

The legend of the Loch Ness Monster

One account of a possible sighting

It was late in the afternoon; it was just beginning to get dark, and banks of mist slowly drifted across the water.

Joe Ashton had been fishing from his small boat on Loch Ness for much of the afternoon. Business had generally been slow. He had caught a few small trout – enough for his evening meal – although an abundance of eels had caused considerable problems as they had stolen much of his bait and snagged his equipment.

He was just thinking about starting up the small outboard motor on his boat and heading back to the jetty, when he heard a loud splash that seemed to come from the water immediately behind him. He turned quickly, making sure the boat remained stable, to see a large black shape moving slowly across the surface of the loch.

From a distance of some 50 metres, he could see what appeared to be part of a huge humped body sticking out just above the surface of the murky water. He could also see part of a thin, long neck and a small head. It was propelling itself smoothly through the water, leaving a creamy wake of small waves and ripples.

Joe blinked several times to make sure he was not dreaming, before reaching quickly for the camera that he kept in his rucksack in order to record some of his more notable catches.

In the few seconds it took him to get the camera ready, the ‘creature’ made several more forward movements before, with another loud splash, it submerged into the depths of the lake.

Joe put down the camera, regretting that he had taken so long setting it up. Had this been a genuine sighting of the famous ‘monster’ he had heard so much about? Or had his eyes played tricks on him in the twilight? Perhaps it had just been the shadows, possibly a large floating branch or a half-sunken tree trunk, or even a family of otters taking a late swim? Would anyone believe his story when he got back home? If only he had been quick enough to take the picture. He could have used it as evidence.