



1. Pen sketch: 'Away!' - an idealized portrayal of being abducted from my bed.

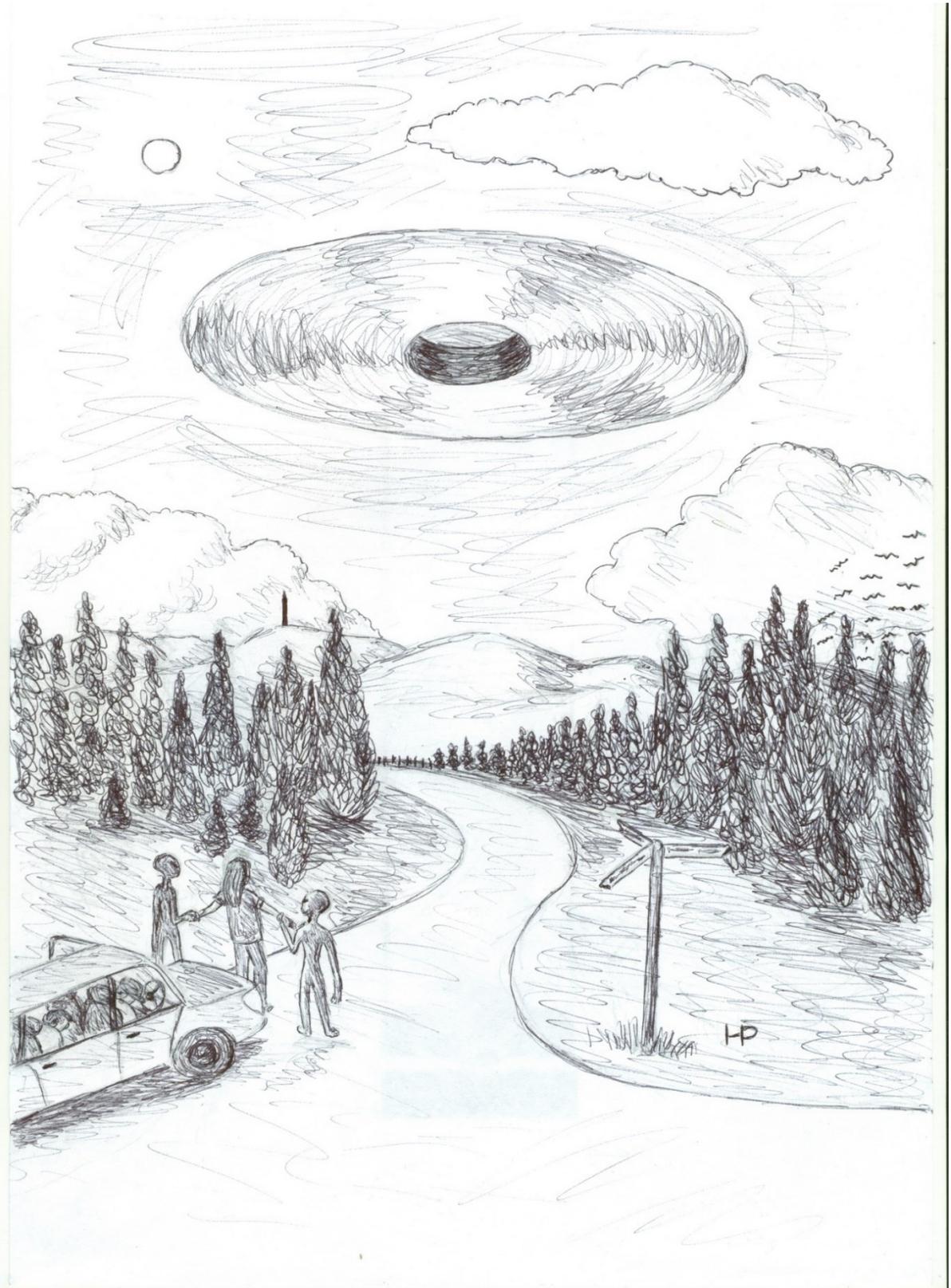
**An Alien Experiencer's Art (With 85 Illustrations)**

by

**Hilary Porter**



2. This design illustrates the type of scenario that can happen/has happened, to abductees.

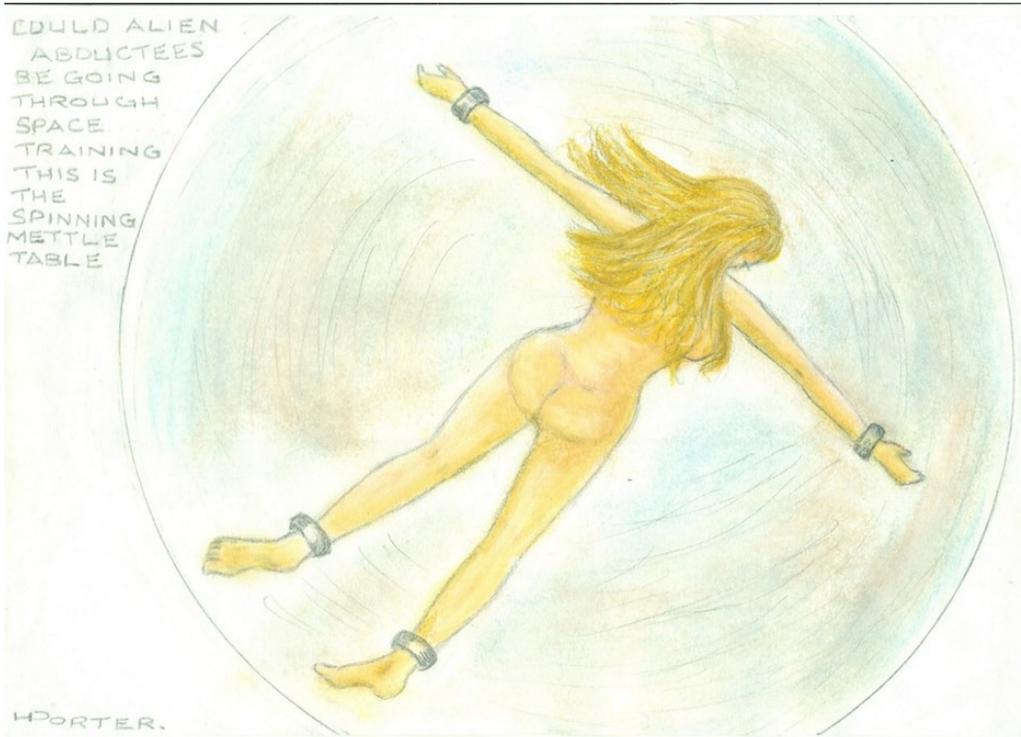


3. Similar outdoors situation to design No2, although a daylight abduction.



**4, 5, 6, 7, 8 & 9: From childhood and growing up.**

**As kids, me and my best friend Janet had numerous UFO sightings: Unfortunately, from that time onwards, (and as my depictions illustrate), the inevitable result was alien examination/testing onboard an abduction craft.**

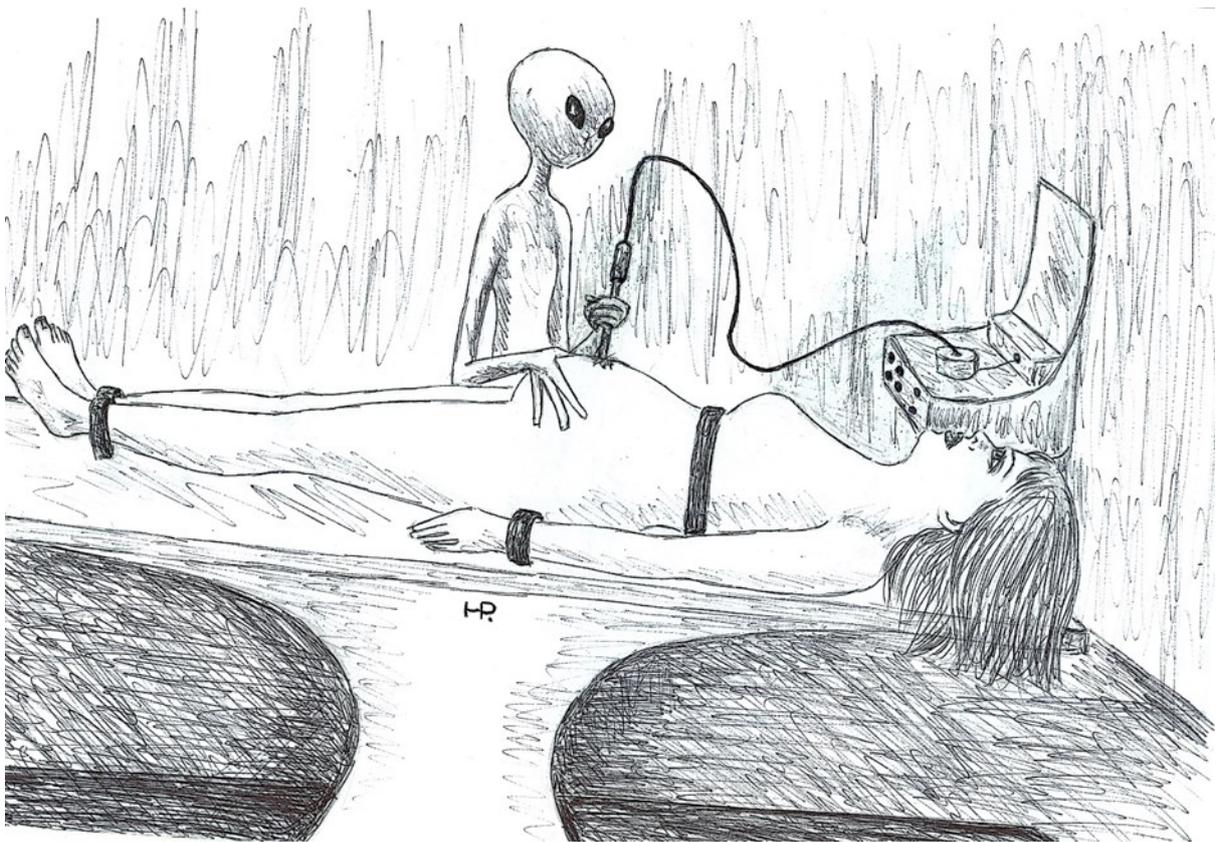


### 7: It Felt Like Spinning On A Turntable

With these sketches, I was trying to convey the feeling that we abductees often return with after being taken; of having been spun around, or even memories of being submerged into an unknown liquid – begging the question, was this a preparation for space flight in their vehicles?



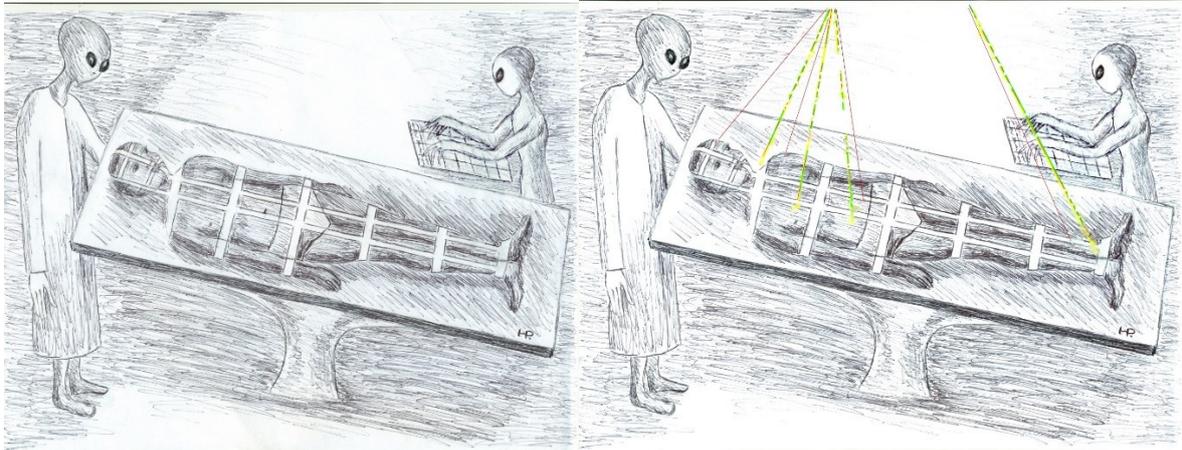
**8: 'Immersed!' - Recollection**



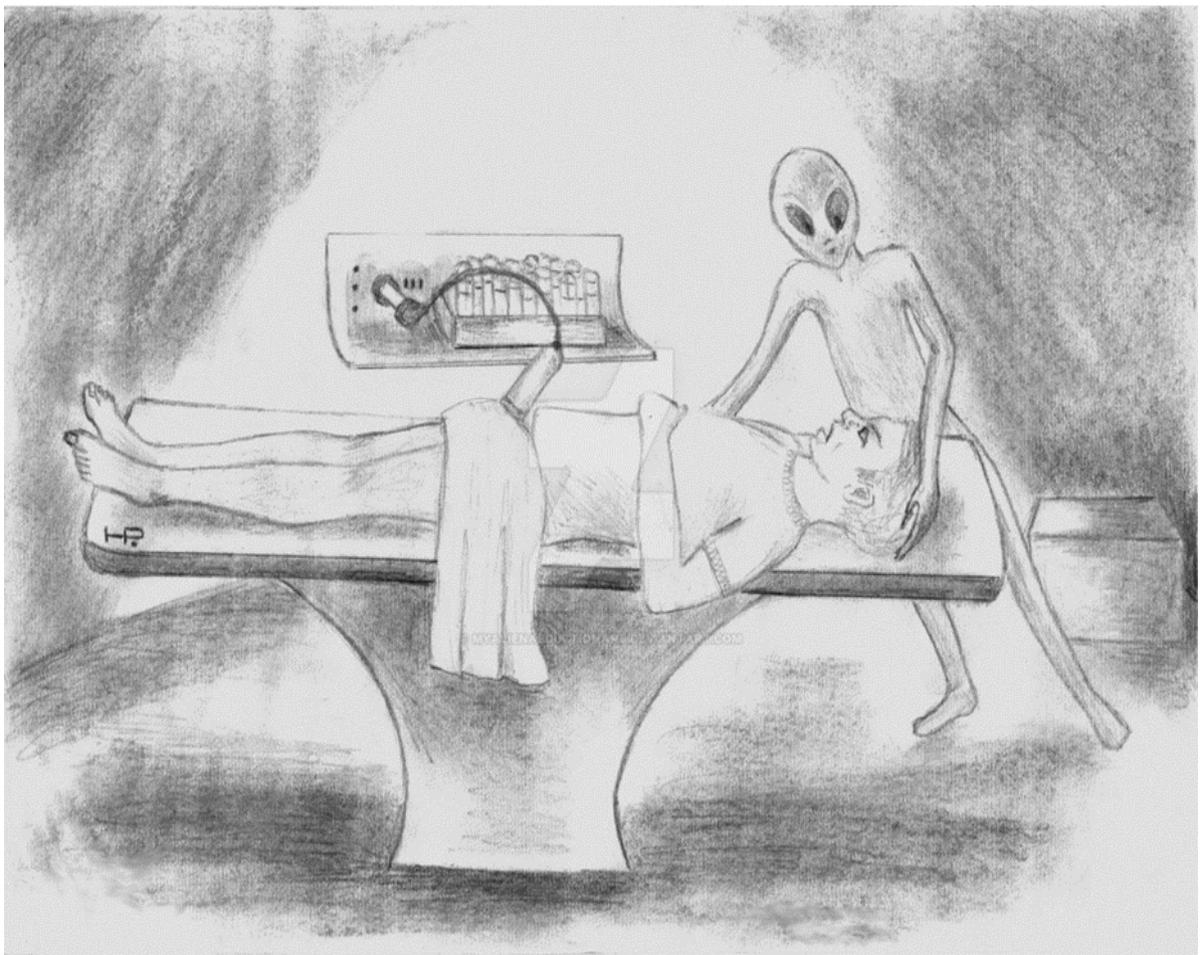
**9. Invasive, Naval Endoscopy-Type Procedure Memory**



**10. As a baby, I would sometimes be found on the floor asleep, outside my cot!**

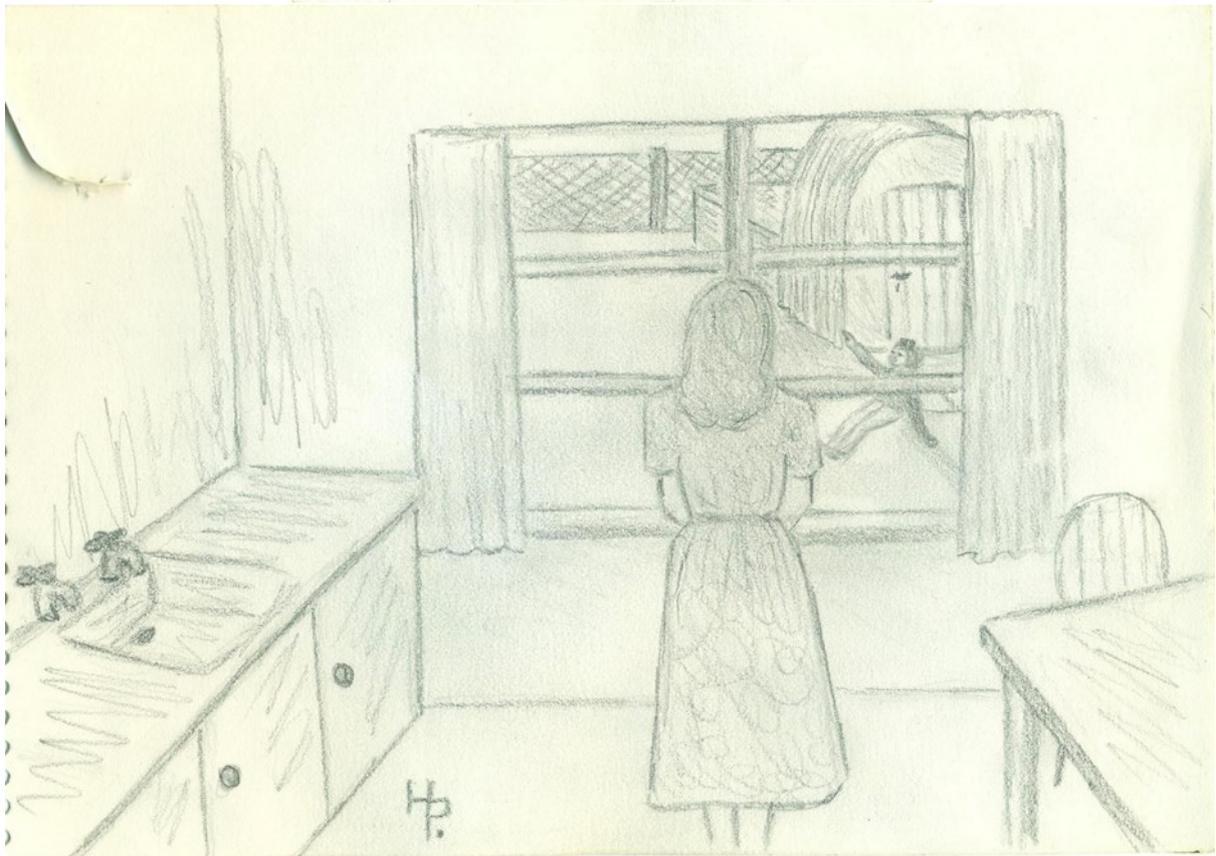
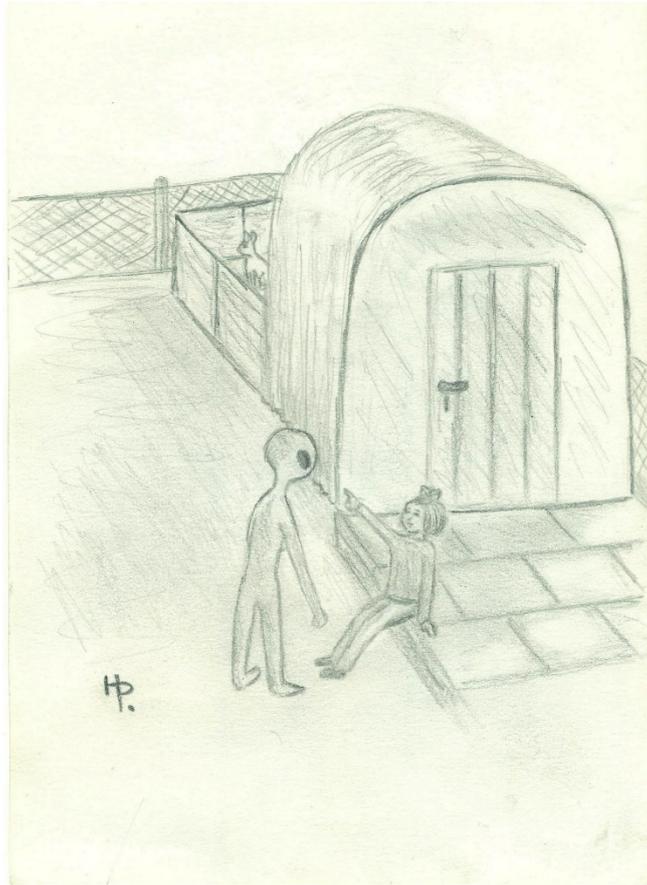


**11a/b & 12: Alien examination of a male: This is the type of account I hear from numerous victims.**

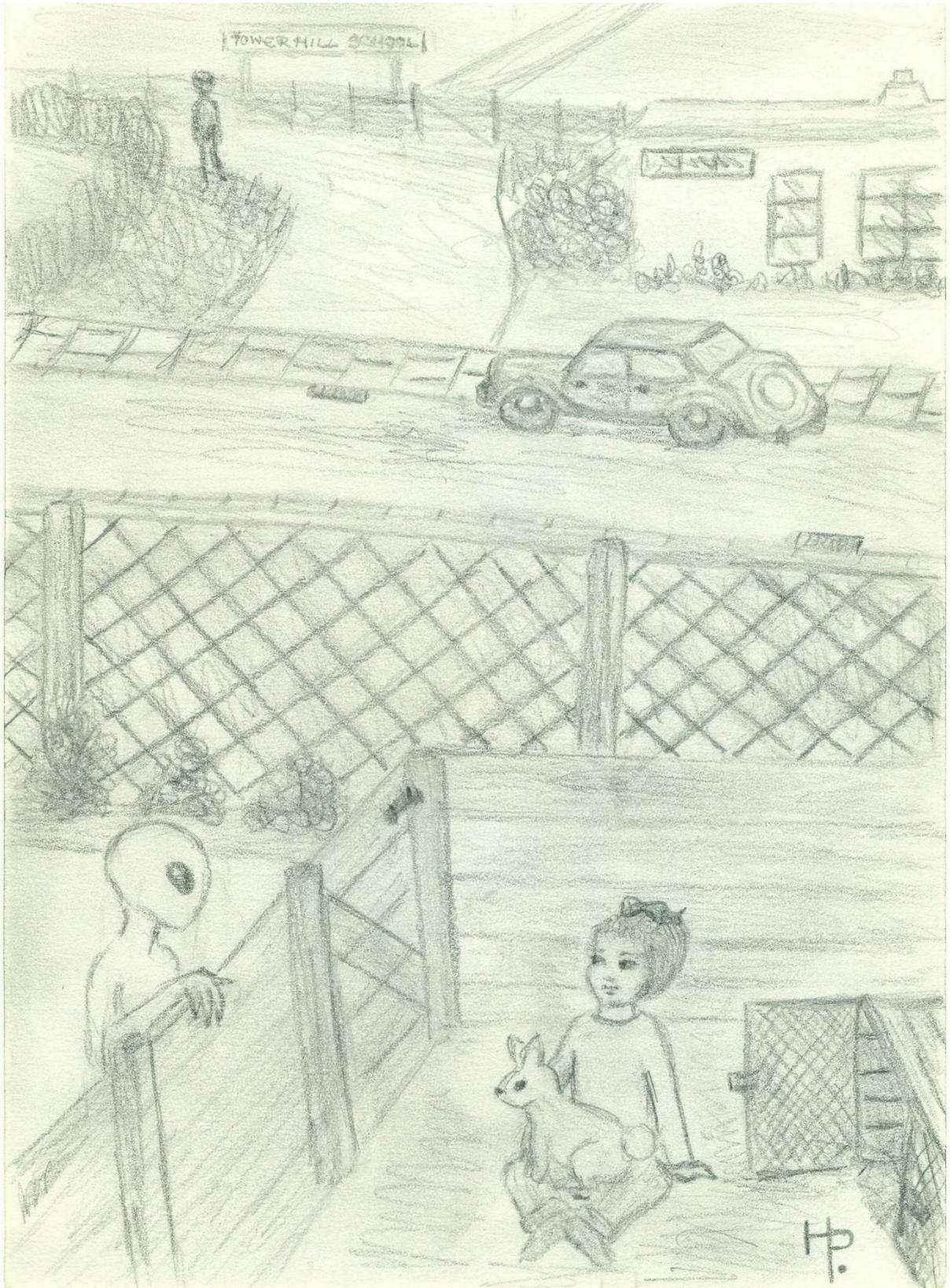




13. I recall seeing children – alien hybrids? the result of alien/human cross breeding?



**14, 15 & 16: Flashbacks of alien visitation while playing in my garden as child.  
Mother looked-on, thinking that I was merely speaking to an 'invisible friend'.**

