

Letter Writing

*There really is nothing like a hand written letter,
and there are more occasions on which to write
them than one might think at first glance.*

Dear Zlata,

They say America is the “Land of the Free and Home of Brave”, but what's so free about a land where people get killed? My name is Thomas Jefferson from Wilson High School in Long Beach, California. I am a fifteen-year-old teenage boy whose life seems to be similar to yours. In your diary you said you watched out for snipers and gunshots. I watch out for gangsters and gunshots. Your friend died of gunshots and my friend Richard, who was fifteen, and my cousin Matthew, who was nineteen, also died of gunshots. The strange thing is ... my country is not in a war. (Or is it?)

The main reason I'm writing this letter to you, Zlata, is because I know you've been in this kind of situation. Your experience moved me and made this big football player cry. (And I usually don't cry.) So please tell me, Zlata, how should I handle a tragedy like this?

Now that I've read your book, I am educated on what is happening in Bosnia. I would like the opportunity now to educate people on what is happening in my “America” because until this “undeclared war” has ended, I am not free!

Your friend,

Tommy Jefferson

The letter is taken from
The Freedom Writers Diary
by Erin Gruwell

An appropriate layout for a letter in English

Sender's address

Date

Salutation (Dear...)

Body of the letter divided into paragraphs

Ending

Signature

Example

28, St Christopher's Road

Ringwood, Hampshire

BH24 1HE

Monday, 27th June 2016

Dear Giovanni,

I hope you are well. My name is Frank Collins. I am 14 years old and I live in Ringwood, which is a small town between Southampton and Bournemouth in the south of England.

I have got two sisters, Cathy and Linda. They are two years older than me. (They are twins.) My dad is an artist and writer. He writes and does the pictures for children's books. He works at home. My Mum is Italian. Her family comes from Catanzaro in Calabria. She works as a secretary at the police station.

I go to Brookfield Comprehensive School in Ringwood. I am in class 4B. I like studying English, Art and Drama. I want to be a writer and artist like my Dad. I am not very good at Maths. I am working very hard at the moment because I have to take an examination soon.

I'm afraid I can't write in Italian. When my mother's family come to visit, they always speak in Italian. Sometimes I can understand what they are saying but I can only say a few words. Please write soon.

Best wishes,

Frank Collins

And now...
It's up to us!!

