

Kirk Broon
And the Visitors from
the Sky

A Bedtime Story set
in Edinburgh

By Nick Gellatly



All through the year 2025, people in Edinburgh looked up. They saw lights that moved where the stars should stay still. Round ones. Triangles. Bright silver streaks that slipped through the clouds.

“Drones!” folks said.
“Tricks of the light!” others whispered.

But some shook their heads and smiled.
“Maybe they’ve come to visit our city,” they murmured.
“Maybe they’re looking for Kirk Broon.”



Before those visits ever began - on the last night of 2024 - a schoolboy named Kirk Broon stood proud on top of Edinburgh Castle.

Kirk knew almost everything about UFOs.

He kept a scrapbook full of sky stories, pictures, and stickers of rocket ships.

His Grannie said, “Yon lad’s head is in the heavens - and his feet somewhere on the roof!”



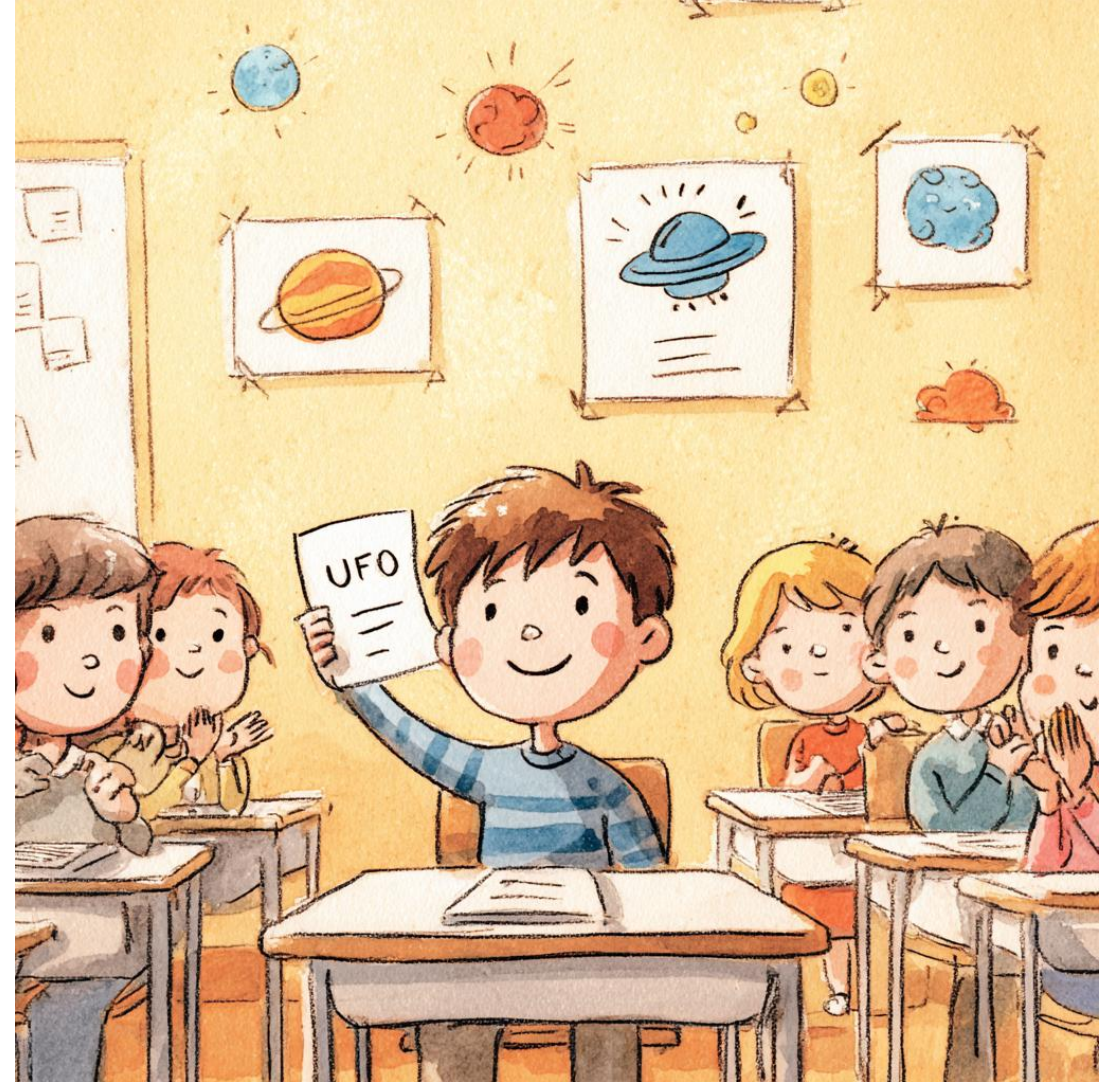
When the city announced a competition to name the app that would start its new Hogmanay drone display, Kirk's pencil flew.

