

## **AN UNUSUAL SIGHTING.**

My name is Alasdair McLeod and I'm 78 years old. I would like to tell you something which happened to me and my friends several years ago. At the time, we were all in our teens, and we used to go camping on the shores of Loch Ness in July. We would go fishing and canoeing on the loch.

But this year, it was just before the war, in 1938, an event so incredible occurred that it is still vivid in my memory. Everything took place on the 17<sup>th</sup> of July, around 6 o'clock in the evening. We were all out on the loch fishing, 4 canoes in all, and in mine we were 3, Gordon, a friend, and Morag, his sister, without forgetting my dog, Munro. Suddenly, Munro started barking like mad, and all we could see was a big wave coming towards the other two canoes. Then, to our horror, we saw a gigantic monster, it looked like a prehistorical beast, its head was hideous. We were terrified, horror stricken ! The wave crashed on the two other canoes and we saw our friends being thrown into the cold water of the deep loch. The monster turned its head towards us, it seemed to us that he was looking at us. But as quickly as it had come it disappeared into the water, letting us take care of our friends and the boats.

To this day I'm still unsure of what to make of this incident. I had been face to face with Nessie the legendary beast of the loch ! It could have killed us all, and yet it had seem very gentle, and almost annoyed to have created the wave that had upturned the boats. Our friends who had been thrown into the water didn't see it and if Gordon and Morag hadn't been with me, I would tend to think that I had dreamed the whole thing !

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