

Today we went to our building plot to see the builders destroy the bungalow. We all went - me, Charlotte, Mummy, and Daddy. Shivers ran down my spine as we drove to the site.

When we turned up Neil had already started and there was a small pile of rubble. Neil was sitting in the seat of a digger hitting the bungalow with the bucket. It was satisfying to see the bricks and blocks fall down to the ground. As the digger made a pathway to get to the roof we held our breath. The smell of dust hovered in the air.

In less than a minute the back of the roof had collapsed to the ground. Timber clattered and crashed down onto the growing pile of rubble. The dust exploded everywhere and got right into our eyes.

Soon a larger digger arrived - I could not wait any longer! Then we had a hold up as the builders worked out how to disconnect the faulty sitting. But we were soon back on track.

As the digger smashed through the front wall we stood there squealing, aghast. The hole in the wall and roof was getting bigger and bigger. Surely it couldn't stay up much longer!

We soon found out that it could. Eventually  
Neil poked and prodded the chimney. Nearly  
all the roos fell down then!

But there was still one part standing -  
not for long.

Finally it crashed and tumbled to the ground.  
Along with all the dust you could smell the  
wonderful smell of the bungalow.

The destruction made me feel giddy.  
The aftermath was a total wreck.  
But it was well and truly amazing!

As we headed back the sounds were still  
ringing in my ears and still are now.

Best day ever!!!