



was altered
- pushed
- from a
- to be more
- together
again



Northern boundary.
In the same place before dawn,
beside the south wall.

1 2 3

SPECIES

SHAYDONIAN GREBE

DATE

30.10.85

TIME

10
A.M./P.M.

GRID REF

LOCALITY

LONGFORD

HABITAT

GRAVEL PITS

OBSERVATIONS

1 STILL PRESENT HERE

1 SHE LOSTEN HERE

2 BIRDS HERE

1 BIRD

HABITAT

GRAVEL PITS

OBSERVATIONS

1 STILL PRESENT HERE

Continue on back if necessary.

OBSERVERS

WRITING FROM THE RESEARCH ROOM

a collection of poems and prose based on Tullie House's collection of Cumbria Natural History Society wildlife observation cards, dating back to ~1930.

- *[FEMALE (IMMATURE) ROAD CASUALTY (DEAD)]*
- *With Ernest*
- *I still present here.*
- *Re-construction Spell*
- *The Stranger of the Botcherby Night*

punctuated with haikus and images.

- **Artist's Note**
- **Appendix**

See that one?

In the hedge?

Above the hedge, it's dipping in and out of the hedge and the wider tree-line at the back. Look where I'm pointing.

Oh I see it, I would have completely missed that!

I know. That's why you need to practice. Seeing isn't a gift — a given — it's a skill and you have to exercise it every day to make it strong and healthy. Lots of people can just look, but they aren't very good at seeing. You have lazy sight.

I know I do — you're so right. I can't even see my pencil in my own hand. I used to have such a lazy eye that I needed to wear fabric patch over my glasses to kick the other one into gear.

Well now you have two lazy eyes and I need you to put that bird in them.

The patch had a moose on it.

You need the practice.

Okay, okay. Which bird now? There's the one on
the trees or the one by the water and the one
going in and out of the hedge and circling by the
building.

Listen and I will tell you.

Okay.

And write it down.

Okay.

I've already written the species and the
reference on the card, those are the difficult
bits, now it's your turn. 'One. Bird.' Write that
in the observations.

[1 BIRD HERE]₄

Okay now look at the weather. The landscape.
The time, the exact place in the ecosphere,

*[FINE LIGHT MORNING (1000HOURS)₅.
ONE BIRD BY STREAM₆]*

the movements and any specific qualities.

*[ONE BIRD FLUSHED BY COUPLE WALKING ALONG
RIVERBANK FLEW TO SEDGE FIELD, WHERE AFTER AN
HOUR OR TWO WAS FLUSHED AGAIN.]*₇

No, wait, let me add to it.

*[SINGLE BIRD INADVERTENTLY DISTURBED FROM
SHALLOW STREAM SOME FOUR FEET AWAY. THE BIRD AT
ONCE FLAPPED SLOWLY AWAY TO CROSS THE RIVER
AND LAND AMONGST RUSHES ON THE FAR SIDE. NO
RINGS VISIBLE AND THE BIRD APPEARED TO BE IN FINE
CONDITION.⁸ I FINALLY APPROACHED THEM TO WITHIN
c150 YARDS, AND HAD EXCELLENT VIEWS THROUGH
15-60x60 TELESCOPE.⁹ DIVING FOR INSECTS IN THE SKY
OR PERHAPS ENJOYING THE COOL SUMMER WIND ON
THE WINGS. I KNOW I AM — THE COOL SUMMER WIND
BIT. THE WINGS LOOKED SO LONG AND POINTED THEY
COULD SLICE YOUR HEAD CLEAN OFF.]*₁₀

See now you're writing far too much.
It's nonsense.

But you said we would never know what is
useful? Never know quite what people might
need to look at and use as data in the future.
So we should write as much as possible. And
you gave me so many prompts to follow...

Yes, but we know that they will only be looking in the realm of science. Though it was my own fault with the prompts — I let you get carried away. When you write too much you get too lyrical and subjective. It loses all value to science and logic and information. And you'll start making spelling errors.

