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Else

The Legend of Bathgate Hills

As I finished packing my essentials, my friend Toby burst into the room telling me to hurry up because our ride was here. I had only one leg in my trousers and was still barefoot because he had told me that Lucien was coming at 11:30 and not 11, but that wasn't what I was worried about.

Lucien had been planning this trip for a few months now, and Toby was on board from the beginning. But me, on the other hand, I had been dreading going to Bathgate Hills for my whole life because, well, I HATE the outdoors.

In case you don't already know, although being a beautiful part of nature and having an amazing history, Bathgate Hills is also renowned to be a local hotspot for strange 'cults', but they're just silly folk's tales your family tells you to stop you from doing anything dumb.

A few hours had passed, and we arrived at our destination. Lucien parked his car in a nearby carpark and we began our journey up the steep hills.

We decided to set camp for the night in a little patch of trees near the top of the hill. Toby fell asleep straight away so me and Lucien stayed up to enjoy the view. Soon after stargazing, I looked down at the silver mines so that I could have a rough idea of where we were going tomorrow, when I saw smoke rising from a distance.

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We woke up the next morning, and headed to the silver mines, hoping we could find what I saw last night, but when we got to the area, it was like nothing was ever there and Toby called me a lunatic.

For the next few days, we just went hiking through all the landmarks and experiencing the beauty for ourselves, but I noticed something about every place we went to. There was a sense of unease wherever I went, I tried to explain my feelings to Toby and Lucian, but they called me crazy and that 'you're just imagining things', so I had to ignore them.

It was that night when I noticed something was more strange than usual. I looked down to the silver mines once again but this time, there were figures. There were about five tall silhouettes that weren't moving but seemed to be getting closer. That's when I realised they WERE getting closer. Panicked, I ran back through the trees to our camp to tell the others, but they were gone. I looked around the trees to try and find them but all I could see was a blurry image of hills and trees.

I turned round to try and spot the figures through the haze, but they had gone too so I tried to escape further into the woods but when I stood up, they were right there in front of me. And they had my friends.