Francis Brandywine

Quetico Lake, it is definitely the place to be at summer time. With the amazing wild life from moose to bears, you would not want to be anywhere else. The crystal clear water would never be dull, whether it has a boat or canoe in it, you will never find it empty. Quetico National Park is so big you could not be found for days. The trees are as green as grass, well they were. Now they are as brown as dirt. Francis Brandywine, that girl made headlines. I don't think that any one will go back after what happened to her.

Francis Brandywine a reckless, courageous and independent, girl with her long bake sparkling hair, thought she was invincible. Brave is what she was, trotting through the midnight bush with cicadas and frogs screaming their croaks. Francis crawled in to the old rusty boat with a fear of nothing. Desperately, she paddled to reach the deepest, darkest point of the lake. The lake has its own secrets but those we do not know.

Swarming through the unclaimed waters, I reel angrily. I feel tempted to spurt right up and murder one of those little innocent souls. It should not have been me that died on that terrifying day. I did not deserve it. Now I am coming for that girl, Francis Brandywine. I am going to give her what she deserves. The murky water glowed in the moon light. My transparent hands are going to get a work out tonight. This is going to be fun.

Abhorrence was in my mind. I always wondered why I was so careless. The consequences never flowed to my conscience. This is not the first time I have been here. Gosh no; the first time was not pleasant either. My blood-struck eyes palpitated from the caliginous mood. The knocking went on throughout the night. My mind started to become dim and addled. I looked anxiously into the bleak water. Something bounces out of the intimidating water. It captured my neck with a roaring claw. I fall underbelly into the transparent hands. I knew I should have saved him all those years ago. I could not stand the unbearable pain. This is not how I though my life would end.

Quetico Lake, the most barren landscape on the border of Canada and Minnesota. Pristine water is what it was. Now it is just a black, deserted lake. The pine trees just stand there derelict and dead like my brother's toy soldiers. The rusty old dirty boat still stands there with the rippled waves collapsing over it, but one thing remains, the journal of Francis Brandywine and the words, "I did knock first" in her distinctive blood.

By Harry