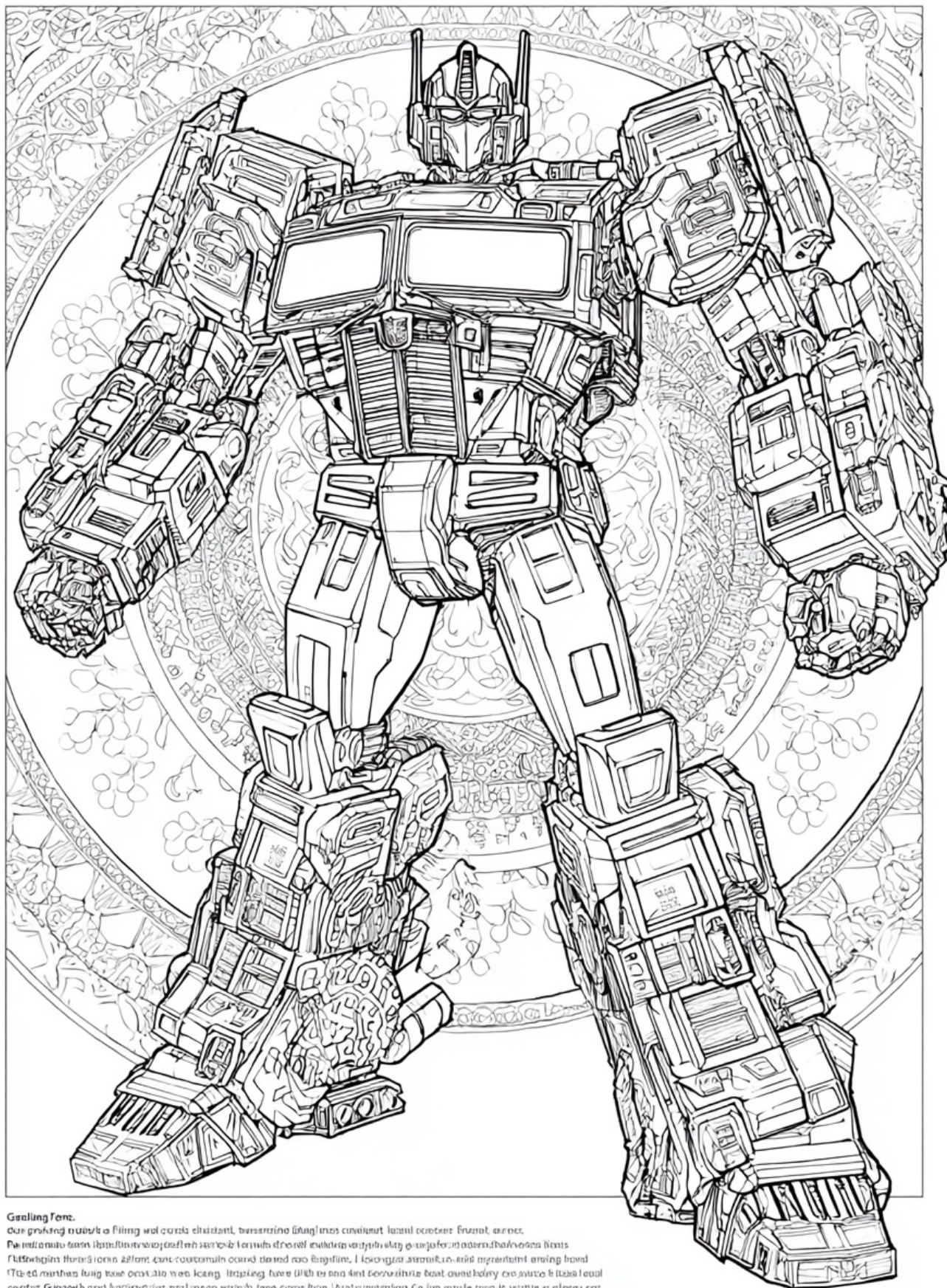




Geuling Fernz.

Gravel Fence.
 One of the first things I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the sound of gravel underfoot. It was a soft, rhythmic crunch that seemed to follow me everywhere I went. The gravel was a mix of small, smooth stones and larger, angular ones, creating a unique texture. I noticed that the gravel was not just on the ground but also on the sides of the road, where it had been thrown by a passing truck. The sound of the gravel was a constant reminder of the rugged terrain we were in.