

## Return to work, enigma of the shells

Written by Max Guérout

Monday, 15 November 2010 00:00

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### Dairies 2010 [chronological order]{articlesofcategory=14,4}



The first week is always the hardest because you have to adapt to severe conditions of fieldwork

The day of Sunday has elapsed at a leisurely pace, just to catch our breath. We put some order in the material; carefully explore the surroundings, doing the laundry.... It doesn't take a long time here to dry laundry; the wind and sun are the perfect ingredients and not rare at all here.

Each occupies his day as he wishes: jogging around the island along the footpath, walk along the beach, or on the northern tip. These last days, driven by a muscular trade wind, it curved to the west.

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During the summer, to ensure the safety of the Transall, the runway was cleared of about ten meters on each side; the velvets therein have been cut. Thomas and Max took the opportunity to make a visual exploration of both sides.

A piece of metal was recovered in the south, on the waterfront; we're going to photograph and measure it. It probably comes from the wreckage that we have not yet managed to identify; it is the collar that allows the assembly between the bowsprit and the fag end of a sailboat.

The day of Sunday has been marked by an improved menu: prime rib roasted in a fire of velvet (not many restaurants have in their menu, Velvet ... not the prime rib!) and scented floating islands vanilla of the Reunion: sweet!

Monday morning, we had to take back the more dynamic pace.

Two areas of one square meter are entrusted to Bako, in the archaeological soil of one of two surveys conducted the last few days; meanwhile, Christopher sifts the sediment in the shade of a coconut tree.

As for Max, he draws the sector of the weather building studied last week.

Another team searches in the east to try to locate a wall that could have been built by our castaways.

The wind cut down a bit and turned east at 150, the temperature is almost the same, but the airing of the drudge declined significantly. A tarp, put in place by Philip, protects few chosen ones.

In the afternoon, things become clear: in its square, Bako uncovers some nails, a large iron bolt and a brass spoon handle. In the east, the hoped wall appears, it comes to light in the archaeological layer.

At the end of the afternoon, we cannot yet say whether it is an interior wall or an exterior wall, but hopes of locating a new building comes to life.

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This morning at the "briefing", a question arose: « Why do we find a lot of turtle carapaces and no heads? »

Should we expect to find a sort of "elephant graveyard"?