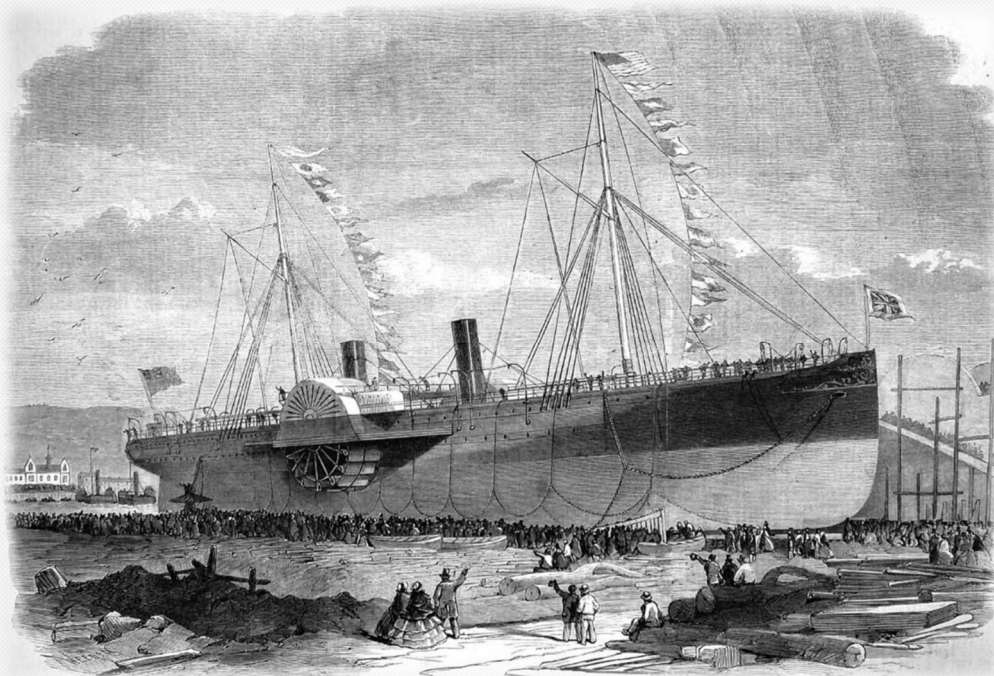


March 18th

Dear Diary,

My name is Alexander Blackwell. I'm about to embark on an enormous adventure and I want to remember this journey. I run a fishing business in San Francisco, USA and I'm about to embark on a journey to mine gold in Barkerville, British Columbia, Canada. My business is not going too well and this is a basically my last resort. I really don't enjoy my life enough and I'm hoping to strike rich and live a more fulfilling life. I am almost packed up and I'm about to head off on a new steamship to Victoria. I barely have enough money to even get to Victoria, so I'm hoping I'll be able to sell some of my belongings on the way to get supplies for the journey on the Cariboo Wagon Road. I'm so excited since this will be the only time I've been out of my hometown San Francisco.



March 23th:

Dear Diary,

I've just finished the first part of my journey. I managed to get a cheap ticket to Victoria to save money and I managed to sell most of my unnecessary belongings for a little more money onboard and at stops. The journey was uncomfortable, but it was cheap. I'm in Victoria sitting at the dock waiting for the paddlewheel steamboat to get to Fort Langley to buy some supplies for the Cariboo Wagon Road. It looks like I'm not alone see other people looking like me, a big backpack full of their belongings with a determined look on their faces, about to face the tough trek to Barkerville. This will be one amazing journey and I can't wait for it.

April 2nd:

Dear Diary,

The past few days have been really exciting. I arrived in Fort Langley late two nights ago and I immediately bought myself a used fur coat, food and a tent because I haven't eaten since the journey to Victoria. I'm sitting in my tent near Fort Langley with hundreds of other people in the campsite, waiting for the right time to go to Yale. There is another paddlewheel boat that goes to the start of the Cariboo Wagon Road in Yale that I'm going to take after I get more supplies that are necessary for hiking the Cariboo Wagon Road.