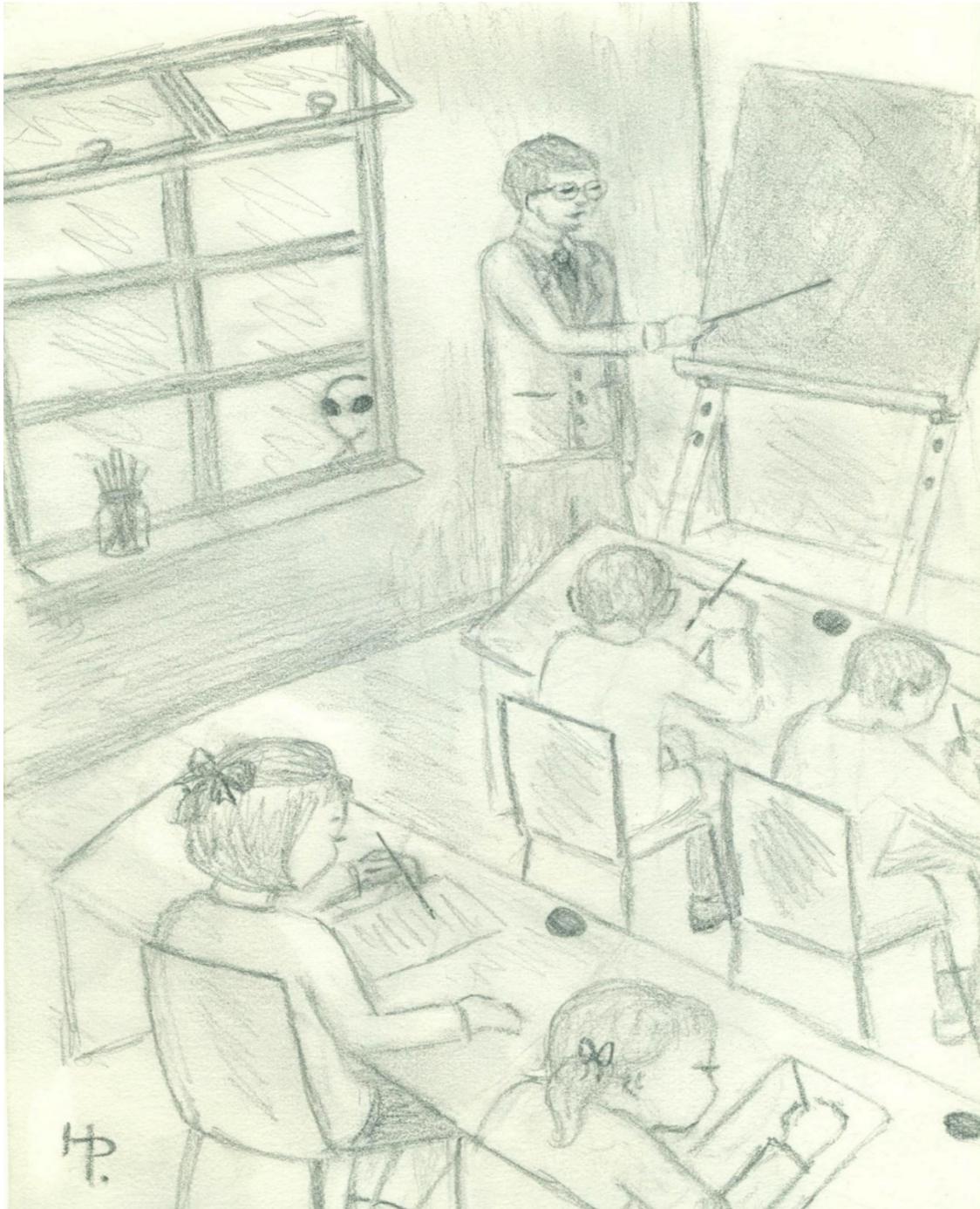




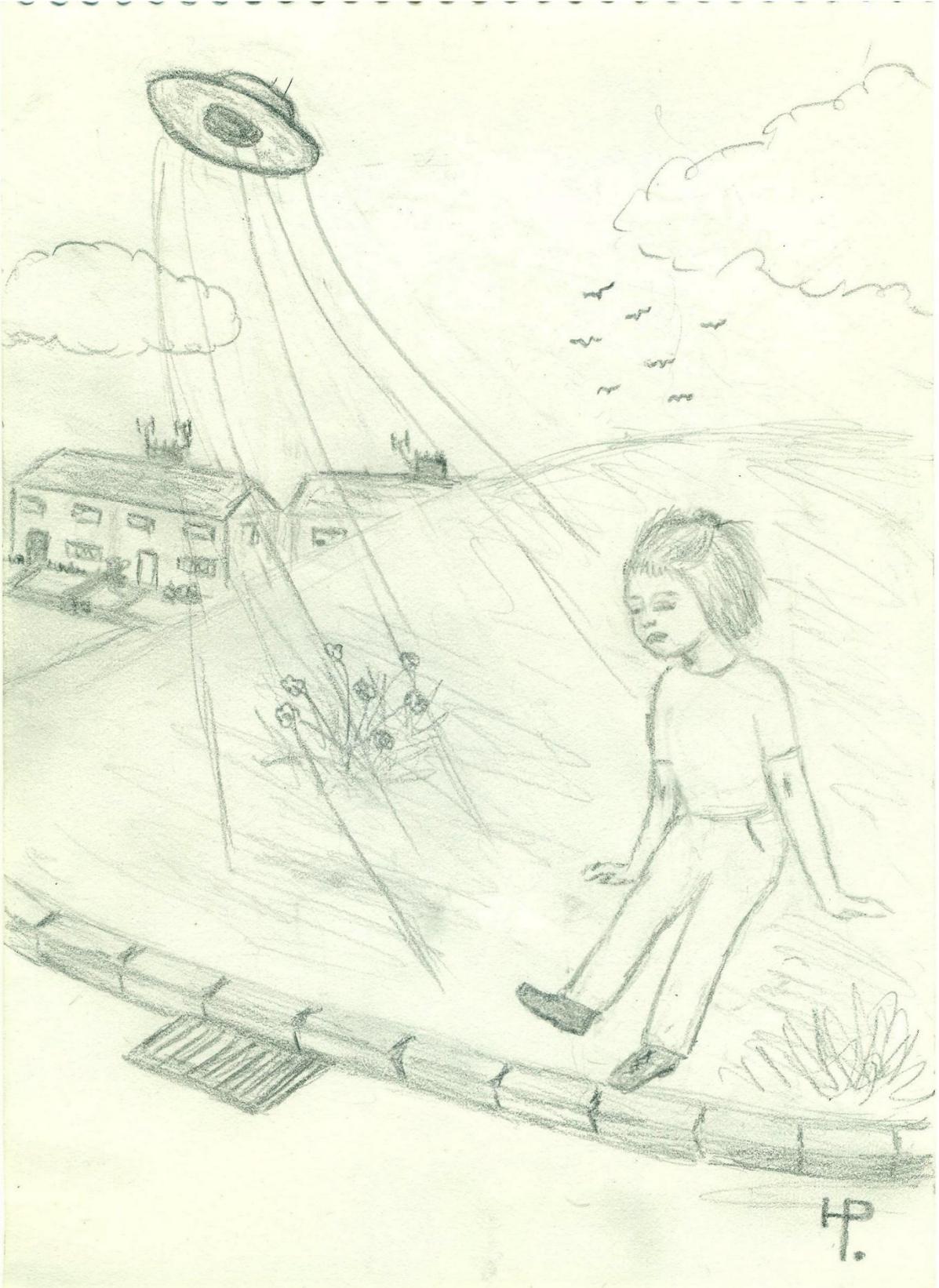
**17. Most times they seemed friendly; and several different types of being even bought ‘toys’ for me to play with; these were not the exact-same type of toys that kids amuse themselves with here on earth; for instance, there was the multi-coloured glowing orb, about the size of a tennis ball, which no one actually touched; it floated alongside the beings, then it floated towards me; telepathically I was told to move my hand up and down; this, in turn, made the ball go up and down! knowing what I do now, I feel this was a kind of plasma ball, as it had energies that swirled around inside.**

**I found this item very amusing, and it became increasingly easier for me to cause this magical orb to fly all over the place, without touch; then on other occasions, these night visitors lit my bedroom wall up like a cinema screen and showed me many things... muddling scenes of which, through my later flashbacks, I can now identify as past struggles on earth and a future yet to come.**

Naturally, this went right over my tiny head at the time; I was far too adolescent to understand what was going on; but now I realize, that way back then, I had been subconsciously absorbing all of this imagery for later recall in adult life.



18. I have early recall of the beings; even when I was at school, sometimes I'd look up and suddenly notice one there outside the window discreetly observing and waiting for me.



19. Having been appropriated and taken onboard the alien craft – I was returned exhausted.

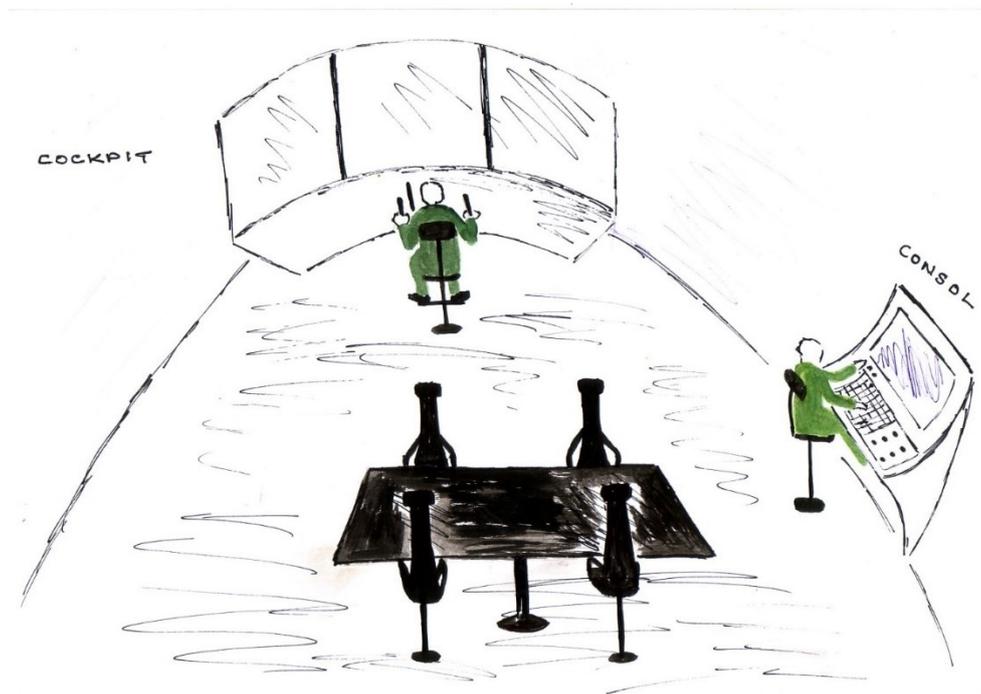


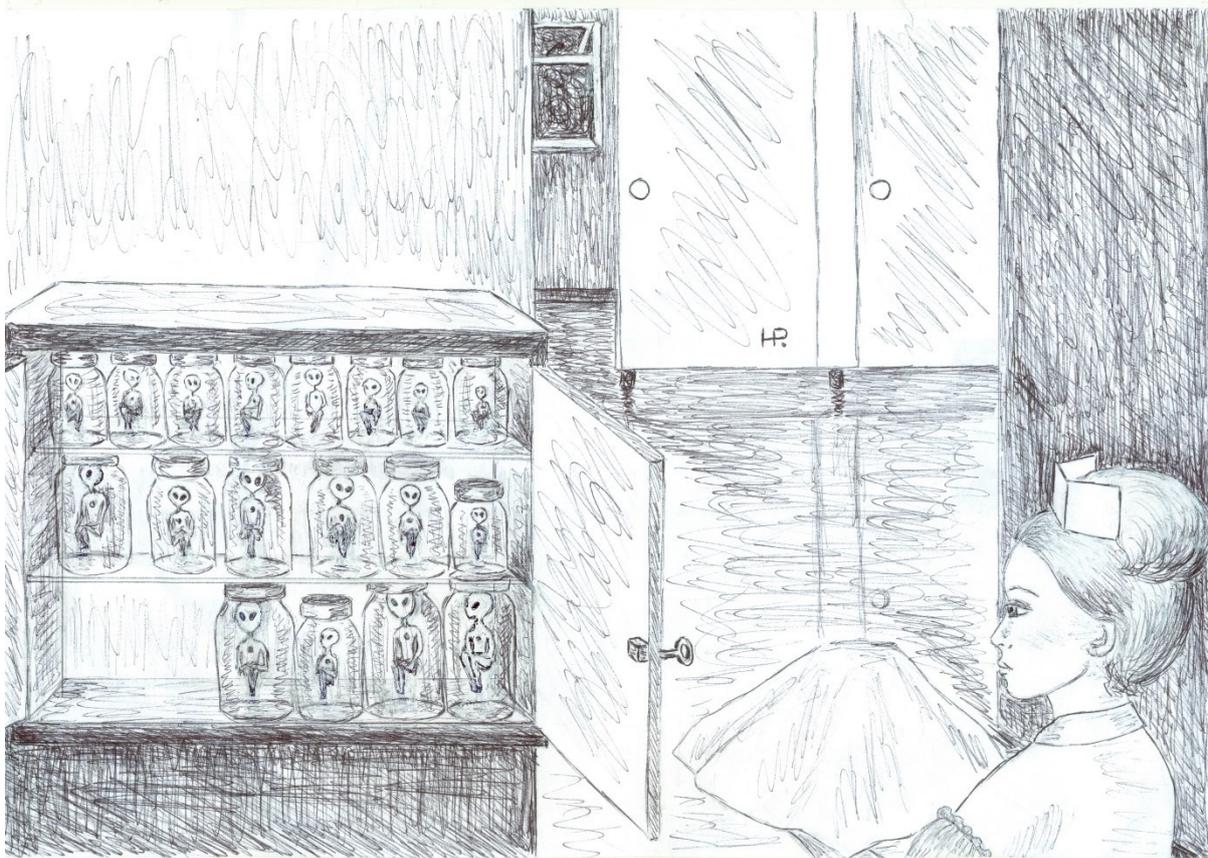
**20: Even in later life I saw them; on one occasion, when drawn to the window late at night, I witnessed what I am convinced were hybrid aliens with black eyes; ridiculously, they were standing in the pouring rain underneath a nearby streetlight!**



21. Working from a description given to me by another abductee – I painted this!

22. The man operating leavers in the above sphere is not so far removed from something I remember whilst I was on the abduction craft, (pic below) – a cockpit, with beings controlling levers; antiquated and slightly ridiculous I realise that, but, I get the impression that this was a cover-memory of something else – events that my abductors didn't want me to remember!





### 23 & 24 - Jarred Horror!

After giving birth to my daughter Sally I had to have stitches; this procedure wasn't done correctly and I lived for 10 months in great discomfort; as it was a very cold Spring, Summer and Autumn, my in-laws had the central heating on to keep their tiny baby granddaughter nice and warm; of course, I had gone to the doctors about my situation, but I had to wait till December before I was admitted to Farnham hospital for a 3 day stay to have corrective surgery; the first day went fine and it was only small operation; the next day, and I was supposed to regain consciousness in the ward around about lunchtime, but the anaesthetic had knocked me out for 17 hours; as I became semiconscious, I could clearly hear things going on around me; my husband said 'what a waste of time coming to visit' me, and simply cleared-off; it was 4 am when I fully regained consciousness; the ward was quiet with no nurses about; I needed the bathroom and felt I was alright to make this visit; during the daytime before my op, I had noticed a big, light-green cupboard on the wall just inside the bathroom door; I hadn't seen this open before, but now it was, and nothing could have prepared me for what I saw within!

Inside the cabinet, there were at least 5 shelves; and on these shelves were glass jars; in the jars, ranging from about 3 months gestation up to 24 weeks, were these hideous babies, each in a foetal position; they all had large black eyes with no eyelids and no ears... almost no facial features; very long arms which hung down their thin bodies between their strange, skinny legs; I saw what looked like feet, but they had no toes, and there was a strange red mark in the center of each of their chests.

**There is no mistaking it, these were aborted genetic freaks - a cross between alien and human!**

**They were floating in a clear fluid; there must have been at least 30 jars, all in order of age; what I was seeing there was the real stuff of nightmares; then I got that overwhelming feeling this is something I shouldn't be looking at: I felt I might be in danger, so I soon sorted myself out and peeped round the door; still no nurse; so, I quickly climbed back into bed and pulled the covers over my head, with this image of the jarred alien babies, firmly burnt into my mind.**

**What the hell, kind of a place was this?**

**Within a couple of minutes, the swing doors of the ward banged open; I didn't let the nurse see me watching through a crack in the bedclothes; she held a tray, and on it was what looked like another jar covered over with a cloth; she went into the bathroom; I heard a little chink of glass, then the door of the cupboard closing and being locked; I watched as the nurse came out with the tray, now empty, save for a folded cloth; she then left the ward; thankfully, later that morning I was able to go home - much to my relief!**

**Back home and I had time to think; even though it was far too soon to understand what the aliens have been up to, it was, I thought, quite obvious that women were being impregnated with these alien babies; and it would also seem that their experiments were far from successful, with a high percentage of miscarriages.**

**That was then and this is now; who knows whether their experiment of alien/human hybridization has stopped, or is still continuing; I have no idea or way of finding out; but from years of my working as an alien abduction counsellor with women and some men too, the feedback is that the doctors and nurses who attended these births, definitely DID, in fact, come across these alien babies and they used any medical excuse to not show the baby to its mother; it's likely that many doctors and probably some lesser medical staff too, have been briefed in the past by higher authorities about this situation... and they had to/have to, keep their silence.**





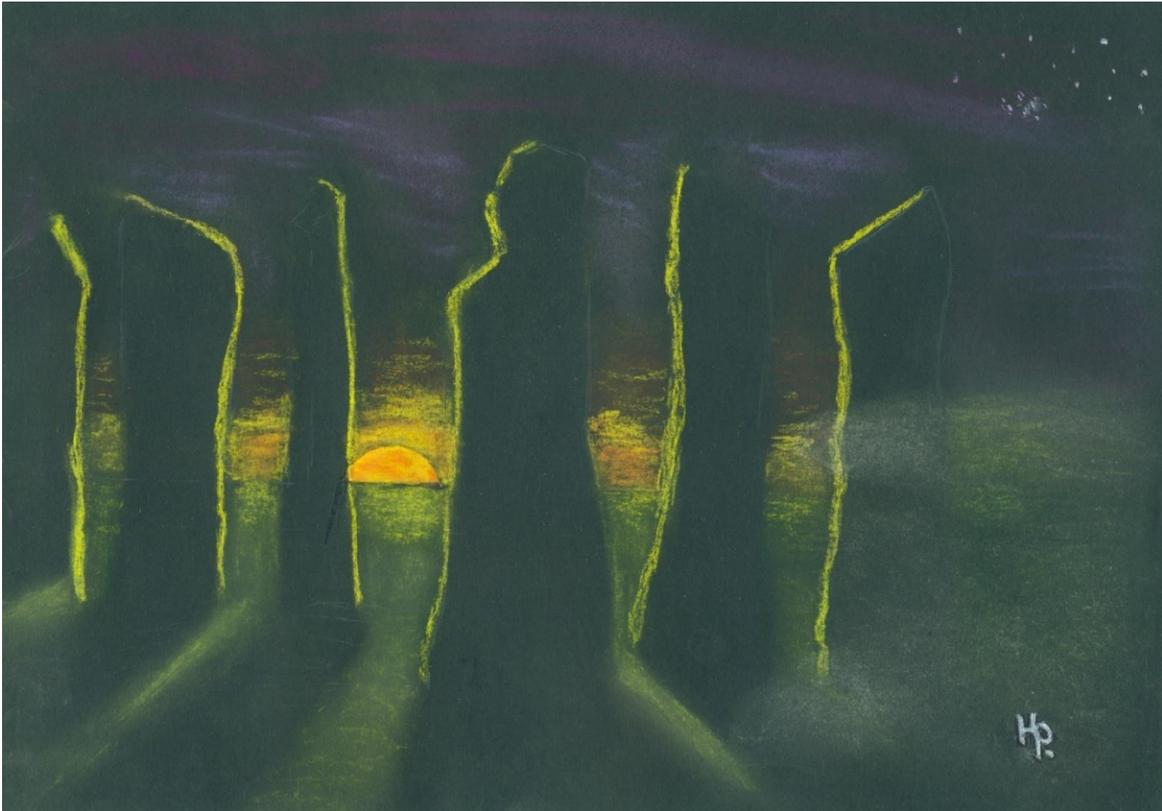
**Change of scene: 25 & 26 – Places of power – Avebury & Silbury Hill, Wiltshire**





**27, 28 & 29: I created these from memory: Avebury, (again) Stonehenge, Wiltshire and the Callanish Circle in Scotland - ancient sites that I have been strangely attracted to all my life.**





### **30. My interpretation of the Callanish Circle -Scotland**

**The BBC inform us of a new theory concerning standing stones and other sacred sites.**

**Two of Britain's leading archaeologists, both world-renowned experts on Stonehenge, may have finally solved the riddle of standing stones.**

**Professor Timothy Darvill and Professor Geoff Wainwright think that the megaliths may have been used for healing.**

**The whole purpose of the great stones is that they were a prehistoric Lourdes says Wainwright. "People came here to be made well."**

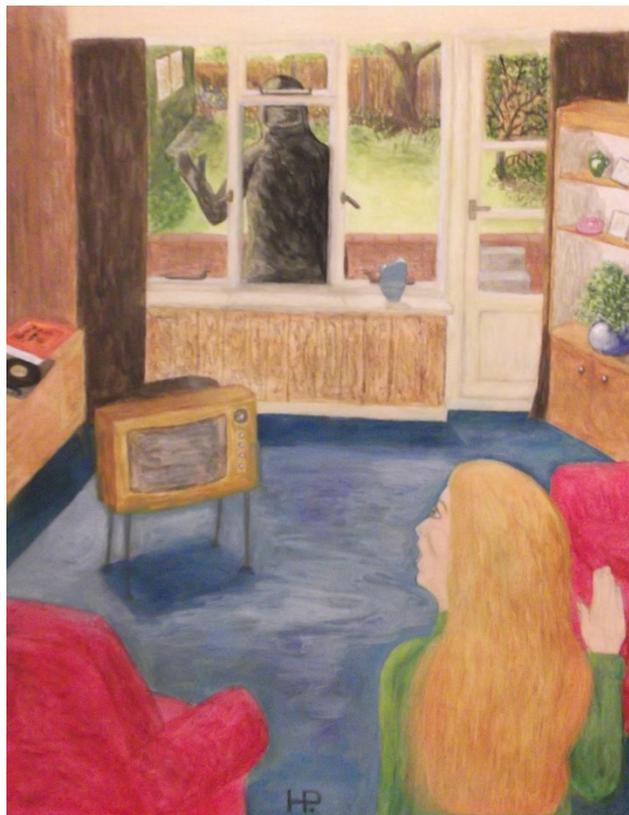
**This is revolutionary stuff, and it comes from a reinterpretation of human bones discovered buried near to Britain's largest site at Stonehenge, Wiltshire.**

**Darvill and Wainwright believe the reason was the magical, healing powers imbued in the stones by their proximity to traditional healing springs.**

**But though Darvill and Wainwright think the idea of the megaliths as a prehistoric Lourdes is the most convincing yet, it's fair to say that the archaeological community is not totally persuaded. When the idea was first suggested at a lecture in 2006, it was met with much encouragement, but also quite a few incredulous looks. And that's hardly surprising.**



31 & 32: Tall, Black-Clad Alien Encounter At Home!





