

Starter -

Rewrite these sentences adding in the missing commas to show the extra information.

John who was normally up late was up and out by 7am.

Sarah skipped merrily down the road singing happily to herself.

As the sun rose from behind the hill the houses were bathed in sunlight.

WALT write an informal letter

Today, we are going to write the first part of our letter home as an evacuee.

Let's remind ourselves of the structure...

1. Sender's address
2. Recipient's address
3. Salutation (greeting)
4. Introductory paragraph asking about how they are
5. Information about what you have been doing
6. Concluding paragraph (miss you etc)

Let's remind ourselves of the writing features we need to include this week...

- first person
- vocabulary that is chatty / informal
- address the reader directly
- extra information within a sentence (embedded clause)
- fronted adverbials to help structure and sequence our letter

## You might also want to include...

- Rhetorical questions directly addressing the reader – e.g. How are things back in Blighty?
- Purposeful misuse of standard English – e.g. we was playing...it were like we were old friends...ain't
- Using apostrophes for colloquial contractions – e.g. 'im...playin'...'ave... and normal contractions – e.g. aren't...how's
- Conversational style and language – having the time of our lives...blind as a bat...it's been ages since I saw you
- Slang – e.g. tommies, archies, dekkko, Boche, Blighty, Heimat
- Use of personal pronouns throughout – I, you, we
- Question tags – would go to No Man's Land... crazy, right?!... You know how much I like my sleep, don't you?!
- Use of exclamation marks – tommies and all!      Repulsive latrines!  
I walloped from miles away!
- Use of parenthesis for personal commentary – (like my hopes)  
(I saved it for later)                      (that means you're a beauty)

## Let's remind ourselves of what we wrote yesterday...

The Orchard  
Knowbury  
Ludlow  
Shropshire  
Sy8 3NJ

11<sup>th</sup> November 1940

46 Oxford Street  
East End  
Greater London  
WV15 8NJ

Dear Mum,

I can't believe it has bin a whole week since I left you at the station. What a week it's bin! How are you doing? Is Arthur okay? Anyways, thought I better let you know that we've arrived safe and sound and we're settlin' in alright.

Train was okay, I s'pose – bit long. They put Mary on another carriage, so I was on my Jack Jones for the whole 4 hours. It wouldn't of bin so bad but there's nothing to see apart from fields all the way here. I was absolutely Hank Marvin; I left the lunch you packed me at home.

When we got there, we was met by a strange looking lady with a right funny accent. They bundled us all into some big hall in the billeting office and made us line up like prisoners. It was dead scary. It was made abit better that I was lining up by John – my best friend. It's a small world. Me and Mary stood nice and tall everytime someone walked past. It must of worked 'cause a small, bearded man finally chose us after what felt like forever. He nodded at us and that was it – we was off to live with him.

## Example letter

It turned out that the bearded man was Mr Jones – the local farmer. He is very generous to me and Mary and has the best bacon in the village. We could smell it from a mile away. Mary fetches fresh eggs so Mrs Jones can make us poached eggs on toast for breakfast every mornin'. They have givin us both a toothbrush so we can clean our teeth. The minty taste is really odd. Mrs Jones keeps us both clean and tidy and gives us tons of hugs.

I 'ave learnt so much since I came here. Did you know milk comes from cows? I do now: I have to milk 'um every mornin'. At school, I'm in the big 'uns class with Mr Davies. He is snappy and vile. Ev'ry mornin' he thrashes some poor child with his belt. I 'ent much for it to be honest. Things aint so bad though, I have met some good friends. One of them, who supports West Ham, is much bigger than me – he is huge. Mary's doing alright in the little 'un class: her teacher is lovely.

Next week, it's half term and we're all off to the seaside Mr Jones said (Weather permittin'). I can't wait. I have never seen the sea before but Mrs Jone's stories make it sound wonderful. Best fish and chips in the country she says. They've promised to buy me and Mary a swimming costume so we can swim in the sea: I bet it's lovely and warm. Mary can't stop talking about it.

Anyway, I 'ent got all day to sit here writing. I need to get the sheep in. We are both missing you loads.

Loves and hugs

Thomas