



GB OPTIMISTS BUILD CASTLES IN THE SKY.  
F LES OPTIMISTES CONSTRUISENT DES CHATEAUX DANS LE CIEL.  
D OPTIMISTEN BAUEN LUFTSCHLÖSSER.

... of you  
me (malls / can't  
reach.  
it's me lumber

where is the utopia i was promised?







FIRST EDITION, December 2021.

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Content Warning: This publication addresses sensitive topics such as existentialism, the end of the world, death, negative childhood, and giving up on reproducing.

Viewer discretion is advised.

This publication was adapted into a film of the same name. Some contents from this publication were excluded from the film for time and pace.



where is the utopia i was promised

by

Madeleine Washbrook



where is the  
utopia i was  
promised?







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There won't be a newspaper  
to announce the end of the world.

The writers' last click clocked out at 11:59,  
dust and grit settling  
which will take days to clean out.

The printing press slammed to a halt at 12:26.  
The writers cried, but the workers screamed.

It took too long to realise,  
the lives which are valuable here  
are the first to run.

And so the keyboards go uncleaned,  
the letterpress unaligned.

There'll be some tweets and calls,  
but once the internet burns,  
the recording ends.

Here rises the new age  
of fungi and fireflies.

There won't be a newspaper  
to announce the end of the world.  
The writer's last click clocked out at 11:59.  
dust and grit settling between the keys,  
which will take days to clean out.

The printing press slammed to a halt at 12:36.  
The writers cried but the workers screamed.  
It took far too long to realise,  
the lives which are valuable here  
are the first to run.

And so the keyboards go uncleaned,  
the letter press unaligned.  
There'll be some tweets and calls,  
but once the internet burns,  
the recording ends.  
Here rises the new age  
of fungi and fireflies.



# introduction



“Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity – in all this vastness – there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.

The Earth is the only world known, so far, to harbour life. There is nowhere else, at least in the near future, to which our species could migrate.

Visit, yes. Settle, not yet. Like it or not, for the moment, the Earth is where we make our stand. It has been said that astronomy is a humbling and character-building experience. There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world.

To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we’ve ever known.”

- Carl Sagan, 1994.

It's easier to imagine the end of our world,

the end of everything we've ever known,

met, loved, and made

will end in a big crash.

The final comeuppance.

The great tides screaming the end is nigh.

But it is also easier to imagine a simple way out of this sticky, bubbling, toxic bog we walked ourselves into is death, suffering and quick. You've been waiting for this moment for all your life.

You knew it was coming,  
you kissed your kids heads  
and resigned yourself to your fate.

Oh no!

It's not that easy!



When dreaming of the future,

we dream of complete

and

utter freedom,

a techno-utopia.

This is what some would call retro-futurism. What made that futurism so retro was capitalism because



a techno-utopia is a communist utopia.

“The acquisition of wealth is no longer the driving force in our lives.

We work to better ourselves and the rest of humanity”

Jean-Luc Picard



To better humanity, will require the greatest strength of all.

Leaving behind everything we've ever

known, strived and worked for.

**Capital.**  
*Not the Earth.*

# The cult of capital

has willed us to believe that riding the Earth out into the Sun is the

last, only, and final option.

Maybe it is, maybe we're far too in invested in money as motivation.

Maybe humans are inherently greedy and evil, but



resigning is easy.

“It’s as though we’re in a great, big, dark tunnel and there’s all these obstacles and pitfalls and things which seem impossible to surmount or to cross,” Goodall continued. “But right at the end of that tunnel is a little pinprick of light. And that’s the hope that we are working to reach.”

Jane Goodall

It'll be slow, costly, and deeply unbiblical.  
The cancellation button on the future was  
slowly pressed,  
we're pawns in a plan already set in motion.

All the billionaires are leaving to colonise Mars  
after

they destroyed  
the last places  
they colonised.

We're stuck between feeling hopeless and  
doubting if I'm just made to feel this way, so  
we

don't disrupt The Great Plan.



...we can only hope,





chapter one:

the child



We are the  
collective consciousness

We are the damned.

We are the dead,  
and living,  
The far-gone spirit.  
And long forgotten,

The old  
and new

Our minds are  
the muddied waters,  
  
The shaky ground,

In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.

In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.

In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.

In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.

In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.

In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.  
In a constant state of apocalypse.

How can you, holder of memory, be sure this is not implanted in your tiny, impressionable, child brain? You can't leave room for doubt. It's not always a dream.



We doubt those that live in the  
dream and parallel realities  
in which the Earth was in fact  
nuked, destroyed, eaten, or  
ravaged,  
view their worlds as the fake  
one.



We all have a few “first” memories;

