Publication may be viewed as the birth of a project, as the moment of its public appearance before an audience. Yet the moment of publication also resembles a death, as a project ceases to be a process and becomes a book, an object laid in state for the scrutiny of inquisitive readers. In the seventeenth century, the moment of death demanded an account, a narrative of debts and obligations. This moment of transition in my work on the northern Vale of Gloucester seems to require its own account. I have many debts to acknowledge and many friends to thank.

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