

Roads End...

Arid. Desolate. Abandoned...

No one could escape from the claws of the heartless scorching sun under flawless azure sky. Becoming an oppressive blanket—that had somehow sucked up all life from the desert—nothing was able to survive this inhospitable heat. Like a carpet of sand, every kilometre of it was the same as the rest. Wind weaved and whipped around burnt-orange canyons like rattlesnakes on the hunt. Ominous and deadly, the sun-baked sand lay amongst the desolate wasteland. Silence lingered over this land, except for the occasional hyena whines and vultures cawing.

For the amount of time it had been there, the land had remained the exact same: cacti ^{were} dotted on the sand (few and far between); tumbleweeds were rolling down sand dunes as they shifted relentlessly like ghostly armies; and bleached skeletons were scattered, seeing them every now and again amongst the sea of sand.

Deeper into the endless ocean, the merciless furnace of glare and death had a distinguished scent of oil, petrol and raw stale air, coming from the few remnants of a metal chassis. Windows shattered. Doors dented. A limp hand sticking through the window. What had happened here? As the sound of the jolting car faded along the one road that the desert had, it became deadlier silent once again... an eerie feeling set in you are alone... or are you?