

Reading Museum  
Blagrove Street  
Reading, RG1 1QH

30<sup>th</sup> June 2021

Dear Reading Museum,

Please find enclosed our poems that were inspired by Windrush Day and your presentation which we very much enjoyed.

The talk and other research the children did, really inspired them to think about how the immigrants would have felt about leaving their country, the journey across to England and their subsequent treatment upon arrival in 'The Mother Country'.

We are a Y5 class at Jennett's Park Primary School and we hope that you enjoy our work.

Yours faithfully,

Charlotte

Mockingbirds Class

Connie Lily-may

Ria

Riley

Jack

Serena

Milly

Poppy

Hariupe

Josh.P

Imogen

Alex

Josie

Mate'

Veronika

Josh.F

Cassius

Mateusz

Myla

Matthew

Georgia

Eve

Jack.E.D

Charlotte

Ethan

Mia

[Type here]

Jennett's Park C E Primary School  
3 Tawny Owl Square  
Bracknell  
RG12 8EB

[Type here]

Vindictah

I have travelled great miles to get here  
To get here where I've never been before  
Our mother country, Britain

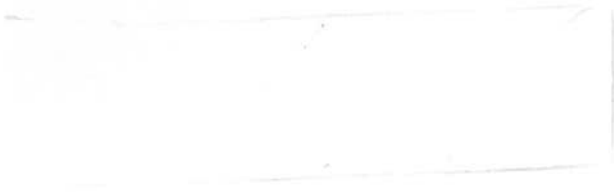
It's hard here Jamaica  
They call me vile names  
I get shored and pushed  
I may as well go away

We are being bullied out here  
We can't even have a nice day  
We get stuck in the cold  
I wish we had a home

'Your home are the streets'

Why prime minister why - It seems you gave us no rights  
It seems this country isn't that nice

I miss you Jamaica  
This island is not like you  
It's harsh and dangerous  
I may as well go away



1948 the year of ~~betrayal~~ betrayal,  
Locked us out so we set sail,  
They welcomed us here,  
But work was endless,  
Leaving home was a lot of sadness.

Us people were bullied,  
At least we weren't buried,  
Sometimes we were happy,  
All we want is a new generation,  
All we thought this was, was a friendly vacation.

Children were told they were illegally living,  
But no white people were giving,  
Please help us here,  
We want our children to be sage to be sage,  
All people give them is hate.

Now told we could stay,  
We couldn't wait to say hey,  
Finally the time has come,  
Now they trust us,  
We can sit on the bus.

Us people are now treated good,  
At least now were not under the hood,  
Now we are happy,  
We got our new generation,  
It turned out to be a good vacation.

I miss you Barbados

I miss you Barbados,  
I really do,  
It feel like we lost you,  
When England betray us



Why us Britian?  
Why? Why? Why?

We try so hard to fit in the crowds,  
But the white people still laugh,  
Well why would they call my name?

Why us Britian?  
Why? Why? Why?

My children are bullied,  
even by their own kind.  
Us people try to fit in,  
this has just turnt into a crime.

I miss you Barbados,  
I really do.  
it feels like we lost you

Why us Britian?  
Why? Why? Why?

We said goodbye,  
left our loved ones behind.

Sailing away,  
around us we see,  
waves splashing against,  
the windrush ship.

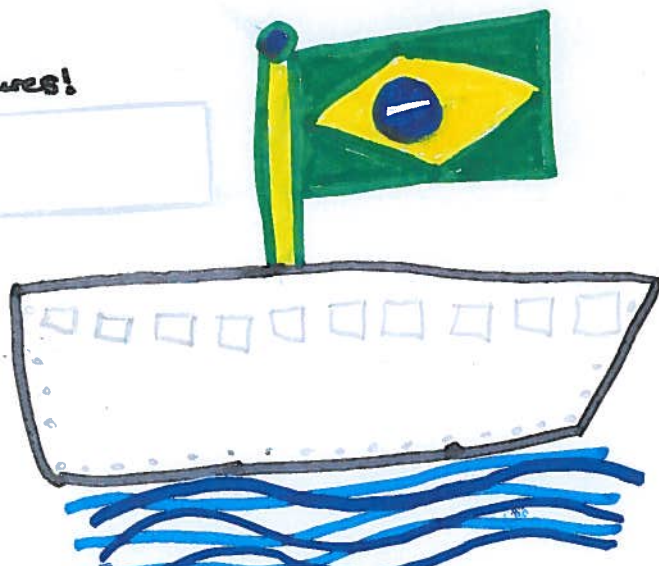
Above us we see,  
birds chirping and swooping.  
Along with the trees,  
that are waving goodbye.

