

Dear Folk who are gradually getting to know each other,

Some bits of housekeeping:

This evening we meet at the Thomas a Beckett, on the corner of Orange Street, almost in the shadow of the place where they preached the Crusades, at ~~8.00~~ pm. It is really nice meeting in an environment where we can talk of this and that, of cabbages and Kings.

7.30

I like this pub because normally the food is OK and the service is human. Both Pilgrims and I have a relationship with the place.

Today I want to finish off the "grammar chapter" with you by working on affective grammar exercises. These are much more useful with some students than the stuff we covered yesterday and on Monday afternoon. In doing these exercises we need to look at the whole issue of invasiveness and trespassing too far, especially in the case of younger people. Questions of psychological boundaries.....
Yet some people do learn best via "heart" exercises.... The head is only one part...

Can I now ask you to go back over what you did with Gill yesterday pm and also think of a person back home you might want to talk to about what you did with her? This person might be a MT teacher, a colleague who teaches English or simply a friend you often talk to. Relating the stuff we do here to people back home is a way of making it stick.

Once you have finished this conversation, C and N will lead us for about 45 minutes. Exciting.

Mario.

Ps 1.: Tomorrow morning first period you will have Sheelagh Deller showing you ten disastrous ways of teaching, most of which you will recognise because you do them yourself or because you have been on the receiving end of them. She does that lot brilliantly. She will offer you an "anti-model" or rather several. Watch the way she gets rapport with you and yet maintains a distance that allows you much autonomy.

Ps 2 : When I went back to our room at 5.30 I found two of my books left under a chair. In your hands, bags, sight, they are safe. Under chairs around the college they are not safe. Please be careful over this.

Ps: 3 Garcia Marquez once wrote a short story which he called "the colonel has no one to write to him.." H foresaw my situation!