the Twin Towers falling while you sit in a highchair,

being held by your great-grandfather for the first time,

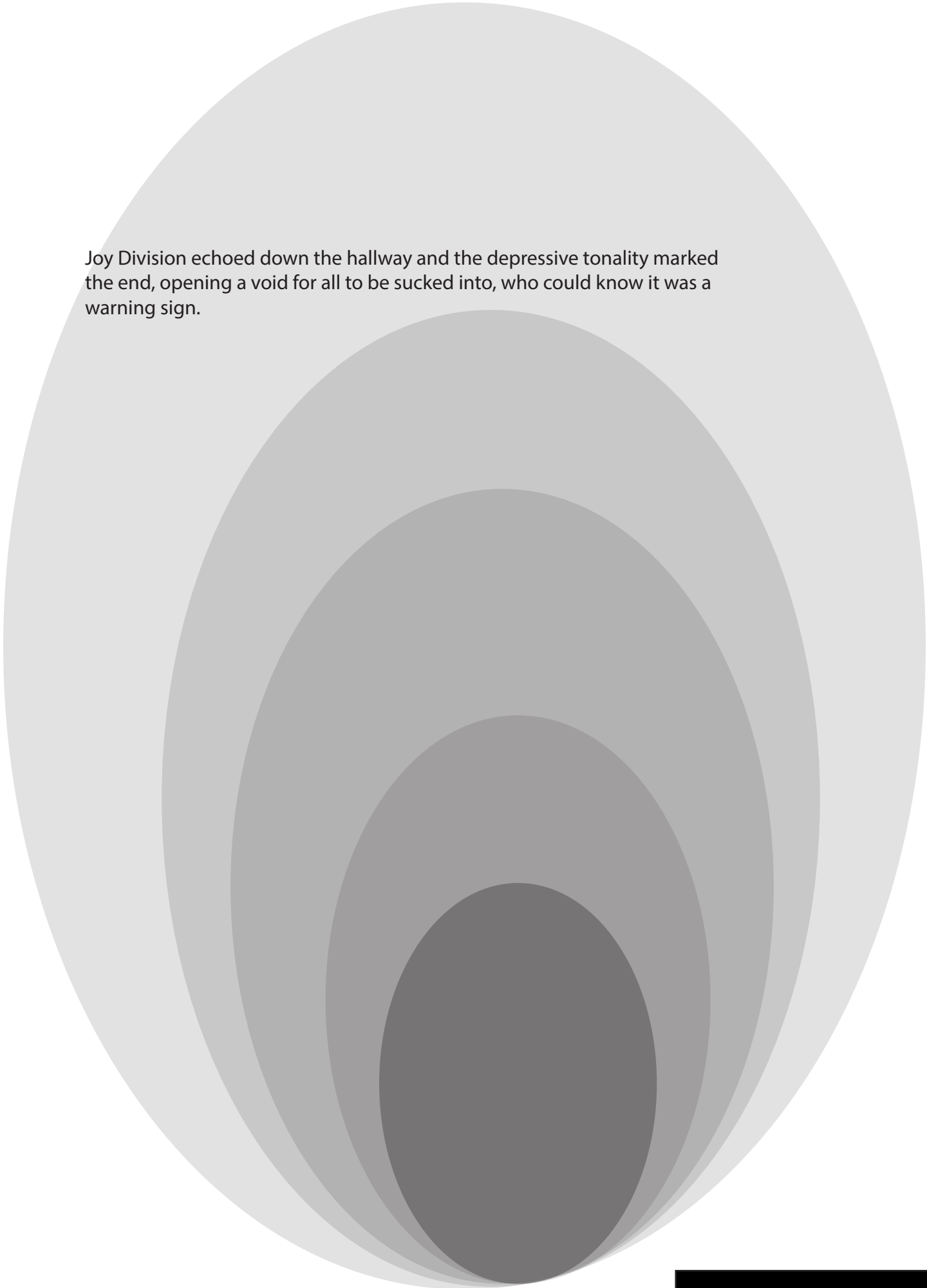
watching Buffy the Vampire Slayer as you sit in your mother’s lap as she catches up for the first time after your birth,

and impatiently waiting for your mother to make a princess dress and trying it on for the first time.

However, it's not until you realised the perspective you remembered these memories in when you realise these were constructed from stories or physical photos you mentally animated.

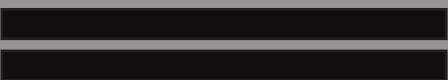
We find ourselves haunted by this fake childhood and its fake memories,  
we feel haunted by the destructive context  
which encases,  
traps them.  
The child inside.  
The void of the present and future;  
stuck in this hauntology.

We are haunted because  
we mourn our childhood.



Joy Division echoed down the hallway and the depressive tonality marked the end, opening a void for all to be sucked into, who could know it was a warning sign.





Rest in Peace, The Child.  
Long Live, The Child.



thee  
a poem



Thee child,  
Second only to the Madonna.  
A cause for celebration,  
A grace by the Gods.  
Our concept of what it means to be a child  
is new,  
We're still "getting it right".  
No wonder there are little stories of a mis-  
chievous 7-year-old Jesus,  
Or a brooding teenage God.

No one cares about the child.

They're ungrateful, lazy, ruining everything, not kissing the feet of their elders, not fixing the problems that were thrust onto them, too depressed, too suicidal, too anxious, not working enough, working too much, failures.

**The absolute  
truth is no  
one asked  
to be born**



**and no one deserves to die.**





chapter two:  
haunted childhood



“Fear not, I am the first and the last, and the living one. I died, and behold I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of Death and Hades.”

Revelation 1:17-18



Remember

Remember  
Me

Remember  
the air



**The smoke,**

**The TVs**

**The chatter**

**What was the matter?**

I want you to think,  
remember your first memory.  
How blurry is it now?

What perspective is it in; First or third?  
Are you sure you still hear the birds?

Or did this birth from a story your  
mum told you again, and again?

“Never forget.”

What if it's all too much, what if I want to?  
I can't carry your memorial in my brain,  
a graveyard in the cerebral cortex.  
I shoved it in the vortex in my mind.  
Do you still justify your rage  
in the new age  
of modern colonialism.



Existing in the  
spaces and silence  
between the aim  
and shaky reason  
why.

**Invade,**

**Protect,**

**Conquer,**



**Dominate,  
Supress,  
Show  
who's  
boss.**





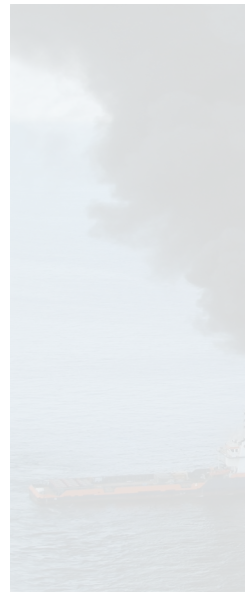
You can't solve scar  
tissue with a knife.

