Today is scorching hot. Loxy is almost dying. She almost did, but then Allen splashed a bucketful of water on her. She snorted and started walking, which was a relief. Guess what? We’re almost there! But Paradise will have to wait. For now, we have to deal with some problems. John’s wagon tipped over, and I heard somebody on another trail got his or her cattle stolen. Worst of all, Amanda’s small daughter got a dreadful fever and died. Devil’s Flat is really like a devil’s flat. I swear, it feels like the sun is jeering and laughing at us, and every time it does, it shines down its oven-like rays. The water holes are as dry as Amanda’s grandma’s legs, and believe me, they are really dry! The water barrels don’t have a drop left in them, and Pinto is sick. I think we will survive, but I expect to encounter more of the sun’s torturing rays, more dead stock, and not one drop of water!

 --Martha Long