Francis Brandywine

By Taylor Pollett

Quetico lake. The most magnificently stunning national park you will ever lay your eyes on. The water, the most sparkleingly clear you have ever seen. The way the scent of apple and vanilla used to float through the air if a scented candle was alight. Sunlight used to shine through the fresh dewy leaves and light up the nut brown dirt. As if it were a dream proud mooses would trot past calmly. The big beautiful sky dotted with shiny stars, enormous mountains would stand tall in the distance, the elegant colourful birds pleasantly singing. Excitedly we would run down to the sandy beaches and gaze longingly at the glamourous lake. It was absolutely the most amazingly beautiful place in the world, well it was until what happened to Francis Brandywine......

Francis Brandywine, only 17 years of age when the tragic disappearance occurred. Francis was a young girl who was very isolated and independent, reckless. Hair as black and shiny as the night itself, navy-blue skinny jeans and a lazy, faded dark green shirt. The curiosity sparkled in her hazel eyes as she quietly and cautiously crept out of he tent, the hairs on her arms stood up like soldiers when she felt the icy cold winds blow on her. She was feeling a little uneasy and hesitant about doing this but she shook her head and pushed on. As she trudged through the misty forest she was feeling a little more confident, the hazy fog curved around the huge fresh pine trees. Loud creaks of the crickets and rare screech of the majestic black bats camouflaged...