

# Dirt Work for the

As she wandered lonely as a cloud, the disheartened maid felt empty. A shockwave hit her body as quickly as light. Her eyes turned ice as she stared like a predator at the old man. Now feeling despondent, the maid was hopeless and had nothing to do. All day the crystal tears in her soft eyes leaked like oil on the floor. The crispy cold was getting bitter, and the wind howled and the loud bangs of thunder roared loudly. The atmosphere was full of melancholy. The discovery of this old man turned her panic-stricken. Upon finding out about the coronavirus she killer herself. With no-one with her and the crestfallen feeling of hope she had no choice.

**Fantastic! Great improvement!**