



January 10th, 1934

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We have reached the site, but our situation is perilous. Nothing has gone according to plan. On our fourth day out from Merida, we were ambushed. I suspect by bandits, although our guide, Jacinto, is less certain.

But let that be for now. We seem to have escaped with our lives. Only a few of the porters were killed in the attack. No great matter. With what we will consume here on the site, we should have no difficulty hauling out everything we'll need.

And the site! My god! It is everything we dreamed off! We have made camp on the ball court, but our first and most serious efforts must focus on the Pyramid. Alvar noted several peculiar features of its construction upon our arrival (hastened as it was).

In any case, I think that

