

## AND NOW TO THE POSTBOX

Jack, do you mind if I forget the wretched dissertation for the last few sentences and finish my letter with no thought of the dreaded criteria.

Last week I watched a video called "Babe". It was about an orphaned pig who found himself on a farm where he got to know the other animals, especially a sheepdog that looked out for him. Babe wanted to go out into the fields with the sheepdogs but was told that he couldn't because he was a pig not a dog. To cut a long story short, Babe ended up helping to herd the sheep and indeed he eventually won the sheepdog trials. The way he did it wasn't by nipping at the sheep's ankles and shouting at them like the dogs, but instead he politely asked them to move along and into the pen, which to everyone's amazement they willingly did.

Surely if a pig can herd sheep by communicating with them in a different way, then I can converse on an equal footing with the academic community whilst maintaining my own sense of integrity. I recommend the film and I'd be fascinated to hear what you think about it if you get the chance to watch it.

Well, I think that's about all I can muster for now. This has been the longest letter of my life and I'm absolutely drained, but it's been such fun. I've had you in my mind throughout and can picture the points at which you'd laugh and despair.

I'm sorry its come to such an abrupt end but you did say that you'd like me to get it posted to you as soon as I could. Anyway, as I read it over, I found lots more that I want to say, things to clarify, points to re-consider, and so on, but I haven't got enough time at the moment - I'll have to save it up for later.

I do I hope you've enjoyed reading this (and I'm sending a beaming smile with it). See you soon.

Hilary

P.S. *"The fact of story-telling hints at a fundamental human unease, hints at human imperfection. Where there is perfection there is no story to tell". (Okri, 1996 p.22)*