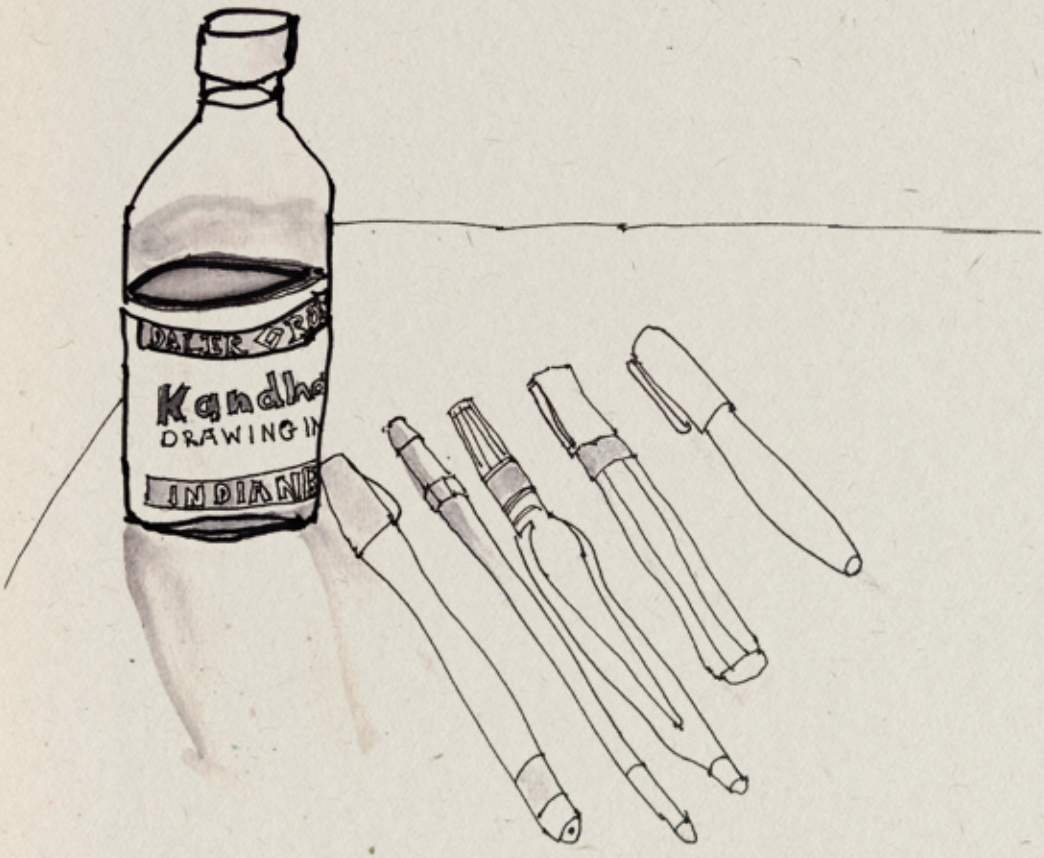
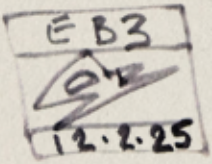
For One or A Hundred Voices



BY
Emma Adams





To get additional digital or hard copies of this zine
visit my website by scanning the QR code.

For the people who made the dream
of Bradford Pennine Gateway's
National Nature Reserve a reality.

And for all the folk who pick up
their dog's poo.

Thank you.


GREAT TIT
LONG TAILED TIT
BLUE TIT

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This play was written between August and October 2026, while I was an artist in residence at St Ives Estate and Harden Moor, Bradford in West Yorkshire. I was part of a group of 10 artists. All contributed to conversations that have hugely inspired me during my residency. Thank you shi Blank, Kristina Diprose, Ismaha Farooq, Matt Ingham-Dempster, Siya Liu, Claire Rookes, John Slemensek-Thorne, Rebekah Whitney, and Samantha Yates.

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Print design by Lee Goater.

This play and artwork is (c) Emma Adams.

You're welcome to read &/or organise gatherings to share 'For One or a Hundred Voices' together. If you decide to do the latter, please drop me a line. I'd love to come along. Better still, I'd love to come and read it with you. You can find me at emmabob3@googlemail.com or www.emmaadamswriter.co.uk

That said, any use beyond that (including such things as reuse of my sketches or staging a production) must be requested via my agents, Ki Agency Ltd (meg@ki-agency.co.uk).

