

Paso emerged over the hill to see the city on the horizon; he peered into his water pack to see that it was still three quarters full, a luxury these days. As he got closer he started to see the scaly texture of the overlapping buildings that make up the mega structure emerge into the realm of detail. The pile of concrete, brutalist houses that make up this relic in the middle of the stark plains of what was Mongolia forms a rough pyramid shape.

Paso eventually came to the foot of the dead god that still stands upright as if in a trance. In front of him he found a lever. He pulls it towards him. As he pulls it he feels as though he is moving a numbed leg, unused for hours. A large concrete cocoon plummets down directly ahead of him. He steps in. He pulls a rope before him, a mere cell in the grand scale of the gargantuan monolith. Suddenly, with a great lurch, he was pulled up. As he crawled up the beast in the concrete cocoon he set up camp, for it would be hours till he reached the top. He lights a small candle but not for light or grief. Instead only to bless his eyes with anything but the colour of dead flesh that is the tone of concrete. The petite flame strokes his eyes in a tribal dance; he blows it out and puts it in his bag. The monochromatic, deserted grey surroundings of the heart of the rotting structure's slums consume him once again.

He arrives at the top with a lurch, waking him up. Ahead of him lay a colossal square with small gullies for water as well as fountains that are like bodies without blood due to their absence of life-giving water. In the centre stands a fine looking statue, in Paso's eyes at least. He stands vainly as if he had the right to be etched into time via immortal cement. Paso walked up to it and spat at the floor bluntly. "Who do you think you are?" he mumbled, broodingly.

He walks around behind the statue and on the steps of the great neoclassical structure. Behind, he places a wreath of poppies whose bright red colour leaches into the grey sky and concrete tomb around him. Briskly he pivots around and walks away. "Who did you think you are?" Paso mulled over in his head as he walked past the sculpture. "Who do I think I am, who did I think I was? Why couldn't I listen to the people, 'stop using the water', they would whine, but here I am the only one left. Who did I think I was?"

"Wonderful water it was, though for it was your life and energy, old boy". Paso lent down and touched the floor. "Come on, give me a sign some part of you is still somewhat alive in there."

The ground slowly vibrated, the god that the mega structure was built around is still holding on to life after the huge amounts of water deprivation it's had to endure. "There we are, old boy, see you next year". And with that the old king left his abandoned keep for another year allowing the "city" to rest.