

Percy Harrison  
Fawcett's journal



May 24th, 1924

# PREPARATIONS FOR THE FAWCETT'S EXPEDITION

Finally, The Royal Geographical Society approved the plans for the next expedition. I've decided to take only the people whom I trust. Other than the two Brazilians who will join us at the Cuiabá, I will bring only my son Jack and his close friend Rimmel Raleigh. After seven expeditions to the jungles of Brazil (two of them were strictly dedicated to finding the lost city of 'Z'), I'm sure that this time we won't come back empty-handed.



PERCY HARRISON FAWCETT

Thankfully the Society is supporting us with equipment worth over 100 pounds, such as a theodolite, a sextant, an aneroid barometer, and compasses. All of these will be more than helpful and shows that they also believe in our success, which is just outstanding. We have to prepare canned food, mosquito nets, and some other necessary tools before we set sail for America.

We have it all planned out; we will move north from Cuiabá with mules and travel towards Paranatinga. Then we will descend that river with a canoe. After that, through the Xingu straight towards Araguaya, to reach the Imperial fort on the Tocantins, and come out at Barra do Rio Grande on the Sao Francisco River. What I need to do now is prepare Jack (and later his friend when we met in New Jersey) for the extraordinary sights and things that they will experience in the jungle. I watched men stationed with me at war crumble like children under the weight of the wild environment.



JACK FAWCETT

Ever since I saw the first signs of the mysterious civilization deep inside the jungle, and read the Manuscript 512 by João da Silva Guimarães, I'm sure it's there. The 'Z' has been troubling me for years already; it's time to put my mind to rest. It's time to prove I was right all along. It's time... for the most excellent adventure yet.



January 12th, 1925

# THE JOURNEY CONTINUES, NEXT STOP - SOUTH AMERICA

---



NEW YORK SEEN FROM SHIP

We're in New York at Rimmels place, after a long journey across the Ocean. Tomorrow we will get back on a ship and set off to Brazil. Once we're there, we can't waste time. We will head towards the Cuiabá of the Mato Grosso right away. We will be able to refill our supplies there and buy everything necessary to enter the jungle and complete our journey. We especially need a couple of mules to carry the luggage and tools.

I'm proud of Jack; it was his first trip on the open seas, and he did surprisingly well. Obviously, he got seasick a couple of times, but at least he was trying to put on a tough face. This is great - it shows character, which will be needed later on. I was a bit worried that his age might surface, but he's not even worried about tomorrow, and he's even more excited now to see our goal through.

I'm ready too; failure isn't an option this time. I've retraced all the steps from the previous expeditions, and I'm pretty sure that we will be able to find 'Z' this time. Ever since I've figured out its possible location, I can't sleep. My dearest Nina couldn't stand seeing me like this, and I believe this is the main reason she didn't argue very much when I decided to sail off for the last time, to check my assumptions. That's probably also the main reason she allowed me to take our son on this journey.



NEW YORK STREETS

'Z' - a missing piece, I know it - once we find it, everything will change. If my calculations are correct, it would mean that I've passed near it several times at least. Five years ago, during my last expedition there - I believe that's when I got closer to it than I ever did. But I wasn't prepared; the fever got the best of me. I knew it was a mistake to travel alone. I was doomed to fail from the very beginning, but this time will be different. This time must be different. This time it's all or nothing...



# THE JUNGLE ENTRANCE REMINISCENCE

February 27th, 1925

It feels so familiar, so nostalgic, even though it was only five years - the trees, the air, and all people around the city. I can close my eyes and picture each place so vividly, and yet I feel ecstatic when I think about the entrance to the jungle. I can't wait to get past it. We had departed Corumbá two days ago, and soon we should arrive at Cuiabá. We're getting closer, but the travel is dragging - it always did.



Let's hope that Rimmel will come around and control his attitude. I want to avoid encounters like the one that we had when we got to the shore in Rio de Janeiro. It's not surprising that people, especially Americans, tend to look down on others, but this might be dangerous when we face different tribes on our way. At least Jack took the initiative and handled the problem, but even so, I would prefer to avoid those situations at all costs.

I forgot how hard it was with all the mosquitos and bugs, the first time I came here. But I remember now as I look at both of my companions. This is the only part I wasn't able to prepare them for - surely they've heard about it a dozen times, but there's a difference between understanding it and experiencing it. We're not even deep inside the jungle yet, and they are already complaining a lot. Hopefully, in one or two weeks, they will get used to it.



