

Peace in the Valley

My parents bought a cottage in a remote valley in Wales to use as a week-end retreat. It was very handy and I enjoyed going there for romantic breaks with Steve, my husband. The peace and quite was a welcome breakfast from our busy lives in the city. We enjoyed rambling through the hills and watching the wildlife. It was always perfect in this peaceful haven, well except for just one terrifying occasion.

We were woken in the middle of a pitch-black night. We had no bedside lights and we were too scared to get out of bed and put the main light on. I gripped Steve tightly as it sound as if the end of the world was upon us

It started off in the distance, a low hum but then it got progressively louder. It was coming up the valley, a noise like roaring engines, several of them straining under a heavy load, coming closer and closer as if it's destination was to collide with the cottage. It sounded like a big diesel train coming slowly across the fields to run us down.

We sat up in bed listening to the awful noise as it got closer and closer, it felt like the cottage was being shaken down to it's foundations. We gripped each other tightly waiting for the impact.

But it never came. We were relieved that whatever it was passed over the cottage so low that it could've touched the roof, but the noise stopped suddenly and all was silent again.

We never discovered what the noise was, and eventually we thought no more about it. Then one night a few years later, we saw a documentary on the telly, which described how a world war two bomber had crashed into a remote Welsh hillside only a couple of miles from the cottage. We looked at each other and remembered the noise, was it the ghost of that plane that terrified us in that lonely valley?