

Topping, Jane ORCID: <https://orcid.org/0000-0002-8148-6684> (2014) The luck of Edenhall. [Show/Exhibition] In: The Luck of Edenhall, 19-26 March 2014, The Old Firestation, Carlisle, UK.

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In 1989, when we were both 17 and I had learnt to drive, Ross (my best friend and boyfriend) and I took a trip north.

At a seaside village on the west coast of Scotland, we visited a jumble sale in the church hall, at which I failed to buy a copy of the first UK edition of *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* for 10 pence. Thinking back to that moment I can remember that I simply couldn't be bothered carrying it around.

On the same trip, though not the same day, Ross bought a real mole skin from a pile of tiny skins in a box, literally under the counter in a village shop. It looked like a miniature, elegant rug for a dolls' house.