



**HOUSE
FOR THE
AFTERMATH**

TILES.

Roof and chimney tiles are hand made from fired river clay. Shaped with a hook, or pre-holed for wire allows secure fixing.

CAULK.

River clay mixed with used car engine oil

RIDGE POLE.

Scavenged telegraph pole has advantage as is already pre-treated

INSULATION.

Hand-packed bales of ruined cloth, plastic bags and sheep's wool.

RAIN-WATER HARVESTING.

Beaten car panels and hose form this life-saving system

.Defensible
Living
Quarters.

WALLS.

In this case are scavenged breeze-block. Mortar: Ash mixed with baked chalk-powder, sand & water

WINDOWS.

UPV-C scavenged from just about every house built in the last 50 yrs.

FRAME.

Scavenged timber; in this case railway sleepers. Again preferable, as they are treated for external use

Workspace.

WALLS.

Hand-packed sheaves of straw from the bread harvest, tight bound and fixed with wooden spiles. Outer surface is lime-mud. DPC's are made of woven plastic shopping bags and car panels to head and base

FOUNDATIONS.

Scavenged masonry with mortar recipe as described above

SUB-BASE.

Rubble, should be plenty about!

25th October 2038

Richard:

I hope this finds you both well?

Things have got pretty dire here in the capital since the National Grid fell over but everybody in the department still seems to be washing, so it can't be all that bad! Where the tea is coming from I don't like to ask, perhaps you and Cath have managed to cultivate some *Camellia sinensis* in that greenhouse you planned?

I'm looking forward to meeting you at the agreed, and am rather thinking of jumping ship before E-Day simply because I think the whole think is a fallacy designed to keep us sheep placid until after the dogs are safely away! Ever the cynic I know.

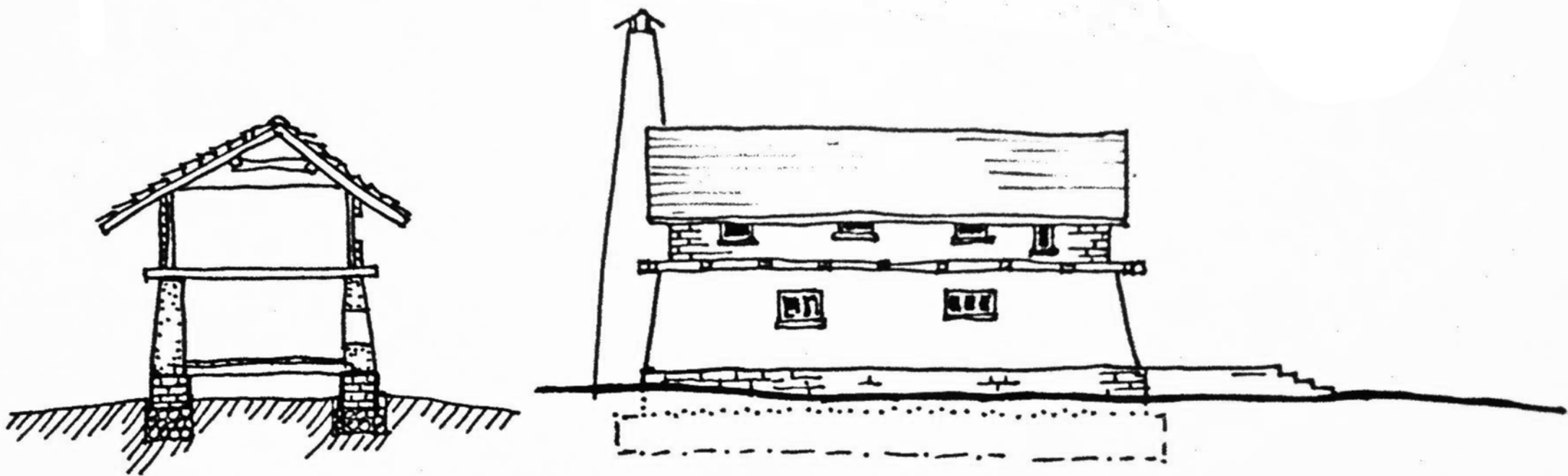
I know these annotations are a little sparse, I'll have to explain them in more detail in person. I know that's rather against the spirit of your project, but I simply can't spare the time at the moment.

Apologies too for the set-up of these instructions, things have become rather 80's without the computers. Who'd have thought we'd be digging up type-writers only four decades after the promise of the Millennium!?

Anyway, I transgress, please look after yourselves, and I'll see you soon: recognise me by my bicycle, you remember, the stripy one I had at Oxford.

Kindest, as ever,

S.



SECTION.

ELEVATION.

SD