

Wednesday 5,  
December 1804.

16 days  
since Fog.

Men were put to  
work immediately  
one day after fog.

Graves were  
dug for Moran  
and Carver.

Two surplus graves  
dug as well. in case  
ground freezes.

Morbid. Not my  
idea. But I respect  
the utility of the  
thought.



Rebuild of Fort  
completed on  
30, November.



Captain Lewis has yet to spend the night in his new quarters. On November 21st, he set up a small camp near the observation site. Aside from occasional meals, he is rarely behind the walls.



It has fallen on me to oversee much of the activity in the Fort.



Only yesterday did he ask me to take on the task of keeping this journal.

I hate journals.

Lewis insists on focusing his attention on the arch. And so I write, bringing events up to date.

I hate writing.



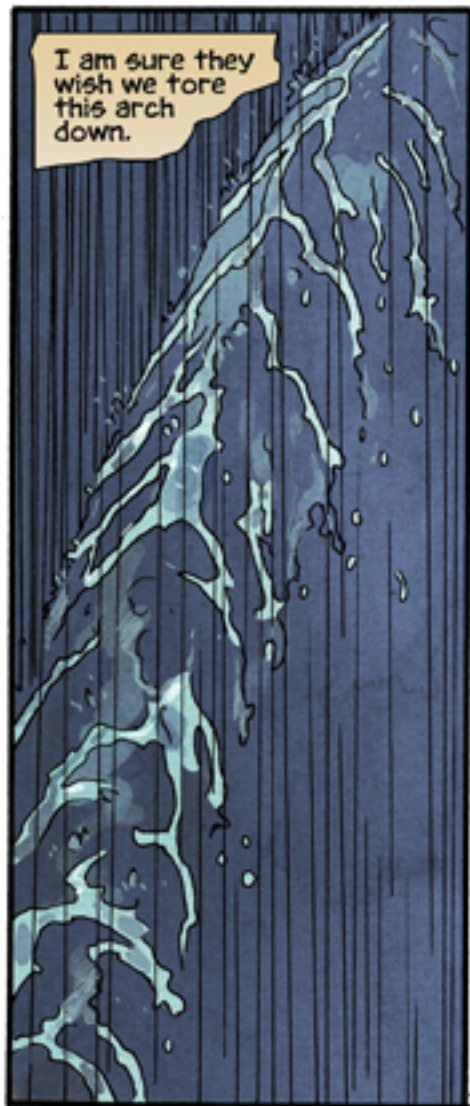
I admire Lewis's determination. It must be hard to study something you cannot see.



Guards are posted at the site day and night. Miserable assignment. They do not complain as far as I know.



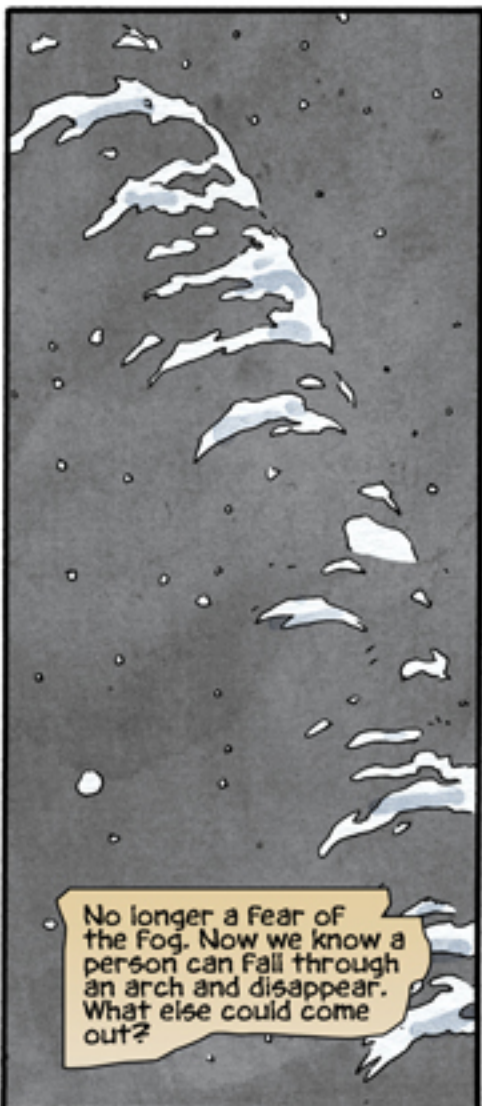
I am sure they wish we tore this arch down.



As long as it is here, so is the fear it brings.



No longer a fear of the fog. Now we know a person can fall through an arch and disappear. What else could come out?





I believe Fear may be the most dangerous thing on a mission. It confuses men. Makes them forget their training.



Makes them doubt the chain of command and Forget who gives orders.

JAMES, CHAPTER TWO, VERSE NINETEEN, TELLS US, "THOU BELIEVEST THAT THERE IS ONE GOD; THOU DOEST WELL; THE DEVILS ALSO BELIEVE, AND TREMBLE."



I BELIEVE THIS IS WHY WE ARE HERE, BROTHERS. TO SHOW THIS LAND THAT THERE IS ONE GOD. A CHRISTIAN GOD WITH ONLY ONE SON.



WE HAVE MADE THE DEVILS, THE DEMONS, BELIEVE THIS AND TREMBLE. DRIVEN THEM OUT!



WE'VE DONE THAT, HAVEN'T WE?



WE'VE DESTROYED EVERY DEVIL WE'VE COME ACROSS USING THE POWER OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

AND THE ALMIGHTY RIFLE!

THAT, TOO, YES.

HA-HA-HA!