

# L'Haruspice - Year 1023, Extracts from the logbook...



## **Notes from the one who could read pages of the logbook.**

I was able to consult, thanks to the help of a valued friend and for a few gold coins, the notes taken by Captain Alaric on the Haruspice's voyages to Mundus in 1023 and 1024. Unable to copy peacefully and discreetly aboard the ship, I was only able to take a few notes, which I transcribe here.

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15th day of the first month of the year 1023

The wind was gusting on the docks, carrying strong salt spray. In two days' time, we'll be entering the reefs along the entire coast of Bragança. Hamilcar tells me to head due north. As I have no map, I'm careful to deviate as little as possible. I set up a second lookout post. Baudoin, a junk sailor, is in charge of living supplies. He insisted on taking "potatoes" on board, arguing that the Master Cook would know how to prepare them.

23rd day of the first month of the year 1023

We're sailing between the rocks. They're treacherous, and I have to keep two sailors in the bilge listening to the hull sounds. Sometimes it feels like we're scraping the bottom. Rocky points as far as the eye can see and the unpleasant sensation of seeing them move...3rd day of the second month of the year 1023 Had 3 hull props fitted towards the bow, hit an almost totally submerged reef. Nothing serious, but I've got the feeling we're never going to get out. I had to veer 10° to the north-north-west.

*Notes: impossible to consult the following pages, they are stuck by sea salt.*

12th day of the third month of the year 1023

We seem to have come out of the reefs. Bois Maury has asked the cook to prepare a hearty meal for the crew. Maurice and Eduardo have been ill for 3 days. A high fever, probably a cold and congestion caught at the lookout. The weather is cool and the sea calm.

8th day of the fourth month of the year 1023

We've had squalls for 3 days. It's raining so hard it's sinking the ship. It seems that the reefs have done us more harm than we expected. Yesterday, Norbert, a seasoned sailor, died of exhaustion. Baudoin is furious that part of his potato stock has gone rotten. He blames the cook...

18th day of the fourth month of the year 1023

After the lull, a strong, steady wind has returned. I don't like it. Hamilcar, after studying the stars, the map and the diary, thinks we should head due west. It's cold now and we're starting to run out of fuel for the stoves and braziers. We've changed direction.



# L'Haruspice – An 1023

## Extraits du carnet de bord...



5th day of the fifth month of the year 1023

Morale is at an all-time low. It's been five months since we've seen anything but the ocean. Sailor's faith, no one has ever sailed these waters. I'm exhausted. Bois Maury isn't so frisky any more, and we've decided to ration by half. We've only got enough food left to attempt the return trip we'll have to decide on shortly.

17th day of the fifth month of the year 1023

We hit the first blocks of ice and Gerlad was thrown from the shrouds into the ocean. We were unable to bring his body back. everyone is covering up as the temperature has become very low as we advance into what appears to be an ocean of ice. The sky is dark and it's difficult to orientate yourself by the stars. I do my best to take readings. These constant creaks are horrible...

28th day of the fifth month of the year 1023

We've been in these waters for more than ten days. The ropes have to be constantly loosened from their icy mire. The slippery deck has already caused two injuries, including a leg that would have to be amputated. Yesterday, two sailors simply disappeared. I can feel the crew on edge and mutiny looming. Bois Maury has hidden two daggers under his cloak. He too is worried about the men's mental state.

8th day of the sixth month of the year 1023

More of this constant creaking noise. Going mad, turning back, almost out of fuel.

12th day of the sixth month of the year 1023

Brawl between the men. The cook had to defend himself, helped by Boudoin. The men wanted meat in their lukewarm soup. The situation escalated. Hamilcar is locked in his cabin trying to make calculations based on the meagre data he has... I don't give a damn about our skin. 3 hull leaks and the foremast cracking under the weight of the ice. 5 men are so down that they can't keep their posts, forcing the others to do more work.

21st day of the sixth month of the year 1023

I discovered that some of the cargo had been looted. The men made and hummed litanies constantly, hoping to chase away the gloomy sound of ice cracking all around us. Notes: the pages are full of grease and salt, impossible to decipher.

# L'Haruspice - Year 1023, Extracts from the logbook...



17th day of the seventh month of the year 1023

A quick ceremony in memory of the cook and 6 crewmen who died nearly 15 days ago as we faced what some have called the Sea of Ice. The cook went mad and threw himself overboard with his salting herbs. More than half the cargo is spoiled. The sun is scorching and we're running out of water. Baudoin has only two sacks of potatoes left...

25th day of the seventh month of the year 1023

At first, I didn't believe it when he screamed, but it's the earth that seems to be looming in the distance. Are we there yet?

28th day of the seventh month of the year 1023

There are reefs here too, and we hit a nasty bottom that forced us to run aground. Bois Maury left with 3 men to scout the area. He found a spring. I went down to inspect our hull after the grounding and the damage. A fractured mast and several openings in the hull. We'll have to dismast to repair. We hear strange noises. Maurice has spotted what appears to be a large deer. The forest is dense and misty. The coast is rocky and we need to find shelter on the shore. Men are already cutting wood.

5th day of the eighth month of the year 1023

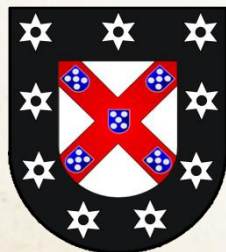
It was decided that Hamilcar, Bois Maury, Baudoin and 8 other sailors would set out on an expedition to the southwest. Bois Maury spotted what appeared to be a path. They took a minimum of food. 9 of us stayed behind to repair the ship as best we could. Notes: I didn't get much further and just had time to read that after about 4 weeks, some men had come to help repair the ship. They said the ship had run aground on what they call the Land of Mists, the worst place in their world. Hamilcar and Bois Maury seem to have returned shortly afterwards with fabulous tales of encounters with the natives, their cities and immense trading prospects. According to them, there's no Empire of the Dead around here - good news at last...



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Rare peinture du Galion L'Haruspice lors de son départ de Bragançe  
Don de la famille de Villar-Macedo





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PARTENAIRE OFFICIEL DE BICOLLINE



Nous contacter :

[contact@ultimacy.org](mailto:contact@ultimacy.org)

[MonsieurB@ultimacy.org](mailto:MonsieurB@ultimacy.org)

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