

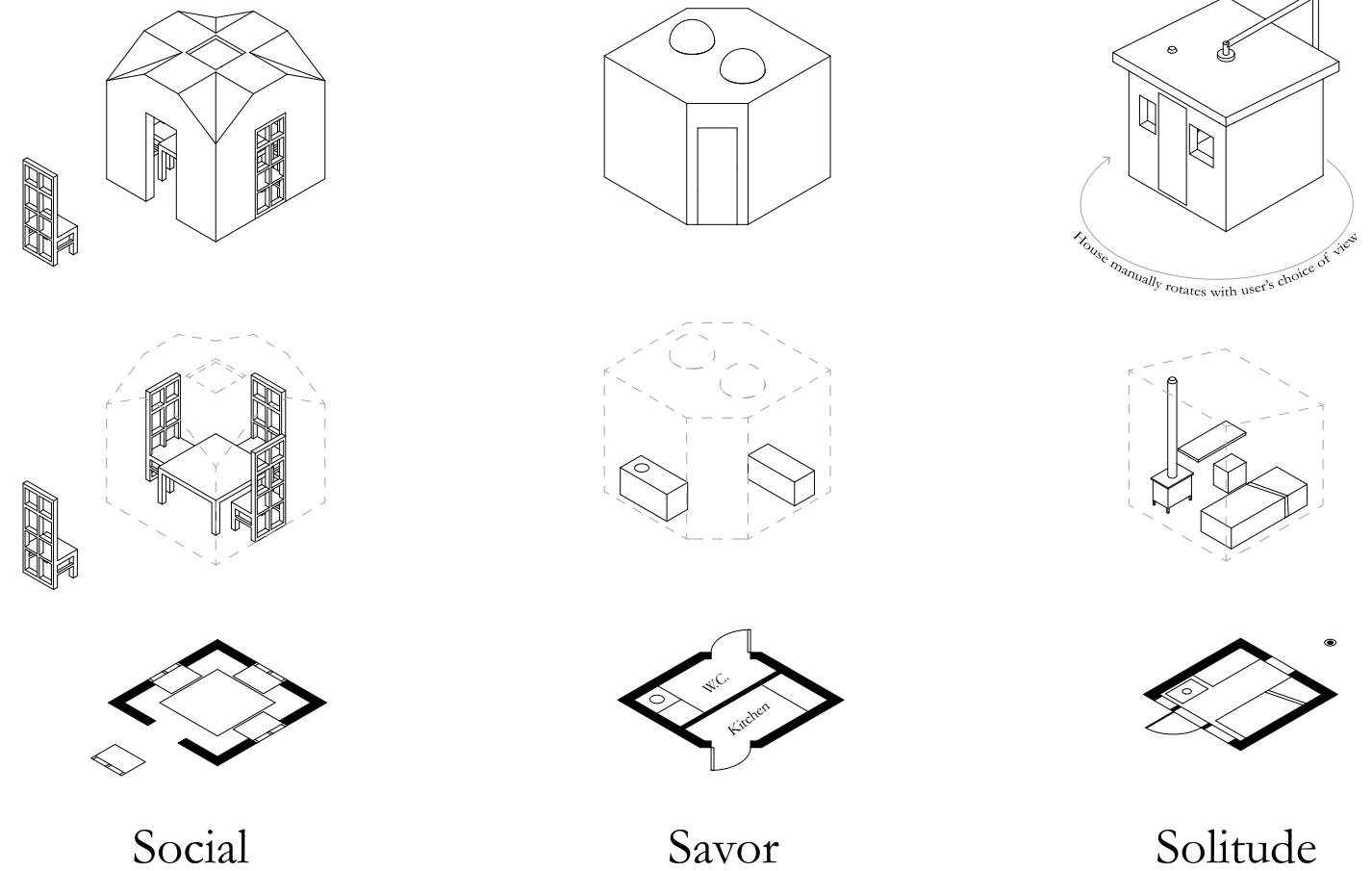
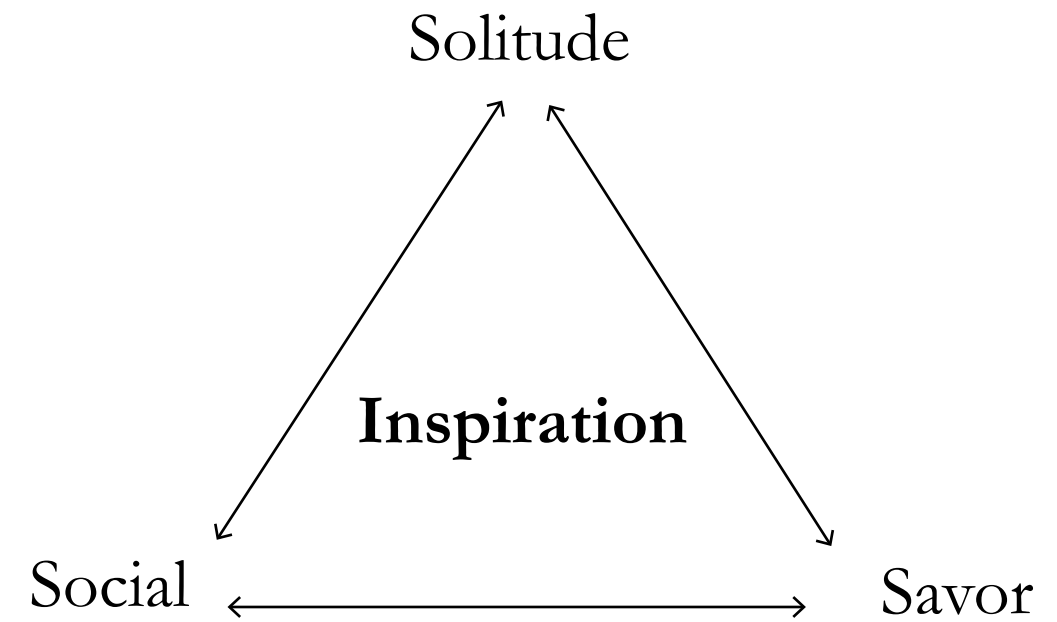
My Tools Become Artifacts