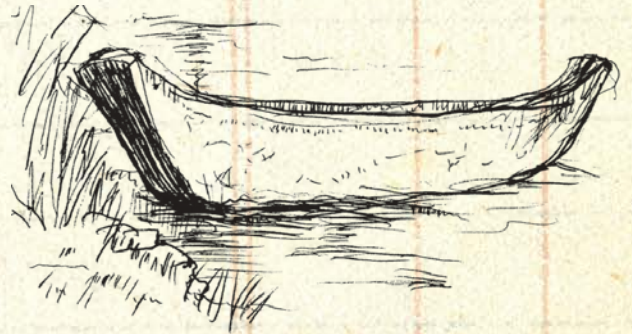
Even so, I must admit that I've missed it, the same way I've missed many other visceral parts of the adventures. I've faced problems, and met many people, and fought wild creatures. After the blood and tears, each location starts to feel like home, even if that home seems hostile. Once we get to Cuiabá and move towards the entrance, there's no going back. I close my eyes. I can see it, this will be hell - but I can't wait.



# THIRD DAY IN THE JUNGLE - A WARNING OR AN INVITATION?

April 23rd, 1925

A weird dream troubled me today, and its timing is what confuses me the most. We've just left the Cuiabá streets, fully stocked and ready to go through the jungle. It's been over a month of preparation, double checking all of the necessities. We've entered the wilderness and moved forward to the first tribe's location. We will travel through the first river today. Everything goes according to plan, everything seems to be fine. So why should I be worried about such a 'warning'?



The dream started with me noticing a big snake in the middle of our camp, the size of which I've never seen before! I reached for my blade to kill off the thing - that's when I noticed Jack, wearing a bizarre necklace. With a smile on his face, he was petting the creature like a stray dog. When I warned him to move away from it, he frowned and said, 'It's saying we're not ready dad; that for our safety we should turn back.' He looked straight into my eyes - both of them did, Jack and the snake. Both of them said, 'Fear the failure, Percy...'. I moved backward and tripped over a vine. When I stood up, the scenario changed - I was now in the middle of an ancient room, the walls covered with the dirt and gold fragments underneath. The dirt started to fall off on its own, and the weirdest white paintings appeared in front of me. I knew exactly where I was. I was in the middle of Z.

I'm not sure if I should be worried or excited. Does this dream mean anything? Was that some kind of a warning from the jungle, or was it an incentive? Should I speak with my son about it, or should I ignore it? I've never shared that part of the journey with anyone, but whenever I get into the jungle, it starts to speak to me. At least it feels like something is talking to me; this doesn't happen anywhere else. That's why I know it's here, that's how I know the Z is real - because I can hear it. It is calling to me, and I will find it.





# RESTLESS DAYS AND BAD OMENS

---

May 13th, 1925

The jungle is as hostile as it ever was. It has already been 23 days of travel through it, and even though we are doing fine, something weird is going on. Rimmel got severe food poisoning, and he's not looking good, but that's not what I mean. All I know is that right now we cannot stop, even though both Rimmel and Jack asked me to slow down. We should reach the Bakairi post in a day or two, and I will be able to help him there. For now, I must push harder because I cannot shake off a feeling that we're being watched...

It started a week ago, the day that one of our cargo mules died. Animals tend to get weaker; that's normal due to the high temperature and the environment. We had to stop earlier that day to let them rest. It was getting darker, and we were all preparing a camp while the Brazilians were unloading the cargo mules. That's when all of us heard it - a weird, terrifying howl not so far from our position. We just stood there, wondering what the noise was, prepared to fight back anything that might attack us. It lasted for over 5 minutes. Scared and tired, we weren't able to do anything else. Even when it was over, we still waited for about 10 minutes, wondering what was going on. When we finally went to check the source of that sound, we found one of the mules gutted and left to die. I didn't know that mules could even make such a noise. We were wondering, what kind of beast could have done that? There were no traces or marks - not even a footprint. How did it get there, and what was its purpose? I have no idea.

Since that evening, I've been on high alert. I think that the rest aren't seeing it the way I am, and I've decided to keep it that way. There's no point in making them nervous as well. But even Rimmels' poisoning is making me question our overall safety. Who knows? Maybe I'm just tired as well. Perhaps I need to rest, but for now, we push forward. For now, there's no stopping. For now, I've decided not to take any chances, and to be prepared for anything...



June 14th, 1925

## SHORT LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Greetings.

I don't want to alarm you, but I'm writing this to you because I haven't heard from Percy for a while. I know that I should be used to it; it's not like this is the first time that he's been unable to send mail while he's out there, alone in the wild. He's already endured so much, and I believe in him and his success. Well, I must believe, because I swear - every time he's back from there, I feel like he leaves a piece of himself there - so I worry, because I don't know if he could take yet another failure.