April 5th:

Dear Diary,

Yale is a busy town, but barely anyone stays there for more than a few days. They're all heading up to Barkerville. I've met so many people that have come across the world just to strike gold. They look all excited and ready to embark on their own journey, but I just met a man who came from the Cariboo Wagon Road, who witness someone being pushed off the road and down the Fraser Canyon. I feel uneasy now, so I'll probably find a different route if I can so it's safer. Maybe a fur trade route would be a better option. I embark on my journey in the morning, after picking up some last-minute items essential for survival in the spring, since apparently, it's a slippery road in the spring with all the snow melting.



April 8th:

Dear Diary,

The first few days of hiking along the road have been uneventful, and maybe that's a good thing when hiking in the wilderness. The road seems sturdy, and there are more people than I anticipated. Every fifteen minutes or so, a carriage pulled by horses goes by, and I stick to the side. There also seems to be people going the opposite direction, on their own adventure. I wonder why they are not going for the gold in Barkerville. Maybe they are smarter by going the opposite way of the majority. Who knows. I feel odd about going with the flow, because I'm not used to it. I never went with the flow when I chose my career, but look at what it led to. Here. I guess it's my time to follow now.

Enough rambling. I've hiked the past few days, and according to the map that someone lent me, day three of hiking has made me walk about sixty miles from Yale to Clinton. My supplies are steady until day nine of hiking. Hopefully I can get to 150-mile house before then to stock up. It's almost midnight, and it's been some very tiring 3 days, and I hope I can last until Barkerville. But until then, I just have to keep on walking.



April 10th:

Dear Diary,

I'm thanking myself so much for not going on this adventure any later, because I just learned that the mosquitos are terrible in the summer. It's already horrible walking eight hours a day until your legs are about to fall off, and with mosquitos it would be basically torture, at least for me. I arrived at 100-mile house just as the sun was setting, and I noticed that the people here are tired, but still excited, just like me. I like this, meeting more people that have tons of stories to share about their version of the trek up here, and I feel like I'm fitting into this 'lifestyle' if you can call it that. I'm going to take a day's rest to regain some strength in my shoulders and legs from walking and carrying my heavy backpack. This is probably the most interesting thing that I've done my whole life.

April 14th:

Dear Diary,

I just arrived at 150-mile house, and I've never felt more tired I my life. I don't think I can go much farther. I haven't checked the map how much more there is to go, and I hope I'm only 60 more miles away, because I don't think I can make it. My legs are burning to the point of where I can't feel them and my shoulders feel like I've just held sixty pounds on my back for the past week, which I guess is accurate. This is a short entry because it's been dark out for plenty of hours, and I can't stay awake any longer. I'm going to rest until my energy is back and then I'm going to start the final stretch to my destination, Barkerville.

April 20th:

Dear Diary,

Walking seems easier than before even though it seemed like I climbed more. I think the 2-day rest helped me. Since the road hasn't been built yet all the way to Barkerville, everybody had to walk on a fur trade route, and I ended in Big Lake Ranch. According to the locals, I'm about 90 miles away from Barkerville. Everyone including me are so giddy and ready to get going in the morning and get to the gold as fast as possible. It's really exciting, but I'm running out of money. I really hope there is a well-paying job that suits me. There is only one way to find out. . .

April 25th:

Dear Diary,

I finally made it. It's almost midnight, I've been walking for a week straight, my legs are numb and on fire, shoulders about to collapse on themselves but I made it. I just arrived in Barkerville. I have barely any money left for getting some land and then striking rich! I'm so excited, but the excitement can wait for tomorrow since I'm about to get some needed sleep.



April 26th:

Dear Diary,

It's around 9pm, and I'm about to wake up in about nine hours starting my job in Barkerville. I realized that I can't really claim any land for myself and mine any gold for myself, since literally every available claim has been claimed already. So, I set out looking for the best paying job possible. I ended up with becoming a logistics manager, a person who organizes and distributes the gold to third parties. I don't feel fit to do the job, but compared to every single person here, I see why they wanted me so badly. At least I'm not in the mines earning petty money. If I weren't going to strike rich on my own, I'd rather not do all of the dirty work.