CHARACTERS

Me
Us

SETTING THE SCENE

Where one or more of us gather, this play can exist.

On the 29th of October 2026 at 11.45 in the morning, we may be under a Birch, in a hidden glade, just below Harden Moor. Somewhere near editor.shows.candy on what3words.

Or later that day, at 2.45 in the afternoon, we may be gathered in Bingley Arts Centre. Just over the road from Lidl. You can't miss it.

Or on the 30th of October 2026 at 6.45pm as twilight arrives, we may find ourselves standing in a bird hide, near the Coppice Pond at St Ives. Pretty close to suitably.escape.hamper on what3words.

That might be you.

But it might not be.

You may hold these words in your hands in the form of a zine at home, or be quietly reading on a train, in a library or in a cafe.

It might be 2176 already and you might be chewing on doughnuts while flipping through digital archives, because your teacher set you the task of doing a history assignment on early 21st C weirdos and tree-huggers.

The very people, who in your time, appear on virtual currency and have a national holiday named after us, because it's a well known fact in 2176 that the planet only kept habitable because of weirdos and nature freaks.

I hope it doesn't take you too long to task your AI to get this damn essay done.

But I won't lie, I'm glad you're there.

I believe in you. The possibility of you.
I love you, OK?

I know. Tree huggers. Always so cringe.

Sorry. Not sorry. I'm letting go of the shame I feel about caring. It stops me from saying what I mean.

It's quite liberating. You could try it.

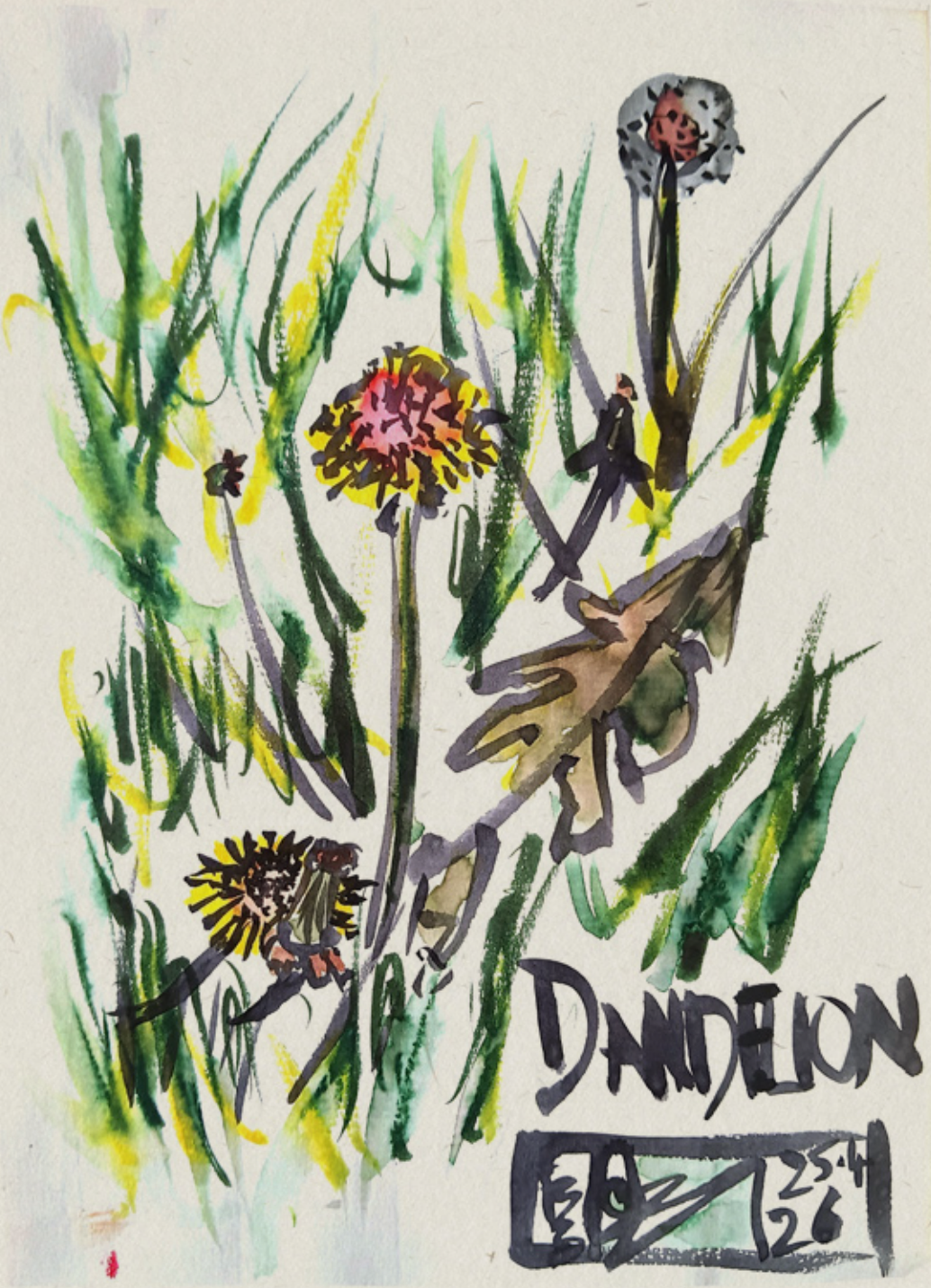
However you fell across this play. Whether you're from the future, here now at a live reading, clicking a digital link, leafing a hard copy? If you're local, native, migrating, lost, day-tripping or roots dug down deep and here for life? You're welcome.

