Y6 Letter Writing: Informal Example Text



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Y6 Letter Writing: Informal Example Text

32 Windsor Gardens
Notting Hill
London
W11 1MB
United Kingdom

1st August, 2015

Dearest Great-Aunt Lucy,

I'm writing to you from my own bedroom in my new home, here in London. I've been adopted by a marvellous family who are called The Browns (whose generosity to bears seems limitless) and I want to tell you all about them and my adventures.

Since you moved into the Home for Retired Bears in Lima so many weeks ago, my life has been extraordinary! Having stowed away aboard a lifeboat on a gigantic container ship, I finally made it to England – just as you said I should. Although it was an extremely long journey, luckily I had just enough of your delicious marmalade to keep me going. On arrival in the port, I climbed on a train and ended up at a huge, bustling railway station where I thought I might find some friends. Unfortunately, I was there for hours before someone spoke to me even though I raised my hat and said, "Good morning," most politely every time anyone passed. In addition, I made sure the label you wrote – the one with 'please look after this bear'- could be seen but everyone ignored me.

Thankfully, just as I was about to give up hope, an especially kind couple – The Browns – saw me and decided that they would take me home and look after me. Can you believe that? Since no one can pronounce my name in Peruvian bear language, they even gave me a new name. I am now called Paddington! Mr Brown explained that is a very distinguished name for a bear.

When we flagged down a taxi, the driver said I couldn't get in because I was a bear; I gave him one of my special hard stares and he soon changed his tune – ha ha! At the Browns' home, I was introduced to Mrs Bird (who is their housekeeper: she looks after them all) and their two children – Judy and Jonathan. My room is located in the attic; it has an incredible view of the city.

Mrs Brown insisted that I needed a coat to keep me warm so she's bought me a beautiful blue duffle coat with a red lining. I'm enclosing a picture of myself in it, looking very smart. As you can see, it goes a treat with Great-Uncle's hat. Oh, talking of which, I've discovered a brilliant way for any bear to ensure that he's always full of energy: Mrs Bird makes me a marmalade sandwich each morning, which I keep in my hat for emergencies!

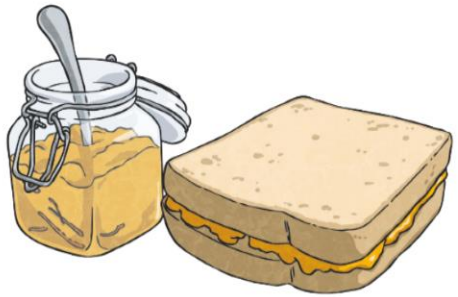
Even though I've only been here a couple of weeks, I've made lots of friends already. The best is Mr Gruber – he's an antique dealer – in Portobello Road. Whenever we visit his shop, he's always got fascinating artefacts to show us. On the other hand, there are less-friendly neighbours around. Mr Curry (the grumpiest man alive) lives a few doors away and he's ALWAYS complaining about something or other. Do you know what he said to Mr Brown last week? 'Bears make the street look scruffy: you'll reduce our house prices.' What a cheek!

Anyway, Mrs Brown has just shouted up that we're off for a trip to the Natural History Museum so I've got to get going now. So exciting: apparently there's a blue whale skeleton there... Write soon and let me know how you are. What are your friends at the Home for Retired Bears like?

Lots of love and marmalade,

Paddington

p.s. even though it's pretty yummy, Mrs Bird's marmalade isn't a patch on yours!

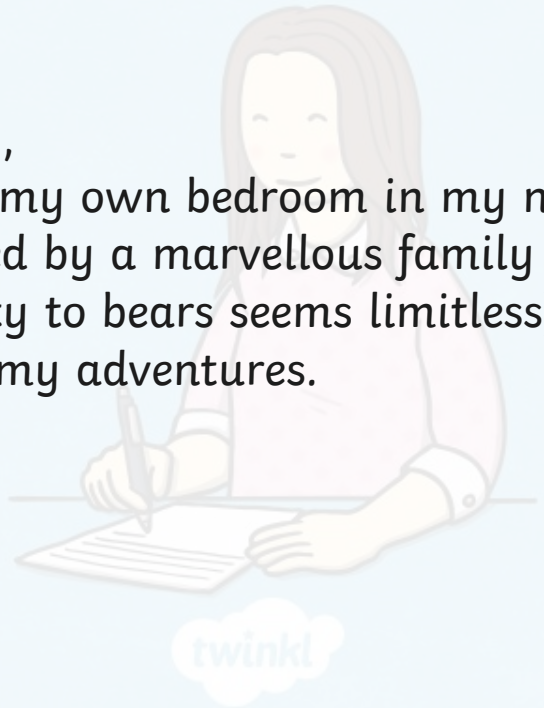


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