Maybe they won't have any writing in the future either and there will be institutions and researchers that sit and read our cards and analyse them for lost, old, regionally extinct words, and this will be incredibly valuable to them. They'd look at the spelling errors with a magnifying glass like we look at hieroglyphics, they'd love all the weird little phrases we use like —

*[CHASING SMALL BIRD INTO HEATHER OVER DRY
STONE WALL, NEARLY TOOK MY HEAD OFF, I WAS
BEHIND WALL.]₁₁*

Anyways, I have to write my name on the top of each card, people know it's by me, that a human wrote it with a pen or a pencil, in their own handwriting. Surely that's a big part of the science of it all.

A bit ambitious₁₂, you need to keep exaggerations and expressions to a

minimum, the same goes for similes,
idioms and metaphors. Best to leave them
out altogether. This is serious. Serious work.

I am being serious! Maybe there won't be any
humans at all, something else — a giant race of
stoats or something and they will look at these
cards and get the delight of knowing we were
capable of poetry. Then they will do science
about that, about me and you and the other
volunteers.

Some of use aren't poetic, and we don't care
about nonsense like that at all. I don't want
some poor sod scientist in the future judging me
and this very important work based of your
ridiculous and long winded and frankly *untrue*
and speculative observation cards. And
whatever you think, it doesn't matter. You're
here to do a job. We aren't here to be poetic,
we are here to do a job, to provide a service to
the scientific community. I have given up a
lovely sunny Sunday to be able to further that
cause, and come out here and teach you.
So. Focus.

[MALE QUITE AGGRESSIVE]

You're being immature.

*[~~MALE QUITE AGGRESSIVE~~]*₁₃

Sorry.

*[FEMALE IMMATURE]*₁₄

I really just want to get on with it today. Do you think you could just listen and write and try to understand what you will need to do here? You've just been tagging along for too long now, it's time to learn how to do things yourself without relying on everyone else.

*[MALE DISPLAYING CHARACTERISTIC HEAD JERKING. QUITE VOCAL, WHEN NORMALLY SILENT ON EARLIER SIGHTINGS.]*₁₅

Yes, fine.

*[A SINGLE DEEP, GRUFF NOTE]*₁₆

I'll try.

Thank you.

Let's do another one.

Let's.

Keep looking at the one in the trees over the camping field..

*[1 IN FLIGHT AT CARAVAN PARK ENTRANCE]*₁₇

Or by the stream that runs along the field
fence.

*[1 FEEDING IN CREEKS OR MARSH (OFTEN HERE)]*₁₈

Any particular or special features should also
be noted.

*[1 FEEDING, YELLOW RING (STILL HERE!)
ON RIGHT LEG]*₁₉

Okay, I think that's a lot better. It's all about how you
see and survey the features of the landscape, and
how you recognise the features of the animals
and plants in a clear and precise way. There
really is a right way and a wrong way to see —
though I'm sure that's not what you have been
taught at art school or wherever you said you
studied, there is a correct answer to all the
questions on the card. I'm sure you don't get
it at all.

You're right, sorry, I really don't think I
understand. We are observing? So how
could someone see something wrong?

I really feel like you haven't listened to
a word I have said all day. You need to
practice seeing detail. Picking out the
details — the right details — to convey

the right information, so the reader of the card, the giant squirrels or whatever you said, gain exactly the same and correct piece of knowledge that you did by observing the landscape. They need to be able to take what you have written like a code, and understand it like a computer, so that they can use it to get behind your past eyes and compare that information with the present, to try and recapture it.²⁰

I don't think that answered my question.
[*THEY WERE CHASING EACH OTHER IN WIDE
CIRCLES*]²¹

Try to focus on the details. For example, every “look” you take is like a biodiversity quadrat and tells you incredible things about the habitat and health of the animals you are observing. Or maybe more like a film camera? You take one shot, open and shut the lens to get one still frame. You can read and note species and interactions, find nests, dreys, networks, tales and tails, webs of information with big heavy flies stuck in them. Try and do a card which focuses on details.

