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Bathgate hills storytelling competition

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One cold chilly night in late October, a long drive along a straight road. A voice called out from the front of the car "are we going the right way." "I don't know, I can't really tell on this map." I say that as I look down at the old map, it's torn and hard to read the marked locations. "what do you mean you don't know." the man said, puzzled. "what I mean I don't know is that I can't read this map." "Hey, let me see." "keep your eyes on the road, we don't want to crash." The moon was bright, it was a full moon which was rare to see. "I think we are taking a left." "wow, the moon beautiful in bathgate hills." "ugh, keep your eyes on the road, you could hit someone." I stare out of my window, out into the forest, my eyes hone in on a moving blur. "wow look at that." the man (thomas) looks out the window. "wow, what is that." "Oh my god look, as soon as I said that there was a crash. Everything went black, but as soon as I came too I saw thomas standing over me, "are you okay." "yes I replied sharply. "what did we hit." "probably just some bear." "No, I think it was a human." I said, scared. "I think we should go look." "that's not a good idea." "look is that blood, did we kill someone?" I said as thought of killing someone makes me feel sick. "lets just go quickly check it out." "okay fine." He replied defeatably. We follow the trail into the dark forest, It felt like something was watching my every move. I heard a cracking noise behind me, I turned around and saw thomas wasn't there. "thomas?" I said worried, looking around quickly. "Hello, are you there, this isn't funny." something emerged from the clearing the forest "boo," "that isn't funny." "you should have seen -" Half way through the sentence thomas was swooped at his feet. "argh!!" his screams echoed through the forest clearing, I looked over at thomas he was on the floor, bloodied, bruised and in pain. "help me." he muttered weakly, I wanted to help him, but my body wouldn't let me. I ran as fast as I could I could hear him calling out for me. I didn't turn back. I heard growling, snearing, like a wild feral dog, my main goal was to get to the road as I was thinking about what

to do next it jumped on my back, some dog human thing

I screamed and picked up a rock. I whacked it off its head and ran. I ran and ran for what felt like ages. I finally made it to the road. "HELP!" I screamed. I seen headlights in the distance I stood in the road. the car stopped. I jumped in the car "DRIVE!" he stepped on the pedal and leaving the forest of bathgate hills.