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Megan Atwood and Shaun Murphy

raucous running from the residents in the two floors below, nor were there any heavy trucks passing by on the street adjacent to our house. There was just the knocking sound—solitary, consistent, and eerie.

I then asked Shaun if he'd heard the radio in the bathroom start playing by itself, just past midnight two nights previously. When he said no, I explained that I'd been having a dream involving someone else, and that we were having a Victorian tea. My first thoughts when the radio woke me were, "Why is this music playing during my Victorian tea?" and, "Who is interrupting my tea?" I tried to tell Shaun that our ghost had given me that dream, and played the radio so I would know without a doubt that she did indeed share our residence.

Shaun rolled his eyes and asserted, again, that we did NOT have a ghost, and that all the incidents had concrete explanations. I sighed, knowing that there was no use arguing with him, and went to bed after we agreed to disagree.

The next morning I awoke and Shaun asked me to go to his room. He pointed to a t-shirt lying on the floor next to his bed.

"Pick it up," he said, with a strange look on his face.

I picked it up and saw, to my amazement, that it had been ripped in half—perfectly—along the seam of the shirt. We stared at each other in awe, neither of us knowing what to say or to do. I, of course,

thought it was the ghost asserting her presence to the ever-skeptical Shaun, while he believed he had had a sleepwalking episode and tore the shirt himself.

Regardless of what he says, I am sure that Shaun will think twice before mocking our otherworldly guests.—Megan Atwood, St. Paul, Minn.

Strangers in Pinstripes

Back in the early 1990s, my boyfriend and I had an unusual experience. One of our favorite pastimes was visiting the nearest shopping center, which is tucked away from other busy places on the other side of a mountain in our town. I don't remember what month or year this incident occurred as I didn't think it was important until now. However, I do remember that the few women and children I saw in the store were dressed up in their "Sunday best."

Going past the main aisle and off to the side of the store were three individuals dressed in pin-striped suits, each with dress hats on. I couldn't help but stare at them. I told my boyfriend to look, too. I couldn't believe my eyes.

Maybe they are burn victims, I thought. But they had no scars. Mentally retarded? No, they didn't fit the profile. They had no hair—no facial hair or eyebrows, either. They stood approximately five and a half feet tall, and were very slender, with white to light gray skin and slits for mouths. The three beings looked at each other, as if they were communicating—but without moving their mouths or making a noise. Their eyes were normal-sized and dark, with no white in them to be seen.

The one on the left saw me staring, and gave me a look of disapproval as I thought to myself how ugly he looked. The one on the right had softer qualities and I "felt" this one was a female. The one in the middle kept looking at me, up and down, like I was an "alien" to him.

I moved over to a toy aisle so I could get a closer look at these "people." I pretended to be interested in the small stuffed animals in front of me. To my surprise, the middle one stepped lightly over to the end of the display shelf at which I was stand-

ing, handling small toys. He stood there looking down at my hands as I handled a toy. I looked at him and called Mike, my boyfriend, to come over.



Marcia Kaempfer

"Do you see that?" I asked.

Abruptly, the "being" looked up at us, threw his arms out to each side as if surprised, and scurried back to the other two.

We decided to leave the store after that. I was bewildered about the whole situation and forgot about it for several years.

Later, I was reading the book *Aliens Among Us*, by Ruth Montgomery. In it I found the story of an "alien" in a pin-striped suit. Then my memories came back about the incident in the store.

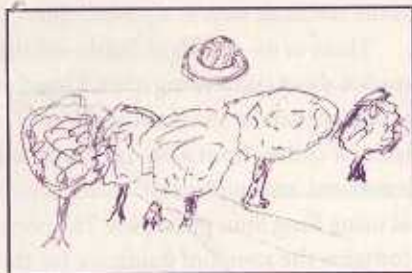
I continue to read books about aliens. I have opened my eyes to the possibility that these "beings" may actually live among us.—Marcia Kaempfer, Seymour, Conn.

UFO Sighting in 1922

My husband James had a paranormal experience when he was four years old. At that time, his family lived in Prairie Grove, Arkansas, and was preparing to move to a new home. His mother was packing, and Jim was playing in a rather large front yard containing several shade trees.