*[WHILST STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, FIVE
BIRDS WERE DISTURBED FROM THEIR TREE-TOP
PERCHES AS WE FOLLOWED THIS RIVER-SIDE TRAIL.
THE BIRDS CIRCLED OVERHEAD FOR SOME MINUTES AS
IF DESIRING TO RETURN TO THEIR TREE SUMMIT
PERCHES, BUT EVENTUALLY FLEW OFF UP RIVER.²²
THERE IS A FAINT SMELL OF MINT FROM THE WATER
AND MOSS FROM THE DRY STONE WALL AT THE OTHER
SIDE AND BLUE FLOWERS WHICH STAND OUT AMONGST
THE SMALLER MARGINAL PLANTS BY THE RIVER AND
THE FIELD ARE MOVING IN THE WIND. BUT I DO NOT
KNOW THE DIRECTION, THERE ARE BEES AND IT SMELLS
LIKE SUNFLOWER AND CHESTNUT MAYBE? ANOTHER
BIRD CLOSE TO SHORE AND DIVING CONSTANTLY²³ BUT
ALSO SOMETHING MORE LIKE A CURLEW — I CAN HEAR
IT — THEY ARE VERY UNUSUAL IN THE SUMMER²⁴ —
THEY ARE VERY SCACRE HERE NOW²⁵]*

*Nothing surprising about this, I'm
sure,²⁶ but it's very difficult when there is
too much to capture. Far too much to see.
Especially if you are seeing in details, it could
just fracture and fractal on forever, so now I
am writing as much as I ever was and you said
that wasn't helpful to anyone in science.
[I DON'T KNOW]²⁷ what I am doing wrong.*

It's about knowing which details are important.
That's one of the other parts of seeing, knowing

what not to see — how to cut through. Your
lazy sight just sees everything as a big blur, you
need to slice through it. To have a precision in
your vision. Well. there you go, a rhyme.
Thats all the poetry you're getting.

Narrow your scope again.

Quieten down a little *[I WITH MUTES]*₂₈

and focus *[I BIRD, RESTLESS, AGITATED]*₂₉

into a specific animal, and its behaviour. *[ALIVE AND
IRRITATED]*₃₀

*[SQUIRREL RAN ACROSS OPEN AREA AMONG TREES. IT
APPEARED VERY GREY, FLECKED, WITH A THIN TAIL.]*₃₁

But this feels like such an anaemic
description. It is has overall thin
appearance₃₂ and no interesting
points or ideas in any way. I can
barely even imagine the squirrel
this way. I want to know what
expression was on it's face, if
it was surprised or happy to see
use watching it.

*[IT CERTAINLY SEEMED TO ENJOY THEM.]*₃₃

I told you, and you also agreed, that the
immediate value in the cards is sometimes
elusive or absent₃₄ to the observer. I think
that is a well written one, I would be happy

to receive it, if I were a museum.

Okay fine, bland and boring it is.

*[HUNTING OVER BOG]*₃₅

You need to improve either your sight

*[HUNTING OVER HEATHER]*₃₆

or your knowledge of biomes.

*[HUNTING OVER FIELD BY ROADSIDE]*₃₇

Thats better.

Try this one on the roadside before it runs

off. Oh. Actually, I don't think that one will
be running anywhere soon.

Yes I think you're right.

*[DEAD ON ROAD]*₃₈

*[DEAD ON ROADSIDE VERGE]*₃₉

*[ROAD CASUALTY (DEAD)]*₄₀ ?

What do you think is best? What is the
most respectful. Not just ROAD KILL₄₁,
Surely?

*[DEAD ON WAYSIDE]*₄₂

Just be clear, it doesn't matter how
you say it. We know what you mean.

*[DEAD AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. A69.]*₄₃

*[I. FRESHLY DEAD ON ROAD]*₄₄

For goodness sake, just be quick.

*[HIT BY CAR, DEAD]*₄₅

*[I DEAD]*₄₆

I think I have to move it, it looks so sad.
I could take it home maybe. Do you think
the museum wants it?

Absolutely not. It is a clean and proper
scientific institution. You're so immature.

Yes, of course, sorry.

*[FEMALE (IMMATURE). ROAD CASUALTY (DEAD)]*₄₇



I came trotting through
the garden, across the lawn -
ignoring the trees!

48

~

One was alerted,
flushed from a sycamore,
to settle again.

49 50

Unable to stop
and examine carefully.
Cold enough for gloves!

51 52

~

Irritated at
coffee and shades of orange
I have never seen.

