

# IT CAME FROM ACROSS THE SEA

As told to Gareth E. Rees by Jennifer Butler,  
eye witness to the events detailed in this account.

## 4. The Hatching

To launch the AR point your devices camera at the accompanying marker  
AR is also viewable at the location mentioned in the text, launch the AR cam  
in the app when at the location and look for Mia.

The humming intensified and deepened, vibrating through our bones as we watched the cocoons shudder and shake in the glare of the moon. Fissures ripped through their crusts. The strange music stopped, and we gasped, clutching onto each other's arms, as the cocoons dropped to the earth. There was a mighty splintering, as if the pier had been torn in half. The tops of the cocoons split open. Long, spindly legs pushed out, then antennae, then furry insect heads with round, ebony eyes.

As the beasts struggled through the opening, the cocoons toppled onto their sides with great thuds. Many of us leapt in fright. Some started crying. Others ran away as the gigantic moths wriggled from their prisons and fluttered their wings, covered in fractal patterns, dazzling in the moonlight. They rose with a whirr, hovering above us, as if deciding what to do.

From the husk of the cocoon beneath the pier rose the biggest of all the moths, radiating light. It had the body of a moth but the face of the lost teenager, Mia. She stared up in awe at the moon as if gazing into the face of a living god. Her light was infectious, for all the moths now shone, too, shimmering geometric patterns across the rooftops of the town, across the sea, across continents, illuminating the world.

Laughing joyfully, Mia soared upward, flapping her wings, followed by the others, until the sky was ablaze with a magnificent spiral of moths. Below, we burst into tears. We fell to our knees. We hugged and kissed as the big, pale belly of mother moon filled with her children. For a moment, the mass of moths almost blacked her out from our view entirely. They kept flying further and further until they were but a black spot against the whiteness, then a dot, and then they were gone. We were left on the pier head with only the wonder of what we had seen.

None of us know what really happened. When the quarantine was lifted and the town filled with soldiers, scientists and politicians, all seeking answers, we couldn't explain. Neither did we want to. It was our legacy to keep to ourselves. Until this day, you won't hear it spoken about, not in public anyway, but if you look closely, you can still see faint stencils of moths on the walls of our town. We put them there to remind us that no matter what darkness we face, light will find a way.

ZEROH

# MOTHer Project



## AR Marker Chapter 4

*Please keep this marker flat to view*



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