

# Ellie

## BATHGATE HILLS

**On a dark and stormy night an orphan called Andrew Hunter had escaped his orphanage and found himself lost and alone in the depths of Bathgate Hills. As he had no home he decided to stay there overnight and sleep in a tree in the part of the hills where the ancient forest was. By 3am Andrew had awoken to a strange sound in the woods, like a demon howling out of anger or... hunger. Andrew was fearless because of his upbringing in the orphanage. He had spent his whole life being beaten and abused by care workers, spent a lot of his youth in a basement tied up with no food, water, or human contact for days. So a noise in the woods didn't cause him fear. He climbed down the tree and began to venture around the woods in the dark to find the root of the howls. He came to a stop when he felt something wet drip onto his forehead, he opened his bag and took out the flashlight he stole from the basement and turned it on. Blood. A pool of blood lay at the top of the tree he was stood next to, droplets falling from the leaves almost in slow motion. A shiver crawled up his back and suddenly he fell to the ground, once he was down he looked around and noticed that the tree he now lay under wasn't the only one, every single tree on the path he chose to go down was covered in the blood of this things chosen prey. Andrew decided to continue on his way and follow the trail of red. it was pitch black there was no light coming from anywhere, every so often he would feel a slight breeze on the back of his neck like someone was standing right behind him, there was no life around not even a bird or little**

**mouse running about, the silence was deadly. Andrew felt a scratch going down his back, he slowly turned around.**