53 54



With Ernest

It was not unusual for the institution to receive natural history donations. The taxidermy and skins section of the museum archive took up the majority of the store rooms, and were the pride and joy of many collectors who had worked there, as well as the wider community the collection served. It wasn't unusual to get donations from anonymous sources, or to have them dropped off after museum closing hours. It wasn't unusual to receive things which needed identification or slight reconstructions. What was unusual was to receive donations shoved into the small letterbox of the administrative office's front door, and to arrive upon them first thing in the morning, before having even a sip of coffee to dampen the inconvenience.

The donated parcel had the impact of a rock through a window — and was wrapped much the same way — with jagged and poorly cut sections of brown postage paper wrangled by long lengths of butchers' string. There was a hand written label which had become smudged and utterly unreadable in the heavy morning mist. This was due to the parcel being slightly too big to fit fully though the bronze letterbox, and so it stuck out half way up the door, bisecting the office and garden boundary. It pierced the face of the building like an arrow, half in the damp mist of the outside air, and half in the damp warmth of the interior offices. You could even peak into the Jacobean building

through a small gap in the letterbox, and nosey at the dark ornate staircase and various landscape paintings of moody local hills. The slightly gothic and morose behind-the-scenes-stuff was leaking out of the private space and onto the front porch in an attempt to run free down the street. Escape?⁵⁵

The mystery hung there mid-freedom until Ernest arrived, ready for a steady day bound to a pile of paperwork on his desk. Initially, he hadn't even seen it lolling about there⁵⁶. He unlocked and swung back the heavy office door, and the dry half of the parcel created a cushion which bounced the door back at him with a shove. He looked back, slightly offended at this betrayal to his usual routine and surprised at his lapse in spatial awareness — no one likes to be surprised at 7:45am⁵⁷. Especially not whilst wearing a heavy wet coat and being bitterly uncaffeinated. Peering round the wooden door he found the strange culprit and began attempting to remove it from its clamped position.

It was rather heavy and rather stuck, and Ernest tucked his books and bag under his right arm to get a better grip and persuade the creature out of the bronze drey. It would not fully fit through the letterbox to land inside of the door, and after ten minutes of attempting this, Ernest angered a little in the realisation that it could very easily be removed the way it had come in. He carried it up the staircase at an arms length.

His books, bag, and new focus were deposited on his desk, which sat at the back of a spacious and terribly kept office. Around him piles of books grew from the floorboards like pulpy trees with attached handwritten notes like leaves, and stacks of drawers and boxes held precious objects like [ANIMAL BONES] , [UNACCESSIONED GEOLOGICAL ITEMS] , and [UNIDENTIFIED SKINS]. The mystery parcel would fit in well, there was surely nothing which could evade categorisation amongst the breadth of objects at home here. Soon it would find a place amongst the things and stuffs, or a home in the bin with the unwanted projects and old paper rubbish.

Ernest hung his coat on a hook by the door and settled into the day. His sleeves were pulled up and a pair of rubber gloves were pulled on, and he began to cut the twine of the parcel. As each layer of paper was peeled back, he had less and less of an idea what he was looking at. The object had not been wrapped in any kind of cushioning, it was loose in the paper, and this messiness implied the crude donation of a roadkill bird or mammal — but Ernest couldn't seem to locate a head or any feet. He rotated and lifted the creature meticulously and carefully, unsure of it's condition, and stood up from the office chair to get more of a birds-eye view. What initially looked like thick downy feathers became long and thick fur, and on a third inspection may actually have been heavy moss, or perhaps a loosely woven fabric tassel.

There were loose stones in the package shaped like arrowheads,
or maybe long detached claws or petrified wood shards. Flaps or
folded sections which looked like wing,
leg,
lapel,
sycamore leaf,
fountain pen nib,
fletching,
flounce,
sleeve,
armour shapes all blended and melded together into a
completely un-discoverable and changing form.