Or bond over it.

The fuse is weak.

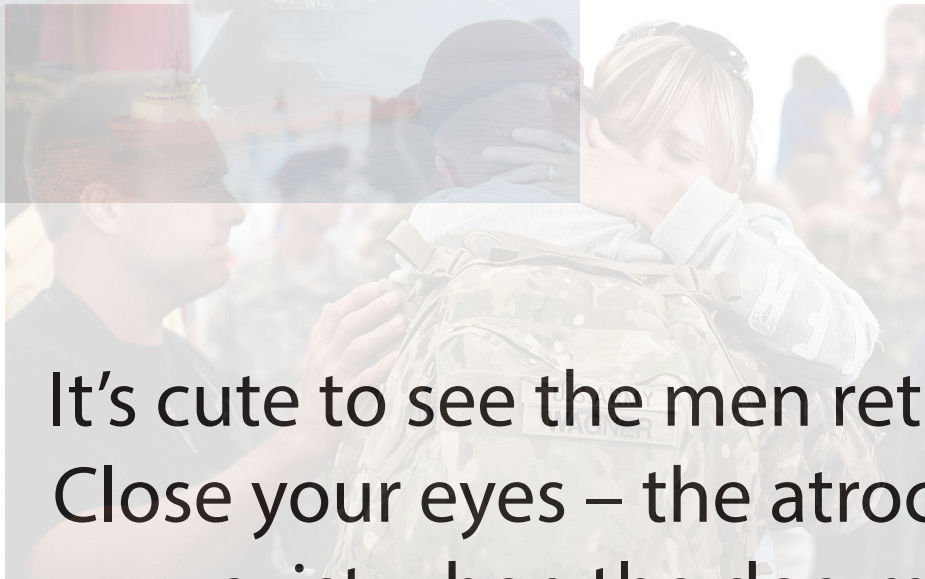


Its leaking every where  
Like oil in the ocean.  
It just can't mix.



The shots go unfired,  
The civilians walk free,  
The whistleblowers stay quiet  
And the private goes home.





It's cute to see the men return home,  
Close your eyes – the atrocities don't  
exist when the dog missed him.





Our childhood now exists in fragments, the details become hazy, experiencing your childhood for the second time through scanned photos on your Mum's Facebook page, and scour for validation of your fragments.



The boots  
stomp in across  
once the m  
came cra  
taking aw  
in

s of toddlers  
ss, the world,  
money matrix  
ashing down  
ay their toys  
the process.



Dad got a new job,  
He's going door to door  
And he's getting tired,  
and angry.

Somethings brewing in his s  
It's the first time you saw a m

Mum still stays at home,  
She's at the countertop which  
Renovated eons ago, once th  
They're all hanging on by th  
You're cutting out coupons a  
Its fun, but you won't realise  
How much your family  
Needed those five pounds o



oul  
hood ring turn black

ch needed to be  
ne first door fell off.  
e last screw you can afford  
again,  
until much later

ff.

The radio blared,  
The very British man reported  
another one off, once in a life  
Tragedy.

Another earthquake, tsunami  
Soon turn into their own sea  
The death toll of hundreds of  
And injured three times over  
Roll into a blurry figure  
Not enough to  
Make the white man care.  
Waiting only for the white w

ed again about  
etime

ni, or hurricane, which  
sons.

f thousands  
,

oman's weep.



We're still seeing in roses

It ended last night

by the Swiss-made black hole,  
that never posed a threat,

The most happy  
times

are coming to an end.  
The end of the world  
is the end of what you knew.

A world is ending every day,

just for them to be  
swallowed on a school trip

but you forgot to tell the kids that.



# The weird feeling settles in...

Once the worry Primed  
the stacks about and  
the on in ready  
consciousness stacks of the world moody  
forms things crush teenage  
and to you, years.

Our decay But and saviour  
is on the He's  
state Oz  
licensed at remains the  
tinted green  
glasses the where Great  
begin it  
to edges counts Wizard,  
war choices at shooting.  
wind.

making all the great right  
the checkerboard. Checking right school  
national tragedy and left at the next in school the  
locking up all the whistles in the







They're too busy afraid of avocados and lack of children  
To realise the cancellation of the future for  
The very children they wish to keep alive.  
We're hurried out the door  
To go solve the problem they created.

**BREAKING  
NEWS!**

**It's hurricane season**

And a series of

sleepless nights

pondering if that pen-pal from years

ago is

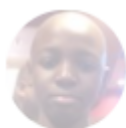
# dead or alive,

But after five days,

you finally hear

She's displaced in a  
dystopian tent on top  
of a hill in the middle  
of who-knows-where.

The end of the world  
Is the end of what you *knew*.



**tolu** @to1uu · Dec 8

the craziest thing abt being a kid is that u can go through the most traumatic night of ur life and you'll just have to go to school the next

 1.5K

 90.4K

 599.8K



[Show this thread](#)

The end of your  
mother,  
Father,  
Sister,  
Brother,  
Child  
Or other.

•Your world doesn't just change  
if your eyes are iced over.  
Its over.

day



*The bad moon is rising,  
the black sun,  
the great floods  
an asteroid narrowly misses earth  
falling stars,  
nuclear disasters,  
more humans die on their way to safety,  
under tory blood-soaked hands.*

Its brewing, bloody, ebbing  
Under the surface,  
Piercing the veil of acceptance  
Chat rooms turn into chatting publicly  
Forums form aggregations of toxicity  
The dominos set up by the capitalists  
And alt right rising, they all fall  
And create the very wormhole we  
F e a r e d







chapter three:  
a moment of realisation,  
2012



2012 is where  
Gangnam Style and  
reality”. The death  
Influencers. Kony  
graphic activism. V  
ent attention. The  
could have ended t  
posed end of the w



childhood ended.  
nd Corporate “Vi-  
of Cyberspace and  
y 2012 and info-  
Vine and non-exist-  
Higgs Boson that  
the world. The sup-  
world. The Rapture.