Going to the Mother country,  
beside us we see,  
people waiting to go to Britain,  
to accomplish their dreams.

We are going to Britain!  
but they say no.  
Why aren't we allowed,  
we just don't know.

This is all happening,  
because our skin colour is different to yours.  
That does not mean,  
we are known for slaves!

What a great time  
we will have in BRITAIN  
the MOTHER COUNTRY



# Windrush ship

in going to England

because they called for help

when I got there they called me names

and said I have no rights

Disgusting E large kids were getting

Bulldoze and it never stopped

and I was because there were F on

the cartoon

The cartoon bear is not like this

the cartoon is not wet it is hot

and England is hot and unhelping

1. why did I come here?

they don't want me here and they don't let me go back

why did I drag my family here.



## Wendellish

Goodbye all my friends,  
And all I can remember.  
The sandy shores, the bright blue sky,  
Oh I will miss you.

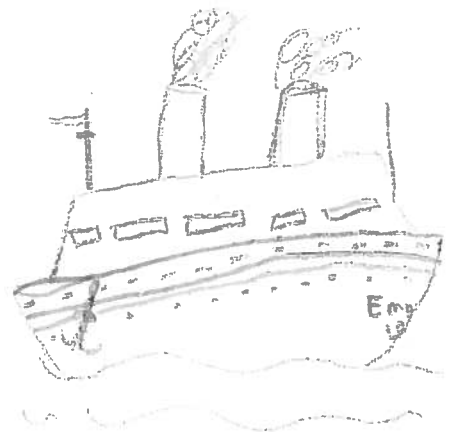
Now I'm here in London,  
On the sorry and rough shores.  
It's cloudy here,  
Can you send me home?

I want my mum and dad,  
Are you sure you want us here,  
All you do is shout at me,  
Oh what have we done wrong?

I faced racism as well as others,  
Why? I don't know.  
We had to stick together.  
Or sadness from afar.

The things I will miss the most,  
Are freedom love and joy,  
The lovely soft sand beaches,  
And my only home.

Goodbye all my friends,  
And all I can remember.  
Now I'm here in London,  
Oh please just send me home.



This land is perishing,  
and miserable and dark.

## Windrush Story

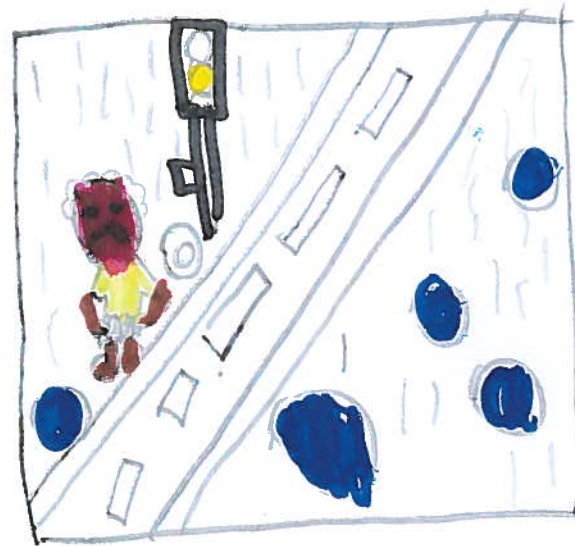
Your streets are pouring with rain,  
and you are breaking my heart.  
Why did you ask me to come here?  
Why are you splitting us apart?

Oh dear, dear, Jamaica,  
How I wish I could see your sandy shores,  
Feel the sand on my feet,  
and hear the gulls squawk above the sand floors.

Why must Britain be like this?  
Why shall they crush our souls?

Because of racism,  
Our lives are like empty holes.

What has caused this?  
None of us know,  
We are just left here,  
On streets with rain and snow.



Windrush Story  
by Matthew Webb

\*NOTE: I did not actually experience Windrush, despite it being my  
Windrush story.



