Frances Brandywine

Quetico lake, the subject of many legends. It is said that it is not a natural lake as it is too clear, too beautiful, too perfect to not be enchanted. When I was younger, I went there with my family. I remember putting my tiny arms around the wise old oak trees and breathing the lush smell of the everlasting forest which was as old as time itself. But the thing my family loved the most was the lake, easily the most magnificent thing in the world at daylight as it reflected the sun's yellow rays, causing it to sparkle brightly. Then I saw it at night, and was forever changed. It reflected stars which shinned so brightly it was as if someone had cleaned them with shoe polish on the midnight blue surface of the water. The lake itself seemed to change to a deep violet purple which offset the light pink sunset. But I won't be going back there anytime soon, Oh No! Not after what happened to Francis Brandywine.

Let me tell you about Francis Brandywine. She was seventeen when it happened, and she was very reckless and independent, she would always stray from the well trodden path, and forge a new one. Always be the first to break new ground...... Always the first to get into trouble. So when Francis slipped out of her cosy sleeping bag, and silently
made her way out of the campsite, beyond the warm and comforting orange glow of the dying fire with her journal clutched tightly in her cold fingers, her parents were not surprised, no, not one bit. As she made her way through the silent oak trees Francis's senses were more open than usual. She heard the soft crackle of a undergrowth creature burrowing into the damp and moss covered earth. The piercing silver moonlight illuminated shiny jet black hair as Francis stepped lightly on the old rotten boards that was barely acceptable as a jetty. The ancient row boat groaned as she sat down and started rowing at a easy pace being sure not to disturb the sleeping, slimy eels below. When Francis was sure she was in the middle of the deepest part of the dark lake, she stopped rowing and looked up at the twinkling stars. But Francis had no idea what she was doing, no, none at all.

My blood red eyes followed the steady progress of a creaky old rowing boat. I smiled in dark delight from the muddy depths of my watery prison. I take off, swimming rapidly as the antique row boat came to an abrupt stop, casting a dark shadow over the bleak water. The wildfire in my body flared as I curled my grey, lifeless transparent hands into a fist. I eyed the pitiful thing some call a boat. If I was sentenced to this hateful prison, I would sentence others to this murky jail. My powerful strokes propelled me to the waters surface.

The fear made the very marrow in my bones shake. I cursed my reckless and lonely nature with all my heart. But it made no difference.
It was getting obstreperous. The knocking was like an endearing saleswoman knocking on your door..... Saleswoman? Oh No! I felt the bile rising in my throat as I slowly leaned over the side of the little rowboat on which had had so many happy memories with. Her grinning face came into view. The once angelic and divine face had been twisted lunacy and absurdity and the teasing memory of the fair blonde hair made my stomach clench. But the thing that muted my nonsense mutterings were the eyes, those cold lifeless sockets that were like microscopic black holes. I wanted to tear my eyes away from the freezing barren places those eyes were taking my soul. Filled with guilt I broke free the ghost girls icy grip of death. This girl was not weak. This girl, I knew could kill without a thought. The guilt was too hard to bear. I closed my eyes welcoming the final blow.

The lone fisherman trudged up the small overgrown path, thinking about all the warnings he had received from his friends about a girl called Francis Brandywine as he looked out at the once divine lake. The lake was an unhealthy shade of charcoal black like a oil can had been spilled into the massive body of water. As the fisherman gazed down at the lake he thought he saw to girls waving at him cheekily in the water. The girls were transparent like a ghost. One had midnight black hair and the other had strawberry blonde hair. The fisherman fainted at the sight of blood on their mouths.

He was never seen again.