What else?

I mean, back here in 2026, this is October in Bradford. So it's almost certainly chucking down rain. I hope I'm not reading this, soaked already with my glasses all fogged up. I hope you all brought a brolly or a Kagool. But we have to roll with nature don't we? Whatever happens next, it will be fine. In the end.

And I guess I should warn you. There are one or two swears in this play. If you find the fword offensive, I'll trust that you'll forgive me my trespasses. Because, as it turns out, sometimes here in the Anthropocene, an Fbomb really is the only word that will do.




DANDELION
25.4
26



TREE STUMP & MUSHROOM STUDIES

ME: Scene 1 - So many stories.

I'm thinking about why I'm here and why you are here.

There are so many stories to tell, hold, reflect.

So many perspectives to share. So many different things that people feel are essential about this place, that is in fact two places. Two really distinct places.

St Ives and Harden Moor. Sitting between Bingley and Harden. A spit away from each other. But so far apart in so many people's minds.

Different but the same.

So many stories that I have heard, have remembered or been gifted.

So many facts about history: St Ives was a trading post 10,000 years ago, Harden Moor has a Bronze Age stone circle. Turns out history was happening here all along.

So many facts about the South Pennines environment - How it's acidic, it's low nutrient, it's dry but also wet, it's peat, it's clay, it's heath with rare wild flowers, into blanket bog into hardy ancient-tree-stuffed clough, into stream, into encroaching Oak and Birch, into managed estate, into planted imported Beech and Rhododendron, into Himalayan Balsam, into American Crayfish and lets not get started on those Grey Squirrels.

It's a unique habitat that we take for granted because we think it's normal. None of this is normal.

So many facts about birds, insects, fungi, flowers. So much love (and occasional distain) shown for these living things, by so many. We should name them.

US: Wren, Nightjar, Sky Lark, Gold Finch, Chiffchaff, Nut Hatch, Robin, Blackbird, Tawny Owl, Barn Owl, Rabbit, Hare, Horse, Sheep, Belted Galloway, Black Headed Gull, Canada Goose, Greylag Goose, Mute Swan, Goosander, Mallard Duck, Cormorant.

ME: Wild flowers like Marsh Orchids, Fox & Cups, Birds Foot, Cross Leaf, Ragged Robin, Crowberry, Bilberry, Cotton Grass.

US: Insects like Dragonfly, Mayfly, Wasp, Bee, Moth and Butterfly.

Trees like Oak, Beech, Blackthorn, Rowan, Birch, Yew, Sycamore, Chestnut, Scots Pine, Larch, Ash and Holly.

ME: Bats like Pipistrelle and Daubenton's.

US: Snakes like Adder. Amphibians like Toad and Frog.