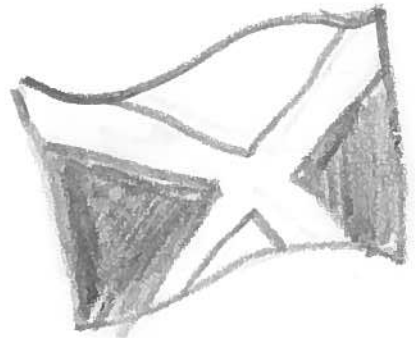
I got turned down again last week,  
Tomorrow it will turn into a three week streak  
Why Britain do your people consider me as a freak?

Me & my wife went on holiday last week,  
They didn't let me in...

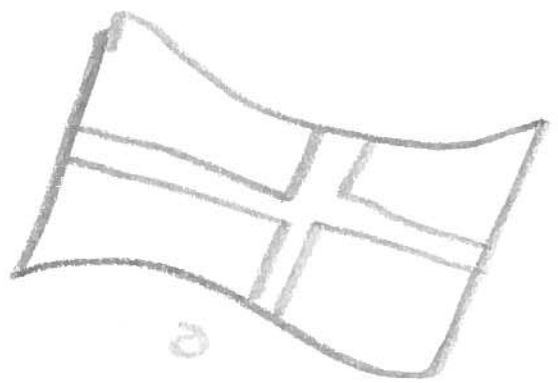
Britain had typed us out

Oh why Britain we are pure at heart

Oh why Britain must you break our hearts?



WINDRUSH



Behind me

Windrush child

There were palm trees swaying in the winds

Above me

Windrush child

Sea gales flying around

Around me

Wind's child

People talking

Beside me

Windrush child

Sand every where

Think of the coconuts falling down

And a bright morning



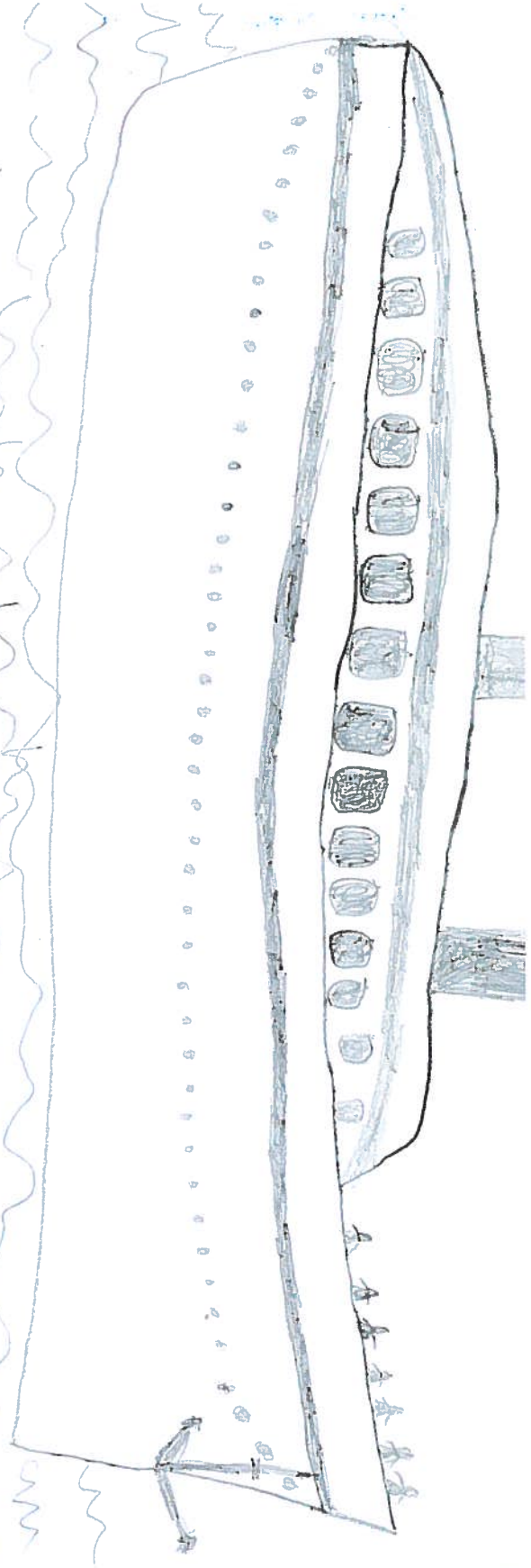
Goodbye Jamaica, I'll miss you alot,  
I hope my memories don't fade away,  
All my friends waving goodbye.

