WALT: Write an Informal Letter

62 Lea Lane
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M98BG
Thursday 19th November

Dear Joe,

It has been a long time since we met, you probably don't remember me. If you don't, I'm the boy who was an asylum seeker, but you misunderstood. I was searching for silence. When you came up to me, I was confused. You had a smile on your face while I had a frown. All I wanted was silence but you still tried to make me have a smile on my face. When you signalled me to follow you, I didn't trust you. My mother always said don't trust strangers. You seemed nice so I followed you...

When you took me to the laundrette, there were teenagers laughing, singing, dancing and smiling and I wanted to be part of it. In my mind, a flashback popped up. It reminded me of when me and my friends used to meet up and have fun. After that, you took me to the canal where there were naughty boys throwing rocks into the water. One boy was pushing a trolley with a boy in it. It was unacceptable! When you took me to the dump, it was noisy and it stunk a bit. There were homeless people crying and arguing. I was so confused why they were crying. It wasn't silent at all. Later, we went to the motorway and I could hear cars. There were children kicking cans and skateboarding. The walls were vandalised? As we were heading home, you gave me a sandwich which I was so grateful for. You even gave me the bigger piece. It was delicious.

At that time, I didn't speak English so I just held you hand. It might have been unusual for an older boy to reach out to a younger boy's hand but I was just showing an act of kindness. You may have wondered why I left at night. We had to go to another part of the country because the authorities made us leave as we didn't have passports or the right information. We travelled all night so there was a lesser chance of being sent back to the country we originally came from which wasn't safe. Right now, I am twenty-two and I am studying to be a doctor and I have found silence. Please reply soon,

From the Silence Seeker (Jack). (A.D)