**33: April 1980, Friend's Close Encounter - Tall, Black-Clad Alien At My Home!**

**My encounter with a spaceman-type figure which appeared at my home in 1980, involved a being that was witnessed by others too and even investigated by the Police.**

**The days were drawing out; it was about 7:30 pm and I had just put my little daughter to bed; it was a sunny, bright evening and I had come downstairs to have a rest; I came through the lounge door when something stopped me in my tracks; there before me... standing right up against the middle of my lounge back window, was this very tall being.**

**It was clad in a kind of black and slightly shiny, seamless, all-in-one covering, (that was not leather or nylon) from head to toe, wearing what looked like a helmet with an unusually large, dark visor, which was strangely flattened at the top.**

**At such proximity I tried to look for any facial features behind the visor but couldn't see any.**

**He, (assuming that this was a male) was SO tall, that he had to bend his head slightly at the top of the fanlight to peer into the room, that made him well over 7 feet in height!**

**I just froze to the spot from sensory overload, but even though I was petrified within, I said to myself, 'don't blow it girl, remember you are a Ufologist and you must learn from this.'**

**I noticed the setting-sun, still above the trees of Fernhill beyond my garden; the brightness was casting a glimmer of light on this huge black figure.**

**I couldn't tell you what the material was that made up this 'suit', but I can say, it was like nothing I have ever seen before or since; the 'headgear' (if that's what it was) and the suit was all one thing, no joins visible anywhere... in fact, this 'suit' was almost like his skin - if that makes any sense.**

**It was almost like he was there to greet me because the entity gently upraised his right hand as if to say 'hi'... and in a reflex reaction, I did the same - I raised my hand.**

**His seemingly friendly gesture reassured me, and then I began to relax a little.**

**I'm not quite sure how long we stood there looking at each other, but next, and without warning, this figure rapidly glided backward, a distance of 5 feet, (which I have since measured) to the garden wall, in less than a second!**

**I wish to make it clear that this being did not walk, jump or run - he glided or slid along, extremely fast; that's the only way I can describe it.**

**I have three steps that go up onto the lawn, and rapidly, the figure was at the garden level; he appeared to levitate himself there in an instant!**

**After watching him move in such a weird manner, I was left even more startled than after first seeing him; my apprehension levels had rapidly increased again - it was all so contrary to reason.**

**He now towered a good 8ft 10in tall, with his form blotting out my view of next door's garden and half of their shed and greenhouse; then, in an instant, he simply vanished before my eyes!**

**I had high fences all-round the garden because of having a young child who needed to be kept safe, so no ordinary person could even gain entrance into my property, let alone do what this incredible figure did.**

**I felt stunned, but delighted that this being chose to visit me; why? I do not know; what was he? I don't know; but if I was going to hazard-a-guess, I would say that he was a hybrid alien creature sent here to perform some task or other... maybe, just to make that silent communication with me... who knows?**

**Maybe, he was here to visit my daughter instead! all these possibilities raced through my mind.**

**Anyway, after this had happened, I quickly drew my curtains in case 'he' returned and then I made copious notes in my logbook about what I had witnessed.**

**I think it highly probable, that I experienced missing time when I encountered the black figure, although I'm not 100% sure, as I simply cannot remember certain, *lesser* specifics about that event... nagging details, such as looking at the clock afterward or what I did next after the entity had gone. I have racked my brains, but still, those vital little pieces of my encounter-jigsaw evade me.**

**It was such a startling confrontation and none of it really makes much sense, but as I often say, these entities do not operate to our rules or logic; with them, very little of what they do, or how they seem, make any sense at all.**

**Late November 1982 at about 4.30pm, heavy rain, and dark. My friend, Beverley had come to our house for dinner; she was in the lounge with my daughter; while Sally watched TV with the sound low, Beverley was putting records on the radiogram. I was in the kitchen preparing the food when our guest rushed into the kitchen, looking white as a sheet; Beverley flung her arms around me, nearly knocking me over.**

**I said to her, 'you look like you've seen a ghost'; 'I think I have', she replied, then we both rushed back into the lounge to see if Sally was OK, but she was totally unphased, still happily gazing at the TV; Beverley then took me to one side and explained what had just taken place.**

**She said she was just sorting out some records to listen to when a sudden noise made her look at the window; and what she saw there totally freaked her out.**

**The curtains were not completely closed, just over the first window next to where she was standing, which was like an alcove; abruptly, there had been three thuds on the central glass pane; Beverley immediately stepped back in astonishment and saw a towering black figure standing there; 'he' had returned yet again!**

**Bev described the being's black-covered hand thumping the glass pane, while he was looking directly at Sally, pressing himself right up against the window; next thing she knew, he had vanished into the heavy rain; but just for those few moments, Beverley saw the entity at close proximity, with the lounge ceiling light casting some brightness onto him through the windowpane; she described him perfectly; the visored helmet-like head covering... the apparent absence of a neck... even down to the rain glistening on the black surface of his form.**

**As my daughter Sally and I live alone in the house, Beverley was convinced that it must be a very tall biker prowling around; but who would be out in heavy rain like this? he would have to be stark, raving mad; she insisted that I phone the Police, which I did, just to appease our guest... and they said that they would patrol my area for the next few days to make sure we were safe; in a way, I was glad Bev thought it was a biker... I let her believe that, as I do not think she could have handled the truth as to what she had REALLY seen; it may have deeply traumatized her.**

**You see, Beverley had a serious health problem; she suffered from severe epilepsy - so, I had to be most careful not to scare her and trigger one of her Grand Mal Seizures.**

**While we were having dinner, Beverley asked whether my ex-husband would come and stay for a night or two, as she still felt very uneasy about what had happened; so I phoned Rob and told him about the situation; that we had a prowler looking in our lounge window, and how we had reported it to the Police; he seemed worried after what I told him and agreed that yes, he would stay over for a couple of nights.**

**Thankfully, nothing more happened regarding the huge black figure over the following days and nights, (well, not that I'm aware of anyway) and hasn't since.**



**34: My Face Burned** *As this drawing illustrates, in the morning after my UFO encounter, I noticed how I had been burned all down the left side of my face! and within these burns was a nasty rash!*  
**And next, 35 - the object that did this to me!**



**Mid-October 1978 - Burned! Friday night. Now separated from husband due to marital difficulties, I was at home alone caring for my daughter who was six years old; it was almost dark, and I was sky watching from my bedroom window with my telescope; it was then, that I noticed something coming from the West over Farnborough and flying quite low, but what was it? I had never seen anything shaped quite like this before.**

**The aerial object was very long with a white light on the front and a green light on the back; as I stared intently, it suddenly started turning in my direction! Had it been alerted to my presence I wondered?**

**As the object grew nearer, I could see it was a huge black rod at least 60 ft. long, but thin; this particular UFO was very sinister-looking! as so often with these things, it gave-off no sound whatsoever; but there was just something I didn't like about what I was watching; this creeped me out!**

**Stealthily, it flew over our local school and round to the back of our houses, then it went up over the Fernhill, which is at the back of our homes; after about 5 minutes it re-appeared, this time its white light was on the back and the green light on the front.**

**It moved at an angle over our garden, then it turned on its axis, straightened-up and flew down the line of our homes; next, it started to move towards the local school; at this point I went out into my front garden to see where this sinister craft was heading; its appearance gave me the shudders all down my spine.**

**Now, I could see that the object, although huge in length, was only around 7ft in width.**

**As if a switch had just been turned off, its lights went out; then the rod UFO slowly glided over my home, only to be seen now as a silhouette against the night sky; abruptly, I lost all of my energy and fell to the ground; I was completely overcome and lacking vitality, will, or power to rise, prostrate... with my body partly on the garden and path; my head was spinning and I couldn't move, but I was outside and needed to somehow get back into my home.**

**I couldn't understand why I was like this - had I become seriously ill?**

**In desperation, I tried calling out for help, but it was obvious that no one heard me; it took quite some time and one hell of a struggle to try and push myself up the path; I was flat out, then I had to get over a foot-high threshold, that REALLY took some doing! then, after which I was back indoors; but how was I going to shut the front door? Although still weak, I pushed it with my foot, and after many tries, the door eventually shut; then there were the stairs to negotiate!**

**I dragged myself up very gradually, tread-by-tread, but I had to be as quiet as I could and resist the temptation to moan out loud, which is what I really wanted to do, as I didn't wish to wake my daughter; she slept with me because I had to nurse her in the night as she was severely Autistic; so, as carefully as I could, and after many attempts, I got to the top stair, then entered the bedroom and clambered on to the double-bed next to her and lay there with all my dirty clothes and shoes on; thank heavens my daughter continued sleeping well.**

**I was totally out of it and do not remember anything more.**

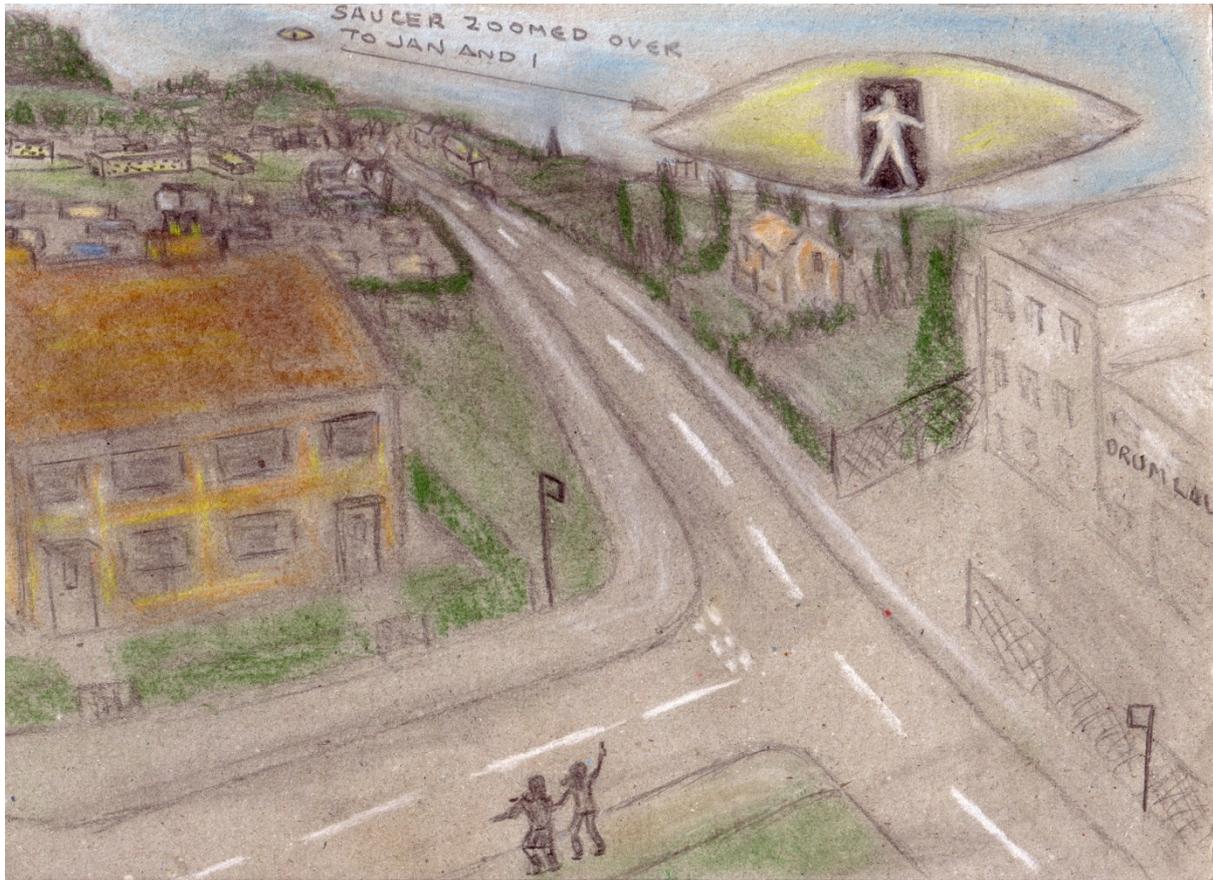
**When morning came, I needed the bathroom, but had the shock of my life when I passed the mirror on the wall: this can't be happening, I was burned all down the left side of my face! and within these burns was a hot, painful rash!**

**With this hideous mark on my face, I was sure glad it was a Saturday morning, as I didn't have to go anywhere throughout the weekend; obviously I tried treating these burns with ointment, and there they remained through to the evening; but upon inspection in the mirror, I noticed that they didn't look quite so bad now; and by Sunday the burns were far less visible... and by the evening, they had practically gone, which was a massive relief I can tell you!**

**It is more than likely, that I had been 'taken' during my collapse, as I noticed from the bedroom alarm clock that well over an hour had elapsed between the time I went outside to look at the UFO, to the time I managed to crawl back indoors. [End]**



36. 'Abduction Point!' A design that I made for author/experiencer Nancy Tremaine.



**37: In the Summer holidays of 1958 or 59', my friend Janet and I were standing at the bottom of our road; we were just talking; it was a brilliantly sunny day, when I saw something glinting out of the corner of my left eye; I turned to see what it was, and to my surprise it was a white disc-shape in the sky with something that looked like a black segment cut out of it!**

**The object was hovering quite low down and was about half a mile away near Fernhill; I urged Janet to look and she saw the craft too; suddenly as we watched, it made a hyper-leap, and was now next to, and just above, what we had nicknamed the 'Drum Laundry' on Hawley Lane; this was a small factory where vats of chemicals went through a cleaning process.**

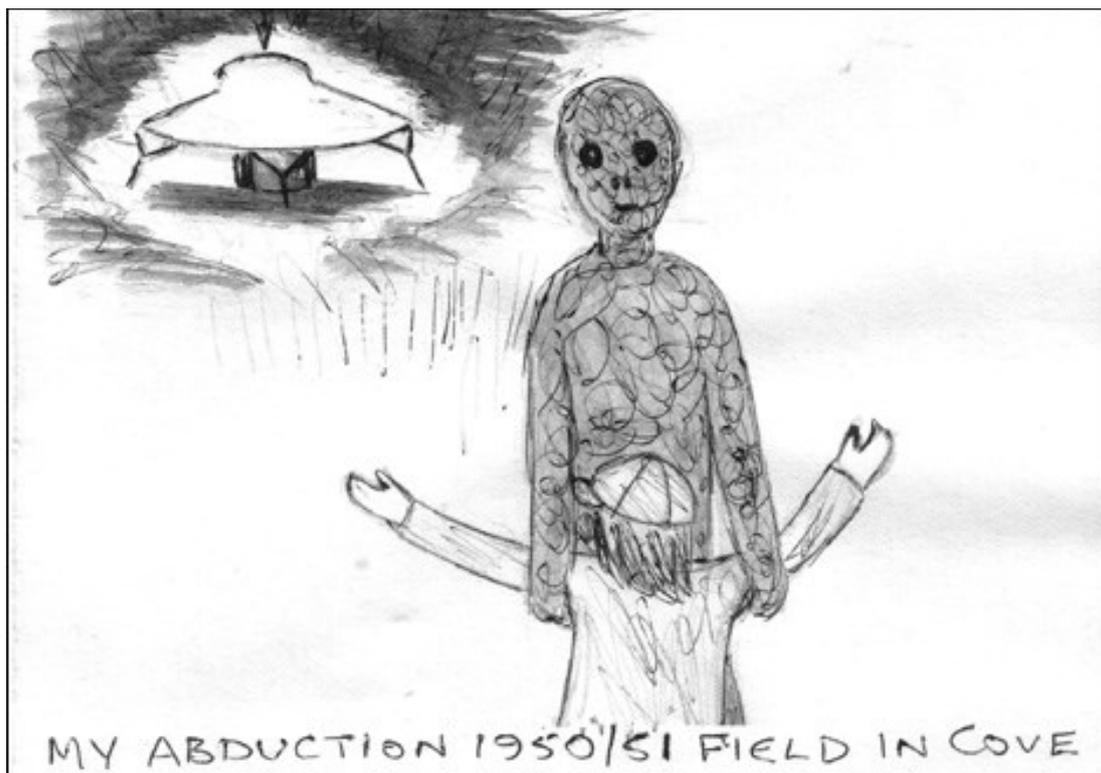
**Now we could see clearly that the object was a saucer-shape disc, and what I thought had been the 'dark cut out', was, in fact, a doorway; and standing within this was a quite tall and hefty-looking individual dressed in white.**

**The figure stood there with its arms up above its head, seemingly holding onto the edge of the hatchway; it had its legs splayed out too, making it look like a cross or an 'X' shape.**

**Naturally, Janet and I were absolutely petrified, and without a single word, we ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the safety of home; we were so anxious about what we had seen, that we only played in and around our own houses for the rest of the 6-week holiday.**



38, 39 & 40





**Late Summer of 1951, at the age of five I dimly recall seeing something exciting through the kitchen window; I watched, as a disc-like craft proceeded to land nearby in a large field in the centre of Cove.**

**I recollect playing in that very field, as it was near our home.**

**Thanks, I believe, to my lifelong interaction with the other-worldly entities, I later had more vivid flashbacks of that period, in addition to my distant memory retentions; these enabled me to undergo a sort of mental time travel; one scene shows me walking to the bottom of our road to the other entrance of this land; there, a big thick hedge ran down one side of this open space; carefully, I peeked around the hedge; not far away on the ground, sat this sizable, white, saucer-shaped craft; I crouched down so I would not be seen by anyone, (or so I thought) hidden by the long grass in this field.**

**I hid, sometimes popping my head up to get a better look at this round disc... then I began to move forward.**

**These later mental flashbacks showed me how I hadn't gone very far, when, what I can now identify as a reptilian being blocked my path, standing right in front of me!**

**I can't remember all of the details of exactly how it looked at the time, but the only way I can explain it, was that the being resembled a tortoise somewhat, (minus the shell of course) with slightly scaly skin and with a height of around 5 feet.**

**This creature grabbed my arms and roughly dragged me over the ground; it pulled me underneath the saucer, into a large round tube that was pointing down vertically, which automatically closed as we entered.**

**Inside the ship it was completely dark; we came up into a large round chamber which was also in darkness; I soon realized that these beings don't need light to function, and the only light there came from what I now know as control consoles, with coloured lights flashing on them.**

**I could make out figures moving back and forth, blocking the lights every few seconds as they went past the consoles; then, next thing knew, I was being stripped of my clothes and thrown onto a cold surface.**

**A sharp instrument was prodding my legs which really hurt, and I started screaming; to this very day, and although quite faint now, I still bare a roundish scar on the outer part of the calf of my left leg!**

**The aforementioned incident has been verified for me by the observations made by two highly trained British airman, (along with the slightly later testimonies of several other RAF eyewitnesses), who saw what seems to be the very same UFO craft that I had been taken on to.**

**Their accounts concern various disc sightings made over the Farnborough R.A.E., way back in 1950 and again 1951, a similar time and location to my own encounter; something happened to these men while they were working on the R.A.E. airfield... something that they would never forget; but this confirmation took some 50 years to come to light, when it was broadcast on TV Channel 5; the programme was called 'Britain's Secret UFO Hunters'.**

**To quote some of what was said, I now refer to a transcript concerning the 'UFO Files', an important book written by Dr. David Clarke which covers this true story ...**

**The basics of all the accounts given by these airmen are fairly similar in their sighting descriptions, so, for reasons of time, I shall be focusing here on just one of the witnesses, Wing Commander Stan Hubbard, a wartime bomber pilot who went on to test experimental jet aircraft.**

**Stan recalls a particular August morning in 1950: "I had been away for three weeks out West and I had come back the previous day. I had flown a Fiesler Storch [WW2 German reconnaissance plane] back from as far West as you can go without getting your feet wet! The top speed is about 75 mph. It took me ages and ages to get back to Farnborough, but anyway I had written my report, a final report on three weeks' work, and I had submitted it that morning and I was very pleased that it had been accepted and felt that I could get away for an early lunch: So, I left the old Flying Control building and set off directly for the mess.**

**In those days there was no problem about walking straight to where you were going, there were no security fences, we just got a green flashing light from flying control and went straight across the runway to No. 1 Mess, which was my home in those days.**

**I had gone about 150 or 200 yards, and this was one of those rare mornings. It was warm, there was no air movement, there was no aircraft noise, nothing flying, no aircraft engines being revved up on the ground, no traffic noise at all, it was dead quiet.**

**So, I was surprised to hear a very strange sound that was coming from somewhere behind me, and it impinged upon my consciousness. I was thinking about other things, but I stopped, and I turned around to see what it could be. I then saw a very strange object way in the distance, I think towards Basingstoke.**

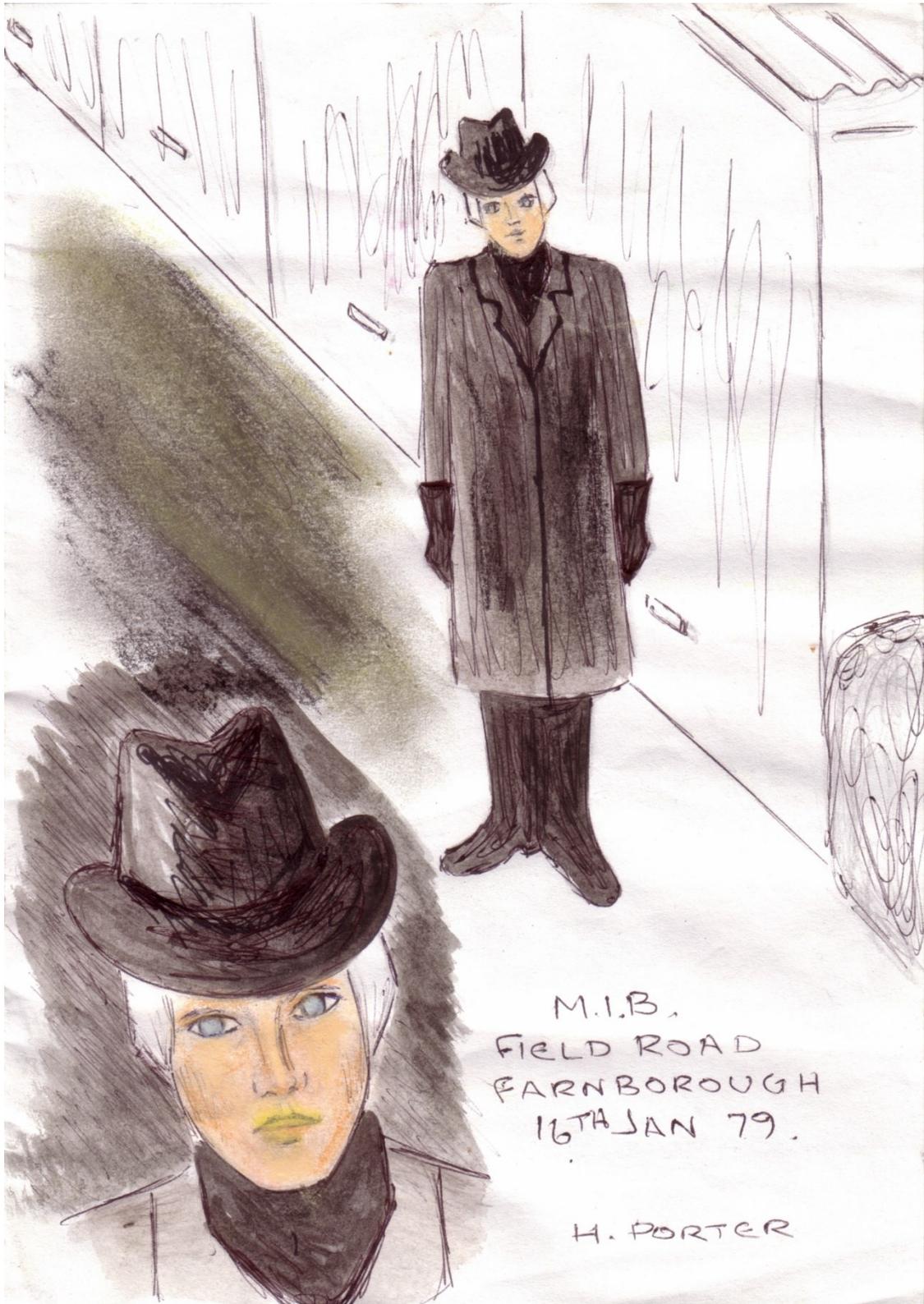
**I watched this thing, and it was for all the world like the edge-on view of a discus, the sort of discus we used to throw at sports meetings... and it was rocking from side to side very slightly, probably 20-25 degrees either side, rhythmically rocking but maintaining a very straightforward approach. I watched it and it moved very quickly and passed overhead.**

**And I tell you, that was something that has stuck in my mind very clearly, vividly, to this day.**

**It was a light grey colour a bit like mother of pearl but blurred.**

**It was obviously reflecting light because as it rocked it looked like a pan lid as you rotate it, with segments of light rotating around. And I could see that around the edge, as it went overhead, I could see very clearly it was a different colour, it had a definite edge to it."**

**End of quote. [Please go to the following address for a videoed interview with the airmen concerned [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=20Hw1nBbLxo&feature=em-upload\\_owner](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=20Hw1nBbLxo&feature=em-upload_owner) ]**



41 42, & 43:



**On the afternoon of the 16th of January 1979: It was school home-time: I was walking down the road to the front of a block of flats where my daughter's school bus always stops, but there was something different about this bitterly cold, slate grey day; there were no parents or children milling about as there normally was... in fact there was nobody else at all; not even any traffic! and apart from this total absence of people and vehicles, what struck me the most was how incredibly quiet it was - my ears began to ring with the silence; it was then that I suddenly noticed one person coming down the road - a strange-looking man.**

**I thought, how odd that I had not spotted him just a moment ago when I looked.**

**Then I began to scrutinize this person more closely as he neared; the man walked with a peculiar stoppage gait; probably just some unfortunate, disabled chap I assumed; trying not to be rude by staring at him too much, I watched him turn around the corner of the road, then walk up as far as the garages, then just past the flats; he began approaching me then stopped; now, my mind went back to the Summer before... this could indeed be one of the M.I.B's described in the local paper reports.**

**By now, I was becoming slightly concerned; I was a woman on my own; what could I do if he attacked me? but I had to be here ready, waiting for my daughter Sally to arrive.**

**I thought telepathy might be worth a try; without speaking a word, I looked at the man and mentally said to him 'I mean you no harm and I hope that you mean me no harm, as I have a little daughter who will be dropped-off from her school bus by the flats very soon'.**

**This seemed to work, as he looked as if he was just about to say something; but instead of speaking, he bowed before me, and like one of the Three Musketeers, took his trilby hat off and made a large circle with it, signalling for me to get nearer.**

**Some time had passed, and now I could see lights coming on in the houses around me, but still there were no people about; it was so uncharacteristically still and silent; I could hear no birds or anything... yet it was home-time for our local schools - where had everyone gone?**