In addition, there's the other factor - this time he's not alone. This time he took my Jack with him, and I'm worried sick. Jack was preparing for this trip for a long time, almost his entire life, and I want to think he's more than ready. But frankly, I still can't believe how they even managed to persuade me to let him go. So, on one hand, I'm happy they're together; but on the other, I can't shake off this feeling that something is wrong.

That's why I've decided to reach out to you and your society, hoping that he's still in some sort of contact with you and that you simply forgot to update me on their status. Or maybe there was a simple oversight at the post office and I didn't receive your mail. Whatever the reason, I just wish to know if there's any word from my beloved men from Brazil. Please let this worried wife and mother have some peace.

Sincerely,  
Nina Fawcett





# CORRESPONDENCE FROM BRAZIL

November 24th, 1925

We would like to apologize for taking so long to respond, but we were anxious about any news from the colonel as well. We understand your concerns and we keep you in our thoughts. We would have updated you sooner, but until now we didn't know any more than you did. Anyway, I'm happy to report now, the colonel is doing great. He has sent us a lengthy report dated May 20th, describing most of his findings; if his calculations are correct, he should be at his goal already. He said in his correspondence, "(...) I expect to be in touch with the old civilization within a month and to be at the main objective in August. Thereafter, our fate is in the lap of the gods!" This means all that's left right now is to just wait for another word from him about his success. To make up for the wait, I've attached another correspondence from him dated a few days later, May 29th, addressed to you! Hope this will bring you peace.

Sincerely,  
Council of the Royal Geographical Society





My dear Nina,

The attempt to write is fraught with much difficulty, thanks to the legions of flies that pester one from dawn till dusk - and sometimes all through the night! The worst are the tiny ones that are smaller than a pinhead, almost invisible, but sting like a mosquito. Clouds of them are always present. Millions of bees add to the plague, and other bugs galore, stinging horrors that get all over ones hands. Even the head nets won't keep them out, and as for mosquito nets, the pests fly through them! It is quite maddening.

We hope to get through this region in a few days, and are camped here for a while to arrange for the return of the peons, who are anxious to get back, having had enough of it - and I don't blame them. We go on with eight animals - three saddle mules, four cargo mules, and a madrinha, a leading animal which keeps the others together. Jack is well and fit and getting stronger every day, even though he suffers a bit from insects.

I myself am bitten or stung by ticks, and these pioms, as they call the tiny ones, all over the body. It is Raleigh I am anxious about. He still has one leg in a bandage but won't go back. So far we have plenty of food and no need to walk, but I am not sure how long this will last. There may be little for the animals to eat as we head further in. I cannot hope to stand up on this journey better than Jack or Raleigh - my extra years tell, though I do my best to make up for it with enthusiasm - but I had to do this.

I calculate that I shall contact the Indians in about a week, perhaps ten days, when we should be able to reach the much talked-about waterfall.

Here we are at Dead Horse Camp, Lat.  $110^{\circ} 43' S$  and  $54^{\circ} 35' W$ , the spot where my horse died in 1920. Only his white bones remain. We can bathe ourselves here, but the insects make it a matter of great haste. Nevertheless, the season is good. It is very cold at night and fresh in the morning, but the insects and heat are out in full force come mid-day, and from then until evening it is sheer misery in camp.

You need have no fear of any failure ...



# JOIN THE RESCUE EXPEDITION!

Attention!

As of today 29th March 1927, we are organizing the rescue expedition!

Please help us find Lt. Col. Percy Harrison Fawcett, who's lost in the depths of the Brazilian jungle. The brave explorer – in pursuit of the legendary and mythical city long forgotten by all civilizations – took his son and sailed to North America. For over a year and a half his expedition didn't show any signs of life as we've been trying to reach out to them. The Lieutenant's family is worried sick on his behalf, and so are we.

We are looking for the most brave and noble people to join this expedition. Any skill sets are welcome; the jungle is harsh and unpredictable. Cook, Soldier, or even a carpenter! We were hoping you could search through the dangerous lands and bring our beloved explorer back home! Who knows what abilities may be needed over there!

Of course, we have prepared a high reward for the entire crew if successful in this dangerous mission. We also provide a safe trip back and forth to the depths of this jungle, but brace yourself! Though this trip will be memorable and you will get recognition for your bravery, this isn't a vacation you take on a tropical island. So make sure to remember that when you apply.

There is a limited number of spaces so keep that in mind as we will take off soon!



