

15 Wellington St.
Bridgley
Nr Exeter

04.05.42

Dear Mum,

I hope you are safe and well in London.

When I got on the train to Bridgley I was very upset after saying goodbye. There were lots of other children on the train, crying or shouting. I wanted to cover my ears. I felt a little overwhelmed and so I didn't eat my lunch.

We arrived at the billeting office on Thursday afternoon. I had to sit in my chair quietly and wait for someone to collect me. I felt nervous and homesick. At first waiting made me very anxious. I didn't know if anyone wanted a Londoner like me. I felt more queasy and panicked as the time passed. After what felt like hours, a man with only a little hair and round glasses arrived. He looked very serious and I was terrified he would shout at me, but he smiled, which calmed me down a little. He told to keep my chin up and come along with him.

The man's name is Mr Read and he is the schoolmaster. I am staying with him and his wife in a house on the top of a steep hill, on a winding country road. There are apple trees in an orchard here and the air smells like wet grass and earth. I am enjoying exploring the garden and feel relaxed now that I am here. I am grateful I am staying with nice people.

Tomorrow I am going to school. There are more than a hundred children there. Mr Read says there will be a lot of evacuees like me. I hope I get along well. I would like to do some more maths and spelling but I am not sure what the schools are like here so I will have to see.

I miss you very much and I will write to you again soon.

Lots of love,

James.