

Dear my wife,

The journey is tiresome and rough. Firstly, we crossed the snow-covered mountain into Italy – this was tough. Many horses were unable to continue and died in the piercing frosty weather. Gauen, my horse, froze as we were setting up camp on the side of the mountains. It's been difficult without a companion and everything here in Italy is twice as expensive as back home, however this journey is impossible without a horse so I will have to use most of the coins I have to buy a new one.

Once we reach Turkey, the whole army was exhausted and as we marched through the blistering, sandy desert, Frederick announced that the fresh water supplied had almost ran out. We rationed as much as we could, but we had no choice but to drink our own urine. At that moment, I wondered if my dignity was more important than staying alive, but I was doing this for god, I had to fight for the chance to go to heaven.

Months later, and we're still in Turkey, water has run out, food is running low and the locals are charging more for supplies. My armour is scorching and extremely heavy: I almost don't think I'm going to make it. I miss home and I miss you. Everything is worse; I've contracted a disease; many had died from illness and I can't help thinking that I might be next.

Finally, where in France, our last stop before Jerusalem. Earlier, Frederick of Barbarossa drowned as he tried to cross a river in Turkey and many others too. We're almost there but we're not in the condition to fight; we're starving, tired and thirsting. I hope to come home to you soon. I'm sick of this crusade already.

Sincerely, William