**Inwardly I prayed for somebody else to come along.**

**As if in a trance, I felt compelled to walk right up to this man, which I did; now, I could really observe what he looked like from head-to-foot; he had a very dark grey/black trilby hat, his facial skin was flawless like a baby, but very pale, albino-like; or perhaps it was a mask, I wasn't sure; he kind of looked like a man in his 60's, but had no lines on his face at all; the whites of his eyes were stunningly bright; these had light blue irises, but horribly, they had no pupils within!**

**Almost theatrical-looking, this guy sported a muffler right up to his neck, a long, grey/black coat which had a heavy weave to it; his hands were covered in large, black gauntlet-type gloves and he wore trousers and big, heavy boots - which seemed to be joined together as a single unit, something that I had never seen before; his hair was brilliant white and chisel-cut to below where his ears would be... if he had any.**

**Again, telepathically, I said 'thank you' and went past him; after a few steps, nervously, I turned around to make sure that he wasn't following me, but I was shocked to see he was no longer there... nowhere to be seen... it was as if he had faded into thin air!**

**Thankfully, the mystery man had now gone... somehow, somewhere... but nothing else had changed; it continued to be still and silent and I seemed to be waiting far longer than usual for the school bus; then, just as I was becoming extremely anxious, in a blink of an eye the whole scene change; everything went back to how it usually was; all the children began coming out of school and parents were gathering... lots of people, chatter**

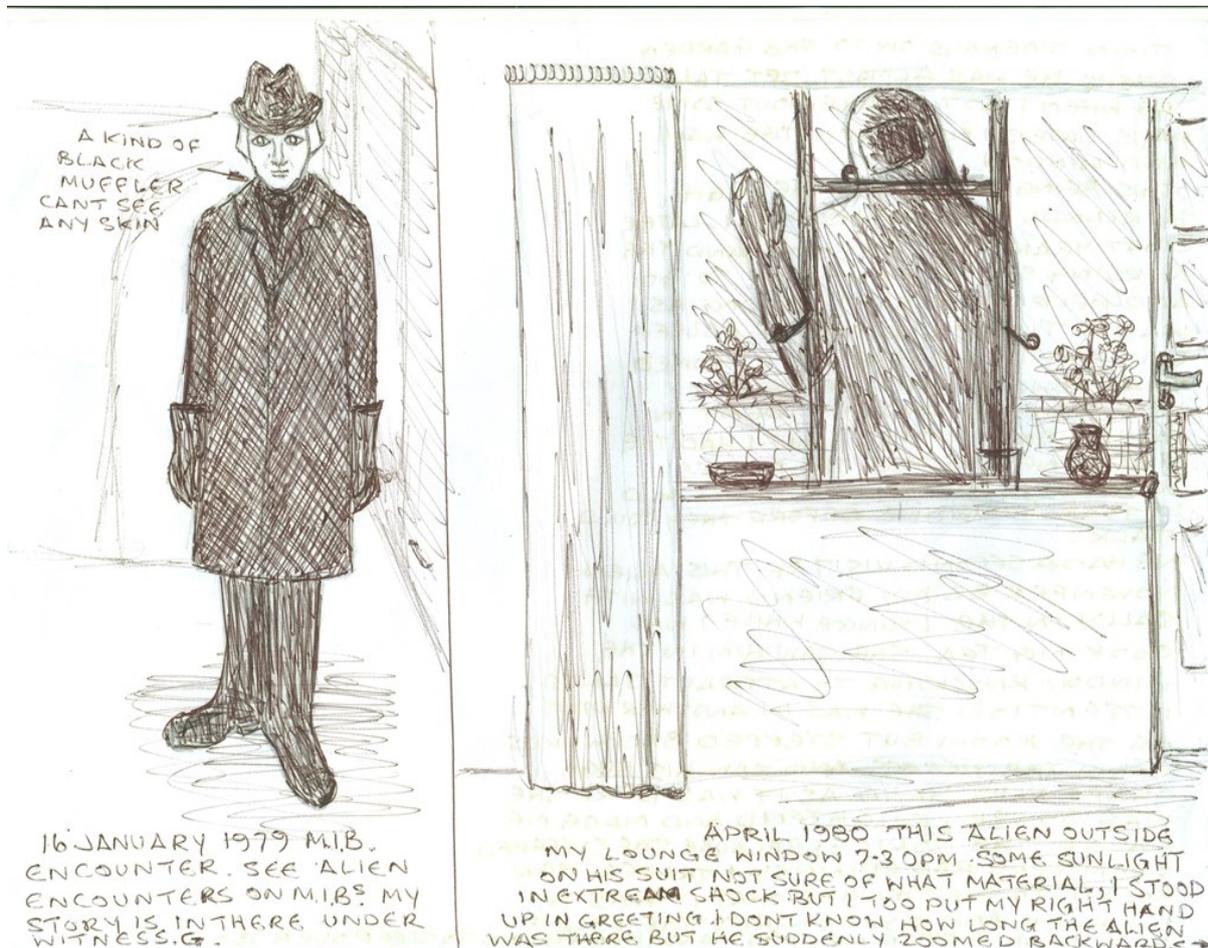
and cars... ah, normality at last I thought to myself; so reassuring, almost comforting... not to be alone.

Distantly, I could see that the school bus was now coming down the road; I tried not let the other parents spot how badly shaken I was, so, as soon as I got Sally, I placed her into the pushchair, covered her with a big warm blanket and just ran up the road to our house and into the front door, quickly locking it behind me and trying to get back to normal; but of course, nothing could ever be normal again after such a weird occurrence; because at the back of my mind, I always worried whether I would ever bump into this disturbing figure whenever I went out.

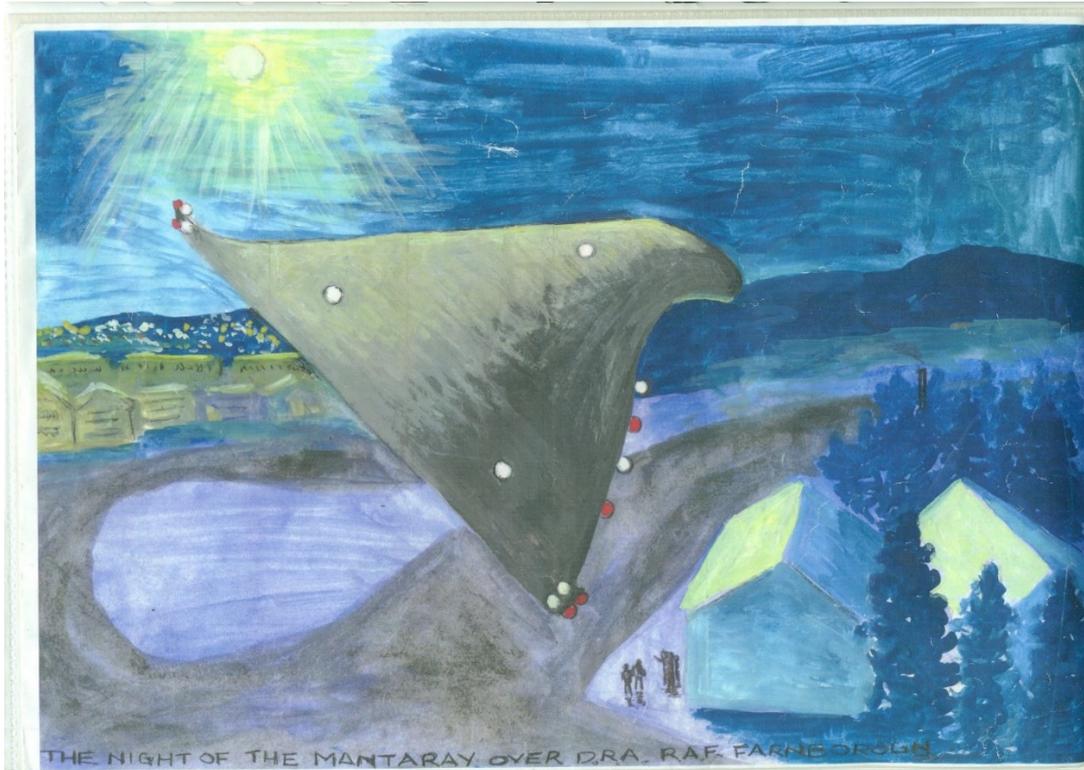
Looking back at what happened to me, I think I handled everything very well under the circumstances. that is my one consolation; but there is no getting away from the fact that it has had a long-term psychological effect on me.

Understanding more as I do today, has convinced me that seeing this man in such Twilight Zone-esque circumstances, did result in a period of missing time for me and possibly even, an abduction may have taken place; but as so often happens, the victim is left with little conscious memory of the specifics.

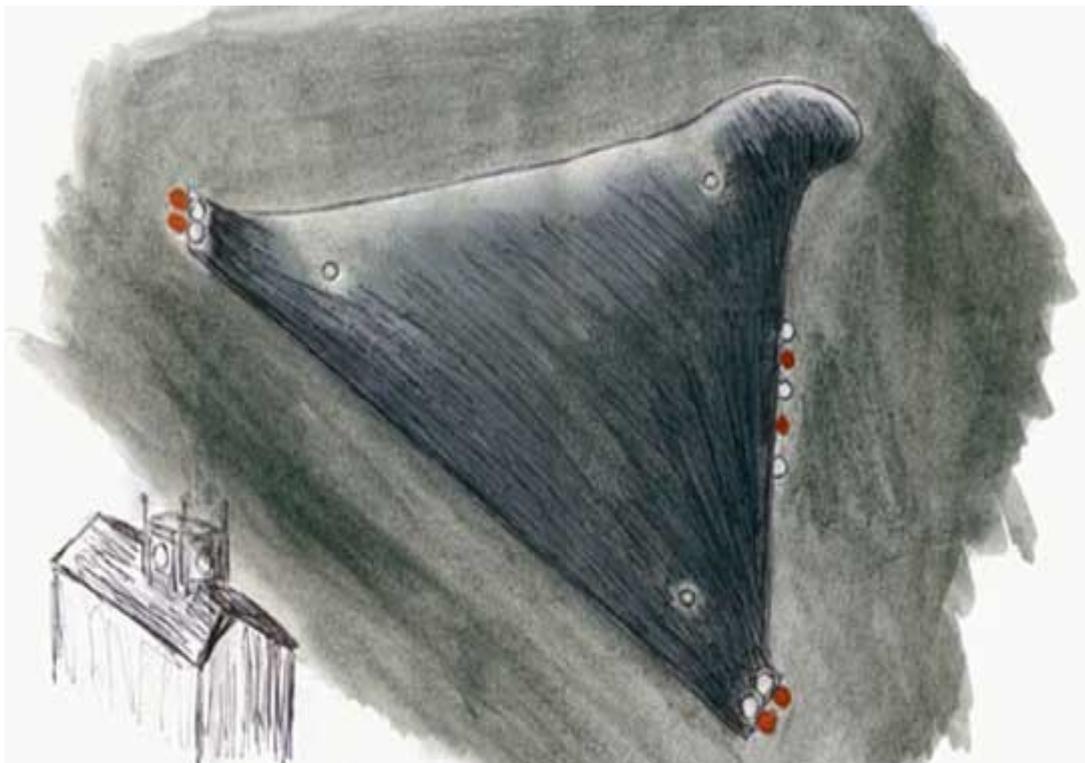
This type of thing happens - there are some details of the abduction process that the aliens will never divulge to us; they have their agenda to maintain.



43: The M.I.B, (Man in Black) and Black-Clad Figure - Related appearances.



**44 & 45: -NIGHT OF THE MANTA RAY VISITATION-  
paintings by Hilary**



**The evening of October 22nd 96; weather dry and mild with high cloud; I was coming home from Sunshine Corner children's church classes in Tongham, Surrey and it was about 7.45pm; as I was driving North down the new valley road A331, to the Frimley**

interchange, I got towards North Camp and there was an unusual flash of light in the sky over in the distance of upper Camberley; this wasn't lightening, and those of us in the business, who can quickly distinguish between natural and UFO-related phenomena, know, how an event like this can sometimes be a precursor to a triangle sighting.

After seeing this, I tried to get home as quickly as I could without flouting the speed limit, then went upstairs, put my pyjamas on and stood by the window in the darkness of the bedroom, watching and waiting, binoculars at the ready.

Initially, absolutely nothing out of the ordinary was visible in the area; until, high above the Farnborough Football Ground, as if a doorway or portal had opened-up, something just came through the sky; it began to form before my eyes; first I could see a dropped nose... a whopping-great fuselage - then it became a complete manifestation; all black, and so big that it dwarfed the pitch.

Incredibly, this is one of the very few occasions I have seen a complete structure of one of these usually, (cloaked, as I suspect) UFOs... totally UNCLOAK before my eyes.

This remarkable vehicle had fins with red and white lights on its leading edge and back; the aircraft now before me, had to be around 1000ft across; to see this huge form fly slowly at around 40 miles' mph, while making its way over Cove, Farnborough, sent a shiver down my spine.

We have some quite large building constructions in central Farnborough, but this craft dwarfed everything, including the Royal Aircraft Establishment complex; it did a roll at this point, which was spellbinding to watch; there's no other way to describe it... simply spellbinding!

Immediately, the image of a 'Manta -Ray' popped into my mind... which seemed quite a good analogy at the time and still does.

Then, the Manta was flying at a low altitude, slowly, until it neared the Holiday Inn Hotel, (which was called the Queens Hotel in those days), then it turned down over the British Aerospace facilities, again huge buildings; this time it went up on its side.

I cannot emphasize enough... this thing was colossal, yet it moved so gracefully, and looked most elegant in the air... yet, a tad sinister.

I was in a cold sweat watching this spectacle, shaking from head to foot; I mean, forget anything that has ever appeared at our Farnborough air shows - this was the aerial sensation of all time!

I noticed that all the anti-collision lights on the buildings over the airfield were switched off and the place was in darkness, which itself was most unusual for this hour.

There was a thin section of woodland in the central part of the airfield, (which was actually due to be felled) and when the Manta descended even lower, it circled around these trees twice; then, the last thing I saw of the craft was its left tail fin.

I truly thought that is it... the Aliens have arrived! and maybe I wasn't so far wrong with that idea after all.

I came downstairs very excited and my husband said 'what's wrong with you', I said you might well ask; you see, why I didn't call him up to witness this spectacular event for himself is because he was an unfeeling, uncaring, hardened sceptic when it came to such matters... that's one of the reasons why we didn't really get along in our marriage.

He had worked for the MoD for many years, but because he DID witness a host of weird goings-on while employed there, (things which he actually confessed to me at the time) he was subsequently quizzed by military officers and returned a totally changed person; ever since his debriefing he has lived in denial.

But, when I told him about what had just happened, he said he would go on his bike down to the Airfield and check it out; I then phoned Ken, my UFO investigator contact, and gave him as many details as I could; he must have noticed how shaken I was and suggested that I had a stiff drink to calm me down... which it did, even though I'm not normally a drinking sort of person; and that helped.

At around 11pm, my husband arrived home and told me that he had viewed the airfield from Arrow Road in Cove; he had taken my binoculars with him and said that he surveyed the area and noted that everything was in and darkness and silent, which even he thought was slightly unusual, (the master of understatement that he had now become) but he couldn't see this huge craft anywhere on the airfield and suggested that it may have been taken round the back away from prying eyes.

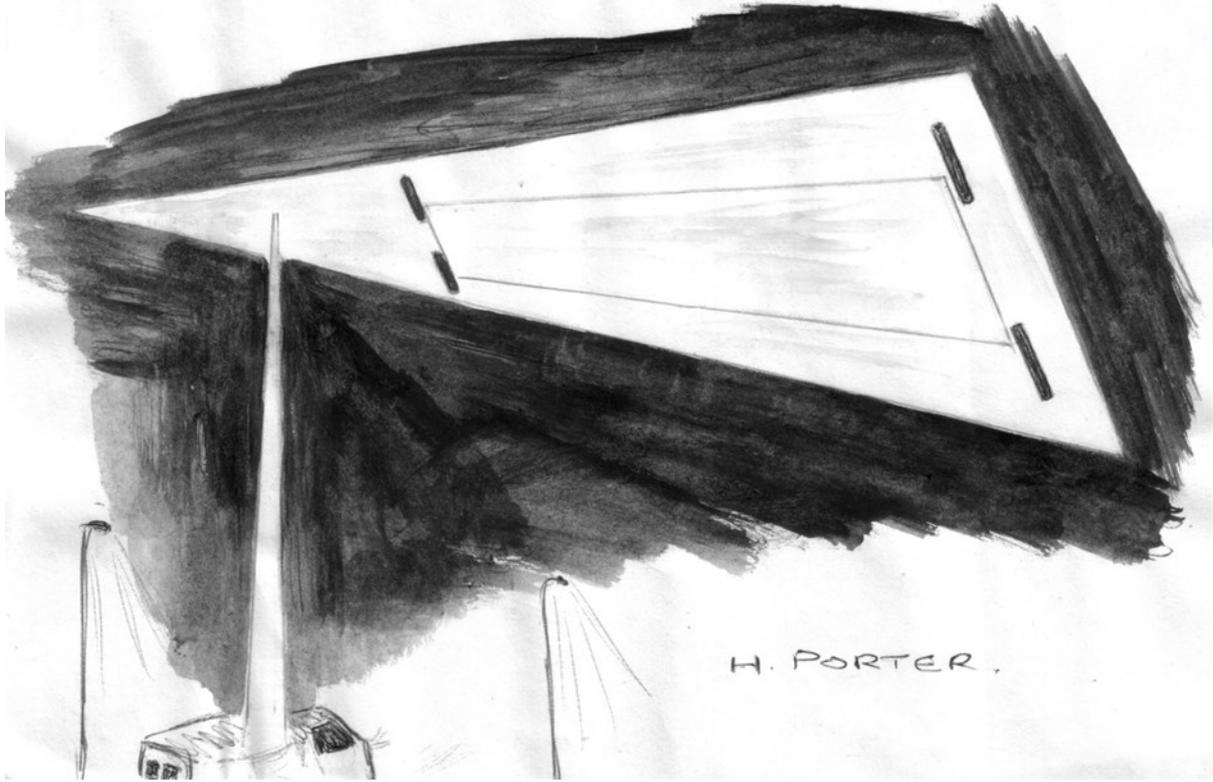
I thought, this was a ridiculous idea, because truly, a classified program craft like that couldn't be easily hidden away... not unless there was a secret opening to a subterranean level there; now, you can get my thinking here.

Rob said, there was only one chink of light which came from the side entrance of a hanger by the patch of woodland; through the binoculars he could see men wearing white coats coming in and out of this door and going into the trees; then, a short time later, these men were seen carrying back boxes and equipment, taking it into the hanger through the side door; this went on for quite some time before the flurry of activity ceased.

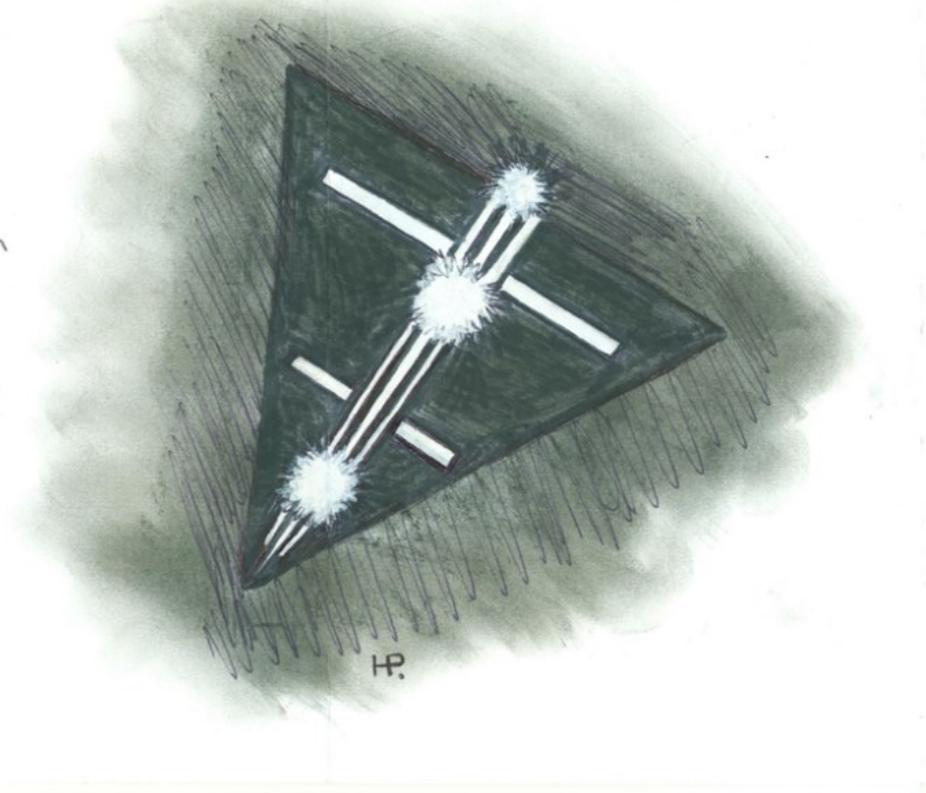
My friend Daphne came for a visit 2 days later and she said, I was going over to my sons' house near Oak Farm School and I saw something very odd; it was a flying row of red and white lights, going in-between two houses; I asked her what time she saw this and she told me that it was around 8.30pm... the same time as the Manta Ray was flying over Cove; of course, she was amazed when I recalled everything that I had seen that evening.

[Please go to the following address for more information about this  
<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/hilary-porter-4.html> ]

THE TRIANGLE DE-CLOAKED 16<sup>TH</sup> DEC. 96. 7.55 PM  
A331 FRIMLEY INTERCHANGE



19.2.98.  
Ash/Aldershot  
Boarder  
7.35 pm  
Travelling E  
Towards Ash Green  
in Surrey.  
much lower  
than a plane  
and silent



46 & 47: Then, I witnessed these two unknown flying triangles in December of 1996 and February 1998 respectively.



48, 49 & 50: 'Mind Scan Man' and 'Scenario' sketches— by H. Porter



**49: June 1979 and the abductions started at home in my bedroom.**

**As an artist, I have painted the abductions taking place; the aliens always used the same procedure; firstly, a large part of the wall would light up; this was a portal; then a black, cowed figure, around 5ft tall, would stand to the left of the portal; this ushered-in the little Grey aliens.**

**There were about 7 greys in all, and each measured I would say, approximately 3ft 6ins tall.**

**Initially, they were quite absurd to watch, like little children hopping and skipping around our bedroom; but things soon became more serious when the 'mind scan man' grey (as I call him), who was about 4ft tall, would enter from the portal.**

**He would come up to me and start poking my legs then further up the body, before bringing his face right up to mine, staring deep into my eyes, and seemingly scanning my mind with his huge black, almond-shaped eyes. (hence my title for him of 'mind-scan man').**

**Words can't adequately describe the horror and helplessness that I felt during those episodes: I couldn't move my limbs, only my eyes, meaning I could see my little**

daughter often being lifted out of the bed by one of them while she was fast-asleep... and yet I could do nothing to protect her from what those entities intended to do.



50:



51: My illustration for the Alfred Burtoo UFO landing case - early hours of 12<sup>th</sup> August 1983.

## **Basingstoke Canal (Aldershot) - The Strange Case of Alfred Burtoo**

**By Hilary Porter**

**Hynek Classification: CE3**

**Shape of Object: Disc**

**Number of Witnesses: Single**

**Special Characteristics: Humanoid/Occupant, Landing, Witness Sketch, Animal Reaction, Contact, Communication, Witness Photo**

Having been a researcher of all things relating to UFOs and the paranormal, (together with experiencing my own interaction with aliens and a whole rash of encounters being reported throughout the late 70s into the 80's, covering the areas of North East Hampshire and West Surrey), it was with great interest that I came across a particular newspaper article during mid-August 1983.

The Aldershot News carried a story that was submitted by a local UFO investigator, Mr Omar Fowler. The piece concerned an elderly gentleman who lived in the area, by the name of Alfred Burtoo.

It was a warm summer's night; this chap loved fishing in the early hours and decided to go to his favourite spot along the Basingstoke Canal near North Town, Aldershot. At Government Road he encountered a Ministry of Defence policeman on his beat; they briefly chatted, then once over Gasworks Bridge Alfred went down the embankment turning left and settled down for a nights fishing.

He had his dog "Tiny" with him for company and tethered the dog by taking the bottom joint of his fishing umbrella, sticking it into the ground and securing the dog to it; and then he cast out the fishing line into the canal waters, putting his fishing rod on a rest.

Through the night air he could hear the gong striking 1 o'clock at Buller Barracks; about 15 minutes later Mr Burtoo decided to have a cup of tea from his thermos flask.

Suddenly, a vivid light came over North Town.

Alfred watched in amazement as the illumination went into falling leaf motion over the nearby Aldershot to London main railway line, where the display blacked-out for a few seconds, before turning itself on again and seeming to land on the embankment on the other side of the Gasworks Bridge. He began hearing a strange whining noise, a bit like an electric generator.

"Then, as he looked on, the main lighting went out but he could still see some light through boughs of the trees in that area."

Mr Burtoo thought to himself, well, that can't be an airplane because of the strange sound and the way this thing had moved; so, he lit up a cigarette, still keeping a watchful eye on the landing area, when the dog started growling furiously.