I wonder how it will be like,  
It's probably nice there,  
It's almost time now,  
I'll soon be apart of history.

I could meet new friends,  
Eat differant, delicious food,  
New friendly classmates,  
New fancy instruments.

It's time now,  
I'm going a ship this day,  
Also known as the history ship,  
I'm going to the Mother country.

There are loads of Caribbean people,  
Which are wanting to meet a new life,  
Wanting to meet new friends,  
Going on the Windrush ship.



It has not easy,  
to say goodbye.  
We bided our loved ones,  
a kiss and a wave farewell.

We had been ~~to~~ called  
to the mother country,  
we thought they were kind and generous,  
but we found out the ugly truth.

As our ship neared Britain,  
the clouds faded into a dull grey.  
The air became colder, heavier, as we approached a bay.

Rain fell upon us,  
we all got soggy and wet.  
I missed my family,  
and I wanted to go home.

Britain was nasty,  
I prayed for hot sun.  
I missed my island,  
where we had so much fun.

The ~~poor~~ people here are bullies,  
they were mean and unkind.  
It's not fair,  
they called me here,  
only to treat like dust.

I was sneezing,  
and there was nothing to keep me warm.

## Windrush Story



NO RIGHTS

Above me,  
Jamaican hot sun

Below me,  
Sandy shores

Beside me,  
The Jamaican wind...  
having fun

In front of me  
The Windrush announcing  
its laws

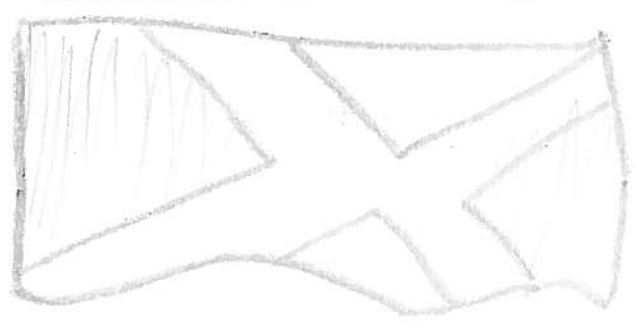
Shaking, Laying, Dying, Crying,  
Swearing, Daring, Sharing, Caring

I miss you Jamaica,  
This island is not like you  
Its harsh.

They kick, pick, trick it just makes me feel so sick!

They call me vile names,  
These people are hard to tame  
And its just not the same

I went to look for accomodation last week,  
A home i may seek  
And maybe a bed with clean sheets  
It will be way better than sleeping on the street.



22 June 1948  
worst year for  
449 passengers  
dissatisfied

22 June 1948  
depressing cold  
weather  
sinking carbeans

22 June 1948  
white people being  
racist  
and why did they  
call me to come.

22 June 1948  
I'm sad in Britain  
I have no friends.

22 June 1948  
I went to school  
but the white kids  
bullied.

22 June 1948  
On the 22 June 2018  
I hope there's no  
racism.  
by Alexandro

WINDY  
CORRIPLEN



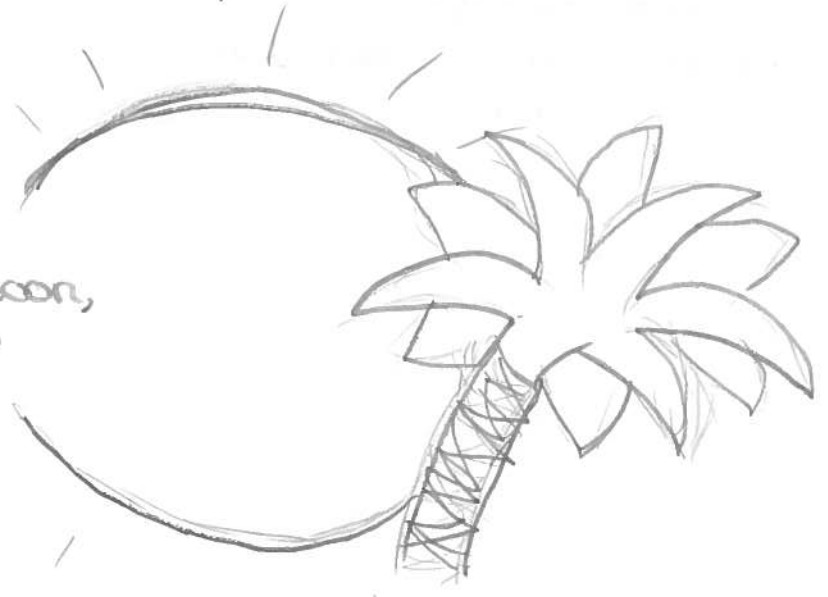
Fair Well

Goodbye, Family, seashells and stars,  
Goodbye sandy beaches, clear shores,  
Now I'm going to a place as far as Mars,

