

21/09/22

Bathgate Mills Writing Competition

A woman strolled through the peaceful Bathgate hills. She's a camp counsellor and after being separated from her group during an activity, she got lost. She ended up endlessly wandering through fields and forests, losing more and more hope the more she travelled. She approached the edge of a hill and searched for any signs of life, when suddenly, something glowing blue appeared in the corner. Eager to go back to her campsite, she swung round and was surprised to find a small, luminous ^{of her eye} wisp. She thought she was hallucinating, but chased it anyway. It lead her into a dark, bushy forest, with tall pine trees scattered everywhere. The further she walked through this treacherous forest, the more wisps she found. She was desperate for any sort of help, whether it was directions back, or a shelter to stay the night, which was approaching ever-so-rapidly. The trees became less and less crowded, and she could begin to see the scenery behind this forest. She could see a loch - it looked gorgeous! The sunset reflected upon the water, showing an array of colours ranging from pink to orange. She felt hypnotized by the steady rhythm of the waves flowing and glimmering in the sunlight. As she stepped towards the water, she spotted something... unexpected - a white horse, equipped with a saddle, a couple metres away. She carefully stepped towards it, and stroked its soft mane, she continued doing so for a few moments until a devious idea struck her mind - what if she rode the horse and tried to navigate her way back that way? It would take much less effort, and she was starting to get extremely desperate, but this animal clearly belonged to someone. She tried to dismiss any thoughts that prevented her from fulfilling her plan, and

within a couple attempts, she climbed on top of the horse, slotted her feet in the stirrups and clutched the reins. After all, she deserves this, right?

She tugged on the reins with all her might, yet to no avail, the horse simply stood there, as if it was completely clueless. She was getting frustrated. "Ugh, you stubborn thing!" she hissed. She tried to provoke it by grabbing its mane, but she soon realised that her fingers were completely tangled in its hair. She couldn't free them no matter how hard she tried.

The horse started bolting towards the water, submerging the woman in seconds. She yelled for help as loud as she possibly could whilst having a mouth filled with water. Any breaths of air were a blessing - a small glimpse of hope, and the deeper she was dragged down, the less she struggled. She accepted her fate. She thought to herself in the short amount of time she had left; "I'm a fool. I had this coming."
Perhaps she doesn't deserve this after all.