

# Road's End

Beaming down on the desolate desert, was the scorching, midday sun. Every inch of deep sand was the same—all repeated, all similar. Radiating in the blazing heat was an old-fashioned, upturned car. Shrieking in pain, the wheel spun. Seconds later, a gloved hand belonging to a cloaked figure brought it to a stop, thus resulting in a high-pitched screech.

Unknown. Anonymous. An unidentified and unfamiliar individual stood beside the wrecked metal and crushed glass, which was not-so-long ago a gully functional car. His mysterious wear was unfitting to the merciless weather. His neck bared a scarlet, crimson scar which blew in the gentle breeze. Gold-rimmed goggles covered his steely gaze and hid away his true intentions.

As if part of a film script, the man casually stuck out his thumb, signalling to the approaching, outdated car. Screeching, the antique vehicle came to a slow stop.

"A-Are you alright?" The inquisitive driver questioned. Noticing the writhing, he regretted his decision, but his curiosity had gotten the better of him. "T-There's a station u-up the road, I can take you there." He generously offered. No reply. Only an eerie silence greeted his kind gesture.