

wall. Come to think of it, it's pretty near as crowded out with junk as my room back home!

But talking of letters. . . .

Man! I'm just gonna have to have most of these sent after me by sea mail. I gather the idea was to keep them here for me, so I could take them back on the plane with me.

Well, perhaps if I had a Jumbo Jet all to myself I could just about manage! But the weight of this lot would have any normal plane plummeting into the ocean in no time at all. Okay, so I can swim. . . . But I reckon those letters would get awful soggy. So I'm not going to try it!

I guess the most sensible thing would be for me to stay around till I could read through them all here. Right? But then I always did like the notion of a six month vacation in your English countryside!

Seriously, though, thank you so much for all those letters and cards you have sent to welcome me to your country and tell me a little about yourselves. I've only managed to read a fraction of them so far, I'm afraid. But if the others are half as wonderful and sweet as those have been, then I sure am a lucky guy.

I just wanted to tell you that I know it. And thanks! You know, it's funny. . . . I still haven't seen half the famous tourist sights of London, yet I'd rather be here any time.

Would you care to know why?

Well, I guess you don't have too much choice in the matter, 'cos I mean to go right on and tell you anyhow. Quit laughing, Susie, will you!

To get back to what I was *trying* to say. . . . I guess it's to do with a number of reasons all rolled up together really. First off, it's got to do with people. You see, it means I'm right here among folk I like and who I've been kinda in touch with for years. But I've never gotten down to work with them quite like this before.

And, of course, when you look around the walls of these offices, you can't help but be put in mind of one bunch of very special people. . . . You, my fans! There's letters from you, fan club kits waiting to be mailed out to you, pictures of you, and all kinds of little presents that you've sent in.

So in some ways you could say these offices belong more to you than they do to Pat and Susie. And I know for a fact that they won't mind me saying that. In fact, they look mighty

pleased about it. So, you see, that's how it is.

Of course, they might not look quite so pleased when they realise that I'm staking out a permanent claim to their office and they're gonna have to find some place else to work in! But, you know, something tells me they're not taking that seriously, 'cos Susie's still sitting right there taking all this down.

## PERMANENT

Actually, I'll tell you where I'd probably hang out if I could be more of a permanent fixture here. . . . And that's the studio. I was only in there for a brief spell this morning, but it really grabbed me.

I reckon that's what I'd most liked to have been if I hadn't been into music. . . . an artist. Maybe I'll have a chance to try my hand at it later on, someday.

Of course, as you know, Sam's really into art anyhow. So maybe it's lucky he's not along with me today. Else we'd have to *dig* him out of that studio. And I'm not joking on that one!

Hey, you know what I've just realised?

I don't know how long this letter is! Over the months, I've gotten used to how long it should *look* to be the right length. But I haven't got the first idea how long it should *sound*! And there's no going by what Susie's gotten down in her notebook, 'cos it's just a load of meaningless looking squiggles to me.

(Okay, so that's what my handwriting looks like normally. . . . but there's no need to be rude, you know!)

Still, seems like everyone figures I've been sitting here gassing for long enough. And, if I carry on any more, Susie's arm'll most likely drop off at the wrist.

So it looks like the time's come to say goodbye. . . .

And not just goodbye to the D.C. office, but pretty soon to Britain and to all of you once again. . . . It's not one of my favourite words, so I'd like to get it over fast, and start looking ahead to the next hello!

Thanks for everything.

My Love,  
As Always,

David

