

21/9/22

Bathgate hills Short story

One cold winter evening, I was wandering around the Bathgate hills walking my dogs. It was a cold evening and it was already quite dark. I came to this part of the path that was split so I had to decide which way to go. Although since my dogs were not on their leads, they chose themselves. I followed them without thinking about it. I noticed something though. My dogs seemed to be following something. I assumed that it was just the scent of an animal but I couldn't smell anything. I continued following them, and about half a mile later I heard a strange sound. This sound was unlike any sound I had heard before. My dogs must of been hearing it which is why they were going this way. I decided that I would go towards the sound and about five minutes later I saw it. The sound was coming from a metallic dome shaped object about eight feet tall. While I was observing the object I lost sight of my dogs. I began calling their names but they did not return. The object seemed to have a door so I checked to see if it would open. It was locked but I suddenly heard a loud animal noise coming from the forest ahead. Heading towards it I found my dogs dead, covered in large claw marks. I was in shock and horror, so I ran back and noticed that the dome shaped object was now gone.