Extract from: Palmerston's Diary of a Track-cutting Expedition from the Johnstone River to Herberton

Activity: cut out the following sentences and rearrange them to create a paragraph.

Blacks very numerous following us most of the day, one requires more than the usual share of patience to kindle the fire with wood as soft as a boiled turnip.

I have to handcuff the two Johnstone boys every night and all the scrub knives and tomahawks are stacked for me to sleep on, this precaution being needed because not one shred of reliance can be placed on my boys.

In about three miles ran foul of another precipice, could hear the roar of impetuous waters hundreds of feet below me.

Rain, rain, everywhere I try to look there is a black patch between me and the object I wish to look at.

Camped here, raining fast and so piercingly cold that my companions' limbs are thoroughly numb.

I am acquainted with these aborigines' treacherous ways only too well and am inclined to look upon with suspicion every action, trusting them just as far as I am obliged and no further, for at any moment they may attempt to steal a march on me and one feels unutterably lonely with such companions for they are actually worse than non-entities.

I carry candles for the purpose; and in fact if it had not been for the candles we should never have got a fire but seldom.

I never thought rum was such a delicious drink, seemed to instil new spirit into my boys.

Mr. Kevin O'Doherty gave me two bottles of rum which I broached here.

Started again through this dreary stretch of blackness in a north-westerly direction over a basalt tabeland covered with dense jungle.

Still raining.

Turned southward again and had level travelling all the afternoon, gradually worked my way north-west again and in two miles struck a large river, the Beatrice, the bed of it being full of huge boulders, current broad and very strong.