Ernest looked at his gloves, there was no dust, blood, or sap on
any of them. Not even any pigment payoff from the sections of
the creatureobject which looked a little like chipped ochre rock.
There was no smell, or maybe it smelt exactly like the office so
he couldn't tell, or maybe it smelt exactly like him? He sat,
reaching for the smudged label which didn't remove a ounce of
mystery or offer up a single clue. Most squashed and damaged
donations where useless to the museum, both for display and
research purposes, and there was not much that hadn't already
been donated before. They received tens of "exceptional" red
squirrels specimens each year, but there was only so many ways
which Ernest could pose them to keep the displays unique. How
could an unidentifiable specimen like this even be displayed?
Where could it possibly have lived? There were wings for flying
and claws for climbing but also patterns which resembled

needlepoint, for decorative use perhaps? Shards which were pointed, some kind of archeological tool? Should it be pressed and added to the herbarium? It was likely a plant or fungus, that would explain it's alien nature, perhaps it could be placed in a glass case with mud and autumn leaves. It could be a guessing game for the museum visitors and other researchers alike. Maybe it would live out it's life in the research and store rooms, hiding lonely until someone finally figured it out.

He cut off a section of mossy fur and it shrivelled like a pressed plant. He sliced what he thought was bone and it crumbled like Cumbrian slate. He put a section under his microscope and the image couldn't be unblurred. He had absolutely no idea what he was looking at.

He found a new, empty cardboard box and a clean specimen label. He dipped his pen. They would have to start a new collection — something entirely new.

It took a bounding
zig-zag course, erratic flight,
into the water.

I still present here

Restless, active,⁵⁹

I was alerted to the presence of the flock.⁶⁰

Observe (by telescope)⁶¹

as they feed on seeds of elm..⁶²

The swallows going mad.⁶³

I seen flying East in strong winds.⁶⁴

I arrived in the morning and stayed for several days,⁶⁵

grazing on banks of the River Eden,⁶⁶ lazily upstream.⁶⁷

I flew west, mobbed by rooks,⁶⁸ (dark bellied) amongst a flock.⁶⁹

I was seen feeding in the sea off Grune Point.⁷⁰

Came in on tide

(on water).⁷¹

Swam a little, took off, and landed.⁷²

Stopped to look back.⁷³

I with barnacles⁷⁴

(or another).⁷⁵

I seen here, in this upside-down position.⁷⁶

I didn't stay long.⁷⁷

I stayed about 10 minutes before going south.⁷⁸
It's probably safe⁷⁹ (I was told)⁸⁰ of body, and under chin,⁸¹
to settle again.⁸²
Frog, I.
Slowworm, I⁸³,
feeding in creeks or marsh.⁸⁴
Nests delicately woven in high grass⁸⁵,
found out in the middle of the bog amongst cotton grass,⁸⁶
(still here!)⁸⁷
I ran from stone among the heather.⁸⁸

I flew North,⁸⁹ became aerial.⁹⁰
I still there from last year,⁹¹
I still around,⁹²
in verge vegetation⁹³
off the north bound hard shoulder of the M6.⁹⁴
North wind strong,⁹⁵ ditch still soft and open.⁹⁶
Climbing in creeper⁹⁷, up a beech⁹⁸, in honeysuckle.⁹⁹
Feeding on a hot afternoon.¹⁰⁰
Trapped and dispatched. I live nearby.¹⁰¹
Still present at year end.¹⁰²

I seen here.¹⁰³
I seen here.¹⁰⁴
I still present here,¹⁰⁵ I still around.¹⁰⁶
I still here from last year.¹⁰⁷

Still present at year end.¹⁰⁸

SPECIES

RED SQUIRREL

DATE

19.5.75.

TIME

A.M./P.M.

GRID REF

LOCALITY

SKELTON WOOD ENDS

HABITAT

MIXED WOODLAND.

OBSERVATIONS

1 SEEN HERE.

1 SEEN HERE

1 SEEN HERE

1 SEEN HERE

1 SEEN HERE

Continue on back if necessary.

OBSERVERS

JBR

Carlisle Natural History Society — Field Record Card. Please
return to: Secretary, C.N.H.S., c/o The Museum, Tullie House,
Castle Street, Carlisle CA3 8TP

RED SQUIRREL

DATE

13.5.75.

TIME

6 A.M./P.M.

GRID REF

LOCALITY

KIRKCAMBECK.

HABITAT

STREAMSIDE TREES

OBSERVATIONS

1 SEEN HERE

1 SEEN HERE

1 SEEN HERE

1 SEEN HERE

Continue on back if necessary.

OBSERVERS

JBR

Carlisle Natural History Society — Field Record Card. Please
return to: Secretary, C.N.H.S., c/o The Museum, Tullie House,
Castle Street, Carlisle CA3 8TP

Watched by a buzzard,
I ran from stone among the
heather, close to shore.

