

## **The Pyramids**

Susan Hall

The sand covered peaks reached high into the sky. Magnificent stones were stacked, one after the other, all meeting at the same point. The massive structures cast two long triangular shadows across a vast expanse of desolate landscape. Three travelers slowly weaved their way through the wastelands, sitting on camels, provisions packed tightly around them. The animals kicked up more dust with every step. Gusts of hot, dry wind brought up clouds of dirt and stung the men's sore, tired eyes. For a moment it would seem as if the desert swallowed everything up, even the monstrous towering architectures. But then the world would emerge again, everything basked in a golden-orange light from the setting sun that rested majestically on the horizon.