

AN ALARMING EPISODE

Gordon Creighton

The following letter came to me recently from a 72-year-old American lady, a widow and a retired nurse, who lives on the outskirts of a large town in California. Details of the place and the identity of the lady are not being published, at her express request. — EDITOR.

The Editor

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

July 15 1986

Dear Sir,

A very unusual experience happened to me on February 26 of this year, and I would like to relate it to you. Perhaps you are familiar with such occurrences, and I am in need of some answers.

I live in a 96-unit apartment complex out of town, on the edge of the country. The complex is of two storeys, with many tall pine trees around. My own apartment faces the back, where there is lots of lawn, green pine trees, and ground cover of ivy and Virginia creeper. There is a high wall running the full length of the property at the back, so it is very private indeed. Many young working people live here in the complex, and also airmen from the nearby U.S. Air Force Base, and their families.

It is my habit to awaken early (early being sun-up), go to the kitchen, and make a cup of tea, and then take it back to the bedroom and enjoy it while I plan the day, or read.

On the day in question, February 26, 1986, I was sitting in an easy chair, pulling on my socks, and still in my nightgown; and, as I raised up facing the window, a long (eight feet?) grey mottled object floated slowly by at windowsill-level, perfectly silent. As soon as I glimpsed it, my first thought was to run to the window and see what it was. But instantly I became paralyzed. I couldn't move. My head fell back against the wall and my eyes closed. And, needless to say, some very strange thoughts went through my head.

A few minutes went by, and I could move again. Of course, I went to the window, and naturally the thing was gone. But, high up in the pine tree right outside of my window, was a pale grey object. I stood looking up at it. It wasn't perched on a limb; it was motionless in space, between branches. For some unknown reason I felt that this object knew I was in the window watching it. Suddenly it tipped over on its side and noiselessly floated away in a southerly direction, following the direction of the bigger one.

Now — this is the scary part of it all. Just as I turned to leave the window, another object appears, coming at a height of just about two or three inches above the lawn and right towards me. I was a perfect target. I stood staring at it as it came nearer. It was about three feet long and about six inches in diameter. When it had got to within six or eight feet from me, it slowed down to almost a stop. The middle third

of it slid back, and I could see dark mechanical-looking apparatus inside, and two bars, appearing to be of a golden colour, one of them on each side of that opening. They were about 1/2 (inch? ED.) wide, and a foot long.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, five or six more of these weapons (?) appeared, just behind the lead one.

The instant that the lead one opened up, I saw a curl of smoke float across the dark opening, and instantly I was struck on the front of my head and rendered unconscious.

I have no memory of leaving the window, or of leaving my room.

I "came to" some time later, and found myself by the front door of the building, and heading down the hall towards my bedroom.

I was aware of what had happened as I stood at the window, and later of being cold, but aware of nothing that had happened in the interval.

The experience left me with a constant headache that lasted for eleven days and nights. From the hair-line above the forehead, and towards the back, over an area the size of the palm of my hand, it still hurts every few days, or sometimes every day for a while, or it wakes me up at night. Aspirin is useless.

Needless to say — I did not go to see my doctor! And you know why!

For some reason, Mr. Creighton, I believe that this may be UFO-related, and I know of no-one else who would understand, hence this letter to you.

I have so many questions in my mind, and no answers. But . . . don't we all?

Yours sincerely,

I replied to the lady, and gave her the names and addresses of five highly qualified individuals in the U.S.A. (*all of them FSR Consultants*) to whom she can turn for help and advice.

She has now written me a second letter, dated September 26, and says she may contact the FSR Consultant who lives nearest to her.

Furthermore, she has now given me some additional details which she had not cared to mention in her first letter:-

"There is a bit more to add, that I didn't mention in the first letter. The headaches being of the utmost concern to me, I didn't at first pay much attention to an itchy spot in the left groin-pubic area. I eventually became annoyed and curious, because I couldn't feel anything there. So I took a hand-mirror and looked, and there was a perfect ring, or circle, a bit smaller than a 25-cent piece, and very red inside the ring.

The circle gradually disappeared after a few months. It's been seven months now since the experience.

The redness inside the circle appeared as though suction had been applied, for blood appeared to be there, just under the surface of the skin.

All that has now gone, even the itch, and the headaches are diminishing in frequency.

However, I keep thinking about what these

weapons — for that seems to be what they are (and they were following the larger craft that went so close by my window) — could do to the nearby Strategic Air Command Base and the important planes located there.

If they can zap me out, think what they could accomplish out at the S.A.C. Base!

I don't mind if you publish this incident. Just omit the name and address. And I do thank you for your consideration, time and thoughtfulness."

NOTE BY EDITOR

Perhaps we may hear something more about this very strange and disturbing affair when the lady has seen our Consultant. Meanwhile, our readers will not have forgotten that Mr. Dave McMurray of the Bagshot Heath case (FSR 31/2 and 31/6) has also had his headaches, and has also had his "rings".

FINDING THE RIGHT ADDRESS

Gordon Creighton

A lady who lives in the British Midlands appears to have had a more than usually impressive sighting of a group of unidentified airborne craft, and in due course we may publish her story.

But it happened more than twenty years ago and the poor lady, browbeaten and cowed by her friends and family into imagining that she must have been "going round the bend", has had to keep quiet about it all this time.

She kept quiet about it, apparently, until, at the end of December 1986, she saw the British press reports of the encounter by a Japanese pilot with a huge machine over Alaska.

The lady is not an FSR reader and had assuredly

never heard of FSR, but probably saw my name mentioned in the *Sunday Mirror's* account of that sighting. She had, of course, seen the distinguished astronomer Dr Patrick Moore on her television many times over the years, and it seems that she thought that the subject which *he* studies is the same one as *we* study. (And we feel that Dr Moore would be the first person to put her right on *that* score!)

Anyway, most anxious to reach us and tell us at last about her sighting, this is how she addressed her letter!

(Who says the British postal service isn't magnificent?)

MR. PATRICK MOORE
ASTRONOMER SUPREME —
c/o MR. GORDON CREIGHTON.
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LONDON.