

Dear my darling Lilibet,

So far, our Crusade has not yielded much, but I am hopeful that we will be out of Turkey soon. The blistering heat of the desert is so terrible (especially in this armour) that I would almost trade it for the raging snowstorms of the French mountains (almost). There is a disease going around and I have been lucky enough not to have contracted. I believe that it is our Lord punishing the looters for having stolen from honest men and women for, while we are on this crusade for Him, and they are only stealing from moors, I do not believe that the Lord approves of any type of thievery.

How I miss you my dereworthy darling and little Aland and oh how I wish I did not have to leave our wonderful home.

On our way through Italy my horse died, and I had to spend most of my remaining money on buying a new one because my armour is too heavy to carry. However, she is a sturdy mare and should be able to last me the rest of our journey. Unfortunately, shortly after that, my food ran out along with what was left of my money spent on extremely overpriced food. I should have followed your wise counsel and taken more money, after all you are always right.

The men are getting irritated wondering when we will get to Jerusalem. I tell them to believe that the Lord will deliver us safely to fight for Him if we only pray. They seem to respect me for the most part because of my experience in battle. Though I have heard some of them grumbling that if He were truly there for us, he would not have let so many men die before we even had a real fight. They are not wrong about the death, the smell of it hangs in the air and never seems to go away. There is also the problem of water. Shortly after we reached this godforsaken country, our supplies of water ran out and now some of the men have died from dehydration. Others have resorted to drinking animal blood. Thankfully, I thought ahead and saved as much water as I could so my supplies lasted for a bit longer. Now I am drinking my own urine (which tastes foul). Otherwise the journey is tiring and slow going. Hopefully, we will be in Jerusalem by the end of the year.

Until the next time I write, yours devotedly,

Hugo