



repetition and familiarity opens up more possibilities for my artwork than a succession of new experiences.

I made five trips out to the moor. Those first trips are exciting; so much is unknown and the landscape holds so much mystery and with mystery comes possibilities. As far as I know, the moor may stretch on forever beyond the horizon. I think it compares to the first time you hear a new album that you like; you have no idea which song follows which, nor what they are called, it is uncharted and all the better for it. I recorded my walks as follows, alongside taking photographs, and making drawings and paintings.



Sunday 9 March. **Orange Line.**

Set off before breakfast. Ran past Loch an Duna along the peat road, Explored the garradh dubh and peat cuttings. Two dead cars and a pile of wheels. A half lap of Loch Nighean Shomhairle - Beinn Bragar reflected as if in a mirror. I was tempted but went no further. Dipped my toe in the water. Back to Grinneabhat before the rain. And down another peat road as far as Cnoc-Miclaid. Anthropomorphic lonely fence posts in the gloom. Jon lent me a staff for tomorrow. 1.5 hours.

Monday 10 March. **Yellow Line.**

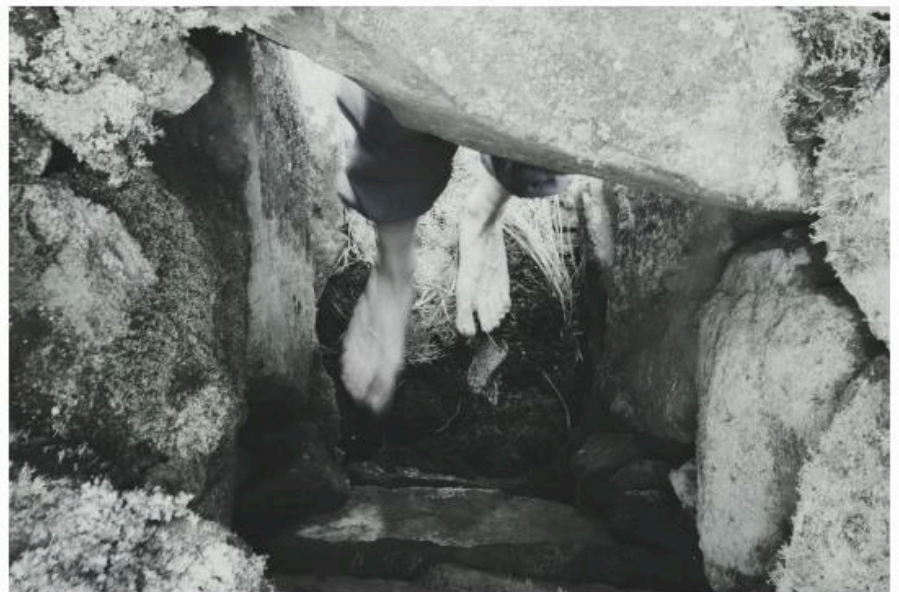
Followed Abhainn Arnol to the tulachan past peat stacked in blue bags. Jumped a tributary and then continued to Gearraidh Atha Ruaidh. Flooded airigh and a flag pole at Corcadail. Lost in peat hags before lunch. Ate a cheese sandwich. Found a bottle in a bog. North towards Gearraidh Choinnich where I deliberated: home or south?. Thought I saw a distant figure. South. 30 minutes to cover the mile to Uishal. Airigh with a roof and a locked door, below another with two kettles. Into the shade down Gleann an t-srath. A scary boglach when crossing back to Loch Nighean Shomhairle. Home along the peat road. 8 hours.



Tuesday 11 March. **Green Line.**

Ran along the peat road to Abhainn Arnol. Walked as far as the airigh with the metal bed frame. It seemed much further than yesterday. Watched by ravens. Took my shoes off and lay down for a photo. Ate a scone. Made a drawing of Stacaseal. Tracked north east and followed Allt a' Bhodaich back to the Tulachan a' Gheàrraidh. Jogged home the way that I came in time to give a talk. 3 hours.







Wednesday 12 March. **Pink Line.**

Set off from the fanks with Anne and Ruby. A sea eagle came in for a closer look as we neared the ford. Could it take a dog? Took off our boots and socks opposite an abandoned tent. Aim for the first airigh; there is a stone for seaweed and a sundial lost in the heather. Across a boundary at Gleann loagro. Took a photo at Airigh Isaac. One-way, this walk once took two hours, now it takes three. It was cold, so I put up my hood. Lunch of cheese sandwiches and casual biscuits at Airigh Guy. RC's and PC's initials carved into the wall. Climbed through a scrape, made for cows to drink at, up to the cairn at Beinn a' Chanaich Mhoir. Returned by the same route. Rested in the sun by the river, then saw a dead sheep trapped under a rock in mid-stream. 7 hours.



Friday 14 March. **Blue Line.**

Today it didn't rain. Filmed the river beyond the end of the peat road. Quickly through the ford, startled red deer near Sidhean loagro. Followed the burn to the only spring-house. Came down to Airigh Isaac. Ate a cheese sandwich looking over Loch Thulagabhal. Went down to the causeway to collect flat rocks. Unfurled a roof and blocked the doorway on the windward side. I walked a straight line westwards. Barefooted. The river came to my knees. Past the loch of the shieling of the one night. I (literally) ran into two stags behind a

tom. A slog through a bog to a black beach and then up a quad bike track to Geairidh Choinnich. Sat on a rock and ate millionaire's shortbread. Thought I heard dogs. Brushed off a tick. Climbed Beinn Choinnich. Dropped steeply to Gleann Almagro. Admired a caochan only as wide as my hand but deeper than Jon's staff. Followed it east then doubled back on myself across stepping stones, north to peat cuttings at Loch Nighean Shomairle and (returned Jon's staff) home. 7 hours.







Thanks to everyone at Grinneabhat for their help. I hope to return at some point in the future.

