

Thursday

Focus group – Mrs Patel

I suppose I should go back to the beginning . During breakfast, mum was acting weird – usually she whistles while she cooks us our ackee and saltfish and asks us questions about our day but today we ate and prepared for school in an ominous silence. At school, an impending sense of doom descended over me throughout the day: I knew something was wrong.

When I returned home, shivers ran down my spine and I immediately knew my life was about to be turned upside down. Without pausing, Dad started rambling on about England and the empire and something about the wind while mums eyes began to brim with tears and her lip quivered. BANG! Then it hit me – we are moving to England. The Motherland. My heart sank... I felt like I had just received a blow to the stomach. I couldnt think. I couldnt speak.