ME: More mammals, like Fallow Deer, Black Rat, Roe Deer, Brown Rat, Field Vole, Fox and Hedgehog.

US: Fungi like, Puffball, Ink Cap, Fly Agaric, Shaggy Scalycap, Candlesnuff.

More mammals like Weasel, like Mink, like Otter.

And we haven't even started on the Mosses and Lichens. Like Sphagnum Moss, like Old Mans Beard, Yellow Scale, Monk's Hood, and Electrified Cats Tail.

ME: I didn't make that name up.

US: It's all a lot.

ME: But even so, here we are. Gathered, for all of it.

Impossible to hold the idea of its complexity.

US: But still. We come.

ME: Because we love it, because we want to have a laugh, build fires, put them out, ride bikes fast, move slowly, ride horses, let our dogs run wild, protect nesting birds, park up and smoke into the night, run here in the early mornings, use it wisely, fool around and take some risks, give something back before it's too late.

ME: It feels impossible.

We are so fractured and beyond ourselves. Stratified. Tribe bound.

But even so. We are all here.

US: Hoping against hope to find ourselves reflected in each other's faces.

Here to find ourselves within each other's stories.

All of us, trying to remember something we forgot about ourselves.

Perhaps, after all, we're not as complicated as we fear?


DEEP
LISTENING
IS A
PRACTICE





RAGWORT TOXIC

FRIEND OF THE CINNABAR MOTH

ME: Scene 2 - Blackbird, Chiffchaff, Robin and White Stag.

US: We're ready. Ready for Blackbird.

ME: Blackbird. One of the most recognisable birds. Even though half of them are brown. We know a blackbird when we see it. At least half of the time.

US: We see one and we say Blackbird.

ME: Which makes me think of a time when I was standing here, under this exact tree, in this exact arts centre, under this exact bird hide, in all the ways we mean by being here now.

US: By the Coppice Pond, by the Ivy Cafe, by the bridle path, by Lady Blantyre's rock, by the golf course, by the Bronze Age stone circle, in the heather, by the massive Oak, by the Queen Beach where the Belted Galloways gather on a rainy day, by the bin overflowing with dog poo bags.

ME: Exactly. Here. The Blackbird stopped and cocked its head. And for a moment its feathers shifted in the sunlight, in such a way that the black was suddenly something else. Something like a jewel. Something like blue. A sheen. And the light in its eye. Sparking life. Teasing yellow-orange. Free and brave and frail and small. Defying the odds. A flickflack of the head. A take you in. Take me in. And then it was gone and I was standing there alone.

US: Sometimes a Blackbird flashes something blue. Sometimes he is gone.

ME: But we re-live it and him. Over and over. Stuttering between the beauty of then and the possibility of next time. Stuttering, time travel, between our now, our then and our hoped for futures.

US: Like when we heard the Chiffchaff.

ME: Exactly like that time we heard the Chiffchaff. Even though we might not have known it was a Chiffchaff. But it was. And it doesn't mind if we knew its name or not. It just calls because it knows it must. And we heard it. As we moved, thinking of a shopping list, thinking of an argument, thinking of that kiss, you know the one, *that* kiss. And it was there. It's call was there. Chiff-chaff-chiff-chaff-chiff. Mixing with the smell of peat and Bracken, the sight of lanky Birch, the bounce of peatish soil, while my hand brushed the scrape surprise of Curly-perm Fern. All mixed.

Or maybe it was the light. Or that late summer wet, that means a kagool is needed, even though it makes you too hot in the end.

ME: I don't know.

But in that moment, I was walking on Harden Moor next to my wife, with our wayward dog, straining on his lead. And I was walking by the side of my Mum, alive again. Me now, and, me at 7 years old. Walking here in Bradford and there in Scotland. Speyside way. Squinting up at her as my older brothers and sister ran ahead with my Dad. In both places, at once. And in that moment. Of being in two places. I recognised it. I was feeling something.

US: Happy.

ME: Yeah. Happy. It made me stop and smile.

US: Happy. Like when we were followed by the Robin, on that day at the start of the year, when it snowed and stuck.

Earth hard as steel. Hard as hate. That hard.

That Robin, hopeful, asking us to do something about the snow.

ME: How we stopped and tried to dig at the earth with a stick to find it a worm.