Even though it was a dark night, the fisherman could just make out a couple of diminutive figures coming towards him along the towpath. Trying to stay calm and collected, he told the dog to shut up and stop growling, and being obedient, the dog obeyed his master.

As the figures neared, all became clear. No more than five feet in front of Mr Burtoo now stood two small humanoid figures, each about 4ft high.

He reported that incredibly, “they just stopped and looked at me and I did the same”. Alfred observed that from head to foot they were wearing light green coveralls which looked to be made of a material “like plastic”, (no buttons or other fasteners were noted) and they had helmets of the same colour with black visors so he couldn’t see the faces.

The witness said that one of the beings beckoned to him with his right forearm, then turned, still waving his arm; so, Mr Burtoo followed behind him and the other “being” next, with the three forming a line.

“We walked along the towpath till we reached the railings by the canal bridge”.

The being in front simply went through the railings like a ghost; while Mr Burtoo climbed over the top, then all three of them crossed Government Road then back down onto the canal footpath.

Going around a left-hand turn in the pathway, he saw a large object, about 40 to 45ft across, standing partly on the towpath, with between 10 to 15ft of it jutting out over the embankment. Alfred thought, “Christ, what the hell is that?”

As they drew closer, he could see that this craft had steps going up to it. The steps were off-line to the towpath and they had to walk onto the grass to go up them; around the hull there seemed to be portholes and the vehicle rested on two ski-type runners.

Following the leader, Alfred climbed into the craft. Once inside he was taken aback by the futuristic interior all around him. He could see no sharp corners... everything was smooth and rounded-off; next he was taken into an octagonal room.

The little figure in front of him crossed over the room, and then the sound of a sliding door could be heard opening and closing. He stood in the room to the right of the door, and the entity that had been behind him was now standing between him and the door; Alfred couldn’t make out if this was to stop him leaving the UFO or not!

For more than 10 minutes he stood taking in everything that he could see. The walls, the floor and the ceiling were all black, and looked to him like unfinished metal, whereas the outside looked like burnished aluminium; there was no sign of nuts and bolts anywhere, everything had a seamless, moulded look to it.

What interested him most of all was a shaft that rose up from the floor to the ceiling; it was about 4ft in circumference, and on the right-hand side of it was a z-shaped handle; on the other side of that stood two more humanoids, similar to those that walked along the towpath with him.

Abruptly, a voice emanated from somewhere in the room and said to him, "come and stand under the amber light"; but the poor man couldn’t see any amber light until he took a step to his right, then he could see it... up on the wall just under the ceiling. He stood there for about five minutes, then a voice said, “what is your age”, to which he replied that he would be 78 next birthday.

After some time, the abductee was asked to turn around, which he did, facing the wall; about five minutes later the voice said to him, “you can go, you are too old and infirm for our purpose.”

"As Alfred walked down the steps of the craft using its handrail, he observed that it was made out of interlocking sections... in other words, telescopic."

Stopping halfway between the object and the canal bridge, he looked back and noticed that the dome of the craft resembled an oversized chimney cowl, and that it was now revolving anticlockwise.

Then going back to the spot where he had left his faithful dog guarding his fishing tackle, the first thing he did when he got there was to pick up his cold cup of tea and drink it!

Suddenly Mr Burtoo heard the noise that he had heard earlier, just like an electric generator... which was now starting to carry through the dark night air.

Then another major spectacle, he saw the strange craft lift-off and the bright lights around it came on again; in fact, this time it was so bright that he could see his fishing float in the water 6 feet away from the opposite bank of the canal; he could even make out the thin iron bars on the canal bridge.

The craft took off at a very high velocity out over the military cemetery in the west, then a little later the witness saw the same light going over the Hog's Back area and out of sight; it was now around 2.00am.

Alfred settled down to wait for dawn, which came at 3.30am and then, got back to doing some fishing, and as incredible as though it may seem, he did not feel inclined to report his experience to anyone immediately. He sat there fishing until 10 o'clock in the morning, at which time two Ministry of Defence mounted policemen rode up to him.

“Any luck mate?” one of them asked.

He replied yes “I've had three roach, five rudd and a tench of two and a half pounds and lost a big carp which took me into the weeds”.

Then Alfred started telling the two policemen about the UFO that he had seen, and one of them said, “yes I dare say you did see a UFO. I expect they were checking on our military installations.”

Was this a tongue-in-cheek comment to placate the witness?

As they chatted, a man from the lock yard came along and told the MoD policemen that horses were not allowed on the towpath, so the conversation was cut short. The witness continued fishing until 12.30pm, and then returned home at 1.00pm.

His wife Marjorie and a friend noticed straight away that he was somehow different; then Alfred Burtoo went on to tell them that he had seen a UFO but didn't dare to say that he had been taken on board the craft!

Returning to the landing site two days later, Alfred noticed straight away the foliage where the UFO has stood was flattened and in disarray, yet unfortunately, no photos or

soil samples were taken as he feared ridicule and incredulity whatever evidence he produced.

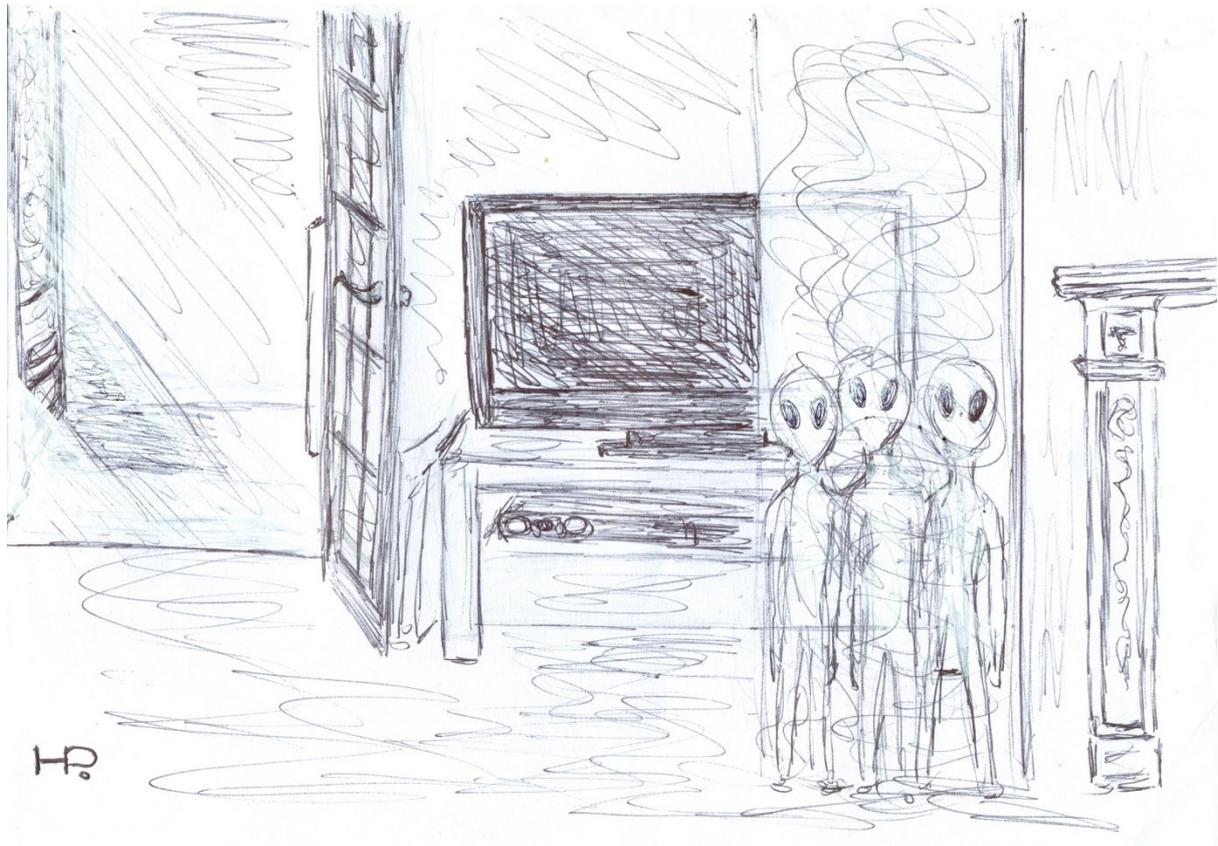
I have learned that just on the other side of the Basingstoke Canal there are some Mechanical Engineers workshops; surely, they must have seen or heard something; but apparently no, checks by local investigator Mr Omar Fowler drew a complete blank; nor could he trace the two mounted policemen, and the occupants of a bungalow near the canal lock, right beside Gasworks Bridge, were away at the time.

One very important fact is that this experiencer suffered none of the effects often reported by Close Encounter witnesses, such as temporary paralysis, nausea, diarrhoea or time lapse, but as his wife and friend verified, his manner was different. Another thing his wife noticed was that he wasn't eating much, resulting in weight loss for a time.

Despite the lack of hard data, I think that this is one of the most convincing and important reports of a UFO encounter of the third and fourth kind, not to be dismissed lightly. One of the key points which leads me to such a conclusion is that this witness was generally considered by all those who knew him to be a genuine, honest and responsible person who had fought in two World Wars... so why on earth would anybody like this make up such a story?

"It certainly wasn't for financial gain, as he didn't even seek publicity, although one or two publications did eventually get hold of the story."

Basically, there is special soldier presence in many locations around here, which could be expected to a degree given its military status, but these soldiers include SAS dressed in black, and all fully armed, which strikes me as a bit OTT: I wonder, could there be something else near this canal that they don't want anyone to accidentally stumble upon?



[Above is image 52] Was this to be my final alien encounter? "On the weekend of the 30th and 31st of July, 2016 I felt totally unwell; I was uncoordinated and my dyslexia was extremely bad; this came about several days after we went on a sky watch in Winchester on the 29th of July, where my camera picked up a brilliant UFO, although this object was unseen at the time.

I suffer from Atrial Fibrillation, which is a common, abnormal heart rhythm; a couple of days after photographing the UFO, I had an attack that lasted 6 hours; but thankfully, at the end of it, my heart returned to its normal rhythm.

This is how it was triggered; during the early hours, I was so restless in bed, that at around 2.50am I went down into our living room and settled in the armchair there and fell asleep quite quickly; but this rest wasn't to be for very long, because at 3.40am I experienced a very powerful 'whooshing' sound in my ears, and naturally, that woke me up.

As I began to awaken, but before I had even fully opened my eyes, I noticed a column of dimly lit, swirling mist, and within this was a vertical round pillar containing three of the Alien Grey-types, each measuring approximately three and a half feet tall. I kept my eyes half shut, (perhaps out of fear) but by now, I was fully aware of the visitation and tried to yell at them, but nothing seemed to come out of my mouth.

"Leave me alone, go away", I was trying to shout, but completely unable to verbalize; yet perhaps they did hear me after all... telepathically, because they vanished shortly afterwards.

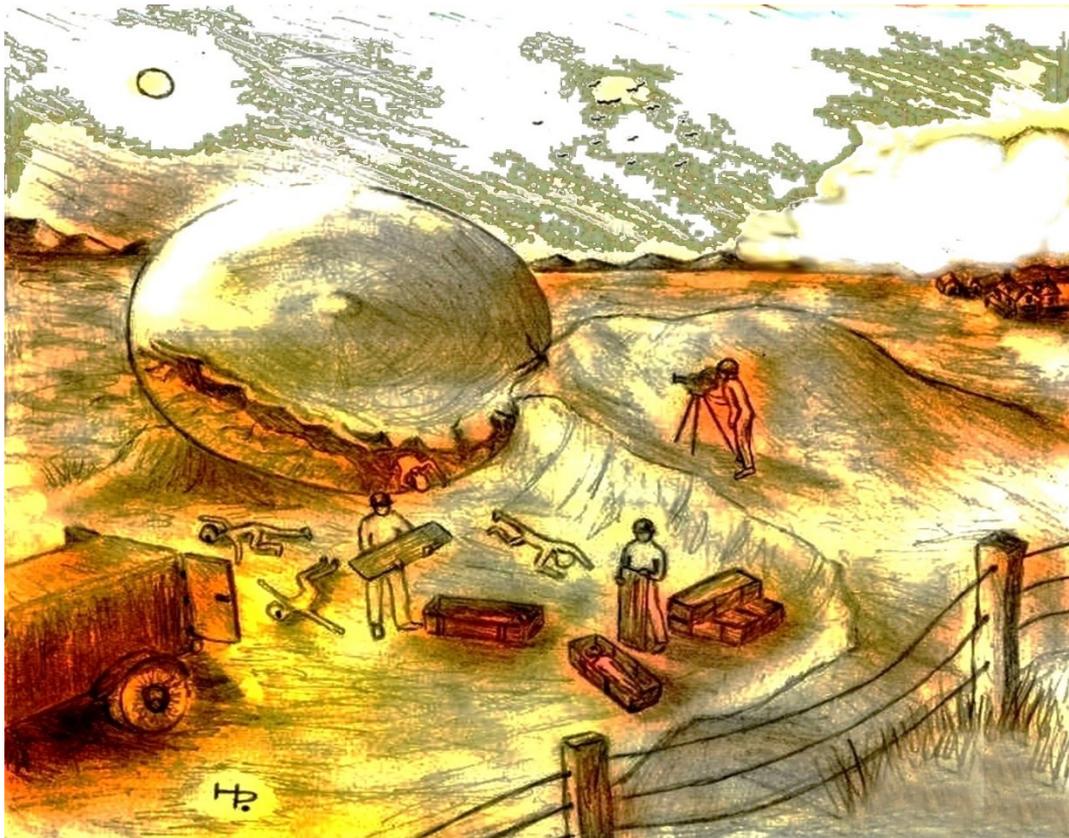
Feeling very shaken and so tired, I went back upstairs and straight to bed.

It took much of the week to recover.

I later discovered that 'they' may have tampered with or operated on my mouth, as the inner cheek area is now very sore indeed.



53 & 54. My depiction of the Roswell, New Mexico UFO Crash and retrieval - 1947



54.



#### **55. Lightwater – The Running Man Incident by Hilary Porter**

**My account is revealed here for only the second time ever.**

**The Red Road, Lightwater, Surrey is infamous for having had a number of incidents happen along there throughout the years; this includes some truly baffling traffic accidents.**

**Approaching midnight on an early summer evening in 1980, one such occurrence took place; something so unusual and mysterious that I will never forget what I was told.**

**My uncle Freddy Stringer was then Assistant Director of the Defence Evaluation Research Agency, (DERA) based in Farnborough, and both he and his wife, my Aunt Renee, were travelling up the Red Road in their Sunbeam Alpine sports car, after having attended a music appreciation evening held in Woking, Surrey.**

**Suddenly, there was what my Aunt described to me as ‘a Zombie-type humanoid’, that rushed out of the bushes from the passenger side of the road.**

**This ‘being’ then dashed around to the driver’s side of the car, (my Uncle’s) and even though they were now moving at 30 mph, it ran alongside effortlessly.**

**The ‘zombie’ was wearing a tight, drab, all-in-one suit; ‘he’, (if this was indeed a man) had long light hair, flowing backwards.**

**‘His’ face was grey, extremely weird looking, almost ghostly and had a melancholy expression on it.**

**My Uncle, being one of the UK's best air pilots in the country at that time, kept his cool, and calmly said to my aunt 'is your car door locked darling', yes, she nervously replied... and they just travelled-on.**

**With Freddy's foot pressing down on the accelerator, they were now gaining more speed... up to 40 mph, yet incredibly, this Zombie being was still running alongside the car!**

**The situation was starting to get dangerous for obvious reasons, but particularly as this road has some nasty bends, and back then it was far narrower than it is today.**

**Without hint, the 'man' or whatever it was, dropped back slightly behind their car, then in less than a minute, raced forward again, this time to the near-side, and endeavored to open the locked door, by grabbing at the exterior handle, repeatedly pressing the button on it; as anyone would, my Aunt screamed hysterically.**

**Despite such a frantic situation, my Uncle maintained his composure and tried to tell her she was safe with him.**

**They were now going nearly 50 mph in this nightmare state of affairs, when the super-athlete abruptly gave up, scurried into the undergrowth and vanished.**

**Our phone was ringing at 9 am the next morning, with my aunt at the other end still very upset.**

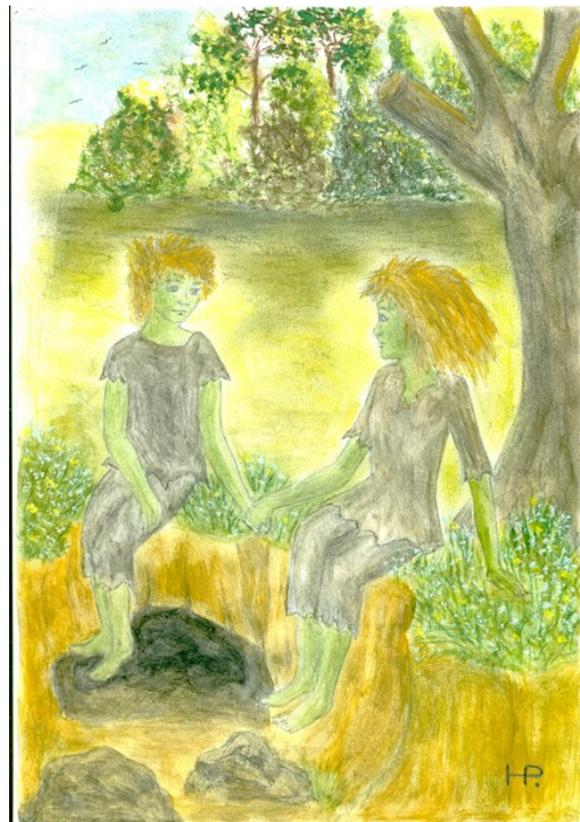
**She needed to speak to someone who would understand what her and my Uncle had just gone through; and as I was 'family', I promised I would keep this information to myself as they were people who mixed in high social circles.**

**Happily, after a good chat, I managed to calm her down and my Aunt was then able to get on with the rest of her day.**

**As time wore on, neither my Aunt or Uncle would ever mention this incident again and took their secret to the grave.**

**Only now, since their deaths, do I feel at liberty to disclose the matter.**

**[An aside - according to the Guinness Book of records, the fastest man on earth was Usain Bolt at 27.8mph in a 100-meter sprint!]**



**56 & 57: My interpretation of The Green Children:**

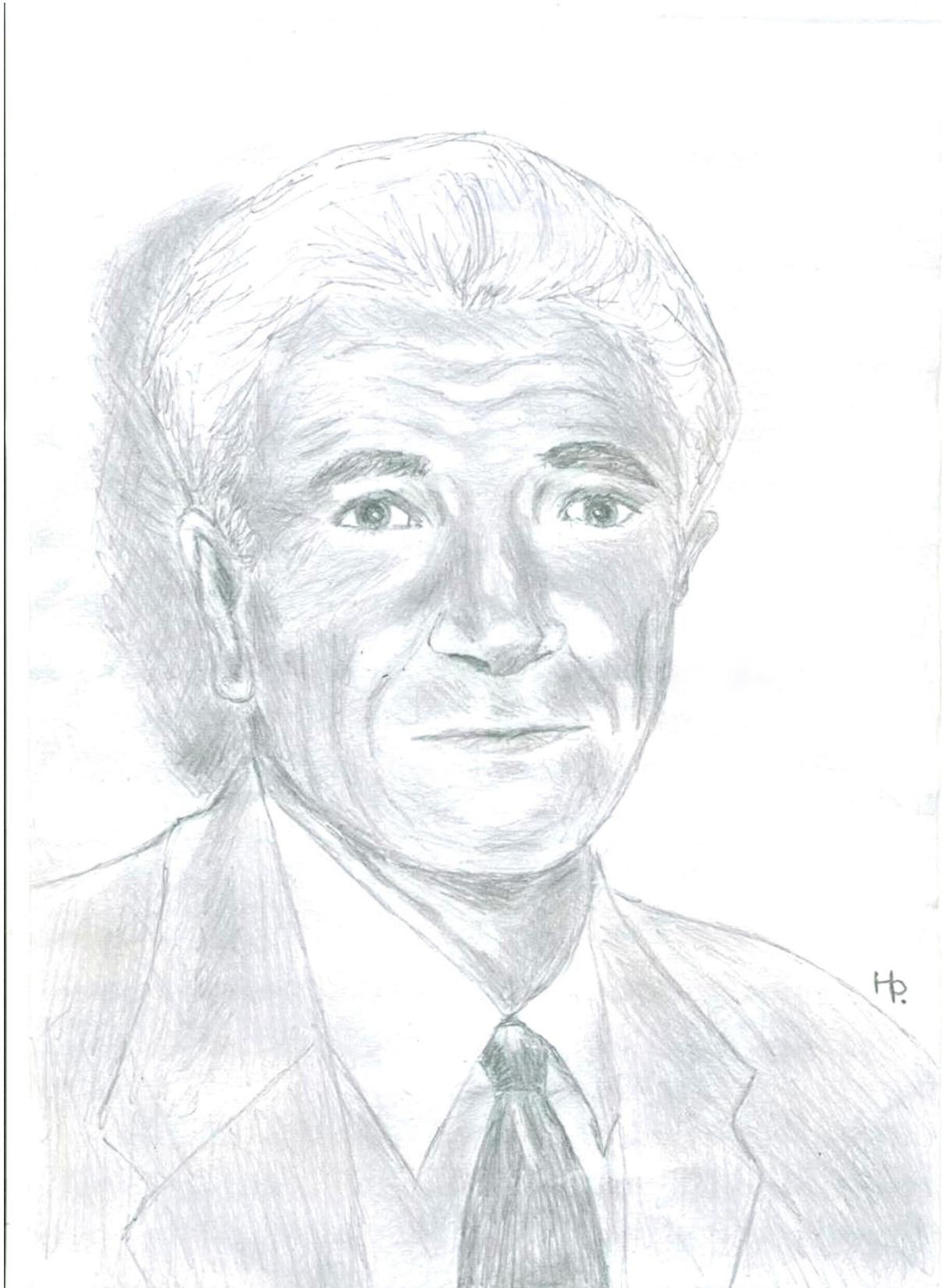
**The legend of the green children of Woolpit concerns two children of unusual skin colour who reportedly appeared in the village of Woolpit in Suffolk, England, some time in the 12th century, perhaps during the reign of King Stephen.**

**The children, brother and sister, were of generally normal appearance except for the green colour of their skin.**

**They spoke in an unknown language, and would only eat raw broad beans.**

**Eventually they learned to eat other food and lost their green colour, but the boy was sickly and died soon after he and his sister were baptised. The girl adjusted to her new life, but she was considered to be "rather loose and wanton in her conduct".**

**After she learned to speak English, the girl explained that she and her brother had come from Saint Martin's Land, a subterranean world inhabited by green people.**



**58, 59 & 60: These are my three sketches of George Adamski and one of his encounters. Love him or loathe him, he was, (genuine or fantasist), and still remains to some extent, an important part of Ufological history... and that's how I consider him to be. His**

grandson actually remarked to me how pleased he was with my drawings based on Adamski's life.

On the evening of November 20, 1952, George Adamski is alleged to have led two women and two couples out into the California dessert in the hope that they might make contact with space visitors.



59:

He asked his companions to wait while he went on ahead. While alone he claimed to have met a spaceman named Orthon. One of the women, Alice Wells, made a drawing of Orthon, based on Adamski's description. The drawing is of a tall very human looking being wearing a jump suit remarkably like that worn by the actor Michael Rennie in the role of Klaatu, the benign alien who came to warn the human race of the threat of nuclear war in the 1951 film *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

Were this the only example of a "close encounter" with aliens that reflected imagery and themes previously appearing in films, television and other media, the resemblance of Orthon to Klaatu could be explained as mere coincidence.

Likewise the assertion that Adamski based Orthon on Klaatu could be easily refuted as an example of the logical fallacy of post hoc ergo propter hoc ("after this, therefore because of this"). After all, Orthon's shoulder length blond hair is nothing like Klaatu's fairly short dark hair.

However, every major trope of the modern UFO mythos can be traced to previous media images and themes.

**The three major types of aliens of UFO literature--Nordics, grays, and reptilians--can all be traced to media prototypes, as can tales of alien abductions, alien implants, and the imagery of flying saucers.**

**The chief media sources of these tropes are movies, television, pulp magazines, and comic strips. But earlier literature and even ancient myths were also precursors of the modern UFO myths.**

**That this new mythology came into being in the 20th century reflects the greater emotional and visceral impact of film and television compared to that of the written word. Particularly in the 1950s, film and television focused primal fears activated by the threats of nuclear war and brainwashing through the medium of science fiction.**



60:



**61:**

**In November 1976, Joyce Bowles and Ted Pratt had an amazing encounter with aliens after the car they were travelling in shuddered to a halt on the Chilcombe Road outside Winchester, Hampshire, UK.**

**Yet, few people who have heard about this case may realise that Joyce Bowles had already experienced other-worldly visitations just a few years beforehand - when in 1972, she reported seeing ghosts at her home.**



HP.

