happily watching the hole slowly getting deeper and deeper.

Two of the men had spades. The one who used the drill was taking a bit of a break. And the last one was inspecting his phone.



“Off to Australia?” asked Eddie.

Okay, maybe it wasn’t the best joke ever. And they had probably heard it before. Eight million times. But there was no need for all four of them to roll their eyes.

It didn’t bother Eddie. I can’t say he’s the most sensitive soul around. But I was a little embarrassed.

Just at that moment, I saw Eddie’s dad ambling towards us. “Hi, lads,” he said as he drew close. “I see you’re busy watching other people do something useful, as usual.”

He stopped and peered into the hole. “Off to Australia?” he asked.

One of the workmen rolled his eyes again, but the other three did make a stab at chuckling politely. (Eddie’s dad is rather big. You wouldn’t want to get on the wrong side of him.)