Looking up from his play, he saw an object in the air, about two or three hundred feet above the shade trees (see sketch). Jim thought it was a bit out of the ordinary. But then grown-ups were always doing unusual things. The object was about the size

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Barnes UFO sketch

of the automobiles that grown-ups rode in on the street.

My husband was born in 1918. This sighting was filed away in his childhood



James D. Barnes

mind as an everyday occurrence. It only struck him how strange it really was when he was in his twenties.—*Judy Barnes (affirmed by James D. Barnes), Lebanon, Mo.*

Was It Trans-Location?

Very early on the morning of April 13, 2000, a spontaneous and apparently unexplainable episode occurred in the apartment building where I reside in Chicago. This building is primarily a retirement apartment building with a few young people from the Rehabilitation Institute; these latter residents are all confined to wheelchairs but able to live independently.

Two residents, who recognize each other and have what you would call a "nodding acquaintance," were at the elevator on the lobby floor. When the door opened, Mrs. E stepped aside for Mr. C to enter first because he was taking his bicycle back up to his apartment. He wanted

S.T.

to turn it around in order to be heading back out of the elevator at his floor. He punched the floor number as Mrs. E got on and pressed her floor number.

The elevator arrived at Mr. C's floor first, so Mrs. E got off and held the elevator door so Mr. C could get off with his bicycle more easily. He went through the small elevator lobby and turned left into the hallway as the elevator door closed and Mrs. E continued up five more floors to her apartment.

Mr. C got his keys out as he wheeled his bike down the hall to the door of his apartment. Leaning his bicycle against himself, he slipped the key into the lock but it would not turn. He removed the key and looked at it to make sure it wasn't upside down, then slipped it into the lock again. It would not turn. Puzzled, he looked up at the door and was dumfounded. The metal number on the door began with "9," not "4." Mr. C was bewildered and confused. He knew he had just gotten off the elevator at the fourth floor. Could some jokester have switched the apartment numbers?

He started back down to the small elevator lobby. Just before he got there, he heard the elevator door open and close. Then, Mrs. E turned the corner into the hall. She was very startled when she saw Mr. C coming toward her with his bicycle.

"How did you get here?" she asked.

"I don't know!" Mr. C replied. "My key wouldn't fit my door lock; I tried twice and it wouldn't turn."

"You couldn't have carried your bicycle up all five floors this quickly," said Mrs. E. She sounded upset, almost accusatory.

"I know I couldn't," said Mr. C. "I wouldn't even try."

"But you would not have had time. I just saw you get off on the fourth floor! How did you get up here on the ninth, even before the elevator got me up here?"

A few hours later, Mr. C stopped me in the lobby and began to tell me about the unexplainable incident. Mrs. E saw us in conversation and joined us. She began talking about it. It was quite obvious how



Rosemarie Stewart

disturbed she was. In fact, they were both very upset over what apparently had happened. Mrs. E said she could not get the incident off her mind, and it was making her sick because she could not explain it or understand it. Mr. C just kept repeating that he got off at "4" and went straight to his door, but it had "9" on it.

"How could this happen?"

I tried to avoid using any psychic or parapsychological terms, so I said that it was either some sort of "trans-location," or they were both "magic," and laughed. I simply didn't want to identify myself as having any knowledge of, or connection with, psychism and the paranormal though I have since then asked each of them specific questions—to clarify who pushed the floor buttons on the elevator, for example.

Perhaps advanced physics, quantum mechanics or some such holds the key, or perhaps we should just say the incident cannot be explained by any physical laws presently known. Then I am seized to start humming the repetitious four-note theme to the old television show *Twilight Zone*. —*Rosemarie Stewart, Chicago, Ill.* Ⓝ

Share Your Story!

Have you had a strange experience that you cannot explain? We want to hear about it! Send your story to: **True Mystic Experiences**, FATE Magazine, PO Box 64383, St. Paul MN 55164-0383, or send by email to fate@llewellyn.com. FATE pays \$25 for each item we publish.