62:

**Sketch of Jessie Roestenberg, arguably one of the most believable UFO witness of all time.**

**October 21st in 1954 Jessie Roestenburg and her young family witnessed what was to become Staffordshire's most well known close encounter. Hearing what she thought might be a plane crashing, Jessie Ran outside her farmhouse home in Ranton near Stafford. Speaking in the express and Star in 1954 she said She found her two children lying prostrate and terrified. They had remarked they had seen a flying saucer and Jessie ushered them inside before looking up and seeing " Above the children was a huge, saucer-like object with a dome, the front part of which was transparent, she stated.**

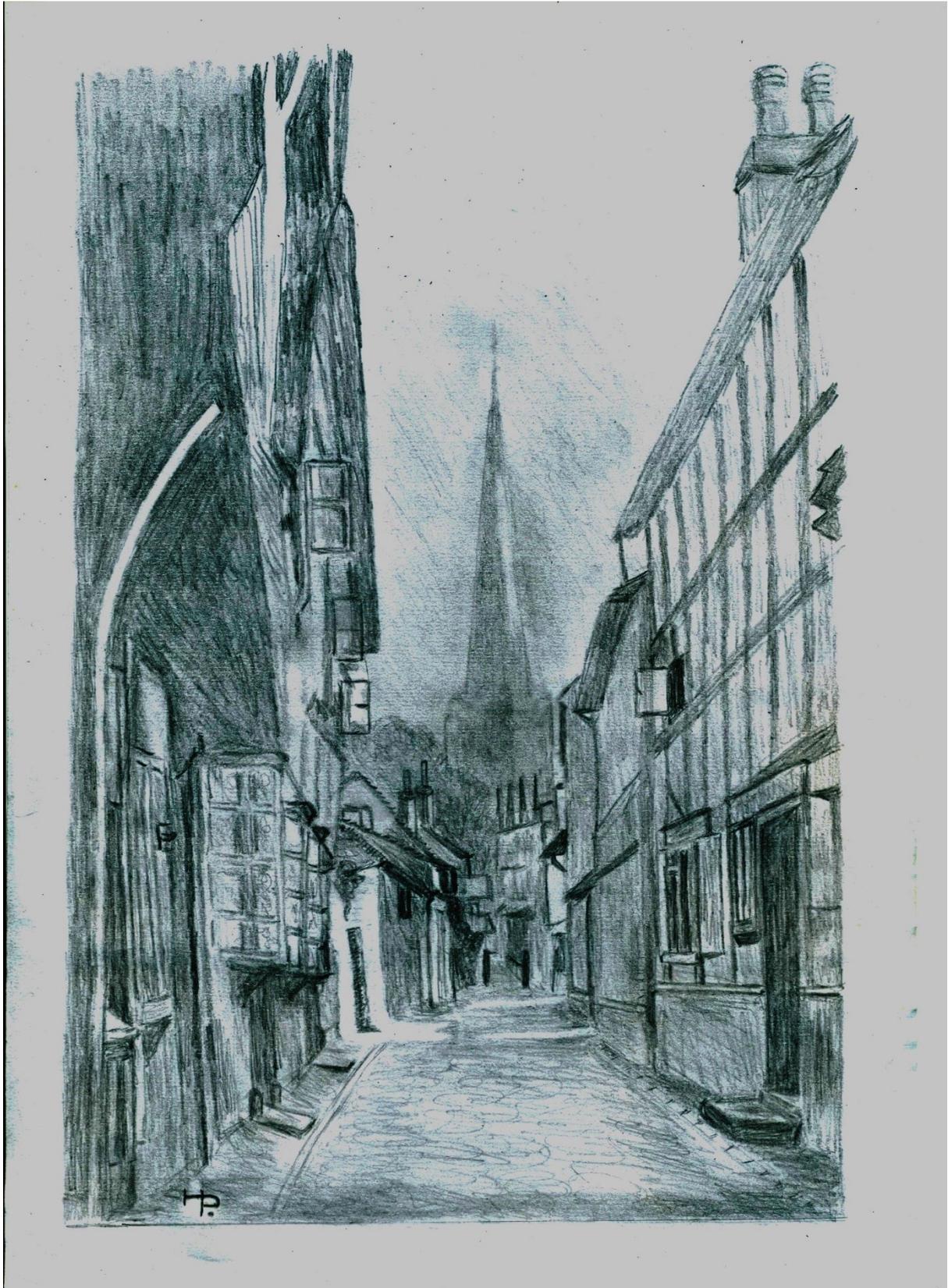
**Staring at the children from the machine were two 'unsmiling, human-like creatures, with long faces and long hair'.**

**She told our reporter that she ran to the back of the house in fright. The object moved over the house, hovered for about 15 seconds, and then shot off at high speed.**

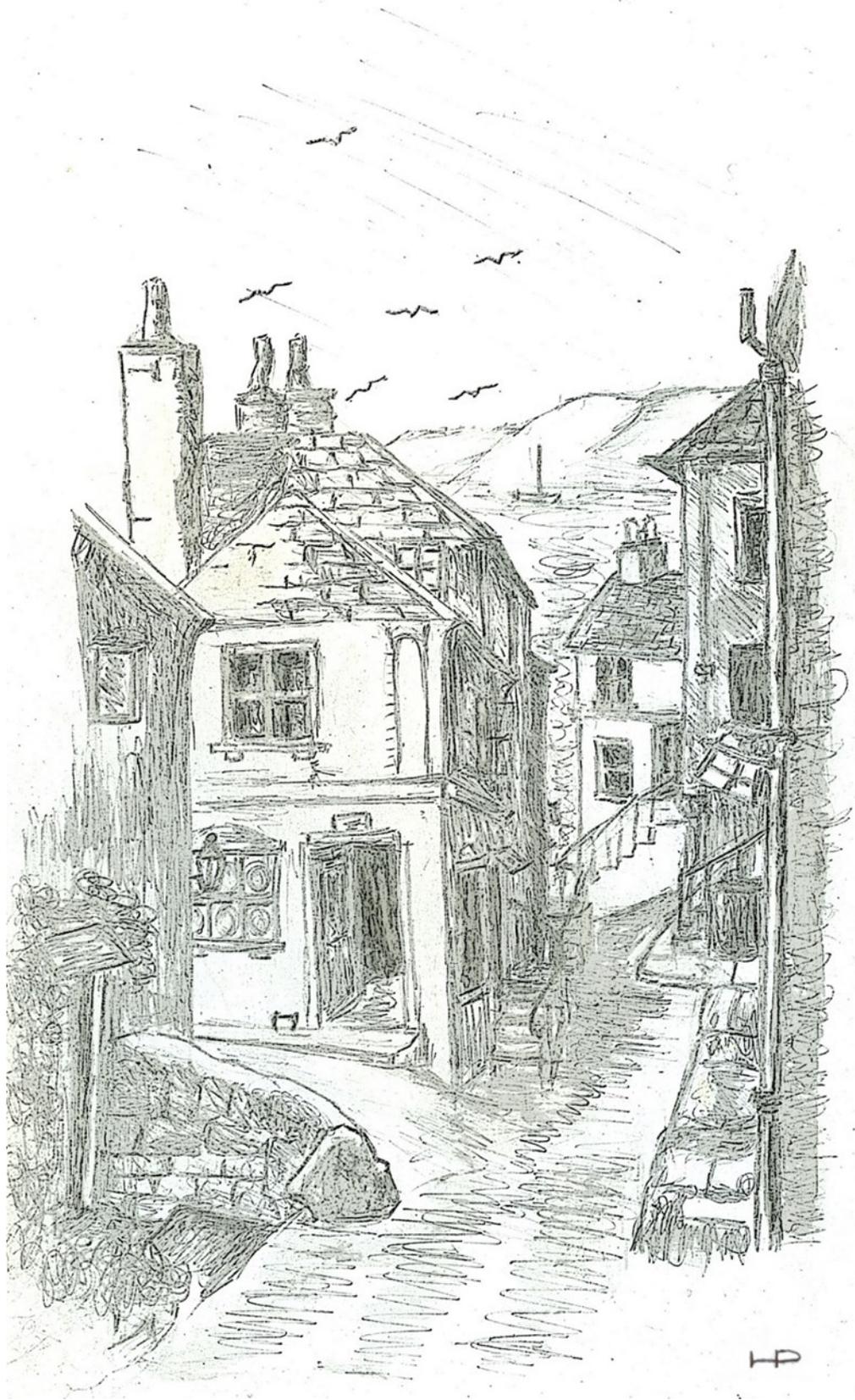
**"The boys were so terrified that they would not go out again last night," she said. "The dog was no-where to be seen. I think it must have bolted."**

**Gavin Gibbons, who investigated the case, stated in his book 'The Coming of the Space Ships' by Gavin Gibbons - 1956 "When I visited the Roestenberg's house almost three weeks after the sighting... Jessie Roestenberg appeared. She seemed highly strained and nervous and her husband, coming in later, was also very strained. It was evident that something most unusual had occurred. "**

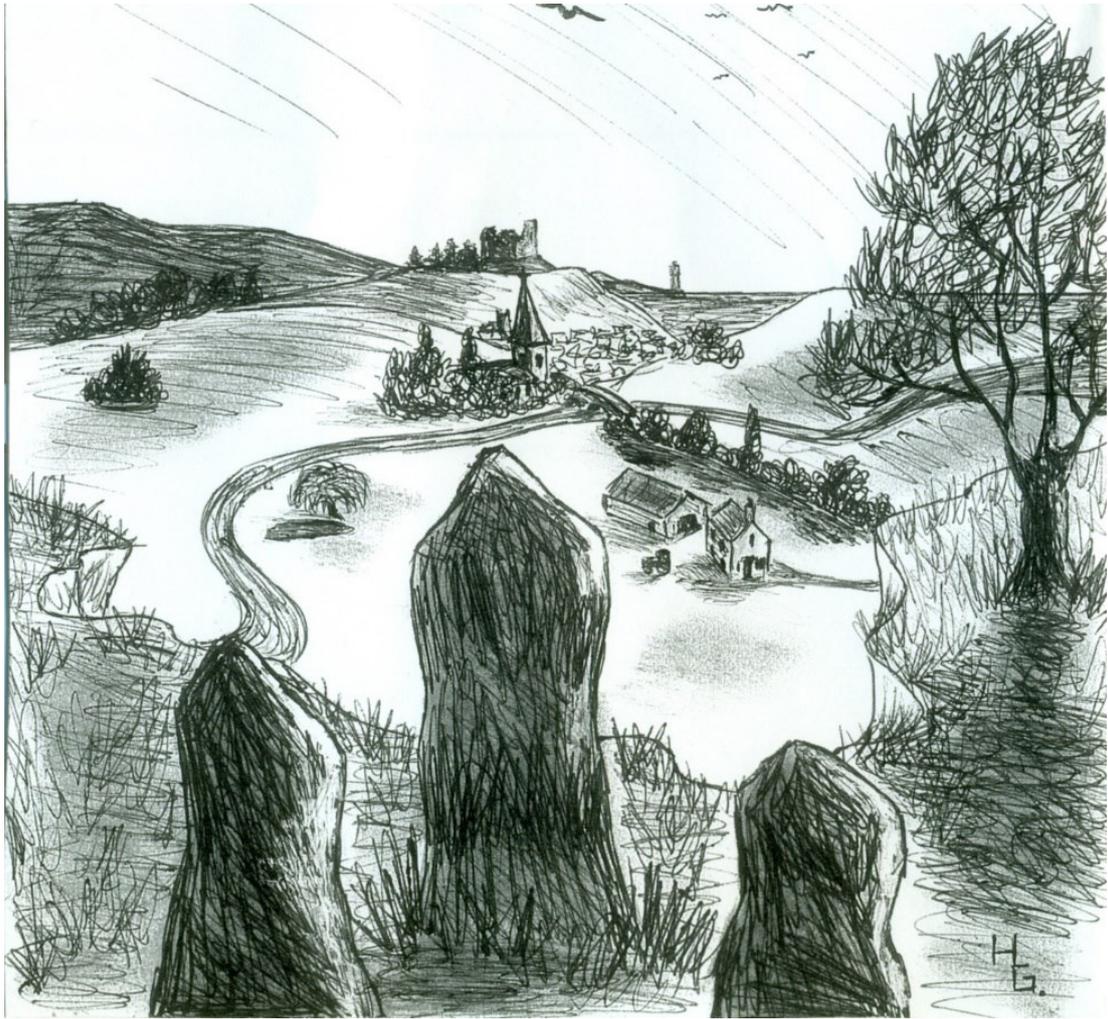
**It seems around Stafford at that time there were quite a few unusual sights in the skies, local papers also published Incredibly, "in June of this year, the vicar of nearby Seighford, the Rev Cedric Wright, also reported seeing a flying saucer over the vicarage at about midnight. "**



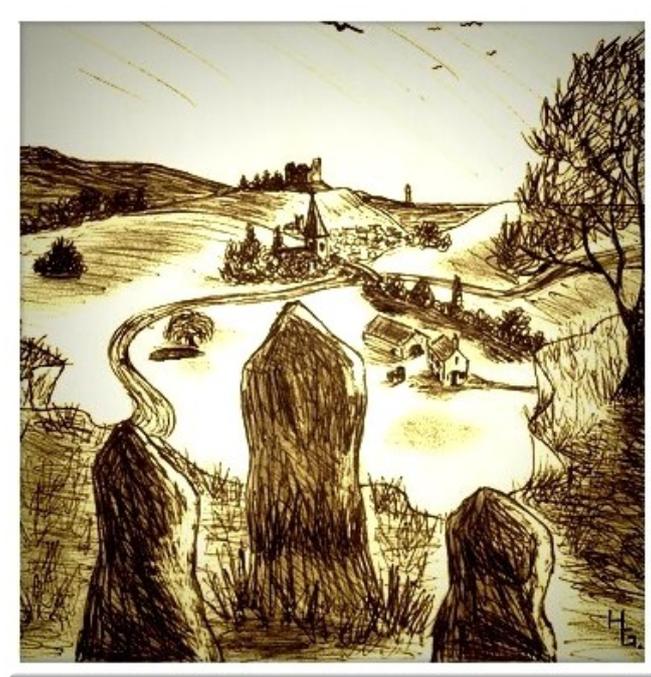
63, 64 & 65: Commissions that I did concerning Ley Lines. (Pencil)

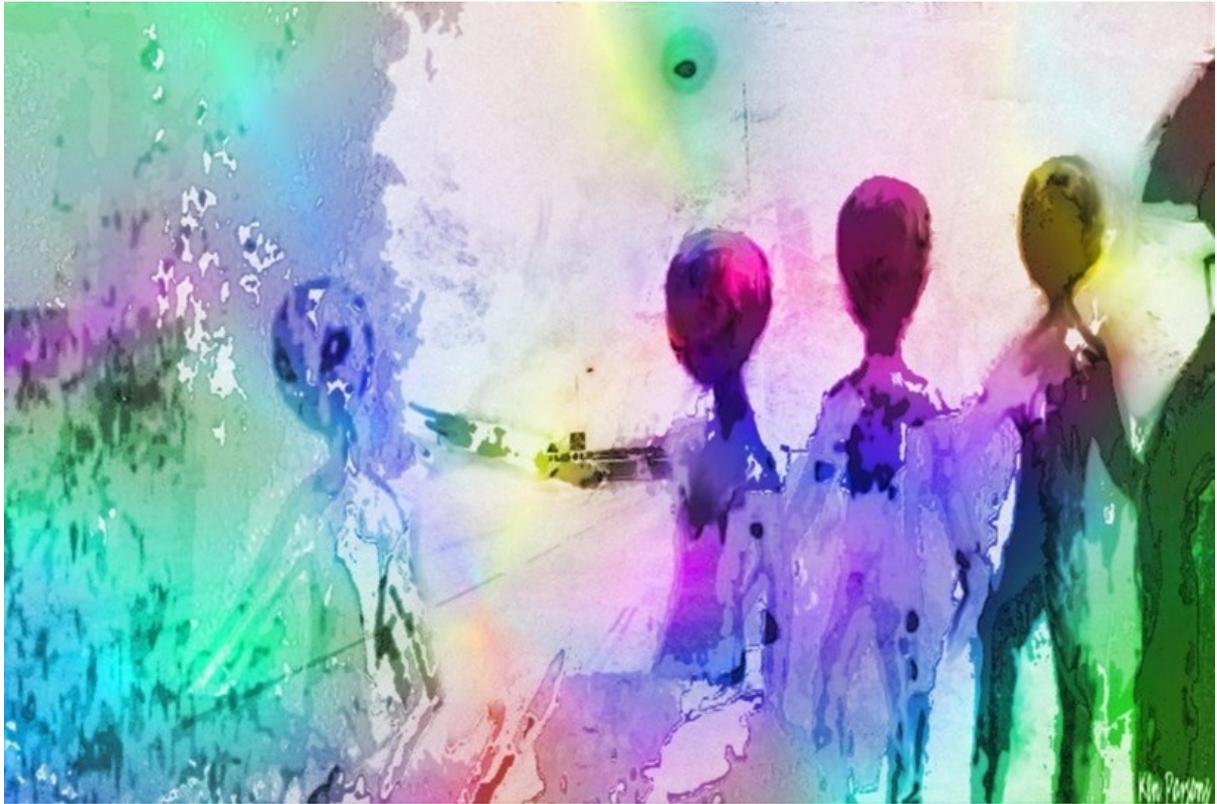


64: Above is a drawing that I made regarding Ley Lines and our lost history.

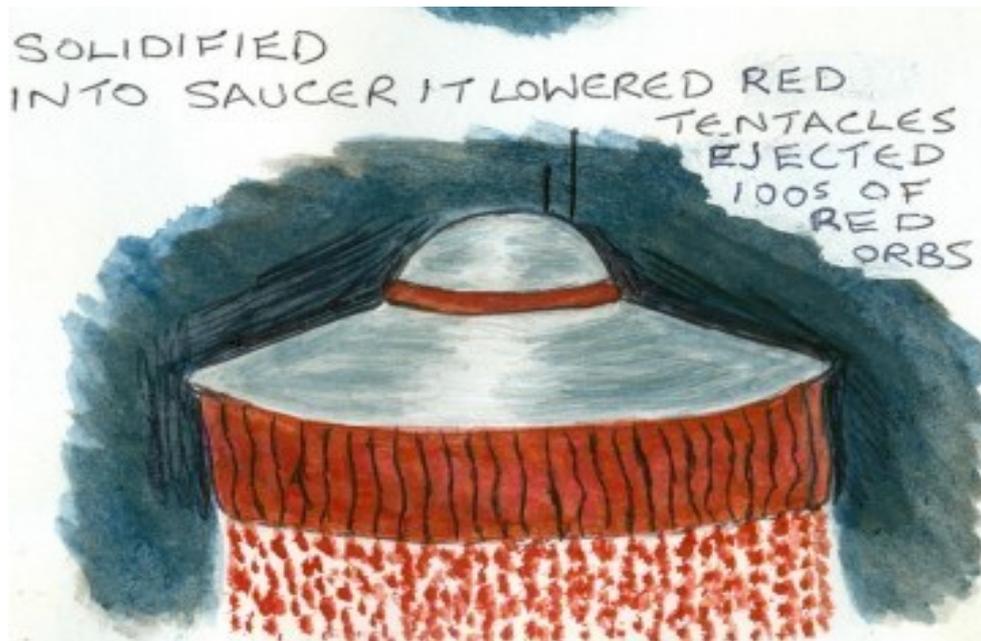


65: & Ditto (Below) Colourized





**66 & 67: Some art that myself and my partner Ken developed using paintings of mine put a computer program, concerning those pesky greys materializing through the bedroom wall!**



68: Drawing of the object that I witnessed

Early June of 1973, it was a hot, early Summer night; I was unable to sleep as I had ringing in my ears; I got up and went into the kitchen to get a glass of water; out of my kitchen window I noticed something bright hanging about 20 degrees above the horizon to the East, which would make it in the Surrey Heath area; for my birthday at the end of May, I had been given a lovely ex-naval telescope on a sturdy, wooden tripod; so I quickly focused upon this aerial object, and to my surprise, I could clearly see that it was a domed-disc of quite some size.

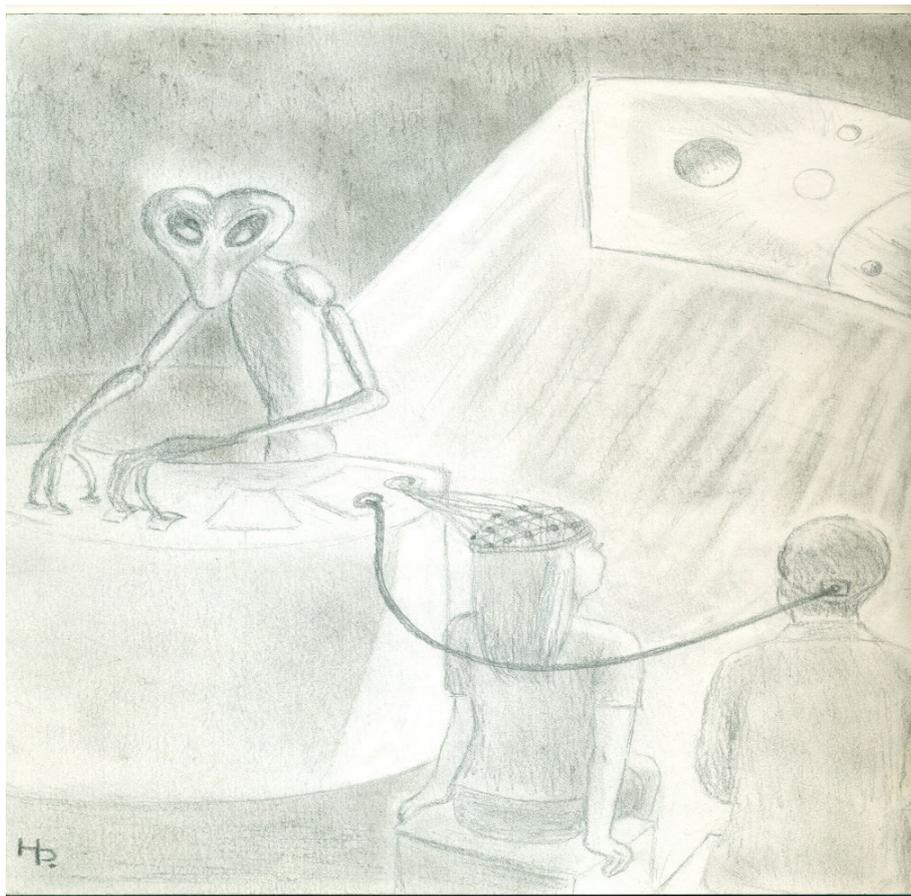
What I observed was grey in colour with a red band around the base of its dome; surprisingly, it also had what seemed like two protuberances sticking up from that part; as I looked-on, something else caught my attention; slowly, it started to let down red tentacles from underneath; these steadily enveloped the whole underbelly of the craft; then the tentacles began to undulate, before a multitude of glowing globules came out from these appendages and went groundward; I observed this action for quite a while longer, then began to feel extremely tired and had to go to bed.

The next night; once again it was hot; I lay in bed, and at this juncture, the ringing in my ears started, as it did the previous night; this time I went straight into the kitchen; the disc was there in the same area of sky again; I watched through my telescope and saw a repeat episode of the night before; red tentacles came down from the underside of the craft, just as previously, and a large number of shimmering light-beads commenced shooting to the ground; it really was a duplicate performance.

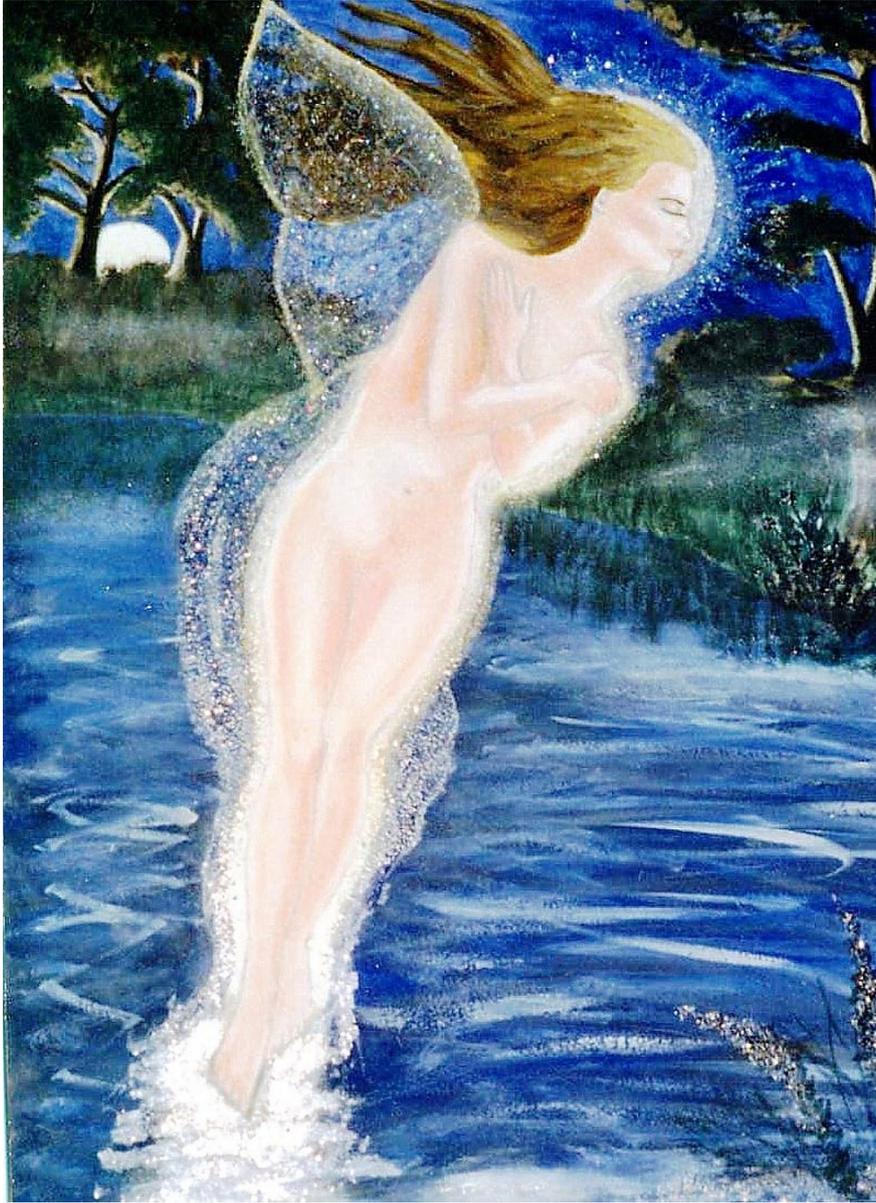
I studied the craft and its motions for as long as I could; this awesome sight had me enthralled, and I really could have stayed up watching it all night, but I had to break myself away now, mindful that I had to go to work in the morning; yet, it was a blessing for my sky gazing activities, that Marconi, the company that I worked for, operated a flexitime scheme for their female employees, which meant that my daughter was cared for by my sister for a few hours, giving me slightly more time than might have been, to keep an eye out around here; someone had to!



