

The first thing I saw when I  
 stepped out of the train was  
 a vast, open landscape under a  
 pale, overcast sky. The air  
 was cool and carried a faint  
 scent of earth and distant  
 fires. I had heard that the  
 country was desolate, but I  
 had not realized how true it  
 was. The horizon was a  
 straight line, and the ground  
 was a mix of brown and grey  
 tones. There were no trees,  
 no buildings, and no signs  
 of life. I felt a sense of  
 isolation and wonder. The  
 silence was broken only by  
 the occasional sound of a  
 train whistle or the distant  
 rumble of a motor. I had  
 come to a new world, and  
 I was alone.

*[Handwritten signature]*

