



*Scott Bradley witnessed something that he felt "wasn't human".*

persuaded her father to go into the wood to search, and was distraught when they finally drove away, leaving the little girl behind.

This story became newsworthy with the second sighting. In early 2008, Scott Bradley was driving home from Kirkinner on a miserable winter's night of wind and rain. He was on automatic pilot when he glimpsed something white beyond his headlights. Scott braked and swerved and, as he passed, glimpsed a small girl with long dark hair and a white top plastered to her.

He stopped, knowing that something was badly wrong. Did the child need rescuing? With his arm over the passenger seat, and looking out the back window, he quickly reversed 20 yards. To find the girl gone.

He turned, to see her standing in front of the car in his headlights, looking directly at him. Scott froze. "There was something in her face . . . I knew in that first second that what I was looking at wasn't human . . ." They stared at each other until Scott's conscience kicked in. He rolled down the window and shouted out: "Are you okay? Do you need help?" At his voice, the girl turned and walked across the road into the wood.

Scott hesitated, then got slowly out of his car into the driving rain, and shouted again. "Don't be scared . . . I only want to help you." But the child, now out of the headlights, had

disappeared into the woods and darkness.

Without a torch, he couldn't follow. "The story got around that I went deep into the woods after her," Scott sighed. "But I didn't. I got back into my car and drove home. If you want the truth, I was terrified."

Scott's mother Sue said, "He came rushing in, white as a sheet and shaking. We could scarcely make any sense of the story he was telling, about a child — or a ghost — out on her own in the rain."

But . . . what if it really was a lost child? Scott went round for his friend. Together, armed with torches, they drove to where he had seen the child, then parked at the side of the deserted road and went into the wood, calling out after her. Nothing.

As these things do, the story grew arms and legs. One version has Scott driving home, shivering and wet, the heater turned up to maximum without taking the chill from the car. Then, as he got out and turned to lock his door, he saw in the streetlights the little girl sitting in the passenger seat. "No chance!" said Scott. "It was scary enough without that!"

Another woman contacted the Mostly Ghostly team. She had been driving home to Sorbie in pretty similar weather, when she'd seen a little girl with long hair and a white dress in the rain, at the side of a nearby wood. Like Scott, she stopped and went back to help. But the girl had disappeared.

After interviewing both Scott and the local woman, the team ran its own investigation in late November 2008. It was the same sort of night that Scott had described. They sat in the darkened car at the edge of the wet and windy forest. It grew steadily colder as the night wore on.

Kathleen called, several times, inviting the little girl to come to them.

The team huddled, waiting. "Then Derek said suddenly that he felt really uneasy," Kathleen said.

"That was completely wrong," acknowledged Derek. "Because it