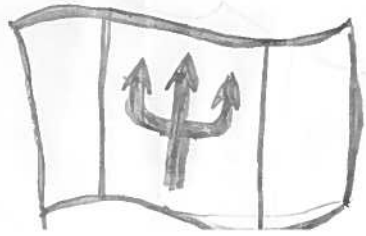
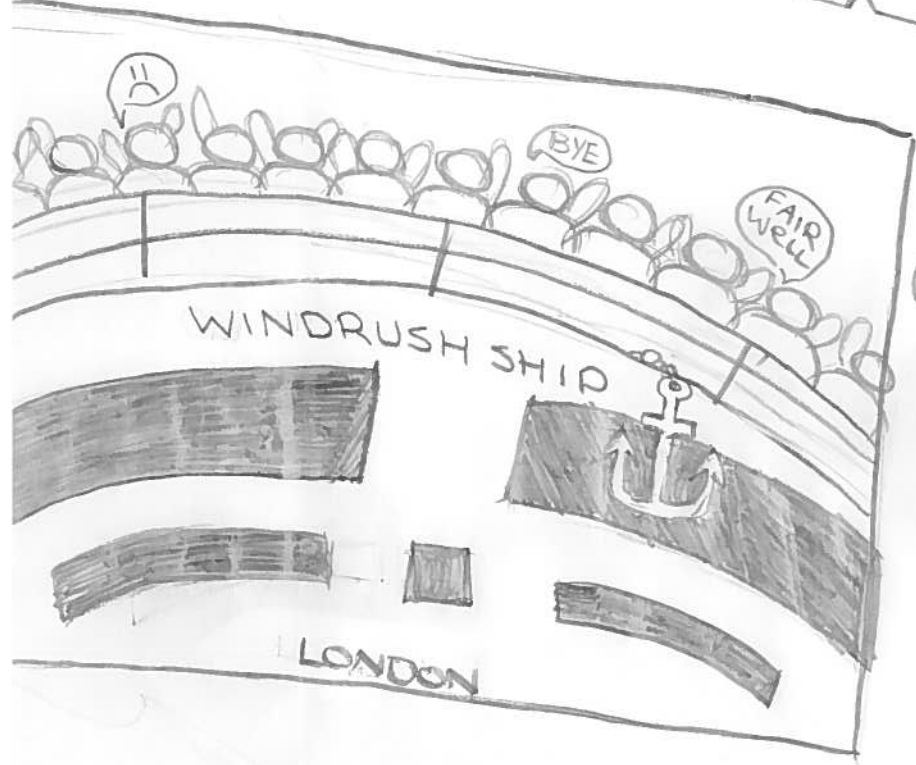
I'm struggling here,  
Losing hope,  
Now I'm going to England,  
Where I just might cope,

The Windrush will arrive soon,  
Keep your fingers crossed,  
I'm going to be a cook,  
In a wealthy house,  
Come and visit me,  
Have a look,

I'm going to miss your Mango sun,  
And your summer carnival fun,  
Now I'm going to a pensive place,  
With rain swept streets,  
And no where to sleep, no one to call  
I'll miss you in Britain,  
Fair well family, Fair well you all.



# THE WIND RUSH SHIP



Wind rush is here  
The time is here  
Waving goodbye  
To family and friends

The hooks all around loud  
Everyone weeping getting on  
Drifting...

