

SAFEGUARDS

Every time I move there are certain items I unpack to make a space feel like my own, to feel safe and feel secure. These are sentimental items, unusual second-hand trinkets, and things which help me make breakfast. In the instability of moving house and living somewhere with strangers, they take on an almost superstitious significance – if I can use the right spoon for my porridge then maybe I can get through the day; if I can mark shared spaces with my belongings then maybe I'll feel at home. However, with this comes a possessive desire to keep them untarnished and untouched by others.



The good knife



The cat teapots



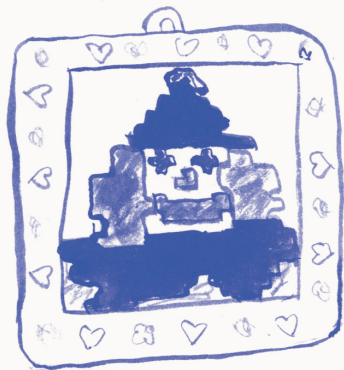
cutting of the rubber plant I
bought as a student



The apple blanket



The best porridge spoon



Big clown cross-stitch in a
pink plastic frame

On Sunday mornings I examined my safeguards, the box of silver dollars I had buried by the creek, and the doll buried in the long field, and the book nailed to the tree in the pine woods; so long as they were where I had put them nothing could get in to harm us.

Shirley Jackson, *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*

Sarah MacGregor

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