*If one thing  
ended on  
December 21st,  
2012,*

It was generation Z.

It was a late break,  
Was this all for this day?  
We're never at home with  
the end of the world,  
It's all a joke  
Something we tell ourselves  
Just to scape by.

It's a great coincidence,  
A fine serendipity  
The jumble of paths all merges to  
meet us here.  
a generation, collected  
to wait in the shelves  
as you pave the road to hell.



The white clock,  
mounted way up high,  
the young soul trusts  
the old, that the mad  
men on the news  
are only  
mad.



But the mad men  
bring the most  
useful information,  
right?

They're touched  
by the oracles,  
vessels for  
the Gods.

Tick, tick,

tick, tick,

Tick, tick,

tick, tick,

Tick, tick,

tick, tick,

Tick, tick,

tick.

**boom.**



The dust rises and settles,  
between the misbegotten dirt.  
Its clogging up the great crack,  
that's ever growing across  
the smug faces  
that just don't care  
about the sick and dying.

It doesn't mean it's filled in.  
You can't go home, wrap up,  
and tell your kids everything's  
fine and done.

Do you think that's the same  
man you saw give the big  
speech as you came home  
from school all those years ago?  
He's not the saviour,  
the world is changing  
Or am I no longer a docile  
accepting what is presented to me  
seems like we were all fooled  
that anyone with power

is anyone  
good

me with  
intent.







chapter four:

inheritance



we wish it we better,

this is no foretold  
good place.



coming of age  
in the age of nothingness,

the chairs  
the tables

lay empty for different  
reasons now.



A birth of fire,  
a childhood of rage,  
an adulthood of nothing.

Keeping our distance,  
you realise -  
no one wants change.

It's too scary,

the confrontation.

Why?



We were raised with the same air;  
Anger, jetfuel, and  
white American rage.  
The man on the TV said  
the world would end again,  
another camps in the street  
for months screaming  
at every mother and child.



He proudly wears  
**The End Is Nigh,**  
believing it in every fibre.

**The human experience is  
completely unique,  
we all learn different lessons,**

*allegedly.*



I'm told I know nothing about the world,

**THE ECONOMY,  
THE INNER WORKINGS,  
HOW MEN SHOULD BE  
THE LEADERS.  
WHAT WE DO KNOW IS,**

*I didn't make this.*



I inherited a **bog**.

Toxic,  
bubbling,  
leaking,  
oozing,

Rising and  
rising.

There are a dozen  
missing bodies,  
murder weapons  
and getaway cars.

It's too green,  
chunky,  
And opaque.

**Too opaque to see.**



*The bog hog tells me 3 rules if I wish to  
Be the gatekeeper or I get tossed in for stew.*

1. Maintain the level
2. Keep it liveable
3. Change nothing



# That's impossible

when the frogs and fish are goners already  
and the bog is swelling and swelling.

It's a kobayashi maru with no cheat code.

# There's no way out.





chapter five:

stuck between two  
pillars (in the ruins  
of babylon)



“Mann tracht und got lacht”  
“Man Plans and God Laughs”

It starts and ends with a Garden.  
We are the dirt of the new world,  
It's all compost,  
The foundations of utopia  
We rise in the stomachs of flies,  
Here lies,  
We in the weeds.

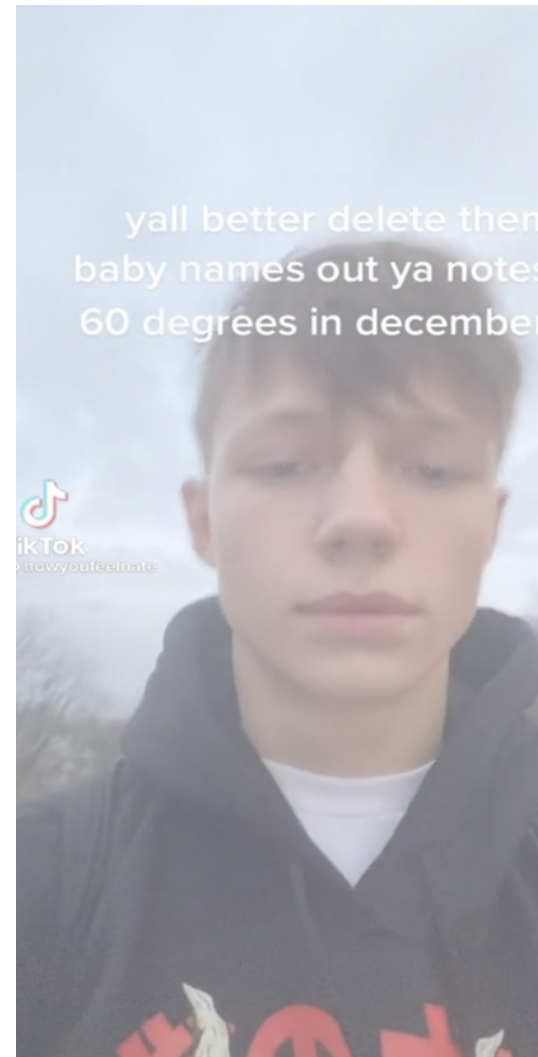


**Your torment  
leads us here.  
to this moment  
A new dawn,  
a new life.**

**Long live  
the garden,  
at long last.  
Nigh of the end,  
the giver at their  
bend.**

I'll tell you this just  
between us friends.

