

-Eirik-  
-day 01-



We are alive.

I guess that's the only good thing I can write on this diary. I don't even know if I'm capable of writing anything else. But Moira told us to write how we feel. That it may "help" us. Help us... What a joke. The only thing that could help me right now is a good pint of beer and some roasted pork.

It seems so far away now. We fled from our burning home with my wife Blodeuwedd, her sister Moira and our daughter Kari. It all happened so fast, we barely escaped on a stolen boat under a rain of arrows.

Rain... By the forefather, I felt my body melting under the fury of the wind, cold rain and salted waves crashing on our deck. Never saw a storm like that. I thought we were done for. I remember my last thought: "At last... Oblivion."  
But no. The gods wanted us to live another day. They want to make us suffer.

We are alive.

We crashed on this strange, foreign land. Kari called it the land of Wine, after taking a big bite in a strange purple fruit dripping with red juice. Kari... My daughter... Will you forgive me one day? I can't look your mother in the eyes. We barely speak. I don't have the words she'd want to hear.

It's been a whole day since we arrived on this island. We found an abandoned shelter, that should be enough for us to spend our nights. And sleep, if we can. I want to consolidate it some more. It's filled with holes, making wind howl like a pack of wolves at night. Or was it really wolves?

Doesn't matter, we'll have to explore this cursed island either way. Find water... Wood... Food... Everything is a matter of life and death now. The choices we'll make in the coming hours will decide if we'll survive a few days, a few weeks, or just a few hours...

We are alive.

I must cling to this thought. For them. For Kari.



Eirik's diary