

The land is bare and brown and the wind blows empty across the plains.

Amongst the deserted plains a man stood, looking desperately ~~at the~~ for water.

He could not live much longer. The sun scolded down on him as if to make

him die that much quicker. He walked on ~~fit~~ until he could walk no longer. He fell

to the ground. Everything went black. ~~At the~~

~~man had a dream.~~ He dreamed that ^{Someone} ~~someone~~

was pouring water down his desert dry

throat ^{and to his dying unopened lips.} ~~and~~ left more water for him to
He

carry on with his journey. He awoke

a few hours later and looked to his side.

There he saw a full bottle of water. Where

is this man who brings me water at my

dying hour. I must find him to thank

him. But then the ^{man} thought about why he had

come to this desolate place anyway. I come

here to find my fortune and I will not

go ~~back~~ back to Ireland till I do. The sun

was at it's highest peak. At least 50°C. The

man would ~~surely~~ surely faint. But he

refused to think about that. He had to keep