Gone  
Now the wait  
People bored lots of sleep

out in the distance  
Britain not as vibrant as  
as we wanted

behind me  
English denying  
People crying why

Above me  
Departing starting to be a crime  
Come on Britain

Why must you break our hearts





Fair well

Goodbye Family seashells and stars,  
Goodbye sandy beaches and clear shore,  
Now Im going to a place as far as Mars,



# Windrush

1948 the year of betrayal,  
Locked us out so we set sail,  
They welcomed us here  
But work was endless  
Leaving home was a lot of sadness

US people were bullied  
At least we weren't buried  
Sometimes we were happy.  
All we want is a new generation  
All we thought this was, was a friendly vacation  
Children were told they were illegally living,  
But no white people were giving.  
Please help us here  
We want our children to be safe  
All people give them is hate

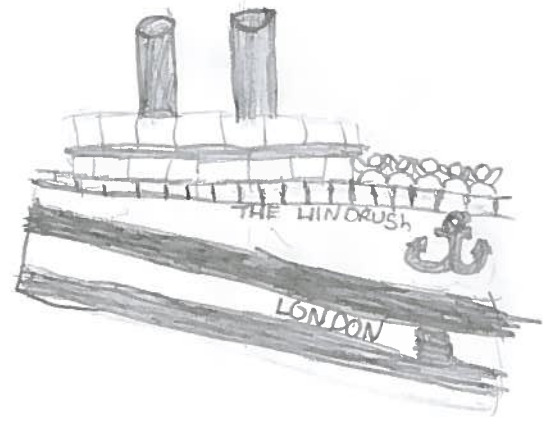
Now told we could stay,  
We can't wait to say hey,  
Finally the time has come,  
Now they trust us,  
We can sit on the bus

US ~~people~~ people are now treated good,  
At least now we're not under the hood,  
Now we are happy  
We got a new generation  
It turned out to be a good vacation

by Eve



## Windrush goodbye



Adios Friends and family

this is not a prank or lerd

I'm being true, really true

tell me when will I see you again?

These people don't like me and call me mean names



I wish I could go home and get out of this place

I'm low on my bills and never should of been hired  
I've always hated my job - Maybe I should be gived

whenever I try to help - they always push me away  
with a geice and horngist, horrible - NEIGH!

I really dont get it - what did we do wrong?  
life seemed short atfirst - but now it's really long

I'm going to miss home

time to take a new step

together in my heart. But not at the sametime  
all on my own, I hope I can cope

I remember mums words

"dont forget to write!"

I promised her with all my heart

"I will try!"



# Windrush Ship

Behind you  
Caribbean trees waving goodbye

Around you  
Blue water shimmering by

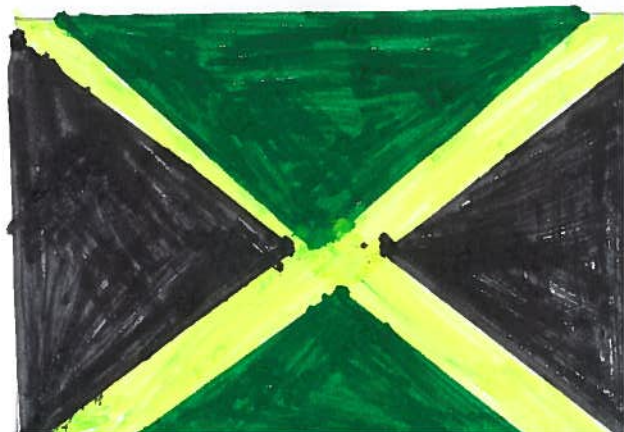
Will things turn out right?  
The ship is arriving at Summer Light.

Striving your Caribbean eye to a  
dark stormy shore is hard to survive

How will it go?  
Hope it's all right

This is the time I have to say goodbye

by Afie



Come on,  
Windrush child,  
People waving goodbye.

We're boarding,  
Windrush child,  
The ship ~~strating~~ starting to get busy.

Stay close,  
Windrush child,

Don't be sad,  
Windrush child,  
Grandma will be okay,  
Do not forget to write.

We miss the hot summer sun,  
Here the weather is rainy

The streets are so busy,  
People being mean.

There are so many vicars,  
The smell is quite appalling.

---

What jobs am I allowed to do,  
How can I help you out?

We need to go on holiday,  
But when we got back,  
We weren't allowed in.

Why weren't we allowed back in?  
We helped them with their economy  
So why were we kicked out?

---



28.6.21

Wave bye,bye! to the carabin, friends and family down below.

abording windrush I go!

excited for the Journey and adventure ahead floating rapidly in the current through the Sea.

