

Candidate B evidence

Moorman

David Harker lived on Marsden Moor, a place he had lived for most of his life. In the daytime, the moors provided a great place to walk his dog, however, at night-time, it was a different story. Even though he was nearly fifty, David still didn't like how dark and desolate the moors were and often considered moving in to the village just so that he could be around other people

One particular foul night, where rain lashed sideways across the moors and branches were being blown about like paper, David was in his house watching a documentary about Stephen Hawking talking about the possibility of the existence of aliens. There's no such thing as aliens, David thought to himself, but as he picked up the TV remote, he felt a strange feeling overcome him. It was as if someone had turned off his hearing. The feeling only lasted for a few seconds though and David was alerted to where he was by the sound of his dog scratching on the door, wanting to be let out. David sighed loudly, before he found his dog's lead and reluctantly set out in to the pouring rain.

The man and the dog set off across the dark, sinister moors. They had just reached the top of the road that overlooked the reservoir when there was a blinding flash that caused the dog to turn on the spot and run at high speed back towards the house. David would have run too, but he was too afraid to move. Fearing the worst, he glanced upwards and saw something- but what was it? It couldn't be a plane- but what else was it? David suddenly realised that what he was looking at was a UFO, but before he could get a closer look, the thing had disappeared. David ran like Usain Bolt back to his house, where he found his dog hiding in its kennel. Instead of going inside, David and his dog jumped in to his Vauxhall Astra and zoomed off down the hill in to the village.

David arrived at his local pub, The Huntsman, and headed inside. He made his way to the bar, where the barman Joe, a mid-forties man with glasses, reached for a glass and asked- 'the usual, Dave'. David said nothing. His mind was still racing after the shock of the UFO sighting. 'Large brandy, please' David managed to say, once he had found his voice. Joe poured a glass of brandy and handed it to David.

'You look like you've seen a ghost' Joe said, once David had finished his brandy. David wasn't sure if he should tell him what he had seen; he had known Joe for a long time, but that probably wouldn't stop him from laughing at him, or worse, think he was drunk at the time.

'I don't know what I saw, but I think it were a UFO' David said. There was silence and then everyone in the pub (apart from Joe and David) started laughing. 'I'm

telling you, I saw summat. It were like nowt I've ever seen' David said. The pub goers were still laughing though. 'UFO? There's no such thing as UFOs' an old woman cackled loudly, while her friend asked David if he was drunk at the time. David had had enough. He turned to the bar, ignoring the laughing from the local madman, Graham, who he later thought would probably have said a similar thing.

'Joe, please tell me you believe me' David said desperately, but he knew how ridiculous asking someone to believe a UFO sighting must sound. 'Of course you weren't drunk at t'time, because you drove down 'ere' Joe said. David was glad that somebody didn't think he was drunk at the time, but as he left the pub and drove home, the locals' words echoed in his thoughts. Maybe he was just seeing things? 'I'll make them believe me even if it takes me forever to do so' David said to himself as he arrived back at his house.

A few days later, David was driving home from his shopping trip in the nearby town of Huddersfield when his car began to lose power and he was forced to pull in at the side of the road. As he got out the car and looked under the bonnet to see what the problem was, he felt the feeling of his hearing being turned off- the same feeling he had felt when the UFO first appeared- come over him. Again fearing the worst, he glanced up at the sky and there it was- the UFO. David slammed the bonnet shut and jumped back in the car- which miraculously started- and raced off towards the village, praying that the UFO would stay in the sky long enough so that the locals would see it and finally believe him.

David arrived at The Huntsman and ran inside. All the conversation instantly stopped when he appeared. 'Well, well, it's Mr UFO!' the old women cackled again. David ignored her. 'I'm telling you, it's out there' he said desperately. A few of the more sceptical locals decided to follow him outside to see the so-called UFO. However, by the time they got outside, the UFO was all but a red dot in the sky and the locals returned inside. 'I'm telling you, that were the same UFO I saw the other day!' David said. 'That weren't a UFO, it were a helicopter or summat!' barked a man wearing a black cap. The other regulars who had been outside nodded in agreement. David didn't bother trying to argue and instead got back in his car and drove away. He was starting to wonder if anyone would believe him. 'Maybe I'm just hallucinating' David thought to himself.

The next night, David had a plan. He, along with Joe, Greg, the village butcher (who also claimed to have seen the UFO) and his dog set up camp on the moors with high definition cameras and waited until the UFO made its appearance. However, hours passed without them seeing anything and they were about to give up when the dog started barking frantically. The three men looked up at the sky and saw the cigar-shaped craft descending down onto the moors. There was a loud hiss as the door slid open and a purple, slimy, six-fingered hand appeared round

the side of the wall. The three men and the dog ran before this thing could get to them, but once they reached the safety of the village, they swore that they would never talk about the UFO again

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