








TWO LETTERS - 1

Read the two letters, written to the same person.

In Box

Subject: Our Holiday
Search Mailbox

From: djmaximus@mail.com

To: Mike.Corby@mail.com
From: djmaximus@mail.com
Subject: Our Holiday

Hi Dad!

I'm in an Internet cafe in Croydon! It has a coffee shop in it—that's where Mum is (of course!). We caught the tram from right outside Grandad's place.

It was pretty uncomfortable on the plane. Luckily they had computer games and music channels with headphones—otherwise I might have gone a bit crazy from boredom! You were right about the plane food—yuk! They gave me the kids' meals, which was a bit embarrassing. Mine came with mini-chocolate bars though.

Grandad's house is double storey and very skinny. It's in the middle of two other houses and they all look exactly the same. (I'm glad our houses aren't joined together like that, otherwise we'd get lots of complaints from the neighbours about my music!)

Grandad likes wearing ties and he smells like soap. He has LOTS of stamps!! He goes to stamp auctions and buys big bags of them and sorts them. He finds rare ones by using an ultraviolet light to look for invisible marks. He looks like a forensic scientist searching for fingerprints!

Out the back is a cool pond with loads of frogs! There were heaps of tadpoles in the water too and piles of little eggs. Grandad must love his pond! He has three paintings of it in the house—I think Nan painted them.

Tomorrow, Grandad and I are catching the train to London! We are going to go to the Wax Museum, the War Museum and maybe the Science Museum too (hopefully we won't have time for that last one!). We are also going on the London Eye, which is this huge Ferris wheel that looks out over London. I can't wait!

Don't forget to take Mitch for a walk EVERY day, please! Have fun without us!

Max

25 March

Dear Mike

How are you? I hope you are not working too hard while we are away. I expect the healthy dinners in the freezer to be eaten by the time we return (and not too many pizza boxes in the rubbish!).

The flight was long and Max played computer games and wore the headphones for most of the trip—leaving me with no-one to talk to! We dragged our luggage onto the busy public transport system and finally arrived at Dad's. I could see immediately that things had changed. The hedges are overgrown and the front garden is in dire need of weeding. Dad looks well but I think he has put on a few kilos. Too many of those cream cakes that Mum used to ban him from. I've warned him about the history of diabetes in our family!

Dad showed Max his stamp collection and his pond. A heavy rain last night brought all the frogs out! It really is a beautiful pond. (Dad is managing to take care of that part of the garden well!) I crept upstairs while they were outside and saw Mum's clothes still hanging in the wardrobe. It took my breath away to see her things sitting just as she had left them on her dresser, too. Poor Dad. Tomorrow, while he takes Max to London for the day, I'll start sorting Mum's things out. I really miss her, Mike, and I wish Max could have met her.

I look forward to seeing you in three weeks. I wish you were here.

Love

Kathy