People screaming and shouting, I love you to there loved ones byor they disapear in the mist.

up in the sky seagles sing and try to steal food.

I am a windrush child watching the Sea and sky.

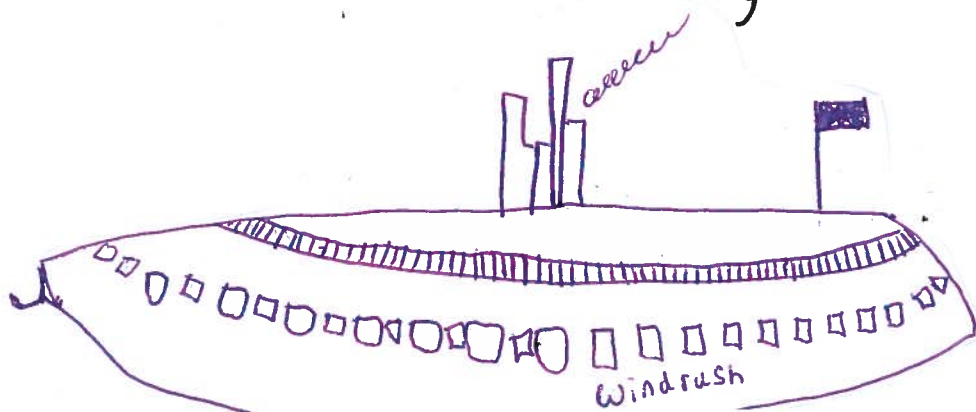
disembarking the ship people rush and push by.

The weather was cold and drowsy just like the wind and Sea.

people bully us for the colour of our skin.

they shout and call us vile names they cant feel the same pain pain.

I am a windrush child being sent away.



The Swaying Palmtrees  
Flow behind me wist  
I say goodbye

Besid me  
Windrush child  
People Jumping in the salty sea

about me  
Windrush child  
Palmtrees swaying across the wind

around me  
Windrush child  
Segol's surcating around me

Think of the big blue waves in the  
sea  
and a sunny morning.



BY Georgia

1984 the year of betrayal,  
the boat for us would never fail,

the people cheerful and happy,

while I ~~can~~ feel unskilled and worried.

I miss my friends,

I miss my family,

and I miss you ~~dearest~~,

sandy shores and waving palms.

you brilliant,

~~your~~ wind swept streets,

why brilliant,

why do you not want us

brilliant why did you break  
our hearts.

why are we unwanted,

you hit them like darts,

how could you shut  
us out.

by etnan





## Windrush

Goodbye my wife  
I love you,  
But I now I have to sail the big

The boat was like nothing in Jamaica  
As perfect as could be  
And as soon as I got on the

Journey was over  
As I ~~was~~ was greeted with a puddle of  
water.

They call me names  
Do they think that's right?  
All I wanted better life,  
A new beginning.

I miss the sandy shores saying HI!  
And the palm trees waving,  
And swimming under the Jamaican blood hot sun  
I can't take the rain  
All day it's dark and gloomy.

The 'mother country' was nothing like a mother to me,  
~~We~~ we were wrong We were wrong  
how could this be?



## Windrush

Goodbye my wife  
I love you,  
But I now I have to sail the big

The boat was like nothing in Jamaica  
As perfect as could be  
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Journey was over  
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## -Windrush Justice-

"We've lived here all our lives"

"And now you tell us we have no rights!"

"We've lived here all our li..."

People are chanting

Yet no one is granting

We deserve all rights

But now you've taken this inequality to new heights.

We've worked for you

Now your making us feel blue

I love your country, I really do

But what makes me feel excluded is...

YOU!

We can't control the colour of our skin

Especially when you treat us like we belong in a bin

No one is listening, I'm sick and tired

What is the point of even trying.

People are chanting

Yet no one is granting

We deserve all rights

But now we may be stuck crying every night.



Good bye I am a can hot sun,

My new home awaits in a dark gloomy shore,

I'm a mindrush child.

Boarding a ship,

A journey of a lifetime,

I'm a mindrush child.

The big ship started,

The anchors are lifted,

I'm a mindrush child.

There's lots of people,

It's really crowded,

I'm a mindrush child.

The clouds turn darker,

The tension is building,

I'm a mindrush child.

This ship arrives,

At Tilbury docks,

I'm a mindrush child.