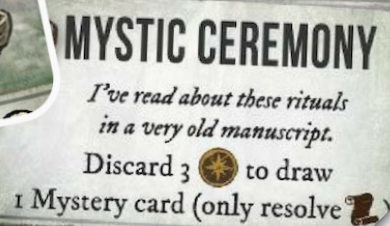
# FEW NAMES FROM THE RESCUE EXPEDITION

## THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

On behalf of us and the Fawcett family, we would like to thank each and every one of you for such a fantastic response to our call! We were genuinely stunned to see that many brave people, jumping in to search for the Colonel. We've been going through the list, trying to figure who would be the best fit for the fearful jungle. To be honest, it isn't an easy task, and we want to make sure that whatever is waiting for us over there, we can handle it.

That's why we'd like to introduce and officially say thank you to the few that already agreed to our terms, and will be helping you on your journey.

Meet Christine Key; she's an Antiques Dealer who has valuable knowledge about mysterious things like totems, so she's a perfect choice to go into the unknown. Thanks to the scripts she read over the years, she can perform ceremonies that you couldn't imagine. That's not the only thing she can do. She's very creative, and given a chance she might surprise you and provide much-needed help with self-invented items.







Next, we have Joachim Glenn, a doctor that will care for your health during stressful moments with his medical expertise. Moreover, if you get stressed or scared for any reason, since the jungle isn't a secure environment, he has some sedatives that will ease your mind, so that you can continue your journey. The doctor is a very reassuring person when it comes to physical and mental problems.

However, since we're talking about mental problems, we've decided to take an extra step towards being secure. From what we've heard over the years from Fawcett and other expeditions, the jungle may have a hard impact on one's mind. That's why we are happy to welcome Ann



Gillespie in our team – a well-known Psychologist – who will watch over other members. Sometimes you simply need to talk to someone, and you don't know whom you can trust – that's where Ann comes in. Her main job will be to make sure that everyone is calm and doesn't panic. Even if someone gets into some extreme condition, her therapy can help a lot.

As we stated on March 29th, we are still recruiting; so if you want to join and go on this adventure with Ann, Joachim and Christine at the end of next month, make sure to let us know. We do appreciate all kinds of help! Share the news about our upcoming expedition, or send us any useful equipment!



# UNEXPECTED DELIVERY!

## THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Once again you guys are amazing, and once again we cannot express our gratitude for your involvement with this project! The entire expedition was ready, and they were about to sail off toward the lands of South America – then at the last moment we got a delivery from an unknown sponsor, apparently a big enthusiast of Colonel's research. We must say, the fate of Percy Fawcett looks brighter with every week!

The delivery contained lots of equipment that will be more than useful during our journey. Frankly, there is so much that we aren't sure yet if our expedition will be able to carry everything. Nevertheless, we would like to thank our anonymous friend for every single thing, like this fine revolver, which will be a fantastic addition during the dangerous hunting trips.

Tents will come in handy as well, especially when the expedition will have to split for some reason – and we know that the tropical environment might not be as friendly as we would like it to be.

However, what's even more interesting are those two handy and easy to use Survival Kits! We know already how hard it might be to cook and overall get by in the wilderness – and the expedition is thankful for those and many more items that we found inside the boxes delivered to us!

Right now, it's time to pack everything and say farewell to our adventurers as they sail off in just two days! Yeah, you got it right – only two days until they start to move out slowly toward the unknown!





# The danger ahead!

I must admit, after this evening, I'm not as thrilled about the jungle as I was when I decided to join the expedition. From what Father Clemens was telling us, there's much we need to prepare ourselves for if we want to have any chance of finding Fawcett. Apparently, deep in the jungle among the many tribes that we will probably see and meet, there are a few that won't be friendly at all; he was even mentioning some cultists!

I know this comes from the mouth of a Preacher, and I could see that not everyone took him seriously. Officer Kimbsy repeatedly told us not to worry, and if we face any danger, he will take care of it. Tommy The Fist was just sitting there with a cigar and a grin on his face. But the way Clemens described those cultists gave me an uneasy feeling. He was saying that most of our standard weapons will be useless against them. He described the Acolytes in such detail, I swear I could see them.





When he started to talk about Sorcerers and Shamans, I feel that he lost even more of the group's attention. But I was standing there in the dark, leaning over the railing of our ship, listening, and making notes. It's just a force of habit I guess. He mentioned something about spiral spears that we would need to arm ourselves with to stand even a chance.



Afterward, the rest of the expedition again started talking about Fawcett and why they decided to join the team. Most of them admire the Colonel and want to help his family and retrieve him, but you can tell that some of them just want to make a name for themselves. I didn't even notice when the preacher disappeared, but some time later he approached me in the dark and handed me a weird looking bottle.





