**Postcard 1:**

**T**ell you what **H**aving a wonderful time looking at all the sights **E**verywhere I turn I see buildings that can tell a story from days gone by **R**eading their names reminds me of a tale or song passed down through the ages **E**xpressing myself on the page does not do justice to the encounters I’m having **S**ensory organsnear on overload**,** what an adventure **E**veryday there is new and exciting experiences awaiting.

**Postcard 2:** Before this course I had my reservations because Surrey was so far from home. I knew no-one my connection had been as distant as I had not been able to attend the orientation days at NCSU. But now, my Americans counterparts have proven to be warm, open and caring, non judgemental and encouraging. They speak positively and have a zest for life and learning. I am so glad I came on this adventure.

**Postcard 3:** InEngland, County Surrey, University town of Guildford, stands a Public House called the Keep. Its inviting exterior of white brick and dark mouldings, colourful petunias cascading from baskets hanging high above windows and doors. Beckons visitors to enter and take rest in one of the large dark leather couches beside the open fire. Food and ale to nourish the weary traveller and send then send them on their merry way, highlight to a busy day of sightseeing.

**Postcard 4:**

Beside the open fireplace, in a large dark brown leather armchair, I rest my weary bones. I look out the clear glass window fragmented and shaped by leadlight mouldings to the street beyond. The street is quiet only one or two passersby. A petunia or two adds colour to my view as they cascade down the wall from baskets hanging high above windows. Stands a public house called The Keep in the University town of Guildford, County Surrey, England.