Stupid, hopeless act.

How we hoped the Robin knew we had tried.

Even though we know, it didn't.

US: Robins don't trade in shame or fear. Just worms. It won't hold a grudge.

ME: How we want to believe in that. Because we fear somehow, some day, the animals will have their reckoning for all the carnage our kind have inflicted. Or is it just me who worries about that kind of thing?

US: Worry is a strange, pointless pass-time.

ME: Nature reminds me of that. There is no should, or must, or have-to with nature. It calms. That's one of its benefits. There are studies about all of that.

US: Which we may or may not have read.

ME: I haven't read them. But I know people who have. They say there are financial, mental health, social and societal benefits for humans being in nature.

US: Which we may or may not be aware of.

ME: I thought about reading up about all of that stuff. But I didn't. If you're here already, I don't think you're here to be convinced. I think you might be here because you want to step into something beautiful. Fleeting. Wild.

US: Like when Tabitha saw the White Stag.

ME: Exactly like that. Because that was beautiful. That moment when Tabitha found herself looking into the eyes of that White Stag.

The pause in time, that might have lasted seconds or days.

It was breathtaking. It happened right here. In our National Nature Reserve. A damn stones throw from Papa John's pizza place. Right here, in spitting distance of the Co-op.

People live a whole lifetime hoping to see an animal as rare as a White Stag.

They travel to the real countryside and buy such things as walking sticks, disgusting kendal mint cake, laminated maps, fleece jumpers and fast-wicking elasticated trousers.

Tabitha did not do any of that. Tabitha stayed put, here in Bradford. She noticed that the wild is right here. And because of that, because she remembered that we only ever get to see what we look for. Even if it's a surprise. Because of that. When she looked up? There it was. At first she thought it was a goat. But no. It was a White Stag. She saw it. She knows.


WHITE STAG


Holly Isn't
MESSING
AROUND



ROWAN

EBS | 7.10.26


BEECH
10.
2026

ME: Scene 3 - Trees, Himalayan Balsam, Toads.

US: And a difficult question.

ME: In the middle and at the edges. In a clough, on a hill. In a much loved place. Shading a path. Encroaching on heath. Far up high, in a forgotten gutter. Always, somehow, there is a tree. Just a tree.

US: Maybe, Willow or Chestnut, Elder or Yew. Maybe, Blackthorn or Alder. There are so many ways to be, just a tree.

ME: So I chose three.

US: Three is small but also a crowd. Three is magic. Three is a spell.

ME: The first is Birch. A buccaneer, adventuring in to drop first anchor on unsuspecting heath. Home to 300 insects. Larder for Greenfinch and Blue Tits. Purifies and protects lovers. Has bark like paper and resin drenched wood. For better or worse, nothing burns like Birch.

US: The second is Oak.

ME: Oak arrives with the Birch, but takes longer to catch our eye. Occasionally, with luck and more time than we can imagine, Oak will grow into a knotty-barked, 1000 year old majestic king. Or, around the cloughs of Harden, more usually, into stocky, jagg-limbed chancers. Either way, Oak makes a home to 2,300 species. 326 of which won't live anywhere else. Special friend of the Jay, who sows Oak's acorns and forgets where it put them.

US: Our third shall be Rowan.

ME: Rowan slips up in all the nooks and crannies, you name it, any place. Small, slender, but always up for it. Lives a mere 200 years. Doesn't waste a second. Rowan opens its flowers up for too many pollinators to mention, gets its leaves out for the caterpillars and deer. Makes loose with its immodest red berries. All the birds come calling. Blackbird, Chaffinch, Mistle Thrush, you name it, they want it. If planted near your home, it wards off evil too.

US: The story of these two places is studded with trees. Trees that stand out. Trees that are hidden. Trees planted in remembrance. Native trees, invasive trees, ornamental trees.

ME: Trees that bear fruit, trees that are toxic, trees that get called timber because they were planted for money.

US: Who remembers this place before trees?

ME: Like that time when it was all blanket bog.
Like that time when we ditched and drained it.
Digging for Britain and we planted a stack of Larch. Like that time when the Larch got forgotten, like Jay forgets the acorn. Left long enough that we all forgot it was planted to fell and sell.
Left un-thinned. Left to grow tall and high.

