

Bathgate Hills – Storytelling Competition

The white mist covered lowley over the hills. Treading carefully not being able to see my feet from the mist. It was half ten and you could still hear the distant laughs of teenagers, although they were nothing ~~like~~ ~~the~~ the cackles echoing around the hills ~~and the surrounding air~~ and around me, and the silhouette of a figure standing beside the tall stone. It had a big pointy hat on the top of their head and quite a flowy dress. as the figure started walking towards me ~~and I thought they were~~ ~~calling my name~~ ~~thinking they were~~ ~~calling my name~~ "Jess!!" I called out uncertainly a slight ~~shaking~~ shaking in my voice, yet got no answer and the figure continued walking towards me "Jess, this isn't funny I wanna go home!" I shout ~~at~~ at the brink of tears yet again no answer. "BOO!" ~~at~~ I scream and jump, ~~when~~ when I turn around there Jess was laughing so hard he nearly fell over. "That's not funny Jess!" ~~he~~ I tell him seriously but he is still laughing, at this point he's on the ground and ~~tears~~ tears are coming to his eyes. That's when another cackle rings out and I remember the figure that I seen not even a few minutes ago; yet I turn around and the figure is gone. "Jess can we go now?" I ask in a ~~hurry~~ hurry I turn back to see him on the ground but he wasn't laughing this time. this time his skin had turned all ~~the~~ pale and he looked almost petrified. The cackles rang through my ears, this time I left Jess and ran away.

~~I had been to the hills~~ That evening I told the police about it but they laughed in my face and shook me away.

Name: _____

Age range: _____

When Jess didn't show up at school the next day I'm sure someone would notice especially since he was quite popular, yet no one noticed it was as if he had never existed. 300

Ever. Since that night, I haven't visited the hills nor have I celebrated halloween yet every year I still hear the same cackles as if its trying to get me but it cant, and because of that its tormenting me, waiting for me to come back.

3 years later

This was the year I was going to the hills again, I was facing my fear plus I wanted to see what happened to the spot Jess had died. I forget how tiring walking to the top of the hills was, let's just say I can miss leg day for a while. Parting once I had reached 400 the ~~top~~ peak of the hill that's when the first cackle of the night rang out. I was debating with myself in my head weather or not I should turn back now but I had come this far and plus I needed to know what happened to Jess. 400 the further I traveled into the hills I forget how beautiful it was up here it almost made me forget what happened that awful night. Then I seen it the stone and the few trees behind it I wondered over preparing myself for anything. ~~When~~ I was amazed at the sight I saw where his body once layed was an array of flowers but not just any flowers, ~~these~~ they were bluebells his favorite. a warm smile stuck to my face as I sat beside them - yes I was ~~extra~~ deathly allergic to them but at this point I didn't care after a few minutes I was struggling

Name: _____

Age range: _____

to breath end in this time around five cackles
had rung out but i just stayed there. the

figure ~~appeared~~ appeared beside the stone and started
walking towards me again yet this time i didnt
move, i didnt get scared, i just sat there.

And thats when it all ~~the~~ went back.