109 110 111

SPECIES	White-fronted Goose	GRID REF.
LOCALITY	Taslin Tarn,	DATE 10.12.94

OBSERVATIONS, HABITAT, TIME, ETC. Single imm. (European)

First of the species seen here
Still present at year end.

first of the species seen here
Still present at year end.

Continue on back if necessary. PTO

OBSERVERS

ENTER 'C' IN THIS BOX IF YOU
WISH RECORD TO REMAIN
CONFIDENTIAL. ☐

Carlisle Natural History Society — Field Record Card. Please
return to: Recorder, C.N.H.S., c/o The Museum, Tullie House,
Castle Street, Carlisle CA3 8TP. Tel. 34781

Re-construction Spell

~

They dig a small comfortable ditch as a bed, then cover the object up with soil. Larger stones are laid on the top, gently pressing the object into the ground. A dry-stone waller helps, laying the rough bricks with time-tested ease and intuition, bigger stones circling the outside of the mound, and smaller pebbles building height and stability in the centre. On completion, the tower is like a nub of grainy incense, and its magic radiates like a scent would, filling the pores of those watching and waiting to help with the spell. Time passes. The mound gets mossy and overgrown, some of the bricks fall off and get kicked about by animals and strong ivy vines.

~

Hacking through the old growth, they uncover and reconstruct it again.

~

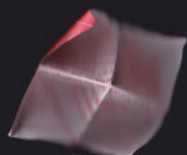
The archeologist begins to remove the stones one by one. Each rock is numbered and labelled, laid in a small cardboard box for sorting, and stacked like strata in the cupboards at the side of the room. Their soft, eroded hands lift the delicate deflated object from the dry dirt, placing it on a clean table. Large feathery brushes remove the dirt specs, soft cloths polish and uncover glass, metal and bone. Chisels prise the thing apart, and the survey goes deeper. The interior structures are removed and placed in separate terracotta jars to mellow. Sunk in rosemary oils, saline water, and honey, they breathe in their new, roomy homes. These are tidied away into the shelves with objects of their own kind, round mysterious sandstone balls sit by the orbs of the object, the old bones keep time with weathered wooden spears. A section of unnatural bubbly growth is paired with an over-oxidised and bulbous metal sword. Everything on the table is cleaned and packed with care. The archeologist lifts the object onwards, and washes their hands.

The ceramicist wets their hands in the same tall bucket and pats them gently on their apron to dampen the drips. They hold the object like a soft clay coil, working it in their hands more than in their eyes. Muscle memory takes over and the object is trimmed and spun and hydrated with precision. They start to hand-build, taking balls of rough Raku clay and shaping them to support the face. They take an old porcelain cup from the cabinet and throw it onto the ground. Floral and chinoise shards with gold lustre edges ornament the mouth. The ceramicist smiles back at a job well done. The steel worker looks at the two dimensional plans and the three dimensional model. He uses a heavy set of leather lungs, an ancient bellows, to blow the thing up. Oozing molten materials flow through vessels to puff out the form and give breath and breadth. Cold, hard lines pose and support. He is missing a piece. You ask the Eider Duck to get it and it flaps off towards the factory. The object moves forward on the conveyor belt.

The seamstress touches the object to work out its fabrics, this spell relies on careful and tailored handiwork. Soft matted textures warm like wool. Other, crossed, mineralisations breath like cotton. She takes a small knife and carves a needle from one of the rosemary scented bones. The end is dipped with a copper oxide glaze, curtesy of the ceramicist, and is threaded with a long strand of grass.. Digging through hampers of cloth, the seamstress selects a silk dress with soft bluebell embroidery and stuffs the object with it. Other charms are added in. Bunches of herbs from the garden, roman coins, a rolled up scroll with instructions for next time. The needle walks through the object and joins everything together with a path. Dotted footprints, a running stitch. Access as accessibility. She opens another box, and it folds outwards on both side like a set of stairs, revealing a glittering geode of buttons and beads. Round clumps of jet and hematite, threaded securely with a long line of light — right through the bead's eye. A whalebone, a piece of carved ornate ivory, as acting spine. It clips into the steel boning installed earlier.

