

19, November 1804. We feel winter closing in, so we work fast, but remain careful in our construction.

U.S.

This place will not only be our home for the coming months, it will be our last line of defense.



It must be sturdy. It must be strong. Every man knows this. It is in his thoughts with every swing of a hammer, every lift of a board.

If we have learned anything on this journey, it is the fact that we know nothing. What the next danger will be, or where it will come from.



The men should be commended for their work. They do this army proud.

It fills them with confidence, working together towards protection. But there is a nagging thought working through my head.



Are these walls  
truly going to  
serve in our defense?

GENTLEMEN  
OF THE CORPS  
OF DISCOVERY,  
WE ARE HOME.  
WELCOME  
TO FORT  
MANDAN!

WON'T  
THE TETON  
BE ANNOYED  
BY THAT?

WE'LL  
CALL IT  
FORT  
TETON IF  
THEY'RE  
AROUND.

Or have we spent  
our time blindly  
setting a trap to  
curl up in and  
wait for our  
destruction?

Settling in has gone rather quickly. The men are more than ready.



I am looking forward to having the winter reprieve in discoveries, to go deeper in my studies of the creatures we have already come across.



The men are settling into a routine. It almost feels like regular army life.



Clark has fallen back into his old habits as well. He sometimes reminds me of the sergeant I first met years ago.





He sends the men out on patrol regularly, sometimes joining them himself. I can appreciate his vigilance, though I feel it is misplaced. We have done a thorough survey of the surrounding area--several surveys, in fact. There are no signs of orches or demons.