US: Pam says it was like stepping into a cathedral.

Weaving your way through that pure density of trees. Your footsteps cushioned by a thick carpet of needles.

A hush would fall.

ME: You could get lost in the quiet, with your own thoughts. How those trees became part of the daily dog walk, the weekly run, the weekend horse hack.

Until finally, we forgot that this cathedral of trees hadn't been here forever.

And then it grew sick.

Became diseased.

Had to go.

Was hacked away.

But while our hearts were still breaking from the loss, new shoots were arriving. New habitats forming.

US: For the Pipistrelle, the Skylark, perhaps if we're lucky, even the Nightjar.

Nesting, waiting, hunting.

Turns out, life is keen to live.

It might be the saving of us yet.

There are plans to plug the ditches and bring back the blanket bog.

Plans to take us right back to the start.

The ancient dance, that has been going on between humans and nature on these hills, continues on.

ME: So intertwined. I'm uncertain of where nature starts and our edges end.

All I know is nature always allows us to begin again.

Scarred, shoddy but somehow still cocky as hell.

I'm thankful for that.

ME: For nature's relentless resolve to rise again.

I'm thankful. Even as we live through this time of mass extinction. This time that snuffs out life, memory, sound, smell, possibility. Whole ecologies gone before we even understood they were there. Even as this fucking, heartbreaking reality unfurls. Even as so many look away, pretend not to care or give up on hope.

Even then.

Nature, still, only knows how to lift its head. Nature doesn't grieve. It gives all its energy to possibility. To the collaborations we are only just beginning to understand. To its intricate ways, that amount to an endless refusal of everything, other than now.

And now.

And again, now.

Until eventually we see renewal.

It is astounding.

Astonishing.

Unfathomable.

But perhaps that is the point?

US: Everything moving too fast to take in.

Everything moving too slow to notice.

All the endings coming back to a start.

All the new starts bringing an end.

ME: In the immense largeness of it all. Perhaps the only thing that is clear is that tiny acts, performed with conviction, matter.

US: Like every time the Himalayan Balsam explodes its tiny seeds into the world.

ME: This is how this relentless plant secures more ground. Thousands of tiny acts. It doesn't care if it's invasive or a problem. It just thrives, while we wring our hands.

US: Unless you're a small boy, just 6, called, Ivo.

ME: Ivo, who runs, roars and knows himself to be mighty. Because he has solutions. Ivo does not worry about Himalayan Balsam.

ME: Instead, when he finds it he pulls it's flowers and seedpods off, chews them up, swallows them down, runs on. Solving the problem, one tinyboy-mouthful at a time.

Ivo knows no fear. He just knows that what he does matters.

If everyone ate Himalayan Balsam, it would be gone. Fast.

He plays his part, trusting that we will too.

I mean, he's 6? And this might be an imaginary game? And Himalayan Balsam might not even be edible, right?

Wrong. I checked.

ME (cont'd): Turns out, Ivo knows his shit. You really can eat Himalayan Balsam seeds, leaves and flowers. In moderation. To be avoided if you have things like gout or kidney failure. I mean, to be clear, I'm not a doctor. OK? Let's not go foraging without seeking expert, medical advice first.

But fears of litigation aside, you get my point?

Tiny things can be surprising, powerful. Not what we expected.

US: Like that time when hundreds of baby Toads, as small as fat Bluebottles, emerged to cross the path, that runs the edge of the Coppice Pond. And it was so strange, beautiful, other worldly.

And the dog walker, up ahead, slowed down to tip toe around the mini Toads, popping through the dirt at our feet.

ME: How I didn't catch her name. It could have been Cindy or Sanjida or Christine or Siobhan.

But she hooked her pup onto his unwilling lead. She stopped, took extra time.

Walked slow and steady.

Calling out to everyone approaching.

US: Watch where you're walking, love.

ME: We could all be a bit more Cindy, Sanjida, Christine or Siobhan.

US: Trusting in the power of simply stoping to take a breath. To notice. To think. To imagine. To see what is and so what might be possible.

ME: Like the time we stopped and waited until we understood the shape of how we really felt. And then our words became full of meaning. Not just more noise and hot air.

US: Like a deer stepping out of trees at twilight or the dart of Sparrowhawk, gone almost before you knew it was there.

