

By: Jordan



Around
The

December 30 1841

December 1841

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World

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Around the World

By Jordan Dehmel

May 1st 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

I have created this diary so my sons and I shall know of each other's past. To let them know, that living in Germany has its hardships, but we will always fall through. Someone down in the village is going to sail to the edge of the world. He actually thinks that the world is round, and that he is going to end up in India, but I know that he is going to fall right of the map. I think I'll go and see if I'm full of cotton.

May 17th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

Today we left land. We had to pack three bottles of rum, twenty chickens, five lambs, and a full garden. To appease this book alone, I had to pack quite a few pieces of

parchment, two quills, and three bottles of ink. The idiotic sailor's name is Cristopher Columbus. I brought my wife, Yana Dehmel, and my son Joe Chi Dehmel along on the dangerous journey. Joe was fine, but Yana wasn't too happy.

May 29th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

Things aren't boding well. The sky has turned a dark grey, and the waves are getting choppy by the minute. Joe is playing cards with the first mate, and I'm afraid that the first mate is losing quite badly. I think that the captain is starting to see the rather bad part of taking us on this trip. He is feeding the chickens, but he is doing it rather carefully, so as not to make a mistake and kill our birds.

May 30th 1492 Joe Chi Dehmel

This is my first entry in my father's diary. He says it's as much mine as his. I'm afraid that things aren't going very

well. It's raining so hard outside, that I am writing this from my cabin. The captain says he's too busy to steer the boat, so the first mate is out being drenched in rain. I offered to take his place, but he rejected with the words, "one must be loyal to one's captain, when he hasn't ever done anything to you." You know, I'm getting rather tired of him.

June 1st 1492 Joe Chi Dehmel

The storm is only getting worse. A small whirlwind of water has formed on the water. It's only getting bigger. Mother is hiding down with father and me in the cabins. Another ship, the Santa Maria, is having trouble staying afloat. The whirlwind is bigger than our ship now. One of the men was swept overboard in a giant wave. Half the chickens drowned today. Now, the whirlwind- now identified as a hurricane- towers into the sky above our ship. The roof of the chicken hut was blown off, but the chickens are smart enough that they stayed in their cage, with their claws held

tight to the ground so as not to fly off. Cristopher Columbus is finally steering our boat although I told him that it was no use. The hurricane would steer us where it wanted us to go. He replied, his words strained, "I'll never give up to some weather!" I pointed out that most of his crew had given up, but he didn't listen. Father thinks that we are nearing the edge of the world.

June 5th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

I never knew my son could write so much. The storm has ended, but captain says we're, according to his compass, off course. We were supposed to be pointed west, but we were pointed north. We are moving north still because a strong gail followed the storm.

June 7th 1492 Joe Chi Dehmel,

Half the crew fell victim to a horrible disease, and got sick today. But the captain set our course right again.

June 8th 1492 Joe Chi Dehmel

The sick all died off mysteriously today. We had to "bury" them at sea. It's horrible how they do it! They tie a string to the person's leg, then tie a rock to the string, and through them into the water. The sickness was identified as scurvy earlier.

June 10th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

The captain says that he spotted a ship off to the starboard bow. It is fairly far away right now, but it is moving quite quickly. We're afraid that it should be arriving at our ship in a matter of days. Meanwhile, the chickens have stopped laying, and our water is running low. We have been put on rations of one (suckily large) cup per day.

June 15th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

Unfortunately, the ship the captain spotted wasn't friendly. They're pirates! They are about fifteen meters away. The flag they raised above their ship is not the regular pirate symbol: it is an eyeball lying on the black flag. One of our crew recognized it as the dreaded pirate, broken skull. He is known for splitting dead captives' skulls into pieces with repeated blows from an axe.

June 17th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

The pirates captured us and are keeping us in the Dungeon. My son has been chained in a different room entirely. They are nice enough to let me have my quills and ink.

June 20th 1492 Tho Chan Dehmel

They have let us get on the deck to stretch our legs. They say they will let us do that once every seven days.

June 28th 1492 Joe Chi Dehmel

Yesterday, we made a break for it. We did it at night, so as not to arise suspicion at the time. We found out that we had docked at an island with one of our ships near it. We leaped off of their ship at half past midnight. We discovered that the pirate ship was tethered to the island by only one cord. We cut through that quite easily with a stolen sword. As the ship drifted off into the distance, father yelled, "I hope you reach the edge of the world and fall right off!" The captain groaned at this.

June 30th 1492 Joe Chi Dehmel

We spent another day at the island gathering food, then we left today. We had a merry party of survival that lasted long into last night. We drank all of the rum that we brought! Late today, the captain spotted land. Father was dumbfounded. The captain replied to his speechlessness with

a simple "I told you so!" As we docked, we saw a group of people. Captain offered them gifts of spears, food, and a promise not to attack unless they did so. They agreed to this.

July 5th 1492 Cho Chan Dehmel

We have begun to construct a large log cabin to serve as a town hall. I think that our stay here in India will be quite pleasant.

ONE YEAR OR SO LATER...

January 1st 1493 Cho Chan Dehmel

I have not written in this diary for quite a while. Today, Mr. Columbus invented a new way to tell what day it is. The first number in it tells what day it is (the first=1 the second=2...), then it is separated from the second number by a slash, then the second number tells what month it is (January=1...), then the last number tells the last two digits of the year (1493=93...). although I'm sure that the system will change over time, but I believe that I am going to

begin to use that system instead of writing the whole thing out. I almost forgot that it is my son, Joe chi's wedding day. His bride's name is Adelsheid. She came over on the Santa Maria. She has blue eyes, flowing blond hair, and very pale skin. Yana (my wife) is jealous.

2-5-93 Joe Chi Dehmes

The wedding feast was quite delouses. There was roast ham, wine, (freshly made, since we exhausted our supply long ago) elk, and a variety of other things. Adelsheid wore a flowing white dress with frills lagging behind her. Since no gold was available, we each ware iron rings. Our village is coming along quite great. Twenty-one houses out of thirty are made. Our main hall is magnificent. It is around forty feet long! There are seven main chambers. My family and my house is fairly big, about nine feet each way.

9-5-93 The Chan Dehmel

This diary has changed quite a lot from what I originally made it as. From telling my descendants my world, I have ended up writing about something that seems fictional. Some other people have gone to look for some other civilized people, other than the Indians.

9-6-93 The Chan Dehmel

Those people that went on that journey came back with reports of no civilization. Columbus has reached a new conclusion; that we discovered a new continent, not India!

TO BE CONTINUED...