The artist clips a section of fur and uses a strip of tinfoil to secure it to old wood. A petrified paint brush dipped in ancient ochre and lead and crushed local sienna. Ground eggs for pure, crisp whites. Yolks for honey gold. The details are added. Soft lights in the grass and little scurrying, flat bugs. Once all the paint is added, the brushhead is removed from it's wood and added back into the coat. A purple bruise amongst the rest of the fur. Using inks and gels, the artist dips their fingers and carefully adds lights back into the eyes. Similarly worked objects in the storerooms watch on, eyes moving in REM sleep, dreams of the grasslands and caves and crevices they lived in and lived as. A graphite pencil darkens the shadows, and 0.3mm lead is used to tattoo areas of the skin with notes for identification. "Found in woodland." "Bigger than usual." "Running along road at dusk". When the work is done, the object is added to a large glass box to live.

The curator will wonder on display. The test of contextualisation, where the object can settle in the neighbourhood of objects in the collection. Paper furniture, little labels, other unusual objects to really flesh it out. Bug traps are added to the display to catch some company. The case is bored into the wall like an imaginary window. A window which doesn't look in or out, but rather slightly sideways, a vision that's just a little bit off. Existing as a presence of the past which will be the same in the future. This display nests in the branches of a long fossilised set of antlers, and a painting of a mermaid hangs nearby to keep guard. Everything settles and sediments into one large display. Roots grow together and with one another, everything is tangled and messy and all made of each other. Each object talks to the other one in a totally unique way, and this conversational spell fills the silent room.



7



8



The Stranger of the Botcherby Night

[The specimen noted hunting industriously the grass verges of the factory perimeter road and smooth lawns. A very small example suggesting a very late birth numbers are seen at varying times here and appear to be resident within the factory grounds.]

10.iii.83
0030 hours.
about . 112

[A SINGLE specimen found underneath one of the factory conveyor belts. IT APPEARED TO HAVE A SMALL METAL OBJECT BUT DROPPED IT

ran away through a gap in the wall. Could not identify, maybe an Eider Duck (?)]

8-10-1985

[1 Whiskered Bat was seen roosting about a staircase inside British Sidex Factory.]

21-8-1987 113

[1 Whiskered Bat was seen roosting for the day in a factory doorway.]

5-8-1987 114

[1 imm Night Heron was flushed from a sycamore tree on the banks of the River Caldew behind Nestles Factory. {We} were in the same place before dawn the next day (21-10-90) hoping to see the bird flying in to roost. After about an hour of daylight we still hadn't seen the bird, and decided to cross the river and see if the bird was indeed there.

We didn't see the bird in the tree untill it flew out, enabling us to positively identify it.]

20-10-90 115

[1 SPECIMEN sitting alongside 2 Whiskered Bats in the foyer of the factory. STRIKING black and white colour, low call, seemed to be communicating with the Bats and another smaller specimen present (HARVEST MOUSE ?). Pile of tools nearby.]

19th October 1994

[1 dead Whiskered Bat ? was found on the floor of the Welding shop. Cause of death unknown.]

7-8-95 pm. 116

[HABITAT

Factory

2 Whiskered Bats were seen sleeping on the fitting shop wall. One was partially hidden behind a sliding door only 1 foot off the ground —→ 19-9-95

The ~~baek~~ bat that was behind the door was found crushed the next day. Whether by the door being opened and crushed between door and wall. Or by being knocked off the wall by the door and then crushed by something dropping on it, I don't know.]

18-9-95 117

[red fox VULPES VULPES seen in factory grounds. Drake Eider also present though both seemed very comfortable with each other — V. unusual.

A roe deer also reported perhaps all are leaving an area of nearby deforestation? Eider Duck warm in the rafters of the main factory building. Responsible for turned up boxes?

SOME WORKERS REPORT SEEING A BIRD STUCK IN THE FACTORY OVER THE WEEKEND. UPTURNED BOXES AND PAPERS IN DISARRAY. SOME PAPERS EATEN OR MISSING]

31 Oct 96

[EVENING. MALE EIDER CAPABLE OF WALKING BUT NOT FLIGHT. Squatted "DUCK-LIKE" IN THE SHORT GRASS OF THE FACTORY GROUNDS. Slept in huddled fashion in the grassy grounds.

