

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.

Tuesday 20th March 2955

I almost do not believe the events of today and so thought that I should get them into writing as quickly as I can.

Last night our camp was attacked by a River Troll and myself and companions were able to best the troll and wound it so badly that it retreated away, as we wanted to keep the camp safe we chased after the troll and the group were able to kill it and find its cave with some treasure, I didn't take any treasure as in

these days I am finding my pack to be heavy enough without the need to add to it.

We got back to the camp and there was a fantastic feeling within the camp.

When I reflect back on it now I think of how stupid it was to go chasing after a troll in the dead of the night but at the same time how alive it made me feel.

Not much had happened since the last time I wrote in here with the exception of the troll and so I do not feel the need to document anything else at this point. I am currently on watch for the camp and about to wake Nain and then get some sleep myself. I am hoping that we get to a settlement soon so I can update my supplies and sleep in a real bed.

I do believe the worst is now behind us.