We don't know where, we don't know when.  
Hope turned to hopelessness





**the fire ignited  
within  
by the  
dystopian novels  
they were fed  
as children  
slowly went  
out.**



they're the best,  
they're the coolest,  
the most powerful,  
the ones who  
changed the world.

What kind of great  
generation got us  
here and who, if  
any, generation will  
get us out of it?

- > The avocado snatchers,
- > the child rebels, or
- > the Matrix foetuses?

We're stuck between two pillars in the ruins of Babylon, so close to utopia and yet so far. It's on the tip of nearly everyone's tongue. If we all want a utopia, what's holding us back from making that happen?



**YOU,**

**me,**

**and the 1%.**



**Mostly the 1%.**



No matter how you feel,

you must  
fight.

Get up and **keep**

**fighting.**

If we succumb, we silently sign our fate.

They want you to feel that way, **they'll**

**win if you  
lose.**



Rise

RISE

RISE!



Rise before the  
gels, thrones,  
lightning, blood  
wrath, thunder  
of fire, earthqu  
beasts of dragon  
scorpion beasts  
hue horses, gog

e trumpets, an-  
plagues, seals,  
d, fire, vial of  
ing, hail, lamps  
uakes, fantastic  
s, demon frogs,  
s, locusts, dire-  
g from magog.



conclusion:

the future



“Tribulations and horror will usher in public  
and private bliss”

- Eugene Weber, *Apocalypses: Prophecies,  
Cults, and Millennial Beliefs throughout the  
Ages*, 1999

I returned to the garden  
overgrown from the years of  
separation and disconnect  
from body and mind.

At site which held my  
paddling pool and hoola hoops  
I begged the void for  
a semblance of a future.

It seems now  
the receiver was left unplugged.  
Last chances sailed,  
manifested in flames and  
misplaced blame

Soon Generation Z will be  
children, the last will mature  
for preventing the worst  
close. Looking to the future  
of our own children.  
Generation Alpha. We  
hyper parenting by  
iPad kids! But for the  
probably only see the





will no longer be chil-  
dren when the deadlines,  
the date of climate change, will  
be in the future, we can only think  
of the unborn children.  
We worry not for the  
future media. Those damn  
children will end because we'll  
start in the middle.





Adrian☆

@LOVERBOYAMONEY

Its 80 degrees in December  
he wants to be a doctor when  
growing up buddy

5:33 PM · Dec 15, 2021 · Twitter for iPhone

The world won't explode,  
but when the drawn-out suffering begins,  
you'll wish it would.



HOOD VOGUE

@keyon

80 degrees and

7:40 PM · Dec 16, 2021

It doesn't matter how hopeless you feel,

...

er bro and my nephew said  
when he grows up.... You ain't

ne

*you must do something*

E is tired of poverty 

...

d it's December..... we in hell

1 · Twitter for iPhone





chapter seven:

writing



Dear Unborn,

Today I read about how Generation Alpha – the babies of today, you – hold 15 times more microplastics in their babies than the average adult. We swallow a credit card over a year, but you'll swallow 15. 15 isn't a lot of anything but it's enough to let you slip away and press into my womb to prevent your early arrival.

I've wanted you my whole life. I've held plastic babies, wishing they were you since I was a babe too. I didn't realise if you were to arrive, you would be plastic too.

I must mourn you. I cannot condemn you to the fire and great annihilation, you would be a product of selfishness and I know this seems hard, but it ends with me. Your existence will just be more material and blood to bubble, burn and boil.

And if you do end up existing over all odds, I'm sorry. I tried to keep you in the lights. If there's anything that can be guaranteed, you will be loved. I just hope its quick, or I was wrong. I hope I'm wrong.

See you soon,  
either side xxx

Dear Unborn,

Today I read about how Generation Alpha - the babies of today, you - have 15 times more in their bodies than the average adult. We swallow a credit card over a year, but you'll swallow 15. 15 isn't a lot of anything, but it's enough to let you slip away and press into my Womb to prevent your early arrival.

