

Bathgate Hills

Kristine

As I looked down at the trees beneath me,
I wondered how calming Bathgate Hills is.
I feel free when I look around me and I
see the long grass covered in dew.
I watched the sun rise, the pinks and
purples in the sky mix together, creating
a beautiful scene. I enjoyed this moment,
until I felt a creepy gaze coming my
way. I turned around to see who
was staring at me through the shadows.
I took out my phone and took a photo of this
glamorous view, then I headed down the
Bathgate Hills. The trees rustled around me,
as I walked through the forest. I looked
around with joy, happy that I woke up
so early to see this beautiful image.
Suddenly, something caught my eye. A
woman, she had black hair and a
ripped dress on. She looked around.
50 years old. As I saw her, she reminded
me of a myth about this forest.
The myth was that a witch called
Veronica M. No one knew her last name.
Veronica M was a witch in the 16
hundreds. It is said that she was
caught making a sacrifice in this
forest, a sacrifice of a human. After
she was caught she was burned on
a fire. I had the urge to follow this
woman. Something pushed me to follow
her.

As I shouted, "hey! wait, who are you?" she ran, she ran faster than a gazelle. I chased her, I needed to know who or what she was. It felt like I was running for ever, until Me and the woman came to a dead end. This is it, I thought, I will find out who this creature is. The woman stood as still as a tree, not moving a limb. Slowly she turned around to face me. Her eyes were red, almost the colour of blood. "Who are you?" I exclaimed. She smirked. "I felt the hairs on my arm stand up." "Run" she whispered. I did what she said because I didn't feel safe anymore. The forest had turned into a maze and I was running through it like a sheep trying to get out. I ran left then right then left again, over and over and over again. I came to a dead end. All I saw was a rough sign that said:



That's when I knew,
I was next.