A surprise that was inevitable. The only thing that could ever have happened. Because we took the time to notice.

ME: We tell ourselves, and are told over and over, that we are the problem.

But did you notice we're here, now?
For no other reason than we love and care deeply for something that we hardly know how to define.

For no other reason than we still believe that hope, for us and nature, could start in a simple act, like standing in a circle and reading words together.

Or reading the play text in your kitchen, alone.

Whether my words are good or bad. Nothing will change that about any of us.

How beautiful is that?

What if that was enough? More than enough.

Just for a moment. What if we really allowed this idea in. That we are enough? Enough to make a tiny start.

Who benefits if we believe otherwise?

That the problem isn't real, but also, somehow, at the same time, is way too big to fix. But that's fine, because we're going to Mars. Or we'll meld with machines. That humans spoil everything we touch anyway, so why even try?

ME (cont'd): Who benefits?

Be with this question. With the discomfort of it. Let it arrive.

Because I'm really asking, for real. For you and me to take this question into our hearts.

Who benefits when we are made to feel, all at once, way too small for our actions to make a difference, but also, way too big of a problem to solve?

US: What might we all achieve, if we dared to trust ourselves more?


25.2.26


HARDENWOOR
24.8.26

ME: Scene 4 - Snakes and Ladders

Serena talks about how Harden Moor is special. Not pristine. But formed by an ancient relationship with humans.

It's a place that feels like home.

How the over grown quarries, that nature has healed and reclaimed, give her hope.

Serena speaks from the heart. With care. From deep knowledge. She knows the names of the wild flowers that grow on this dry heath. She reels off their names.

US: Marsh Orchid, Fox & Cups, Ragged Robin, Birds Foot.

ME: The way she talks about them? It sounds like she's speaking about friends.

Naming brings things to life.

Naming is one of our super powers.

Serena wishes we would use that power more carefully. She told me, it makes her so sad when she hears people calling the heath *wasteland*. She said

US: They wouldn't say that if they knew the treasure that grows here.

ME: Gillian has ridden in and around St Ives Estate for 15 years. Through all seasons, through every weather. In all this time, she told me

US: It never gets boring.

ME: She described an archway of trees, linking Altar Lane to the St Ives Estate, as

US: Magnificent. A magnificent archway of trees.

ME: Muhammad, told me he's never been to St Ives or Harden Moor. He said he's too busy with work and family. How he wasn't sure why he would go. I said

US: Well, it's free. This is council owned land. So it's ours. We own it. And besides, nature is good for stress.

ME: I'm thinking about how his face lit up then. How he said

US: My kids don't listen to me. They just do what they like. They give me a lot of stress. I could go walk and forget about them for a bit?

ME: I said

US: Yeah, you really could. I hope you do.

ME: He said

US: I might. Maybe? Maybe I will.

ME: Every new adventure must start somewhere. Perhaps with a tiny word like might or maybe.

I don't know.

But I do know, words matter. How we choose, use, and share them.

As the conversation with Serena drew to a close, she mentioned that her Dog got scraped by an Adder up on Harden Moor, recently. She didn't say

US: Bitten, poisoned, or attacked.

ME: She was precise. Her Dog got scraped. She wasn't dramatising. She was reporting. Adders, an endangered species, have returned to Harden Moor. That brings her joy. But also, people need to be respectful. Have their whits about them. Adders don't mess around.

She laughed then, said her Dog, who she described as

US: Thick as mince

ME: Had been lucky. She said

US: He lived to be daft another day.

ME: I can't believe Adders live three and a half miles from my own front door.

The more I learn about this National Nature Reserve, in my own back yard, the more I understand that it is a jewel.

It has litter and dog shit bags left everywhere. It is noisy, under a flight path, next to a quarry, slashed through by a bypass. And still, it is a diamond.

A national treasure.

A talisman of hope for our city, district and beyond.

An amulet for a better, cleaner, fairer world to come.

Because its not just a place. It's also an idea. It is a future hope. A way of illustrating the possible futures we might leave for others to discover. A way of living that celebrates the ribboning of nature through our lives, as we re-learn to respectfully re-ribbon ourselves back through nature.

I'm scared that writing this will make me sound overly emotional, unfiltered, weird.