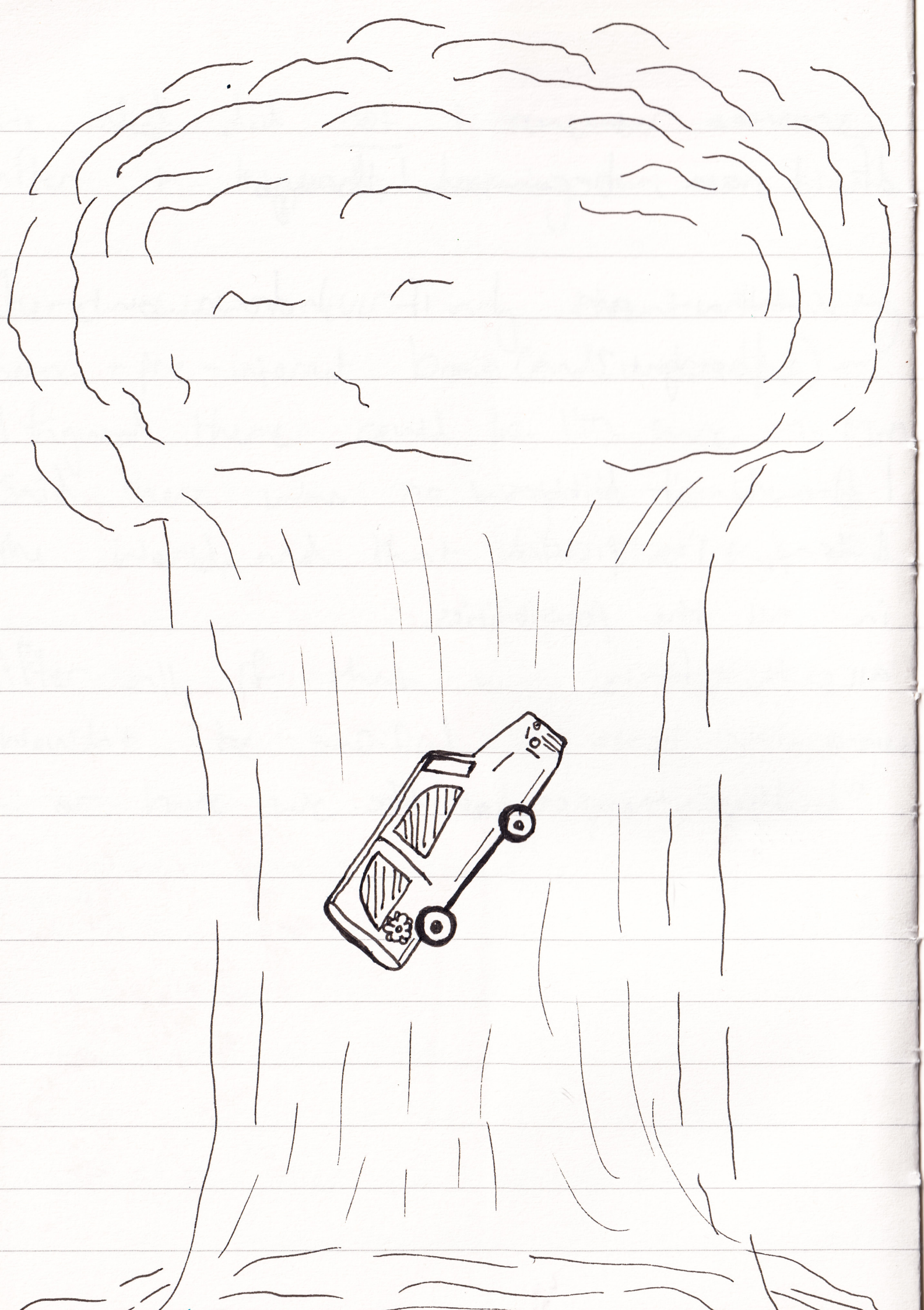
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See you soon, either side.

xxx





# I Dream of The End

I dreamed the end again.

The yellow skies,  
the rising tides,  
the old guy dies,

I wish, it were all lies.

I dream of a rush,  
the white van came.

~~My~~ My local Labour MPs came  
rushing out, my family in.

All the gang were there; the briber,  
the power hungry, and my favourite Mayor.  
It wasn't long until the bombs came,  
the mushroom cloud puffed and puffed,  
we fell upwards into  
light and ash.

June, 2019



The fire of winter  
the cosy lava of life,  
all tumbling through the  
nuclear set-up.

The dust on the fireplace cleared,  
yellowed walls finally coated  
fresh in black and red.

