

**THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT
OF MARIA.**



**THE WIND FROM TOMORROW
IS SCOURING HER AWAY.**



MARIA KILBRIDE HAS SPENT TWO YEARS IN CARS LIKE THIS. IT FEELS LIKE A FACT-FINDING TOUR OF HELL.



SHE GREW UP IN VILLAGES LIKE THIS, BETWEEN HEDGEROWS AND HENGES.



SHE DREAMED OF TOWNS AND CITIES, OF SCIENCE AND STEEL.



THE MATTER OF BRITAIN HAS A DESPERATE, CLAWED GRAVITY.





