

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BRITISH EXPLORER GEORGE VANCOUVER.

20th April 1792

Somewhere near North America

Dear Diary,

It's been 20 days since we departed from England. The golden sun has risen just above the horizon and one of my crew members has spotted land south east of the ship. We have begun to sail towards the large island in hope that it is the coastline that I have been ordered to explore and chart into my Atlas. "Full sail men" I yell as we slice through the calm waves in the direction of the island.

As we head towards the coastline I prepare my crew for the next couple of hours. I am planning to try negotiate terms with the Spaniards to get access to explore the coastline of North America. My crew lowers a rowboat and a few of my best men join me as we row out to the large island where the Spaniards are based. The landscape look magnificent, I will enjoy exploring here.

It is about 9:30am when we reach the island. The Spaniards greet us as we arrive with a warm welcome. The Commander is quite a nice chap and we have become good friends. The negotiations have gone well and we have been granted access to explore the coastline.

We're back on the ship sailing down the coast of North America. The crew have taken a vote and have decided to name the island where the Spaniards are based after me. At around 4pm as we drift down the shore marking the landscape we hear tribal howls coming from the hills above the coastline. I decide to make peace with the Tribe Leader by greeting him with a barrel of rum. I must say the chap looked quite pleased with my gift and he was very friendly to my crew and myself. After meeting the tribe and its leader we all strolled back to the ship and lowered anchor for the night.

I am very pleased with how today played out. Negotiations were tough but we have been granted access to continue our expedition. I have enjoyed meeting the Tribe in the coastline and I look forward to what the next few days will bring.

Signed,

George Vancouver