Day 1

**W**ell, here I am. First day in Farquaad's dungeon. Smells like soup, but they didn’t give me any. I heard squeaking in the wall. Sounds like cockroaches. Could be ghosts. Percival, my cell rat, has yet to introduce himself formally. I tried waving. He stared. I think that means 'hello.'

Day 2

**E**ach crack in the ceiling drips like a clock. I got a vicious beating today. A guard with a limp and a cruel sense of rhythm. Percival watched with judgment in his tiny rat eyes. No soup. Still hungry.

Day 3

**I** haven’t seen the cockroaches. They seem to be on strike. Honestly, I support them. I finally got soup! It hissed at me. I hissed back. Percival dipped a toe in and then offered it to me like a sommelier. The bouquet was 'swampy with hints of despair.' No beatings today. Small mercies. I'm naming the soup Gerald. Gerald is hot and angry.

Day 4

**R**oaches. So many cockroaches. And another beating. Thats two now. I’m starting to learn the pattern. Soup? Not today. Bell? Not yet. Just roaches and regrets. Percival seems unbothered. He's riding one like a horse. I fear he has plans.

Day 5

**D**ONG. DONG. DONG. The bell rang today. Three times, loud enough to shake my fillings. No soup, no roaches, no fists. Just me and the bell. I started crying from sheer surprise. Percival patted my foot. It was lovely to hear something other than my own cries.

Day 6

**D**on’t know how many more days I can take. Got soup again, but somehow, I’m still starving. And of course, received my beating. My ribs now whistle when I breathe. Percival staged a walkout. Came back five minutes later. Said he forgot his spoon.

Day 7

**O**ne day without any major horrors. No beatings, no soup, no roaches, no bell. I almost felt calm. Almost. I played tic-tac-toe with a scab. Percival gave me a flower made of lint. It smelled like onions and hope.

Day 8

**N**ever trust a roach that whistles. The cockroaches swarmed again, thousands of them. Why can’t they be more like Percival, his bite is softer and more affectionate. Also, another beating. With a flaming cactus this time, where do they come up with this stuff. Percival just shrugged and gnawed on my boot. I think I’m developing Stockholm Syndrome, but for rodents.

Day 9

**K**ettle of soup again third time now. No beatings today. Bell didn’t ring. Percival thinks I’m starting to enjoy the soup. I think I’m starting to agree. We named it Gerald II. He's chunkier and less aggressive than his predecessor.

Day 10

**E**xtra special beating today. The guard whacked me in rhythm with the ringing bell outside. I tried to cry out in harmony with the tone of the bell. No roaches, no soup. I wept quietly into a rock. Percival tried to comfort me. Bit me instead. That counts as affection here. I think we’re engaged now.

‘Day 11

**Y**odeling. I heard yodeling. I think I’ve lost it. No events today. I saw my reflection in the toilet bucket—I wasn’t there. Percival says I'm becoming one with the dungeon. I didn’t know he could talk.

Welcome newcomers, to the dark and dingy prison of Lord Farquinity.  
  
I am truly sorry you’ve found yourself here. When I first arrived, I didn’t know what to expect. Having been through it, I wanted to leave behind a note for whoever is next, with a few words of caution.  
  
Firstly: the food. They feed us only once every 3 days. Savor every last morsel. You will need your nutrition for energy to survive the beatings, which come every other day.  
  
 Don’t be surprised by the ringing of the bell outside. It’s actually a good way to tell time once you get used to the extreme volume. It’s rung once every 5 days.

Finally: rat proof all your belongings. Every 4 days the disgusting, cockroaches swarm and fill every inch of your cell, forming a sea of antenna.  
  
I wish you the greatest of luck, to survive here. I don’t think I’ll make it…