



Class 4 Weekly News

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This week, we have finished our recount writing unit using the focus book 'Journey to Jo'burg'. The children produced first drafts of letters written from either Naledi or Tiro to their mother in Johannesburg, before editing and then producing a final draft.

See some of our letters below.

Dear Mma,

I hope you are good in Johannesburg. I do hope this doesn't scare you but Dinor is very unwell - she is vomiting bile and shaking violently. We all are so worried and I have asked Auntie Nono if we could take her to the infirmary but she said it was way too far away, and so expensive!

I do hope you don't mind, but I have taken one of your letters you sent us in the post and took it with me on our journey. We have travelled over 600km so far - do not worry we are fine. Me and Tiro met lots of nice people on the way (A pleasant lorry driver and a very generous boy on a farm!) We have also been to a polling house who offered to do our votes for us and gave us some sweet potatoes and some water and also told us that we were as brave as lions. The boys on the farm let us get some oranges and gave us some where to sleep for the night. I know it was only a rusty shed but it was fine. The very nice lorry driver offered us a ride to Johannesburg, a moment later we came to this very large hill and I told Tiro to sit back but he didn't listen and he almost fell off the lorry but thankfully I had got him in time.

Love Naledi

Dear Mma,

Everyday me and Tiro miss you. A couple days ago we found out Dinor is quite unwell - she is constantly vomiting and can't eat or sleep. If you are around Dinor has an unusual greenish colour to her skin. I found one of your letters and copied it down for me and Tiro to receive your help. I know it was a great and mysterious gift to come unannounced but I know that it was from you. I also wanted Tiro to know with me. I then had some more of our food. I couldn't do the journey by myself or alone. I would have enough motivation to see Tiro. I hope you are well and at home, or Tiro, though you probably are. I would like to go, I am really sorry, Mma.

Tiro and I met some friendly and kindhearted people (a man who works for a farm). He also kindly gave us some oranges before the house was empty and kindhearted people. He also said that he had long hair and was in his long night of Tiro writing this letter to you. I do have a letter along the way, now when I'm writing this letter to you. So there is no need to worry about me. I'm sure of that. We are having some of our legs over some oranges and sweet potatoes. We are being well and have had to be honest and not sleep and not a lorry but sleep, I don't think that it is not the reason I'm writing this to you. Hopefully.

Dear Mma,

I am really worried! Denio is so terribly ill she is violently vomiting bile. Oh Mma her temperature is sky high! I hope you're not mad but when Auntie Nono told us we didn't have enough money to cure Denio I pinched one of your letters with your address and bravely set out to find you with Tiro.

We have met by chance some kind hearted people (a boy who works on an old farm and a lorry driver.) We are on our way to find you, I hope you are still in the huge house in Parktown!

I am so sorry but we were so very hungry, so we started taking good (like oranges) for we have no money to buy good.

I do really hope you're not unhappy at us for running away but I was frightened.

Dear Mma,

Mma this is a letter from me and Tiro. Denio is very sick she keeps vomiting constantly. Auntie won't let us take her to the hospital because we have not got enough money. Mma please stay there so we don't get lost. We are really worried about what would happen to her - she might die so we need you to help us. And we have met a kind boy who gave us some oranges so we would not starve and we will be very careful. We have slept so we got energy but we are walking to you and don't be worried about us. It will take time because it is about 300km away from you. Before we left I did get some fresh sweet potatoes and a large bottle of water from my friend. She was very kind.

From your children, Naledi and Tiro