

## Title:

Standing On The Shores Of Loch Ness

## Word Count:

409

## Summary:

Locked in the vaults of Scottish legend lies an enigmatic stretch of water famous the world over. Within the wells of Celtic folklore, the mystery of Loch Ness has baffled scientists for decades.

Loch Ness sits in the north of Scotland, near the town of Inverness. It forms part of a series of lochs running from the Irish Sea on the east coast, over to the North Sea on the western shoreline, almost dividing the country in half.

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## Keywords:

loch ness, nessie, scotland, sea monsters, loch, inverness, fort william, perthshire, sea serpents

## Article Body:

Locked in the vaults of Scottish legend lies an enigmatic stretch of water famous the world over. Within the wells of Celtic folklore, the mystery of Loch Ness has baffled scientists for decades.

Loch Ness sits in the north of Scotland, near the town of Inverness. It forms part of a series of lochs running from the Irish Sea on the east coast, over to the North Sea on the western shoreline, almost dividing the country in half.

Loch Ness is the deepest body of water in the United Kingdom. Despite its natural beauty and standing as a tourist attraction in its own right, of course the real reason Loch Ness achieves cult status is the legend of the Loch Ness Monster.

Since those first blurred, black and white photographs from the first half of the twentieth century, the legend of the Loch has kept the world captivated; countless scientific expeditions have failed to reach a conclusion, elevating the monster myth.

Standing on the shores of Loch Ness, I have come here to experience the aura and

mystery which has besieged the entire neighbourhood.

Drawn by a desire to meet the land and its people, I headed north from England, navigating the secluded mountain roads and low winter sun.

The journey trod a magnificent path through the bleak Scottish mountains, the neighbouring landscape carpeted with a blanket of snow. An immense feeling of isolation gripped me along the open roads, greeting little other traffic.

This was quintessential Scotland, just as nature had intended. Vast, wide open spaces, with barely a soul to witness, civilisation stripped to its bare bones. Life's fundamentals were all this place required.

The water rippled gently about my feet as I stared deeply across the water's surface, clear, but for several birds bobbing on the surface. I felt the answer to the legend was out there somewhere, but it was going to take a better man than me to work it out. I was simply here to enjoy the ride.

There's a romance about the uncertainty. The enigma drives the tourist trade, on which the livelihoods of many people depend. But it's not just about money. The people here are proud to be associated with such an iconic landmark.

To be honest, I'm undecided whether the truth - either one way or the other - is what people really want. I get the impression the majority of locals feel the same way.