

Dear Pub-going People,

At 8.00 pm today we gather around a big table in the Thomas Becket Pub, mixed in with the colleagues from the Lexical chunks group (H's folk.) To me the feeling of this pub is deep and in a way womb-like (I was scooped out by Caesarian). When I am in there I feel very grounded and rather relaxed. Maybe the pub is even better in the Winter, when you whoosh in from the cold and enter the cosy atmosphere of good-natured talk. Pilgrims' relationship with J the landlord, are firm and good.. it is in both side's commercial interests, as our business English teaching centre is just round the corner.

There is a short-cut footpath down the hill to Orange Street, just by the Cathedral, and, walking briskly you can be down there in 20 minutes.

Mario

ps: I could have taken you into the world of sound or pictures... but decided not to....  
In reading the letter some of you will have created pictures... you will have done  
"sensory translation".

Dear Pub-goers,

At ~~8.00 pm~~<sup>2</sup> ~~on~~ long before

ten we gather around a large table at  
the Thomas Becket Pub. ~~the~~ We'll  
share. the pub and the the group are  
colleagues from the word-dunks group,  
~~the~~ the Pole's group.

L I P O G R A M