

Dear Mum,

We arrived at the station after a long treacherous journey of bumping across mountainous hills, stretched over many cities. The journey lasted 3 hours and made most people on board 'land sick' if that's even a thing. The food given out was green mush; I don't actually want to know what it was. There were good things though: my teacher was really kind to us while putting us on the train, which boosted my confidence. My friends all signed a card and drew pictures of themselves in it, which was so that I could remember them and our teacher gave us each a tasty packed lunch, which contained a jam sandwich.

It was hard coping with the bombing in Manchester, because air raid sirens far from comforted my tired aching ears. One time we got an hour off hiding under the tables and in Anderson shelters. Arriving here in the countryside has made me feel lonely and nervous, but a small family, called the Greys, have taken me under their wing. Their house is petit, but warm and friendly, as if I were back at home again.

My first day at the new school was actually pretty good, however, making new friends reminded me of my kind, loving old ones; I miss them dearly.

I really hope you're ok living in Manchester, but don't worry: 'be happy'. Are our beloved pets ok, and how are you coping? I'm hoping you're ok. I've missed you lots. Have you heard from Dad yet? I'm hoping you have.

Love you, bye