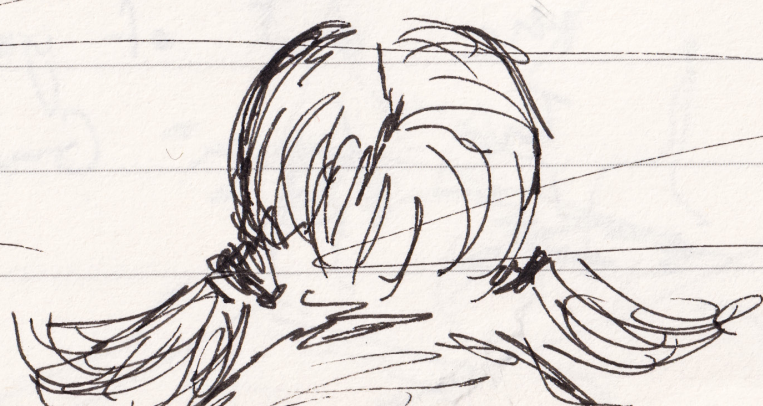
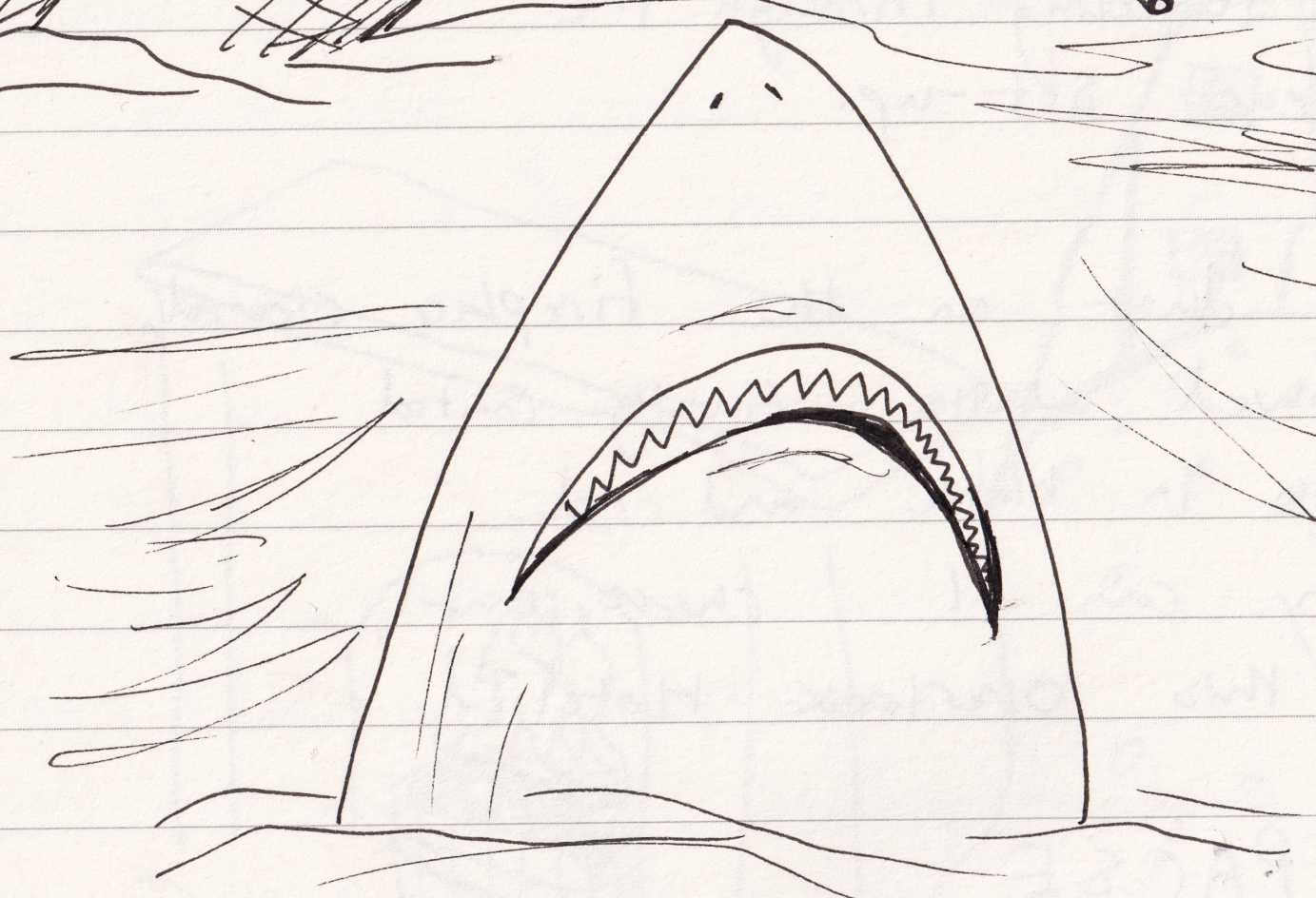
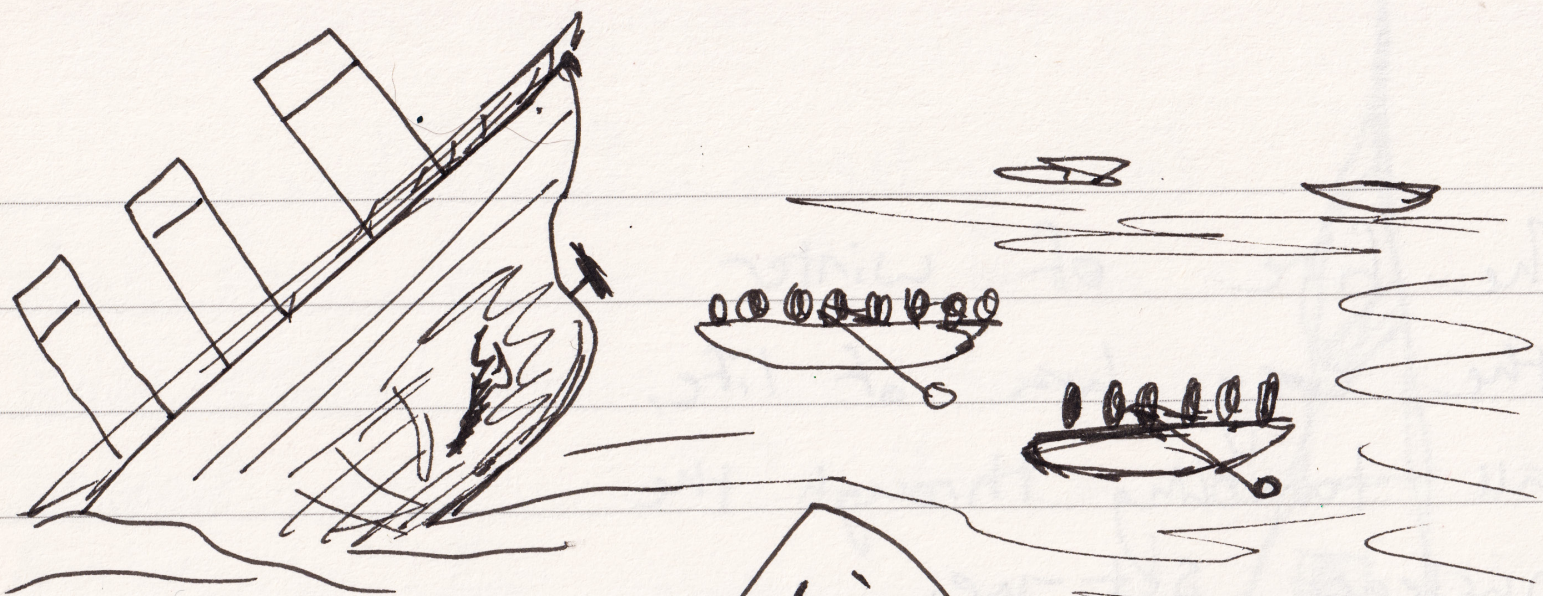
When can I check out  
of this overlook Hotel?

EPACSE

EPACSE

EPACSE

This dying planet,  
the end of your childhood.  
The Lava Game begins.



I've known the end  
in my dreams.

I survived the sinking,  
swam all the way  
to the harbour,

just to be swallowed  
whole.

Dear Diary,

In 2008, I was about 7 years old. I would transition from 3 to year 4 in the Autumn of that year and get my best-friend, my cat Leia, in November of that year too.