But maybe that's OK. Perhaps I am all of those things.

Perhaps you are too?

What if allowing these parts of ourselves, out into the open, freed us?

It's not like trying to appear circumspect, rational and normal has fooled anyone so far anyway.

ME (cont'd): Maybe it could be the start of something joyful and real?

We might find we begin to re-wild our own imaginations.

Out of that, we might help build a ladder to possible futures, that right now, we fear are only impossible dreams?

Who knows where it might all end?

I mean, I'm sure I read somewhere that every great adventure begins with a simple, tentative word like might or maybe.



HORSE AND PONIES
GOING HOME at DUSK
ST IVES, BINGLEY


BORIS
UP AT
ST IVES

ME: Scene 5 - The end is just another beginning.

Here we are.

US: This is St Ives and Harden Moor. Sitting between Bingley and Harden.

A National Nature Reserve that is a physical place but much more besides.

ME: It is a multiplicity of ideas, real, physical, spiritual, felt as well as known. A habitat for us, for our children, for plants and animals seen and unseen.

The only thing I can say with certainty about this place is that it is an endless surprise.

I set out to learn about the particulars of this little part of Bradford, but ended up thinking about the planet as a whole.

I was trying to find out about what is happening here now, but ended up thinking just as often about the past and all our possible futures.

Every story I've heard about nature, during this residency, has made me think about people. Every story about people has made me think about nature. Surprising me like the Tawny Owl's sudden silent flight at dusk - unexpected but on reflection entirely predictable. Our paths have always been intertwined.

US: It was always about you, me, us.

ME: And so perhaps its also not a surprise that, all of these threads and ideas, that are at once distinct and enmeshed, refuse a neat ending.

Even so, what comes next is already beginning to arrive.

US: Our everyday selves are only moments away.

ME: But before then. Take a moment.

To remember, that against the odds, we are the humans who have been chosen by gods, fate or chance to be alive, clinging to this part of the earth, spinning around the sun, now.

US: You, me, us. About to say our goodbyes. But forever connected. In endless seen and unseen ways.

ME: For better, for worse. We're the ones who got the job of being alive now, tasked with the act of caring.

We are the ones who must find ways to be the best versions of ourselves.

It's us who must try, perhaps fail but then try again to turn up for nature. If we want nature to turn up for us. We must.

This dream of being separate and perfectible, that has held humans captive for too long, is surely, finally proven, a nightmare.

We are the humans with the task of waking up and remembering how to be the queer transformers, the creative midwives, the good husbands that our world needs.

Together. Ready or not.

It's our work to do.

No-one else's. It's not for future generations. Not for those who are still children. It's mine and yours.

Whether we like it. Whether we like each other.

US: Here we are.

ME: It feels scary. Unfair. Overwhelming. But maybe there's something else to be found within the shape of this feeling too?

US: Something beneath the initial heat? Something cool edged, surprising?

ME: Maybe this reality is handing us our purpose? Our mission? Our North Star? Our way to make sense of finding ourselves alive today?

ME: I found I had to write this play. Maybe you'll write a song, pick up litter, join a protest, read up on nature names, bring a friend to walk here at dusk, study climate science, volunteer, climb a tree, tell someone you love nature, put your Dog on its lead at nesting time, join a Toad Patrol in spring?

I don't know what you'll do. But I do know, with certainty, it will matter.

It matters that we show up, in all the different ways that we can.

And look at you. You can trust yourself, you proved that already.

You're here aren't you?

That matters.

As we begin to look up, as we remember the chores undone, think about having some lunch, getting to prayers, going to yoga, picking up the kids, visiting a friend, starting that damn thing we've been putting off.

As we begin to let go of now and return to our lives.

Take a little part of this place with you. Carry it like a pebble in your pocket. Or a feather behind your ear. Let the wild in. Who knows where it might take us next?

Thank you.



I found a paint brush up at St Ives Estate this morning.

I brought it home.

I sketched it Double its real size.

Maybe I will give it a new home. Maybe someone will claim it as theirs.

This play was written and illustrated by Emma Adams while she was artist in residence at St Ives Estate and Harden Moor between August and October 2026.

Emma was one of ten artists commissioned by Bradford Culture Company to explore specific sites on the Bradford Pennine Gateway National Nature Reserve.

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