

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece D: a postcard

Context: pupils studied informal writing typical of postcards. They then wrote a postcard in the role of a young boy or girl recently arrived in England on the Empire Windrush, imagining how they would describe their new home to family and friends in Jamaica.

Dear Robert,

I am writing to you from a damp, smelly room in Liverpool and the closest patch of grass to play football on is really far and even if it was closer, it's cold enough to get frostbite the moment you step outside. I feel totally scammed! I thought that the 'motherland' would be packed with gold and would be so much better than Jamaica. Imagine my disappointment when I get here, everything is cold and gray and sad.

You won't believe me when I tell you that my parents, who aren't really rolling in money, spent £30 on tickets

16th January 1949



Robert Thorne
27 Washington Street
Port Antonio
Jamaica

for all of us on the boat journey here and - I kid, you not - we were forced to share a dorm with a hot-headed couple (who were always arguing about rather petty subjects) and a motorcycle gang. I sincerely doubt that I will ever be able to make up for the sleep I missed on that journey.

Don't even get me started on the food! It's so greasy and bland that if I could I would have been straight on the return boat to Jamaica the moment my tongue made contact with English sausages. To make things even worse, I have not received a single compliment for my requisite good looks. Why,

they even told me that my skin colour was frightening their children! Some welcome eh?

It's not all bad though, Bob. The cars are really fancy and it is really easy to watch football games of the English league on the television box (You can find these in EVERY household) and I am currently supporting Liverpool F.C. which is currently at the top of the league. Gloryhunter!

But I still wish I could be back back with you, eating spicy jerk chicken in the garden after a good kick around with your football, not writing to you from thousands of miles away.

knowing that I may never see you
again...

Your best-friend that misses you a
lot,

Jeremiah