

Wednesday January 3rd 2955

I have finally found the time to make some notes of my adventure so far, to be completely honest I am currently feeling a little deflated, I feel that my journey of several weeks has been in vain and that not only will we get no help from Isengard but I find out that my quest to Isengard to seek aid from the head of the white council was a rouse to send me off on some quest I do not feel qualified to take with a group of strangers consisting of myself, two other men, an Elf, a Dwarf and someone I have over heard called a hobbit, though he appears to be a great deal younger than the hobbit I had seen briefly through the crowds on the day the company of Thorin Oakenshield came to Lake town.

The group of stranger produced a map similar to the one that I carry in my pack and began to discuss roles for each member of the party and a route that we should take, it will take me months in the opposite direction to home to a place I would much rather avoid heading and I will not name in my notebook through fear of this falling into the wrong hands and the White Wizard has sworn us to secrecy. I have been assigned the role of a Hunter along with the Hobbit and so I am very glad that I have brought my fishing rod with me as I am not much use with a bow and even with the rod question whether I am able to catch enough fish to feed a party of 6.

I do not feel ready for this, I am not the young man I once was and do not feel like even then I would have had the strength or courage to undertake a quest like this, I had wanted to refused, I even tried to refuse but I was not able to, the next thing I knew I was in the kitchen packing supplies, discussing routes and roles and now writing in this notebook to keep track of my adventure, I suppose since I have nobody to return to then I had better do what was asked, I am sure there is a good deal to be learned on a quest such as this and so if nothing else it will help in my study. I just hope that I am able to come home from this.

Thursday January 4th 2955

I felt the need to document the events after leaving Isengard this morning, as soon as we left the gate we were attacked by a pack of Wargs and almost lost a member of our party, I was able to tend to the wounds but was angry to find out that it was only a test from Saruman, it has made me a little suspicious of him as if I had not been able to heal the wounds of the fallen companion he would have died for the sake of a silly test at the start of an already perilous journey, it will delay our journey as we will need to rest before we head out.

Sunday January 14th 2955

I have not been able to take notes as often as I had hoped due to the harsh conditions that we travel in, we are not able to cover much ground because of the snow and freezing temperatures, it has also made hunting and fishing very hard, we are not eating often and when we do it is not much, I fear that we might starve or freeze to death only 10 days into our journey.

Wednesday January 31st 2955

We have been traveling for 27 days and the bitter cold has not eased up, everyone in the party is noticeably thinner, I write this in the light of a camp fire as the 6 of us share a meal of a single Coney and although it is rather large it is not a meal for 6 hungry travellers. We have all found small amounts of berries throughout the trip but because of the time of year it was hard to tell what is safe to eat and what is not.

When Edrahil gets the map out I try to study it as much as possible as I am starting to fear getting lost alone out here. Though Edrahil does seem to know where he is taking us and does assure us that we are more than half way to Lothlórien and so i take some comfort in that.

Saturday February 10th 2955

Edrahil has informed us that we are less than a week away from Lothlórien, this has given the whole party a boost in moral, while the journey so far has been relatively uneventful we are all feeling the effects of hunger, everyone is often on edge because we eat little to nothing, I feel as though I am letting the party down by not being able to find much food but my only background as a fisherman comes from net fishing on the lake and so taking a rod to a partly frozen river is proving to be a waste of time in most instances, I have caught less than 20 fish the entire time we have been traveling. I hope that if we do not starve to death before spring that I am able to be of more use to the party. This will likely be my last entry until we get to Lothlórien as I am feeling very weak and need to conserve my energy for the last few days of the journey.

Sunday February 25th 2955

We have arrived at Lothlórien in dire need of help, The Elves of the forest were very rough when we first encountered them and have bruised my shoulder to the point that writing this is painful, I had hoped that we would be able to spend some time among the elves of the forest but I am all but certain that will not be the case after hearing the conversation Duilin had with the Captain this evening and telling him we had been sent by the White Council, The elves were not as friendly as I had been led to believe in the stores that I had heard and I fear that when they find out we were not sent by the white council we could be

executed and so if that does happen I would like this book to be my last will and testament and so:

I Olaf Farman, Scholar of New Lake Town and Loyal Subject of King Bard do hereby give all my possessions to the town of New Lake town and request that my small collection of books are used to start the first library.

Olaf Farman 25th February 2955

Now that is out of the way and I can continue to log the event of the day, this morning started of badly when we entered the forest and Chris the Donkey broke its leg and had to be put down and the day has continued to get worse, I am worried about Ted Took, it was clear that the donkey meant a lot to him and he has not taken the loss well. I will try to get some sleep and see what the morning brings but I am not hopeful. If this is my last entry into my diary please know that my only regret is that I was not able to save my family from the fires of Smaug and never got to see my children grow, that is my only regret and I will live with it always.

Monday February 26th 2955

We had been forcibly removed from the forest after the lady of the forest said she had no idea who we were. This was heart-breaking. I only wish we could have told them why we were really here, so we could get some rest. They marched us out of the forest and left us near a river to the east and all our hopes seem to have been dashed as we had to quickly decide on the next course of action and after little time we decided that as we needed to rest we should make for Rhosgobel and so for now that is our plan. I will update this journal as soon as I am feeling better and able to do so.

Sunday 4th March 2955

Today has been a very trying day, my old bones ache and even writing this is becoming increasingly difficult.

A member of our party almost died today after he dived into the fast flowing river and was only saved by our combined rescued efforts. That reminds me, I must ask him tomorrow what he was thinking and why he did it.

This is the first night in a long time that I feel I have eaten well and I do feel some of my strength coming back. I do still feel saddened that we did not get to rest in Lothlórien and I do still wonder how much more of this we can endure, though knowing the importance of what we have been sent to do, I do understand that we must push forward with our quest.

I will do all I can to keep the party in high spirits and healthy, though I feel like my own health is starting to fail me as time goes on. I am not the young man I once was.

Our camp seems to be relatively safe and in a good location so I feel a good night's rest will do us all the world of good.