She screamed, she jumped back, but now she had no options all Francis could do was sit. And hope. And wait, wait for the morning to come, wait for whatever was going to happen, happen.

Francis, was scared and alone, sat at the bottom of the boat scribbling frantically in her journal about what was happening to her. The same thought going through her head time and time again, “why did I come out here”. It felt like she had been in the boat for hours. The knocking would come and go. Francis began to think about what she could do, then she thought her only hope of escaping was to swim for it. She found the courage to do something that no one else would do. She places her journal safely on the base of the boat underneath the seat to keep it dry. Then she dived into the clear cold dark waters. The water was so cold it took her breath away, but within seconds she was swimming frantically towards the shore with only the dim glow of the moon to show where she was going. A couple of metres away from the edge of the lake she had a sense of relief, nearly there she thought, she began to slow down with exhaustion, then all of a sudden she felt something, something cold and strong grab at her ankle. Frightened she began to swim as hard as she could, but she was not moving at all. The cold strong thing that grabbed her ankle, dragged her back to the centre of the lake, she began to scream but no one heard her. She was being pulled harder and harder and harder until she was completely underwater. She was now at the bottom of the lake her breath was almost gone, then the grip loosened, and She began to swim towards the surface. She was there, but the water was keeping her down, it was like she was under a piece of glass, she punched and punched but she wasn’t able to break through to the surface, she thought to herself this is it! Her breath was gone but to her surprise she could breathe. She was still alive, but she still didn’t know what was out there with her. Suddenly, she felt something brush past her, what was it, she couldn’t see anything! She tried to grab the bottom of the boat, but all this did was drift it back to shore. A couple of minutes later from under the water she saw a blurred figure sat in the boat writing in her journal, to her surprise the figure looked like her then it was gone. The end