It was a good year for all that I can recall of it. This is not about the recession or Obama although I do remember his inauguration and adult talking about money

I remember September 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008 in detail because I was told I would die. It was the day the Large Hadron Collider was turned on and it was theorised the collision of the two atoms, to gain further understanding of the Higgs Boson particle, - would create a black hole. The world would

end, or we wouldn't even know it had, because our world would become an alternate universe.

It was strange because I was told this with gleeful faces, quickened breath and intense eye-contact. Like the end of the world is some cool, interesting phenomenon. I thought we were interested in the things that wouldn't affect us like true crime. The victims of the end of the world is you.

It was a Wednesday, typical mid-September weather - maybe a little too hot for Autumn spirit. I had my small, 70s curtain-like backpack, stuffed with a towel, swim suit and goggles. It was swimming day.

I don't think I knew anything about what was happening before I went to school, I found out on the coach to leisure centre where we swam. At this point, I didn't speak to my Mum as in depth as I do now. obviously. I was 7 and falling behind in class. I'm not sure if a discussion about LTIC would have been useful or necessary.

I woke up, made my lunch and walked myself to school by 8am. The gates opened at 8:30 so I talked to my best-friend for half an hour. It was a nice routine, it was a normal day. We had Mr. Radcliffe, as our teacher. but I don't remember her coming with us. She was a mean lady. She would always tell me off for daydreaming.

We got the coach to the leisure centre



at 10am, I think I was sat on my own  
but a mid-day supervisor was across  
from me. This is when I found out  
about the Large Hadron Collider. She leans  
over to some of my friends in front and  
me behind,

'They think the world could end today'

'What?'

'Yeah! CERN is turning on the Large  
Hadron Collider today and they think  
the collision of the two particles  
could create a new big bang or  
black hole, which destroys this world'  
(paraphrase)

'What?'

'How is that allowed?'

'I don't know but it is cool.'

'Yeah'

'I guess we will have to find out  
if we die or not.'

We indeed did not. I remember someone, after it happened, declaring our alive status.

There was never any threat but in my semi-pre-internet brain (and undeveloped) - I figured there could be. I'm sure my Mom said there was no way it could end the world, and that was the end of it.

After all, if that was to happen, we wouldn't be sacrificed for a science experiment ... or have we already been sacrificed?

What does it mean to be a child,  
Thee child!

Second only to The Madonna.

A cause for celebration,  
a grace by The Gods,

our concept of what it means  
to be a child is new.

We're still 'getting it right'

No wonder there are little

stories of a mischievous 2

year old Jesus or a brooding

teenage God.

They've re-written the narrative.

Dear Diary,

Sometimes I feel like the World ended on September 11<sup>th</sup> 2001. It did for thousands, the end of the world is it always the end of everything. It can be local, the end of a body, a way of life, a routine.

It ripped everything, limb from limb. We are constantly reminded of the World before and the waste we exist in now.

I personally don't remember the day but I have mentally animated the day from the years of in-depth retellings of the day from my Mother. Since 6 Months old, I long for the World before us.)

Walk through the haunting left in its  
wake.

On September 11<sup>th</sup>, I see a small child  
in front of me. In a highchair, the babe  
finishes off its lunch, I'm sure with rejection  
mess and squirm. Always a fighter, it's never  
easy. She now enjoys her favourite show,  
The Tweenies, which may seem like the  
typical brainmelter but it was better than  
most. She goes to enjoy her typical day and  
then —

'We interrupt normal programming to sync  
with 24 hour BBC News!'

My mum gets a call. Her university best-friend can't  
reach ground zero, where her father works as a  
lawyer around the corner. They call and call for what felt  
like forever until he gets through. They were  
locked safe inside.

I'm sure I wasn't helpful during this. The  
blow overwhelms my mother's recollection  
now but I can see her multitasking a  
baby, her son coming home from reception and  
consoling a friend who thinks her dad is dead.  
Everything shifts on a day like this.

We got scared, mean, and inconsolable.  
We lost sight of who we were at  
this site.

It was the last domino,

straw,

final lock.

on the door of the future.

It's closed for business,

like the rest of New York

like the rest of the world.

This was the end.

# Growing Up on a Dead Planet

I don't remember when the  
Planet became dead,

6 Months old, our sentencing came in  
as two planes,

igniting the World in jetfuel,  
Smoke and American White rage.

I don't forget,

do you judge me for it?

does it make you feel angry? old?

how dare the babe, but you're  
just in luck. We can't escape

the great collapse

no matter how hard we try.

Belper, Derbyshire\*

is the unenlightened beginning  
of the fated end.

In the heart  
of the Industrial Revolution,  
it lit the most grotesque flame,  
spreading like mould,  
corrupting the files of Earth.

The red bricks overpowered,  
but the smoke from the chimneys  
snook violently around the world.

I should be proud

'You're meant to be proud'

The blatant disconnect between

how you taught me my hometown history  
— and how you taught me about slavery.



I'm not.

"prand"

The irony of my road  
is where I began.

\* Belper was the site of the Industrial Revolution. Here, Jedediah Strutt, and Richard Arkwright invented/revolutionised cotton clothing production in mass production. East Mill, Belper was the first brick Mill. However, what is left out of our education is where the cotton came from.

This is where I grew up — it is ironic I may die from climate change and it all started in Belper.









GB YOU WILL SOON BE SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD.  
 F VOUS SEREZ BIENTOT ASSIS SUR LE TOIT DU MONDE.  
 D DU WIRST BALD GANZ OBEN STEHEN.

GB OPTIMISTS BUILD CASTLES IN THE SKY.  
 F LES OPTIMISTES CONSTRUISENT DES CHATEAUX DANS LE CIEL.  
 D OPTIMISTEN BAUEN LUFTSCHLÖSSER.

... of gore  
 ... the cracks I can't  
 ... reach.  
 ... feed it,  
 ... beast in the limbo  
 ... corporality.