

- Moira's Diary -

- Day 04 -



It's not so bad after all.

It's been four days since we crashed on this island, but it could be worse. True, there is an army lurking in the shadows, waiting for the order to slaughter us. And we might die at any moment from starvation, dehydration, or from a wild beast's bite.

But, we're still alive and together for now. And we're starting to build our new little home, one step at a time.

Today, I wasn't feeling too well. We've mostly been eating raw rabbits and strange fruits, so this is probably the reason. Lest we forget, the nights are also very cold. My dear sister has her handsome man to warm her ass, but me... Some things never change.

They all have been pestering me with how quickly I get tired... I'm not as strong as them! They don't understand... They think I'm lazy, but it's just that I can't. Besides, hard work annihilates my ability to THINK. We need at least one thinker in this group of dumb barbarians, or we'll soon join Björn's infamous skull collection...

Our bodies are weak, still. Our little boat trip has taken a dire toll on us, and the harsh conditions in which we are living here don't help either. Luckily the "witch" KNOWS things... They will all thank me when I treat their wounds with my dark knowledge. Pff... Peasants... These are just some healing plants. No magic here.

Apparently, Kari met someone in the woods who wants to join us. I hope it's a tall, handsome man... These nights are really cold.

Moira

