To whom it may concern,

I don’t know how long it will be before anyone reads this, but I want someone to at least know my legacy if I don’t make it.

I have worked in the Slevenel prison for Vray’s knows how long. I am sick and tired of the blue walls, the same co-workers, and this damnable music that repeats endlessly. My fellow guards walk in the same path every day and if I ever go try and talk with them they attack me on the spot.

I’m so tired.

Thank Vray I discovered this room before I completely lost it. These books are all that keep me sane now. But words can only keep a man interested for so long.

I NEED a friend.

I NEED adventure.

I NEED INCONSISTENTCY.

I have decided that I will leave. All I have ever known is the prison, so I was too scared to leave. That’s in the past now…BOREDOM is much worse than fear given enough TIME.

I only hope the canoe I pieced together will hold out.