Self-Contradiction by Jeremy Baumberg (Fellow)

No Other by Patryk Jan Bratuť (Postgraduate)

Echoes in the Chapel by Kate Coghlan (Staff)

The Sea Child by Hannah Copley (Postgraduate)

"Daddy… please tell me a story!"

“Now I was coming down those parts in search of things to trade. This was

“When I met the Sea Child she told me this wasn’t always her fate. She was destined to become a fishwife, living her life devoted to pleasing the rivergod and producing children to join the river people (if they survived the nightsickness that is). She knew deep in her soul that the river was her kindred, just as you and I are bonded to our horses in the palace stables. The death of her mother had put an end to those dreams.”

“Each time, her caretaker hitched her onto the back of the mule and they set off, up along the twisted path past the small fishwives houses and the warped

“Well my son, by this point I was mighty interested! Blue minerals that prevent the nightsickness and the stop you dying from the pink rain! Now I may not be a learned man, but I can read a person like the back of my hand. I knew what the Sea Child wanted above everything else: freedom. I persuaded the Sea Child to take two of my leather pouches and to fill it with the blue mineral, and bring it with her the next time she was due to wash the clothes, and in exchange I would give her her freedom.”

“I waited with baited breath on the dank hillside for three long days, and three long nights, and then there she was, scarlet skinned and with bloodshot eyes.”

“She could barely speak through weakness, but showed me the blue powder in the two pouches. So precious was this blue mineral to me, for I alone knew it’s

Major Moon: astroentomologist by Ella Curry (Staff)

Fly by Night by Alexander Ellul (Postgraduate)

Is this mine? No, too much. Of all the Eastern men and women on board? Too little. Or… his? No, of course, it was mine and his, our bodies ripped apart and melted together in the nuclear fires of the Tiger.

Can I let the subject go? But how and where?

My room! Of course, my room!

like it if you visited me. My colleagues say it's a highlight for them as well. It's starting to feel familiar already.

Each page of this little book, Melissa, has a different picture of a bird, its name, its habits, what it liked and didn't like, where it lived. You can see them sitting in trees, on long sandy stretches, in these clear little puddles of water. And the colour—you wouldn't believe it!—each of them look so lifelike. Especially in their eyes. Sometimes they would migrate, miles and miles if they wanted, over all of the Great Union and even overseas. Such wild beauty, so close to us. Perhaps your great great grandad saw one—I think a couple clusters of them remained in the few years before all that smoke rose East from the Fuel Starve.

I'm writing to you because I'm going on my first trip to find them. Some of the burnsites a couple miles from our residency blocks used to be some kind of wetland. That's where they'll be. It used to be called 'The Fens'; they're long stretches of wet, marshy land, used for farmland, for walking space, for simply the pleasure of being outside. It must have been quite pretty back in the day. Perhaps the birds remember it inTf1 0 0 emlio.0881 hac1 0 0 4c083 b nBTF4 12 Tf1 0 0 1 72.04 29.3 Tm

I find myself dwelling on their ancient, unspoken names, both in English and Latin. There's something within me that reacts to these forgotten sounds, these forgotten bodies. It's like praying. Sylvia atricapilla, corvus corone, fulica atra. They fill me with movement and force and sometimes it feels like they're

Holores

was

Last Tide by Anika Goddard (Undergraduate)

Life is Random by Leonie Lorenz (Postgraduate)

Feel No Evil by Deborah Omolegan-Obe (Undergraduate)

motion masks

‘Because anyone who wants to change the world for the better will always have opposition’

Expressed Emotion

‘Quite a severe reaction isn’t it?’

‘Study serum’ *‘It helps the academics when deadlines are approaching. We release some pressure every few weeks, but some gas always seems to escape’*

‘Well, every business has its losses’,

Harvest by Lisa Rowe (Staff)

Enhanced by Arabella Tedder (Undergraduate)

staff.

Need a quick chat. Seo When she gets

Missed Me by Anonymous (Undergraduate)

The Museum Keeper by Anonymous (Undergraduate)

Photographer by Anonymous (Undergraduate)

will

The unique combinations of colour, the layered compositions, the use of controlled saturation, blur, perspective and negative space.

“It’s beautiful.”

The Sunrise I Missed by Anonymous (Undergraduate)