

Dear Reader,

I'm writing to you from the Eurostar train, speeding between London and Paris. I am somewhere in Kent. I am on my way to a short story conference in the town of Angers, to speak on the theme of hauntings in short fiction. I don't mind admitting that I'm a little anxious about travelling through Paris, so soon after the nightmarish events of November 13th. It's not a rational fear, I admit – or at least no more nightmarish than the fear of the train crashing, or being hit by a taxi outside the station, or crushed by falling luggage in the hotel lobby, or stricken with food poisoning, or felled by a stroke in the moonlit streets of Angers – but then the point of fear is that it rarely is rational.

We stopped using themes for *The Letters Page* with Issue 5, but it has to be said that every letter in this issue is either haunted by death or bursting defiantly with life. Sometimes a certain mood just coheres in that way. Two of our letters arrived as postcards, and we have reproduced them as such in our centre pages; these will read best if you go to the trouble of cutting out and collating them.

I should sign off here; we're going into the tunnel, and I won't have a signal. I'll talk to you again when I come out into the light. Do write and let us know what you think of this issue, or send us something for the next. We'd love to hear from you.

Yours,
Jon McGregor, The Editor