

## **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DOLLY McFADDEN**

Dolly lived in a century old farm house in the country. The two-story red brick home was built by her grandfather in the late 1800's. His wealthy family had moved to Canada from England, purchasing a large tract of farmland in Eastern Ontario. The home had been built shortly thereafter, with Dolly now the current and sole owner of the estate. Having lived there her entire life, the house now lay in disrepair, with Dolly picturing the home as it once stood, a stately abode.

Dolly was ninety years old, but with the spirit of a much younger woman. Her family was well known in this area, but members of the old, elite class she represented were dying off, leaving only memories of what life was like in the community in its early days. The younger generations of her family had long ago moved from the area, preferring the bright lights of the city rather than the sound of mooing cows early in the morning.

Dolly had chosen to stay in her grandfather's old house, watching her siblings age and move on to what they perceived was a better way of life. She had cared for her elderly parents until they died, with the home and property becoming hers upon their passing. Over the years, Dolly remained alone in the large country home, becoming more reclusive as the years passed, with members of the community seeing her less and less. The outside of the property had been left to return to nature, with the home appearing deserted and forlorn.

After not seeing Dolly in town for weeks, concerned residents were curious as to her whereabouts. A couple of volunteers decided to check on the spinster's well being. The men stepped gingerly onto the decrepit porch and knocked on the door. Failing to elicit a response, the two men tested the door knob and opened the unlocked front door. As it swung open, it appeared the home had been abandoned. However, upon entering, what the men found was horrifying.

Dolly's body was sitting in an armchair, decaying. The skeletal remains of her parents were seated at the dining table, as if enjoying a fine meal. The two volunteers from town were left with the memory of the frightful sight and disgusting odor, which would forever remain whenever thinking of the demise of Dolly McFadden.

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