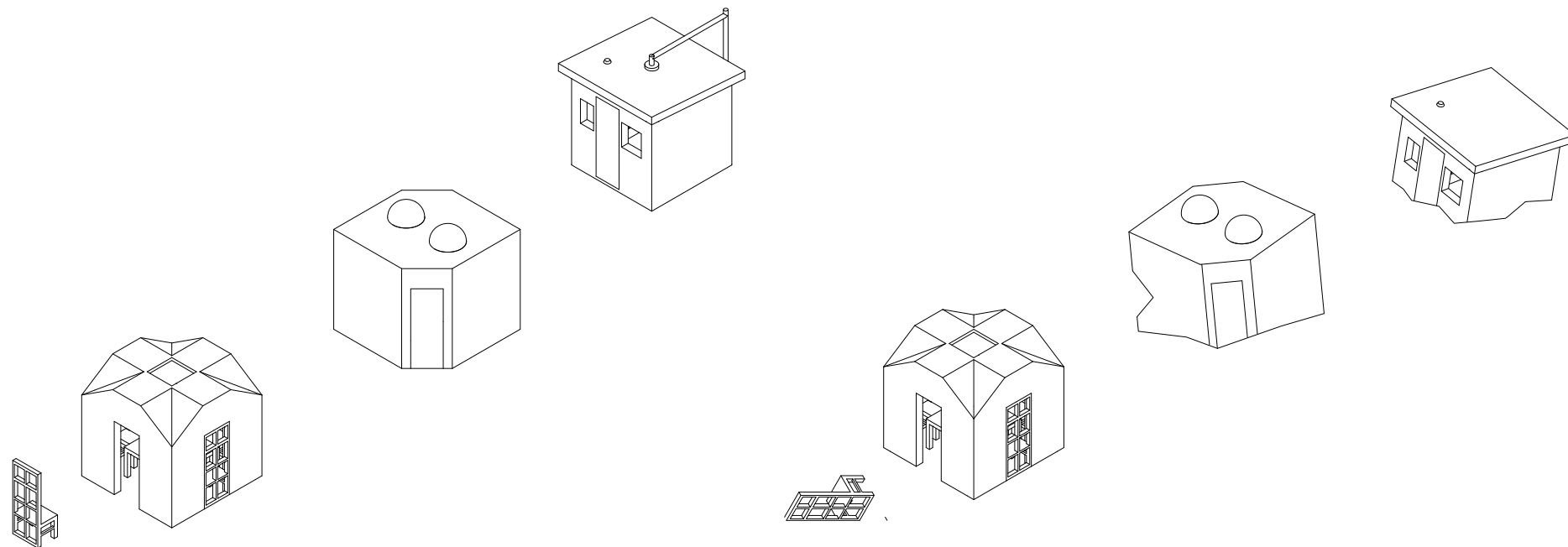
A friend of mine, Cold Edmon, is a writer. He exiles himself to Svalbard to get inspiration for his upcoming book.

He prefers locate at high mountains to see the view.

When he writes finishes his book, he believes his chapter in Svalbard is over. As days pass by, his work area changes where nature takes over. The structures slowly deteriorate, crumbles to the ground as though buildings do not exit here before.

Just like the other ruin historical structures, turning functional into folly and eventually dust.





After day 1, the writer is using the spaces.

After year 50, the writer accomplishes his book and he left. The structures becomes ruin artifacts.

After year 100, they are vanished. Nature claims back the land.