**69 & 70: From my fragmented recollections, it appears as if the reptilians work with the greys; either that, or the greys are obedient to the reps – or even the other way round! Insectoid-like beings are also involved.**

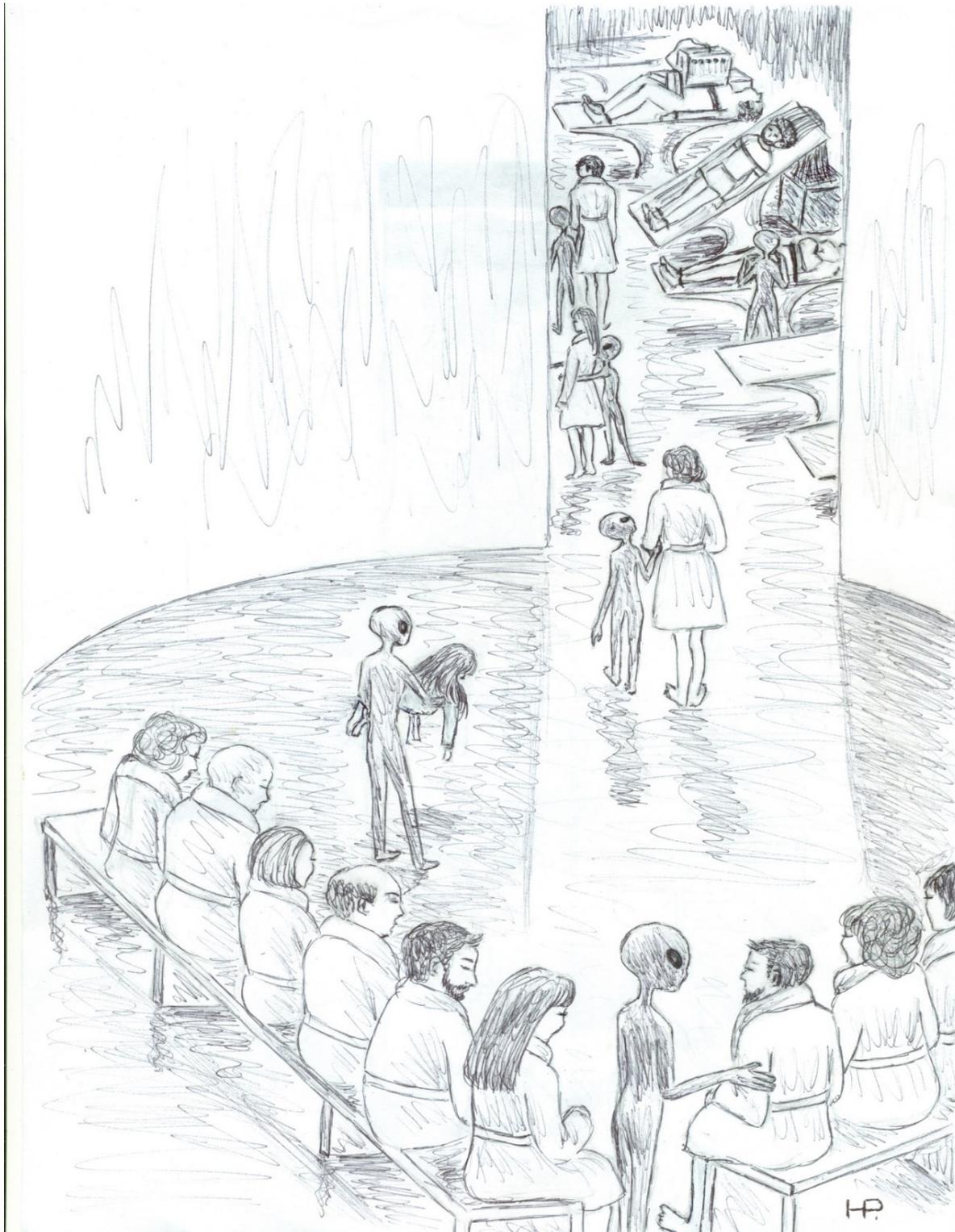


**71: This is a design that I created year ago of a water sprite or fairy.**





**72: A Nordic-type figure**

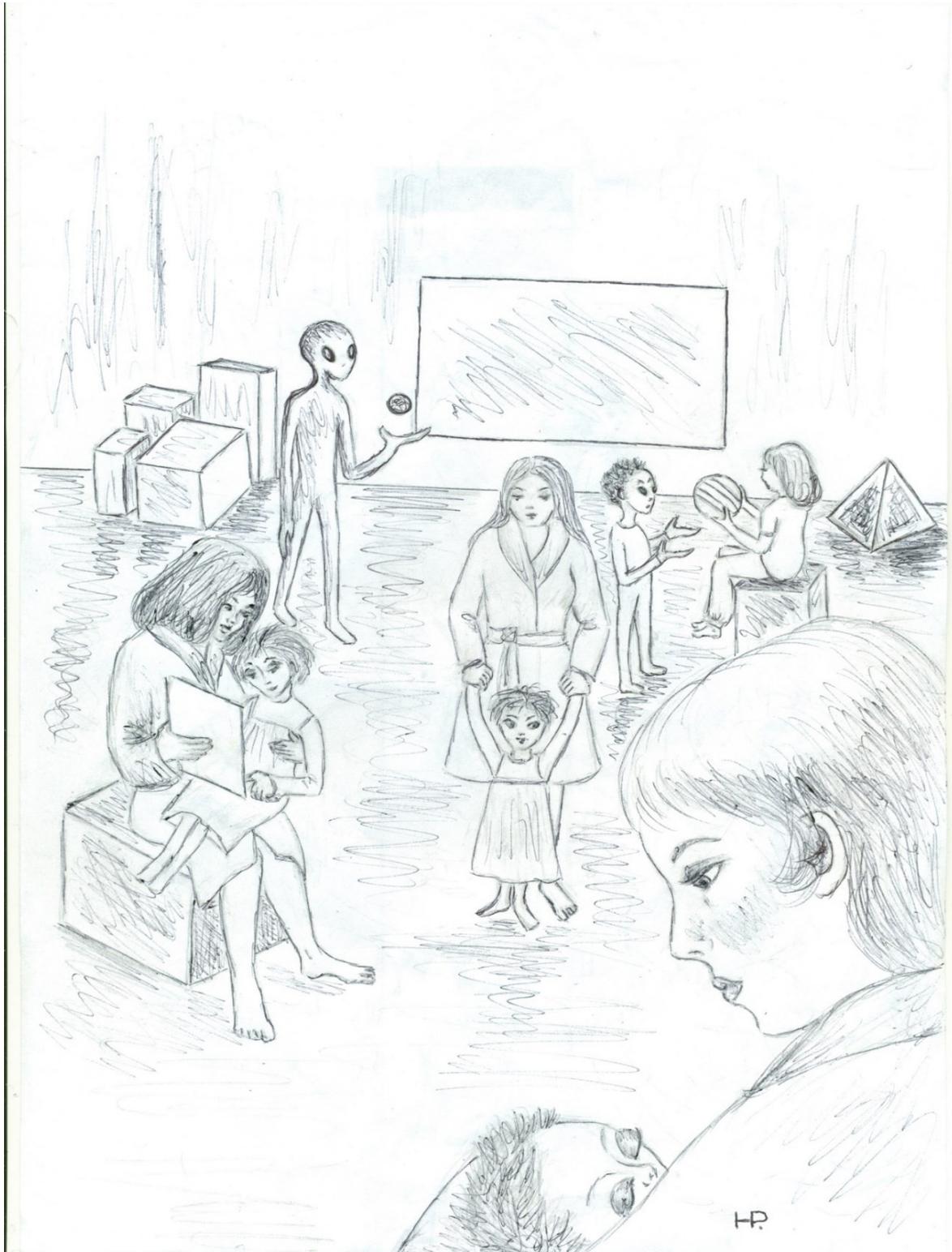


**73: [Onboard: Waiting area leading to examination/experimentation quarters]**

**My bedroom visitations were frequent and went on throughout 1979, 1980, 81 and into 1982.**

**I remember through flashbacks, a crèche with hybrid babies being nursed; also present were hybrid infants and human children playing together... usually with the taller Greys in attendance.**

**I witnessed some female abductees holding babies, while others were interacting with the hybrid children there, teaching them to catch a ball for example. The human children learned to play with the kind of toys I mentioned previously, those that were brought to me by the beings who came through the wall into my bedroom when I was about 3 years old.**



**74: Onboard: Female abductees holding babies... others are interacting with the hybrid children.**



**75: A sketch that I made for abduction witness 'Mike' and his alien encounters book.**



76: This is my illustration for The

**Marconi Intrusion. It was about mid-May of 1974, and lots of very odd things had already happened while I worked for Marconi Space and Defence, but I feel that the security guards couldn't remain silent anymore and they let slip some details that finally made some sense concerning a major incident there; although this was only a rumour, what I heard was that back on the night of the 4th April, a guard had been doing his rounds of the departments with his trusty German Shepherd, when he noticed something wasn't right; through the windows of the front engineering section, (which was an L-shaped building), he could see across to the main building windows, and it was at this point that the guard saw a blue light moving about; quickly, he went to the scene to investigate matters.**

**There, through the frosted-glass walls of our Top Secret area, something unusual was going on in one of the offices; the guard opened the door only to be confronted by a weird-looking, 'spaceman', (yes, this is the exact word that I heard being used on the grapevine) with no clothes on, only a light gadget attached to its head, rifling through the most sensitive drawings and documents.**

**It should be remembered that computers were still in their infancy in those days, nothing like we have today; practically everything document-wise, was paper-based.**

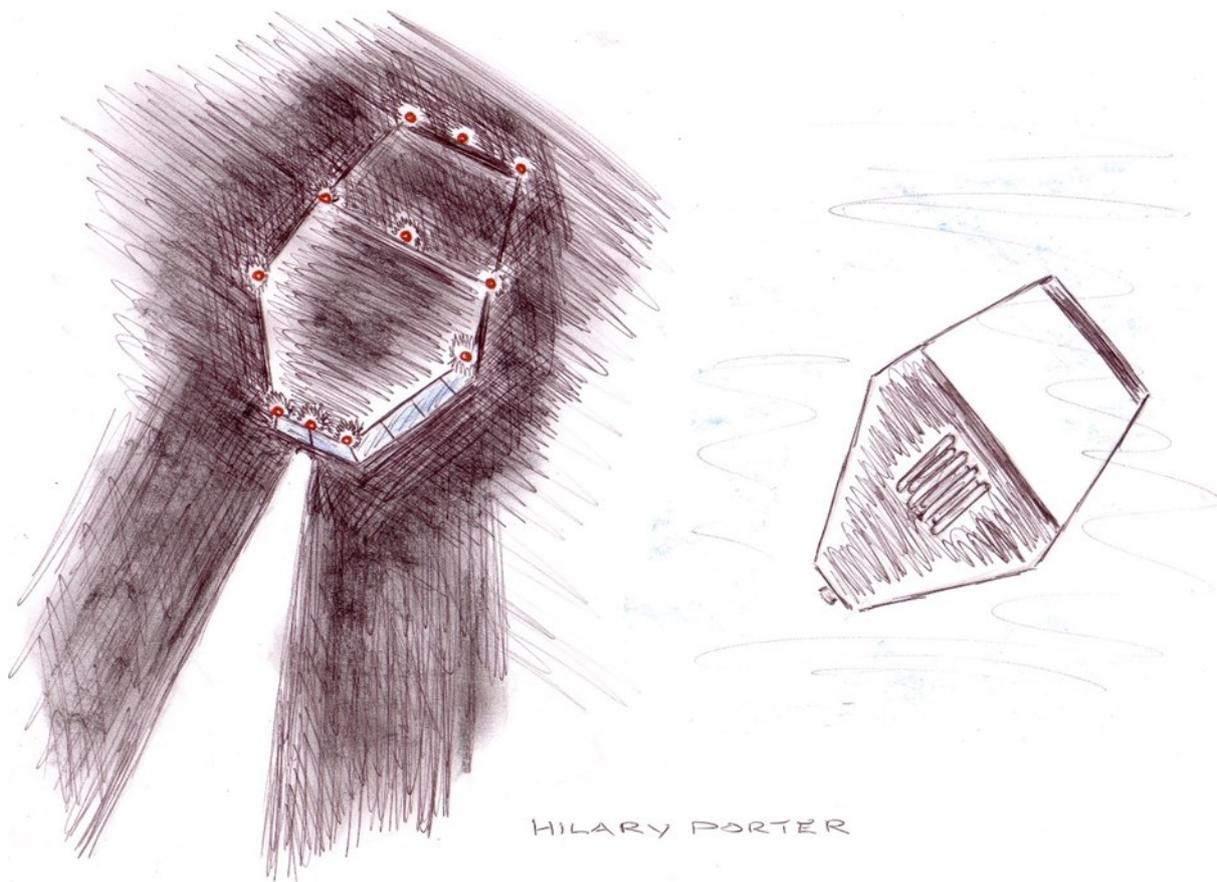
**The Marconi intruder might well have been an extra-terrestrial biological entity, or a cyborg... or even another sort of alien-manufactured, synthetic life form... the type**

which are said to be designed and used by the higher races to carry out certain physical tasks here on earth.

One can only imagine how shocking this sight must have been to the guard.

The word is, that following his ordeal, he was taken to a special facility, maybe a mental institution, and never seen or heard of again!

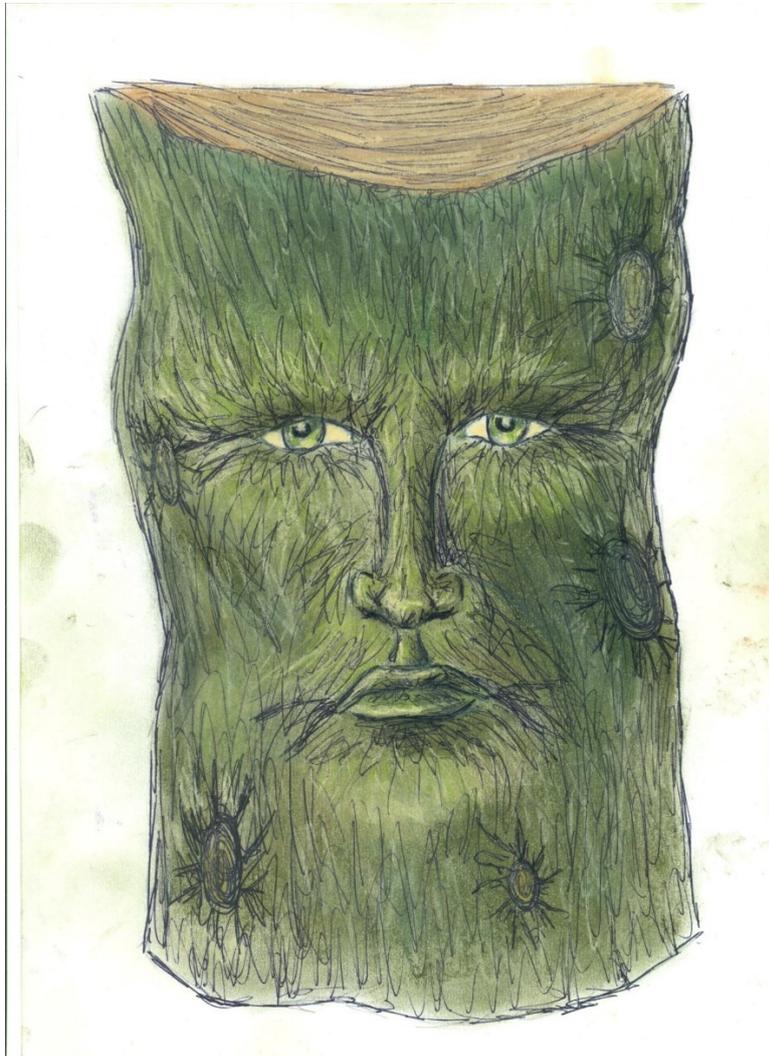
Just why this being would have been interested in Top Secret Marconi files, one can only imagine; it seemed so totally bizarre to me at the time; but as with so many things connected with the alien experience, one is left to conclude that there is no sense, logic, or meaning in many of the things that these beings do; they certainly don't operate according to our rationale; their illogical, unpredictable and almost humorous ways, have now become quite instinctive to me. [End]



**77: August 1977: I worked for Mencap, and it was our turn to host the southern yearly games; the Army let us use the Army Military Stadium in Aldershot for the event, and that was the icing on the cake; a team of us busily worked the evening before putting up bunting and checking everything was ready for the next day; I still don't know quite what happened next, as there was no immediate recollection of anything unusual having taken place; this particular memory that I am relating to the reader here came with another, slightly later abduction, 3 months on, in October 1977, of which I had sudden memory recall.**

**My flashback revealed a large hexagonal object, which flew in from the South over Aldershot then over the stadium; the UFO was about 60ft in length and about 40ft wide and it displayed many red lights.**

**This hexagonal wonder then hovered about 50ft above the stadium; it was so close, that I could easily spot that it had unusual pipe work on its underside; unfortunately, that is all I can remember; but what I could recall was so vivid, that I immediately sketched it into my logbook, along with notes of the episode. [End]**



**78: Above is a drawing that I made of a Green Man.**

**Our perception about the Green Man belief is but a single facet of this general unfamiliarity.**

**Green Man is an image which is found most tellingly in early Churches, carved in stone or wood as a slightly humorous face, often depicted with foliage sprouting from his mouth, nose, eyes, ears or as hair.**

**If one thousand people were polled and asked if they knew anything about this character, one of the most ancient fertility gods, the archetype of our oneness with the**

earth... how many would even have a clue? beyond that is, a memory of seeing such faces as ornaments for sale at garden centres?

A few might guess at ‘oh, it’s a Pagan image, from the time of bloody ritual’ – ‘it’s just superstitious nonsense’ - ‘where humans were sacrificed, then decapitated and their heads paraded around on poles as offerings to the tribal gods’.

Not quite, now let us pull back and try to make sense of this.

In reality... The Green Man image is pre-Christian certainly, but most of the prejudices that we harbour about practices from that period are likely to have been exaggerated thanks to religious misinformation.

If one thousand people were polled and asked if they knew anything about this character, one of the most ancient fertility gods, the archetype of our oneness with the earth... how many would even have a clue? beyond that is, a memory of seeing such faces as ornaments for sale at garden centres?

A few might guess at ‘oh, it’s a Pagan image, from the time of bloody ritual’ – ‘it’s just superstitious nonsense’ - ‘where humans were sacrificed, then decapitated and their heads paraded around on poles as offerings to the tribal gods’.

Not quite, now let us pull back and try to make sense of this.

In reality... The Green Man image is pre-Christian certainly, but most of the prejudices that we harbour about practices from that period are likely to have been exaggerated thanks to religious misinformation.

Despite being found in scattered pockets across Europe, regions of Asia and Africa, few lands have more to show in the way of Green Man tradition than Great Britain.

Our controllers tell us how the Dark Ages were unenlightened times; one could expect to encounter brigands at every thicket and a hanged man on every branch’; stories of plagues, disease, filth, vermin, jugglers and minstrels complete the cliché.

Of course, some of that is most definitely true, but to believe this is practically all there was in the lives of our Pagan ancestors would be naïve to say the least.

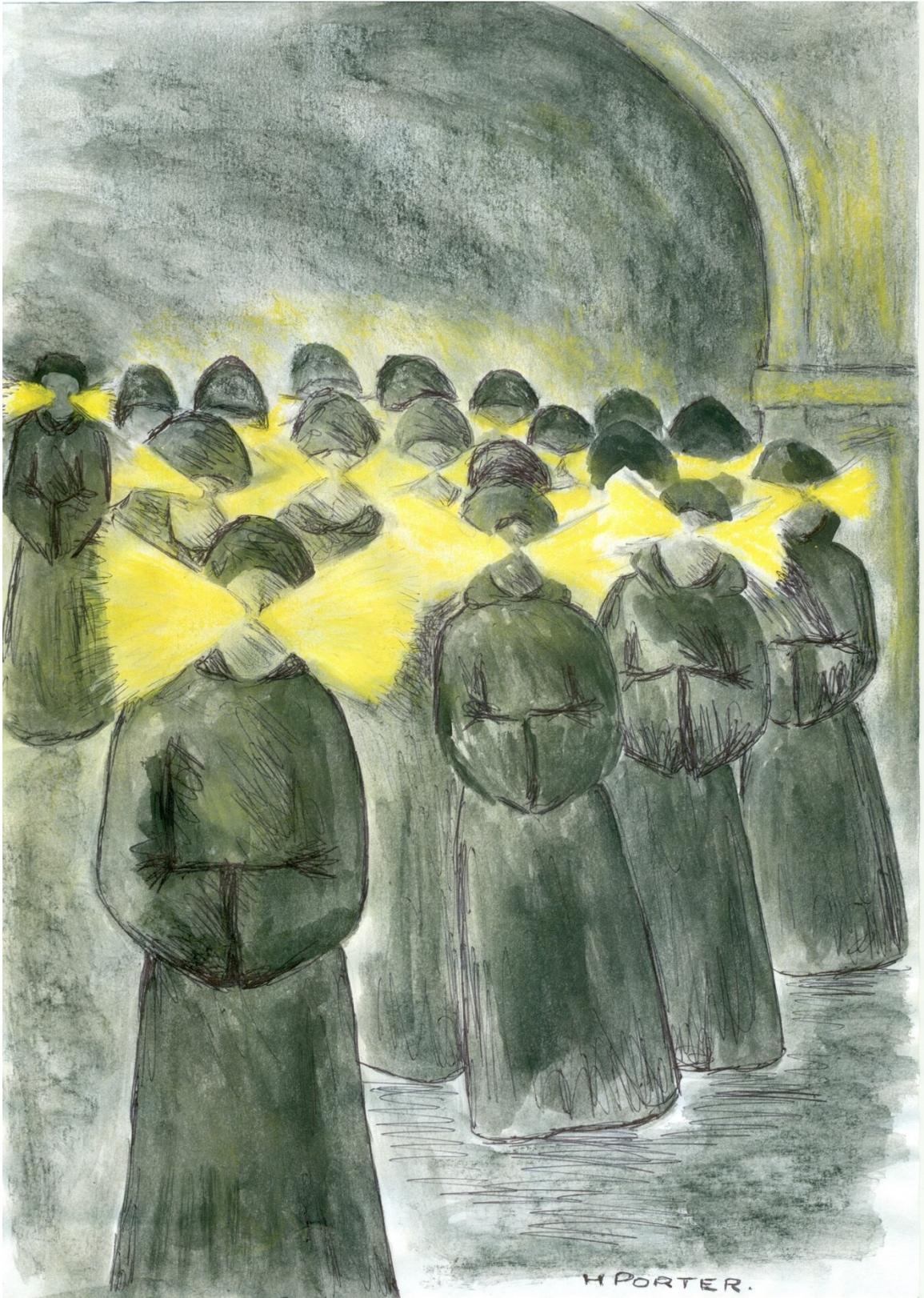
The truth now laid bare, tells us that, apart from town life and its mundania, an intriguing world existed.

There was another side to those days of poverty, chronic infectious diseases, and similar hardships, but few are in any great hurry to go against the grain and report on the matter.