He wrote just one word: UFOlogical.

"It means," he explained, "I'm logical about UFOs!"

Kirk's name was chosen.

He won a shiny tablet, a warm blue coat, and the great honour of pressing the button to begin the show.



That New Year's Eve, the city sparkled from Princess Street all the way to the Forth.

People counted down - voices bright as bells.

“Ten! Nine! Eight!...”

Up on the castle rock, below the flag of Scotland, Kirk pressed the glowing button.



WHOOSH! went the drones -
hundreds of tiny lights!
Blue and gold and ruby red, dancing
and swirling like giant fireflies.

Down below, everyone cheered.
High above, the lights became
patterns - hearts, thistles, stars.

But then the sea sent its breath
ashore.



The Haar came creeping.
A soft, wet fog rolled over the
rooftops, swirling round the castle
stones.
The city grew quiet.

The lights dimmed, then vanished.

Kirk peered at his tablet.
Every drone had a bright dot - but now
there were extra dots.
Four... five... six dots that shouldn't be
there at all.



Through the mist, something glowed.
A slow, silver shape slid across the
sky - smooth as glass, round as a
coin.
It hummed with a sound like sleepy
bees.

Around its middle twinkled a ring of
coloured lights.
From beneath, a warm orange beam
reached down - straight towards Kirk.



He didn't run.
He knew what he saw.
A UFO, he whispered. A real one!

The orange light bathed him in a
gentle glow.
It wasn't cold.
It wasn't scary.
It felt like someone saying hello.



On his tablet, shapes trembled -
strange diagrams of stars and arrows.
Kirk understood without words:
“They’re lost,” he breathed. “They
don’t know where to go!”

He could help!
He tapped his screen, calling the
drones back into the air.



The drones shimmered through the fog, finding one another again. Kirk moved his finger across the screen - and the lights formed The Great Hunter, An Sealgair Mòr, and beside him, Am Madadh Mòr, his faithful dog.

A glowing map across the sky.



The UFO drifted closer.
Its lights changed - pink, green,
golden.
It began to dance !

Round and round the drones it spun,
tracing Orion's bow, looping past the
dog star.
Then another ship joined in.
And another.
Three shining visitors twirling over
Edinburgh.



Below, people clapped and sang,
believing it all part of the show.
But Kirk Broon knew the truth:
tonight the earth and the stars were
dancing together.

From far to the north came
shimmering green ribbons - the
Merry Dancers, the Northern Lights.
The UFOs weaved through them,
painting the Haar with colour.



The great clock struck twelve.
Bells rang across the city.

A voice filled Kirk's mind - soft as wind
in grass:
Thank you, Kirk Broon. You showed us
home.

The three ships joined their beams
into one brilliant ball of silver light,
and slowly soared upward, higher and
higher, until they vanished among the
stars of the Milky Way.



The fog settled again.
The drones drifted back to their nests.
Kirk pressed “land,” and one by one
they blinked goodnight.

He tucked the tablet under his arm
and walked down the castle steps,
smiling in the quiet.
Above him the stars seemed nearer
than ever.



All through the year 2025, when people glimpsed shining shapes in the Scottish sky, Kirk would smile. “They came back,” he’d say softly. “They know they have friends here.”

Because in Edinburgh, different is safe. And friendship, even between worlds, lasts a long, long time.



When New Year's Eve came round again, Kirk sat by his window with cocoa and a biscuit. He looked up through the mist. No ships tonight - just the friendly stars.

He set down his mug, yawned, and whispered:
"Sleep well, everyone up there."

Outside, the Castle slept.
The city slept.
And soon Kirk Broon slept too,
dreaming of lights that floated softly
across the sky.

Goodnight, Kirk.
Goodnight, Edinburgh.
Goodnight to the friends who visit
when we dream.

