

## **The Letter**

**By Cindy Screech**

Jean Jenkins woke up in her comfortable, familiar room, and for a moment lay still, listening to the birds singing outside her window. Then she remembered. Perhaps it would come today, the letter she was dreading. Every morning for the last week she had been expecting it, the letter which would bring the results she was waiting for. It had been some weeks since the tests had been completed, but in the late fifties things moved slowly.

There wasn't the rush, which would come later; in those days people were prepared to wait for news, especially when it might not be what they were hoping to hear. Reluctantly Jean dragged herself out of bed and went to the bathroom. When she went downstairs a little later, she had to force herself to eat some toast and swallow a cup of tea. There was no reason to suppose the letter would come today, no one could tell her exactly when the results would come through, but how could she endure another day of waiting? Suddenly there was the sound of the letterbox rattling and the plop of the post landing on the mat. Jean's heart began to thump loudly as she went to pick up the envelopes. Would it be there? Yes, there was the dreaded letter, addressed to her. With trembling fingers she slowly opened it and scanned the contents. She sank down on to a nearby chair, still shaking. "Mum," she called. "It's all right. I've passed all my exams! I've got all the GCEs I need to go to college."