# INCREASING FEARS

If it continues like this, we might be in danger even before we get to the jungle, and we're only halfway through the Ocean. Romero keeps bickering with La'Blanc. Father Clemens continues with his stories; what he found out about our destination, and what we should prepare ourselves for. Even Emily Black, one of the sponsors, who bought her ticket for this expedition to get some excitement, is feeling uneasy. We all admire Fawcett's work and bravery, but people are starting to be afraid of the unknown, and this is just the beginning. If this continues, my assistance might be more than required. After all, I saw people less stressed than this going mad, and in a less hostile environment than the one we're going for.

And when I'm talking about madness, I do mean real madness. Conditions like self-mutilation can be truly problematic in unsafe surroundings (like a jungle), and I wouldn't want to ask others to use force to stop people from hurting themselves. That's just one of the fears I have; but to be honest, at this point I must expect anything - Paranoia, Schizophrenia and much, much more.





I've spoken with Cristine Key about it, and she said not to worry that much - I think she's actually the only one that holds it all together. Apparently, there are spells that she's heard about, which could help in such situations. Her knowledge about ceremonies and mystic subjects is flawless, and this gives me a little reassurance - that I won't need to deal with it on my own. But, then again, whatever miraculous spell she is referring to, and no matter how much I want to believe in it, I'm sure there's a cost. I guess we will find out soon.

I would hate to lose anyone. I saw my fair share of madness in my lifetime; I know how one's mind works, and what scares people. To be honest, I often wonder what would happen to me if I were to go off the rail. I would probably creep the hell out of people. Then again. I hope we will never have to find out.

Ann Gillespie - Psychologist





# WE HAVE FINALLY ARRIVED

---

We're finally here. After a long journey through the Ocean filled with anxiety for each member, I'm glad that we can finally stretch our legs on the land. At some point, I couldn't stand the constant suspense, even though I was continually assuring everyone not to worry about our campaign. I've explained what I learned at the base, about new areas that we're about to see and explore. There's honestly nothing to worry about, with my expertise as the veteran - I've been in a tight spot or two many times. So neither the creepy temples nor the pyramids, will stop me.



I'm glad that after all, we are getting off this ship with a positive attitude, and it's all thanks to that phony journalist Romero. He came through with the idea of the mutual diary that all of us agreed to use. Because we don't know for sure what this disturbing island holds for us, we want to note everything we see and experience, just in case. We might end up missing as Fawcett did - and with that in mind, it's better to have something that we would be able to leave behind for others, that follow our footsteps, to see. It was a great idea, and I'm glad that Mike came up with it - maybe not all journalists are useless.



I'm glad that after all, we are getting off this ship with a positive attitude, and it's all thanks to that phony journalist Romero. He came through with the idea of the mutual diary that all of us agreed to use. Because we don't know for sure what this disturbing island holds for us, we want to note everything we see and experience, just in case. We might end up missing as Fawcett did - and with that in mind, it's better to have something that we would be able to leave behind for others, that follow our footsteps, to see. It was a great idea, and I'm glad that Mike came up with it - maybe not all journalists are useless.

With that in mind, it's time to decide who's going in front, and which members will better cooperate with others to form some groups. We don't have much time, that's for sure - so we'd better prepare to make the most of it. For sure we will have to figure out a way to get all the Equipment that we've received before the departure to move around the jungle. That might not be easy, but surely it must be possible. Anyway, we've arrived, we're here - let's not waste another second...

Roger Kimbsy - Officer

Diary of expedition  
participants

MOST READ NEWS

# THE ARRIVAL

Providence, Rhode Island, June 26, 1925

VOLUME 18

1 2 3 4 5

*After a few days animals appeared*

## SPECIAL RULES

### EQUIPMENT

Until you build the cart, your Equipment cards are available only when the Camp is on the beach tile. When you move the Camp without the cart, you don't lose your Equipment cards - they are only unavailable. When the cart is made you can use the Equipment cards regardless of the Camp position.

*I don't think everyone enjoyed the task of building the cart!*

## INTRO

Colonel Percy Fawcett is lost. He came to this region in search of the Lost City of Z and never made it back to civilization. Your party is here to solve the mystery. Is Fawcett still alive? Is the Lost City of Z real? What hides in this fabled forest...

*At the time, we had no idea what horror awaited us...*

## SETUP CHA

Place the Equipment deck next to the Equipment cards.  
Place a random Island tile face down (as shown in the picture). This tile is the starting point for the Expedition.  
Put the Wreckage card Arrival in the space of the board.  
Skip the Event Phase during the Setup Phase.

*Our tent*

**DISTURBING ISLAND**  
Read a paragraph from the Diary. The number of the paragraph you must read is the number of the tile on which you have the Camp.