THIS STRANGER OF THE BOTCHERBY NIGHT WAS GONE BY DAY BREAK (FIRST GLIMMERING LIGHTS OF THE BREAKING DAWN,) SECURITY STAFF FELT SOMEWHAT REFRESHED FOR ONCE AFTER NIGHT SHIFT! AFTER ALL THIS WAS SOMETHING OF A RARITY FOR CARLISLE.

I FEEL CERTAIN DISTANT OCEANIC WATERS WOULD BE MORE TO THE VISITORS LIKING.

THE POOR DRAKE EIDER MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THE NIGHT SKY EXHAUSTED!

appears to be resident within the factory grounds.]

Saturday 27th April 1996 118

[This buzzard was killed by a Nestles Milk Tanker on the A75 near Annan. And was given to me by {someone} who works there.]

26-12-99 119

[1 ♂ Peregrine was seen plucking and eating a Black Headed Gull in the field between Low Mill and Nestle's Factory.]

20-11-99 120

[EIDER positively identified in the office of Factory building. RUMMAGING THROUGH THE BOXES AND TAKING Sheets of paper seemingly at random. FLYING TO ROOST IN THE RAFTERS ABOVE THE MAIN FACTORY EQUIPMENT.

TOOLS AND OTHER OBJECTS MISSING AND FOUND IN THE RAFTERS TOO AFTER INVESTIGATION WITH TALL LADDERS. 1 Eider has built a NEST (Nestle?) IN the factory using elements of machinery and stray tools.

Workers have been advised to keep all tools, scrap material, pens on their person. So that they are not stolen by the thieving Stranger. Although the Eider is most welcome and it's company thoroughly enjoyed.]

1st November 2000

[The DRAKE EIDER has lived in the factory ground for many years, and is well regarded by the other workers.

ITS AFFINITY FOR PAPER AND METAL OBJECTS HAS ALLOWED IT TO BE TAMED (?) (EMPLOYED) TO PERFORM REGULAR DUTIES FOR WHICH IT IS PAID IN SMALL PIECES BREAD AND OATS FROM VARIOUS LUNCHES OF IT'S HUMAN COLLEAGUES. Duties are across the fields of FLOOR MANAGEMENT, ACCOUNTING AND BOOK KEEPING, and HR.

The Duck is a hard worker and follows hierarchal command without complaint. It is due for promotion in 6-8 months depending on its performance over the tough winter period. DUCK IS A FIRM FAVOURITE of the security due to its CONSTANT quiet presence in the building AND ITS DECISION TO UNIONISE WITH THE OTHER ANIMALS IN THE FACTORY (mice are no longer as present, only moving through the south side of the building, away from those working the North doors). FOXES NO LONGER UPTURN THE BINS.

Management reports some disturbance to machinery due to falling items of the Drake Eider's nest. Some clogging and discolouration. THOUGH they are happy to amend these inconveniences IF and WHEN — as the Eider is primarily a valuable and essential member of the factory team.]

Monday 14th September 2008

Lying on damp grass
off the north bound hard shoulder.
Only I survived.

121 122 123



ARTIST NOTE

These pieces of writing and digital images were made during a 17 day residency with *Tullie House* and *Climate Museum UK*, during Megan's role as Climate Museum UK Young Associate. Megan's practice originates in drawing and writing, and she is interested in the way landscapes, animals and humans interact! During Tullie House she was interested in a collection of wildlife observation cards, originally collected by the Carlisle Natural History Society. These hand written and typed cards contain recollections of animal and plant sightings, and are often written uniquely and beautifully. Some even contain drawings, attached photographs, and maps.

Megan hopes to show this hidden part of the museum's collection, and reflect on her time working in the research area of Tullie House — an area not available to the public. She reflects on the content and artistic value of the cards, and what it means to observe and collect in *[FEMALE (IMMATURE) ROAD CASUALTY (DEAD)]*, and elaborates on more of their unusual tales in *The Stranger of the Botcherby Night*. Some writing from the observation cards are taken verbatim, to make a series of haikus and the poem *I still present here*. Even though the observation cards are used solely in the Natural History section of the museum, Megan also wanted to think about the Tullie House collection holistically, imagining combining the archeology, geology, costume, and art collections through writing, and in scanned images and sculptures.

