

### Entry 27- Monday

I trekked to the gold fields again, with no luck. All I found was little over a dollars worth of gold. I worry that I wont be able to find any of this lands vast riches, and will come back to Australia with nothing to show for my trip. I hope I will get lucky soon, because my mother is getting old now, and I dream of making here happy one day before she is gone.

### Entry 28- Wednesday

Something very interesting happened today, as I don't normally read the morning paper, but today I felt like I should. I saw the headline with something about "Simon Fraser" and gold, so I decided to pick it up. When I read through it, it said that a man named Simon Fraser, the fortunate lad, had found gold down in the east Canadas. It was said to be so much that you could grab it with the hands! I am thinking of heading down there, but the way is hard and unforgiving.

### Entry 29- Thursday

I have made my decision: I'm going down to eastern Canada. I have gathered a small group of around 15 people who share my intentions, and we plan to depart early tomorrow. I will update this journal of my travels every two weeks on Sunday.

### Entry 30- Sunday

Me and my group have started the travel to east Canada, and one from the group I have grown a keen liking to. His name is Jack Harring, and he is from Britain. Also, we walked for around 6 hours each day, and the tents have worked very well.

### Entry 31- Sunday

We made progress and actually saw a small town on Wednesday. We restocked our supplies and continued. Unfortunately, we assume that our remaining currency will only last for around four more weeks worth of food, and thus we might have to trade some of our equipment.

### Entry 32- Saturday

We have travelled for two more weeks, and only faced minor challenges on the way. On Wednesday, one of our tents broke, but with a needle and some string, it was fixed and ready for the next leg of the road. We also made it to a town named Oakhurst, which mean we are almost one quarter of the way there.

### Entry 33- Sunday

This week was the same as the other ones, with nothing interesting happening. More walking, more sleeping, and more eating. But, we are slightly worried we might run out of food soon, and some already start to worry

### Entry 34- Friday

I am writing this early because unfortunately, we have run out of money. That means we will only have the food we carry for the next while. On top of this, our map tells us there are not any towns throughout this range, so we are on our own for the rest of the trip. Some of us are also starting to feel the effects of this harsh journey, especially my dear friend Jack.

### Entry 35- Saturday

I write today with grave news. My friend Jack has fell very ill into the 11th week, and on Tuesday this week, died of what we presume is starvation. We are all feeling the effects of little food by now and are uncertain of how long we may last. We are just hoping we find some humanity in this unforgiving wilderness.

### Entry 36- Sunday

Something great happened this week. Our group was hiking through the mountains, as normal, and we saw what looked like human civilization. We saw salmon from the river drying on wood racks. When we saw the food, some of our group wanted to steal some, but we resisted the urge and trekked on. Later, we saw some houses made of what looks to be wood and leaves. Upon further investigation, no one is in them except around 10 mutilated corpses, their skin pockmarked with small divots. As we travelled more we saw more of these houses, and on Thursday, we actually saw people. They lived in primitive and simple ways, yet they were peaceful. We offered up some of our supplies for food, and they agreed. We thanked the lord for the meal, and we will set off on Monday.

### Entry 37- Saturday

As we left the Indian village, we wished them good blessings, and when we left some looked sick and coughing. We left that morning, and kept going. With the nourishment from the day before, we kept moving for the whole week at extra speed, and on the night of the latest Friday, we saw the lights that give hope. It seemed like there might be a town in the distance.

### Entry 38- Monday

With renewed vigour, we left that morning disgruntled and hopeful. And alas, on the final day of our journey we made it to a town named Fort Berens. A rush of happiness flowed through me as the journey finished. We had made it, and what lays ahead of us can only be good. This is the final entry I will write in this journal.

**The End**