

WALT: Write an Informal Letter

7 North Cherry Avenue
Blackley

Manchester

M97GT

Thursday 19th November

Dear Joe,

It has been a long time since we met but I'm sure that you remember me. I was the boy you called the, "Silence Seeker." You misunderstood the two words, "Asylum Seeker," but I don't mind. You showed me kindness because you misunderstood two words. Two very important words indeed. Let me introduce myself. Firstly, let me tell you my name; my name is Jack. I'm twenty-three now but when I met you, I was sixteen. Now let me tell you about my life before the war...

When I was born, my family had everything. Our own car, money, house and freedom. We thought that it would stay that way forever. We were wrong. When a new government took over, the peace with other countries vanished and out of the blue, came war. Bombs raining down, people running for their lives. We had to go. My father had been arrested and it wasn't safe. We packed our few belongings that we had left into some old backpacks and ran for our lives. My mother and I were the only two out of five people to make it past the Syrian border. When we finally reached England, after a horrendous journey (let's not go into details) we rented the house next to yours and recovered from war bit by bit. My mother got a job stacking food on shelves at a supermarket. She was a quarter English. We both knew basic English, but I was shell-shocked and when I spoke, it sounded like a dog barking.

As I left the house, next to yours, it almost broke my heart because you were my first friend in three years. Disaster struck. Again. My mother was taken ill as we were boarding the plane to take us to an even safer place. We dialled 999 and when the ambulance came, we climbed into the back of it. We were taken to the hospital but when we got there, we were asked to give our details. We had come into the U.K. illegally and had no details that would allow us to stay here. In the nick of time, my father turned up with our details! We were allowed to stay at the hospital and after my mother recovered, move on.

Please write back soon,

Your friend, Jack. (E.C.)