We get on land,

We've been tricked,

I'm a mindrush child.

They called my name

They say I'm not  
welcome.

I'm a mindrush child

Back in Barbados they had  
bright blue skys now I have  
grey cloudy and no sun.

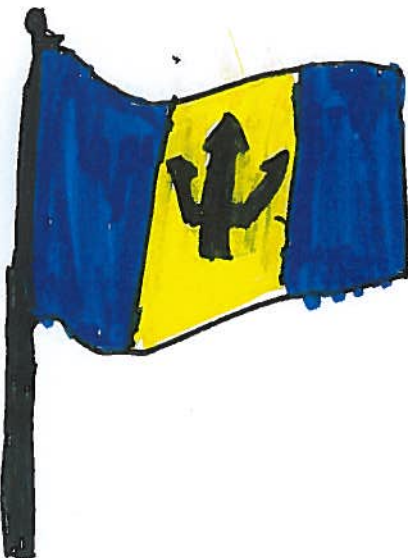
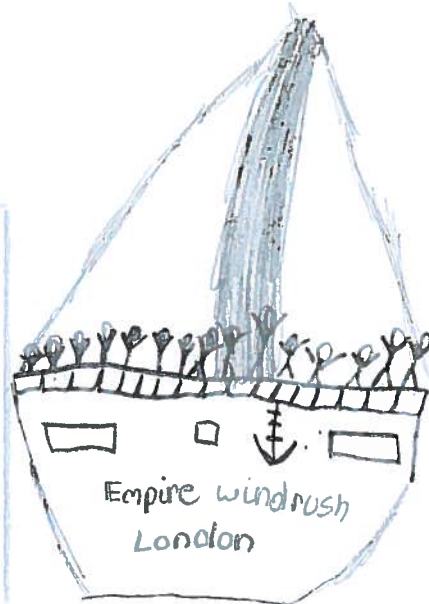
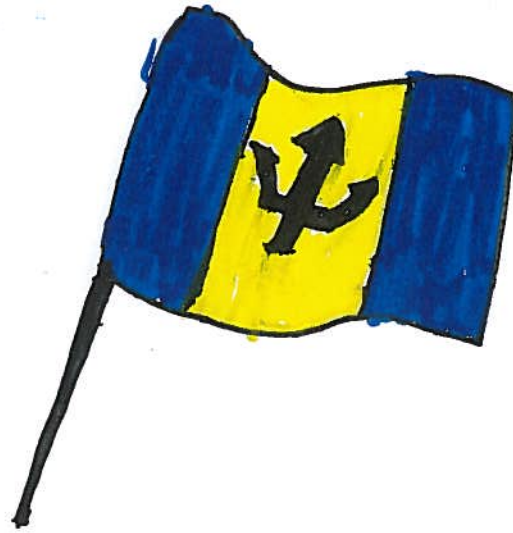
Britain why call me over here  
if your just going to call me  
horrid names.

I've lived here almost my  
whole life so how could  
you tell me I have no  
rights?

People in Britainscream and run.  
I don't even feel safe to walk  
in my own home.

I could cry Barbados save me!  
I wish I could sail back home.  
why Britain why do you keep  
hurting me.

The raining cold country I  
miss the beaming bright  
sun.



Behind me

palm trees wave goodbye,

high above me,  
seagulls call my name to go back.

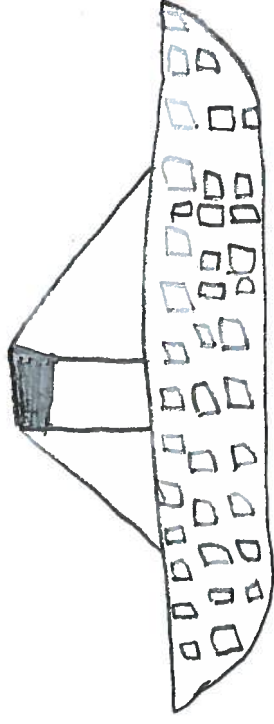
The Winbrish pushes past the sea  
against the waves  
and crystal clear water rushes by.

Next to me,

my mum and dad,  
excited to arrive at England.

I remember the delicious mango  
and our beautiful garden.

A few hours of travel, we Sunday arrive  
and eat into the English rice



Behind me

palm trees wave goodbye,

high above me,  
seagulls call my name to go back.

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