

## **Burnt Plaster, Paper: Calgary, AB**

It was very cold inside this condemned, burnt house: so cold that when I looked through my camera's viewfinder, my breath instantly froze on the handle. In the silence of the house, the air felt heavy, some oppressive chain-mail blanket over the junkie's needles and the charcoal remains of things lost in the fire.

The roof had partly collapsed; through it, over the cascades of broken beams and blistered wallpaper, trickled white winter light from the outside - a reminder of another world in the cold, doomed house.

I stood on the kitchen counter, setting up my tripod high over the rotten floor. I aimed my camera's lens into the labyrinth, staying very still as the light slowly filtered onto the film. This result is one of my favorite photographs - a journey from one world to another that is so much more exciting than its origin or destination.

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