



The figures are small, and from a little way off it is difficult to make out what's going on. But as we approach the work, our nice day out in Eyemouth gives way to the events of Black Friday 1881, and we find that there is and always has been a storm raging in the heart of Eyemouth and at the centre of this quiet little harbour-side square. As I approach the work here in the text, I find myself reflecting some of the emotional power that the sculpture transmits...