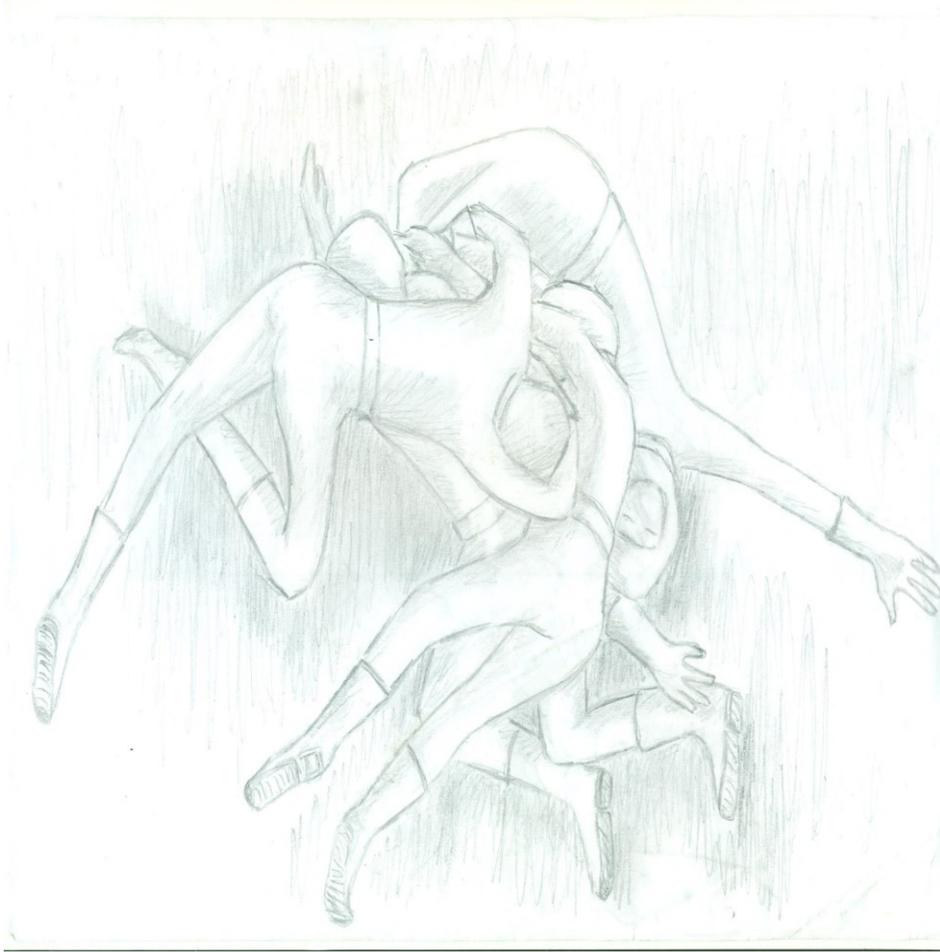
From everything taught, I have found that most agrarian communities, (rustic folk) of this period adopted a holistic approach to life.

Living nature was seen in terms of interacting wholes, (as of living organisms) instead of the sum of its parts.

The higher proportion who abided by this venerable code, were basically all farmers or ‘Land Husbands’, those dedicated to serving Gaia... the living earth.



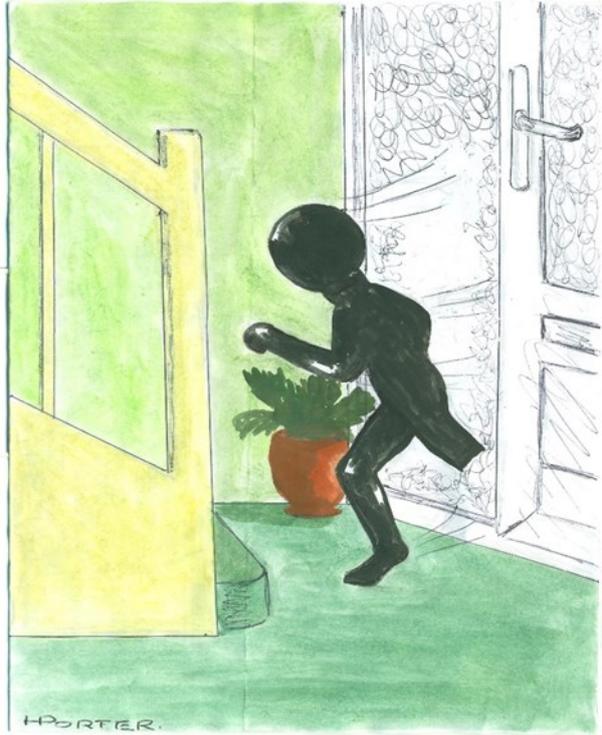
**79:** Above is an accurate rendering - made following instruction; it concerns a dramatic out-of-body-type experience that my partner Ken had; this is where he met with hooded beings, whose eyes shone with a mind-numbing radiance – and who imparted a cryptic telepathic message to him that he will never forget “*it is forbidden for hominids to worship images of themselves.*”



**80: This is a design that I made some years ago as an illustration for a UFO-related magazine.**

## **81: ALIEN IN THE HOUSE**

by Philip Kinsella – Illustration by Hilary



**'Standing in the kitchen with my twin brother Ronald, and my sister Christine along with our dog Benji, we talked about what our days had comprised of, until Ronald suddenly said something peculiar: "there's going to be an earthquake, or grandma's going to die." His statement had nothing to do with what we were discussing, which seemed most odd.**

**Then quite suddenly, with Ronald's words still running through my mind, the whole kitchen seemed to be charged with what I can only describe as an electrical current – rather like static.**

**To say that things didn't seem right is an understatement!**

**I had been standing behind the kitchen bar while all of this was happening facing the open door, which looked across to the hall: Then I noticed that the hallway itself was lit like a torch; and that is when I saw 'it'!**

**Everything happened so quickly, I hardly had time to get hold of my senses.**

**The dog went mad, and as the flash of light lit the hall a very small man dressed in black stepped through the long glass panel in the front door, as if the glass were a sheet of water.**

**'It' darted into the downstairs study, then reappeared to our view and moved with such speed that my mind couldn't initially register what I or my brother or sister were looking at.**

**The figure was about three feet tall, wearing what I assumed to be black, shiny leather, and had some type of head covering, rather like an oversized motorcycle helmet.**

**At this point it ran past some pot plants in the hall; although I could hear the sound of leaves rubbing across its uniform or skin, (for want of a better description?), as it ran, the little being made no noise whatsoever: Even more oddly, it seemed as though it was floating, but firmly fixed to the ground at the same time, if that makes any sense!**

**Immediately after, 'it' disappeared up the hall stairs and I reached behind me for a knife.**

**My brain was set on there being an intruder in the house.**

**Both Ronald and Christine were confused, and the dog was still going mad; however, in spite of a thorough search around the house, we couldn't find any trace of the being, and there was no explanation to this unusual event.**

**For weeks after the event, our dog found comfort in the far corner of the kitchen and acted in a strange manner, not wanting to go near the hall at all.**

**To my mind, (and this is a hypothesis which I have now come to accept), what we witnessed was the appearance of a 'Grey', as these particular aliens are known.**

**I have seen UFOs many times, but I always maintained an air of scepticism.**

**This event however, left me so stunned, confused, and frightened that I had to find help.**

**I contacted a well-known British Ufologist some years later - who was kind and sympathetic over the phone; but even after subsequent forensic investigations of our house by trained personnel, (resulting from this call), nothing has ever been satisfactorily proved about what happened to us.**

**At the time I told the researcher that I wanted all the details of this encounter, (along with all the others which both Ronald and I have had), buried, so that no-one would know about them; but now I have decided to come out and tell people.**

**Why should I be ashamed of something happening to me that was both terrifying and beyond my control? Why, I thought, should I hide in a cave and keep my lips sealed and eyes covered?**

**True, both Ronald and I sometimes have over-active imaginations, (because we write and illustrate children's books as hobby), but that doesn't give any expert the right to rubbish the testimonies of individuals like us who see UFOs and aliens.**

**There is no glamour or monetary gain to be had by inventing such a story whatsoever, especially when my professional career and reputation is at stake.**

**I still think about the little man we saw and the strange atmosphere around the house - and this memory, together with those of previous encounters I've had with UFOs, prompted me to attend a local UFO studies group called B.E.A.M.S. - which helped me come to terms with these experiences.**

**Our government, military, science, and church leaders have a lot to explain - and we feel that their denials have got to stop: People need to know the truth, and if it means blowing the lid on those officials who continually refuse to acknowledge the existence of UFOs, then so be it.**

**They have not once satisfactorily explained, in any way, what UFOs really are.**

**If it really is all bogus as they try to tell us, then why are millions of reports of the phenomenon registered annually?**

**Thankfully, my encounter with the little man in black has widened my belief in aliens and UFOs. [End]**

**A note from Hilary – the creature that Phillip and his family saw reminds me of a miniature variety of the tall figure I witnessed in 1980; others have experienced encounters with these figures too, (both little and tall) but I wonder, is this example a child black-clad alien perhaps? Truly, ‘an Englishman’s home’, (or the homes of those in other countries come to that) is NOT ‘their castle’, as the old saying goes; it is obvious that these figures can enter anywhere they choose! [End]**



**What appears to be an ectoplasmic-like energy flow is clearly seen traveling from my Godmother's fingertips - and something that is associated with the 'cowled' apparition.**

**These are not double-negatives or processing flaws, or the result of a developing chemical spill – we have had the images professionally examined by a top photographer.**



**Christening September 26th, 1946, Farnborough, United Kingdom (2 photos from)**



**[Crop/detail enlargement]**

**-They Have Been Watching Over Me Since Birth -**

**Evidence of the paranormal is most scarce; the feeling is, there are some things that man is not meant to know; but in my case, an exception seems to have been made... I do have some 'smoking gun' proof from these normally super-secretive, ethereal entities.**

**It would seem that those behind this whole phenomenon, have thankfully permitted me to keep, (or inadvertently left behind) a visual reminder of my earliest experiences with the 'visitors', because I have some very weird Christening photographs to suggest that 'they' were interested in me (or watching over me) from birth!**

**A typical gathering for such an occasion; my family and Godparents are assembled outside St Peters Church Farnborough... nothing special at first glance; but look closer at these sepia images; on one there is a strange cowled or hooded figure forming between my Father and one of my Godmothers; and me the baby, looking straight at it!**

**On another shot, a stream of what appears to be an ectoplasmic-like energy flow is clearly seen traveling from my Godmother's fingertips to this apparition; I believe she acted as a channel or conduit for conveying this psychic manifestation, thus allowing it to be photographed.**

**We have had these photos professionally analysed; they are not double negatives, emulsion flaws or anything like that; they are real and completely unexplainable images.**



82:

I get the feeling that this, (my sketch on the left) is what I was looking at as a baby during my Christening pictures (photo right) – some kind of spiritual guardian or overseer.

Below/Next – my Godmother's hand detail close-up... ectoplasmic-like flow





83 & 84: Based on true accounts - my paintings 'Near Miss' and 'Foo Fighters'.

## **Fly At Your Own Risk!**

**Contrary to what some may think, UFOs certainly exist.**

**And with visual evidence galore, images and footage largely taken by amateur photographers which contain phenomena that are 'alien' to our understanding; but that simply means they can't be identified or explained by our current, (outdated) aeronautical and scientific knowledge.**

**The UFO phenomenon has occurred throughout recorded human history, and Ufology, (the investigation of unidentified flying objects by people who believe that these things may be of extraordinary origin), is truly a marvellous subject to be involved in; the only frustration we put up with is how people will insist on viewing these captures using mobile phones; whereas we believe that to study recorded evidence properly one should always view this type of material on a decent size screen... such as a tablet, laptop, monitor, etc wherever possible; by relying purely on small phone screens, people are missing so much.**

**It has been well documented in the annals of ufology, (the study of unidentified flying objects), that as far as the MoD, (Ministry of Defence), are concerned, together with their American military counterparts, UFOs are of 'no security significance'.**

**"Great, so there is no threat to the British public right?... er no, wrong I'm afraid."**

**Over the past decade or so, video, film and eyewitness reports have been flooding in from all over the globe, documentary evidence that reveals how these unidentifieds frequently buzz passenger planes and military craft alike.**

**A few years back there was even a well-documented case of a jumbo jet having a near-miss with a black, triangular object, as the plane was coming in to land at Manchester Airport...**

**It is only down to the fact that these air personnel are so rigorously trained that a catastrophe of epic proportions was narrowly avoided over such a heavily populated area. It is very rare that such accounts get into the newspapers...but this one was splashed all across the front pages of many broadsheets and tabloids as the event was so shocking.**

**Anyone reading about the 'pilot's dramatic brush with terror' must have been both shocked and amazed, yet at the same time assuming that this was just a one-off, an extremely rare occurrence.**

**"But this is an unwise assumption to make. UFOs are buzzing our air corridors on a frequent basis." - And it looks like it has always been this way.**

**For instance, during World War 11, numerous fighter pilots recounted how aerial dog fights were regularly taking place with these things!**

**There are many entries in RAF logs books where the pilots wrote of these things as 'Foo-Fighters'.**

**Yes, scary stuff folks but believe me, it's completely true; and the BEAMS archive houses footage of such overt activity from numerous witnesses all over the world; indeed, I was even fortunate enough to film such an event myself clearly showing these objects buzzing a passenger plane over Heathrow before, darting away at high speed...all of which, I might add, I am willing to share with genuine researchers.**

**"Yes, one is literally taking their lives into their own hands when taking any flight; absolutely nowhere is safe, as it is a fact that these encounters are a global phenomenon."**

**According to the well-known UFO investigator Jaime Maussan, not only have the aircraft in his country of Mexico been trying to cope with huge numbers of UFOs in their airspace but the unknowns have physically collided with and downed commercial aircraft!**

**There was a very frightening incident where one plane was hit on its undercarriage while making a landing at Mexico International Airport. The pilot reported that everyone onboard the plane felt the impact, and there was major damage to the undercarriage and landing gear upon inspection.**

**"This was yet another miracle escape, but will we always be so lucky?"**

**Turkey has a head of state who openly voices his shown concerns about a similar problem that is happening in the skies over his country.**

**At the MUFON, (Mutual UFO Network), Conference held in America a short while ago, the Turkish Ufologist and Researcher Esen Sekerkarar, screened stacks of footage featuring interviews with eminent Air Force and commercial pilots from her country about the very worrying aerial tactics being displayed by the UFOs.**

**He is quoted as saying: "In our own country, the pilots of passenger flights are told to keep quiet about such happenings, although occasionally one or two do break ranks and reveal all."**

**It is not generally known that the take-offs and landings of commercial flights from major airports like Heathrow and Gatwick Airport are often targeted by strange light forms hanging in the skies over runways, thus hindering the pilots trying to make safe manoeuvres with all their unsuspecting passengers on-board.**

**Judging by the reports that are available, all airports are affected to a greater or lesser degree.**

**My friend Jean and I had attended a meeting in Godalming, Surrey, and one very warm night in mid-August, 1993 were travelling on our way back home along the A323, when a thunderstorm began brewing and a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the whole area.**

**Looking at that huge flash Jean shouted, "that looks like a UFO", to which I replied, "so you believe in such things do you?" she said "yes", and I then revealed to her that I had been a researcher of UFOs and associated phenomena since the 60s.**

**"Now things started to get really interesting, because I knew Jean had a job at Heathrow Airport, so I tactfully began to quiz her about what she knew about the subject."**

**Apparently, she had learned about the dilemma through the course of her work where she had heard talk about how many airline pilots were faced with a big problem...the unwanted attention of UFOs. The headache of trying to make snap decisions about landings and take offs as they were being hounded by small but highly manoeuvrable light forms, that deliberately flew all-round the planes, or suddenly hovered in the airspace right in front of the plane causing the pilot to swerve ending up in another planes flight path.**

**Jean confided to me that pilots, navigators and other crew were becoming so jittery that they felt they would have to make formal reports along with their normal flight documentation, to head office.**

**But when they attempted to report such things, instead of listening to these highly trained men, the authorities at HQ simply told them to keep quiet about the subject or face the sack!**

**So, a system was worked out that the incoming pilot would hand a report of the flight straight to the outgoing pilot, briefing him of any UFO activity, and in what sectors to expect an encounter.**

**I once had a very interesting conversation with the editor of the now defunct UFO Magazine.**

**"He expressed his alarm at what was taking place with our pilots, and said he feared as to where it would all lead."**

**There was a suggestion made during our talk that many crashes concerning light aircraft as well, (of which there is an average of about one per week worldwide), were in fact of a highly suspicious nature, and some may have even been caused by brushes with the unknowns,**

**As a trained sky watcher myself, I have been observing these strange aerial forms and how they are attracted to our aircraft.**

**I have noticed that when the planes are banking and circling as they do so close to Heathrow, these small highly active orbs of light interact in a very dangerous way with the air traffic.**

**Initially I observed a plasma-type object that seemed to come through an invisible portal and hang above the Maultway area, then as if giving birth, this multi-coloured body suddenly ejected 5 objects... miniature UFOs that would dart about all over this part of Surrey.**

**These modern day 'Foo-Fighters', head straight for the planes, moving at incredibly fast speeds, before stopping, hovering, then they begin to swish around the fuselage sections, the tail, the wings and nose, and all too frequently, manoeuvring right in front of the cockpit, causing the pilots to veer off course!**

**Another thing I have noticed is that during the day, the passenger jets frequently have all their landing lights switched on.... even, when it's sunny!**

**I could be wrong on this point, but my guess is that this is to detect where these fiery orbs might be.**

**Soon after an event like the above, the observer will notice that flight paths change for a time, but in our increasingly crowded skies, the danger is ever-present wherever they fly.**

**"Interest is often shown by the Military in our area when there is too much of this activity, at which point they scramble helicopters that can be seen intercepting the objects on occasions."**

**I have clear, daylight footage of such an event which happened over Goldington, Bedford, where an Apache military helicopter was sent into the vicinity of a substantial hovering orb, and the pilot is seen flying his vehicle to within feet of the unidentified, presumably photographing the object before veering away.**

**Another avid researcher into this dangerous activity is the former vocalist for 60's chart-topping group Marty Wild and the Wild Cats; Mr Derek Bridges, who lives at Overton in West Hampshire.**

**For quite some time now Derek has been watching very similar interactions of these small light forms buzzing the planes as they come across Kingsclear and the Hannington Newbury area, on their way from or to Heathrow Airport also Gatwick Airport.**

**Even more worrying are the operations concerning what we believe to be covert military jets which are totally blacked out: These have been witnessed interfering with the flight paths of commercial air traffic, probably in their attempt to head-off the UFOs.**

**Without question there are far too many planes flying our skies 24/7 anyway, and to have these covert planes deliberately and dangerously interfering as they appear to do, is very alarming indeed, and must be not just a headache but a 'pounding migraine' for the flight co-ordinators.**

**"And what would happen should there be a major crash because of all this chaos?"**

**The general public are blissfully unaware what is going on above their heads, as they are too busy with their daily lives to ever look up.**

**Of course, the subject is rarely covered by the mainstream media news.**

**The powers-that-be have no wish to cause widespread panic by such reporting unless, (as with the Manchester incident), a leak occurs, and suppression of the truth remains impossible.**

**That is the prime reason why I have written this book, because I believe the situation has been going on far too long and must now be brought into the public domain.**



**85: Sketches: Left: BT – ET Son? Right image depicts this strange man sat in our lounge watching UFO videos, [with my partner Ken, shown bottom-right corner, looking-on].**

**I leave you with this puzzling event that happened to me on a very hot July day on 2003.**

**Our British Telephone landline had been problematic for years, but on this particular day it died completely; now, it wasn't the phone itself, (that had been replaced numerous times, but never did the fault disappear) rather, it was something to do with the physical line.**

**So, we went across the road to our neighbour to ask if I could contact BT and get them to send someone around to try fix the problem.**

**She kindly agreed to let me use her phone, and I spoke directly to a receptionist who arranged for an engineer to come straight out; because more than anything, ours was classed as a 'lifeline' due to the fact that my daughter has severe disabilities and the line was essential for ringing her special day centre, our GP, hospitals etc, should an emergency arise.**

**After about an hour the engineer duly arrived, climbed the telegraph pole outside our home, checked all the wiring using his equipment, got down and told us that everything should now be fine... which it was, and off he went.**

**About five minutes after his departure, I lifted the receiver to check everything was still OK and there was no dialling tone... completely dead again!**

This was getting beyond a joke; so, it was back over the road; naturally, my neighbour was surprised to see me for a second time so quickly; to cut the story short, I used her phone again, phoned BT up and told them what had happened.

This is where matters really go into the Twilight Zone.

As I crossed back over the road to my place, an 'engineer' was already there waiting for me. Which was odd, because there was no BT van anywhere to be seen... and even a Batmobile couldn't have got him here any quicker... I had only just rung, and within the space of a few minutes he was there outside our door!

Now here's the thing, this man wasn't dressed in the normal BT coveralls that they used to wear and he had no office identity card on a lanyard around his neck as one would normally expect; he was wearing a light blue/turquoise t-shirt, beige cargo trousers and carried only a small canvas bag, too small I thought at the time, for carrying tools for the job.

He smiled at me, briefly introduced himself and entered the house and went into the lounge where Ken was.

There, he suddenly turned around and stared at a painting that I made of a UFO hovering over Glastonbury Tor, shining a beam of light down on St Michael's Tower there.

He said *that's an interesting picture, and I love anything to do with UFOs.*

Then he looked at our phone and told us not to worry, he would have things sorted out in a jiffy.

He went outside, but we did not see him climb up the pole or go to the junction box nearby.

Within 5 minutes he returned, and told us that it was *all done, problem solved.*

We checked the phone and sure enough, there was the dialling tone, crystal clear!

The temperature was well into the 90's, so we asked the man if he would like a cold drink; *no thanks* he replied; With midday fast approaching, Ken invited him to stay for something to eat and maybe watch some UFO videos we had, if he was interested. He declined the food and said that he had some lunch in his bag - but jumped at the chance of seeing some UFO footage.

He sat down in our 1970's swivel chair and Ken put on a video.

It was then we began to notice something odd about this man's feet; they splayed backwards to the side of the chair... a bit like those of a clown. Then, as he watched the screen, he took a bag from within his canvas holdall and placed his hand inside for quite some time - never pulling anything out of it such as a sandwich or whatever - he kept his hand in that bag the whole while.

Another thing was how familiar he seemed, as if I had seen him somewhere before.

**Then I realised, he vaguely resembled my husband, and how looked at his age – early 30's!**

**But this guy had some unusual feature about him; for instance, we both noted that he had a somewhat larger cranium than normal.**

**Abruptly, (almost as if he was picking up on my thoughts), he asked us *would you like to see a picture of my family?* to which I replied 'yes, that would be lovely'.**

**He reached into his canvas bag again and produced a wallet, from which he withdrew a photo.**

**Now, soon as I looked at this, I knew that it had been taken onboard a saucer; how-so? Because having been on their craft during my many abductions, I happened to catch a glimpse of seating blocks that came up from the floor, at different heights to suit the sitter.**

**I swear, that the blocks his family sat on in this picture, corresponded perfectly to what I had seen previously... up there!**

**It was at this point I recognised that he could well be my unborn son that was taken from me during a suspicious 'miscarriage' I had back at Christmas 1969.**

**Let me explain; The 23rd of December 1969, and it was my Mother-in-law's birthday, and the family were out celebrating, but my husband came back early to find I was in labor; I was 20 weeks pregnant; the doctor was called immediately by my husband.**

**It was the early hours of the morning, the baby was moving all the while inside me, I could distinctly feel it; but something was not right... in more ways than one.**

**With my husband outside waiting for the doctor, who was taking an unreasonably long time to arrive, I spontaneously aborted in the bedroom on my own; with my eyes firmly shut, I miscarried into an old, large potty, not daring to look for fear of what sickening sight I would see; I just put the bowl down and staggered into the lounge.**

**After my ordeal, the doctor finally arrived and I told him what had happened; he then entered the bedroom and took the potty out and headed swiftly into our bathroom, presumably to check its contents; he then came back without the potty and explained to me that everything had broken away intact and how I didn't need to go to hospital.**

**I had the distinct feeling that the baby was born alive, albeit only momentarily perhaps; it certainly did not die inside me, I felt it moving only minutes before I aborted; but what happened? where was it? I wasn't allowed to see anything or say goodbye as it were; instead, the doctor quickly slipped away into the night without saying another word, carrying with him a container, of what were in all probability, the remains of my baby.**

**I felt so emotional: I cried on and off for days afterward; how I wished I had summoned up the courage and examined the contents of that potty... just to be sure!**

**I went for a check-up with a female doctor a few weeks later; she herself, had examined me a few times previously during routine check-ups. I was still grieving deeply, and I**

asked her to check whether I had a baby boy or girl; she went through my notes several times, but began to look very worried while doing so, and couldn't understand what had happened to the details; after checking, and re-checking, she informed me that there was NO record of the pregnancy!

For them not to keep any pregnancy notes, or otherwise make a record of a patient who had suffered a miscarriage at 5 months, seemed more than a tad suspicious to me.

Back to this supposed telephone engineer.

During the course of our conversation, he even gave us his address, saying it was Velmead Road, Fleet.

Then, after he had enjoyed the UFO footage, (a subject that he seemed particularly knowledgeable about) we bade him goodbye, not wishing to embarrass myself by saying anything untoward.

What we did next is, Ken dashed upstairs to see where he went when leaving our house, while I watched from the front door, yet neither of us saw where he went; no van or car pulled away... in fact there was nothing in the way of vehicles anywhere nearby!

Next evening, Ken and I physically checked out his address; we travelled to Fleet and called at a few houses in Velmead Avenue, but according to the residents we spoke to, no such person fitting the BT man's description lived there or down that road.

Even British Telecom were baffled when we made enquiries with them – their second callout to us wasn't due for another two days!

So, who was this mystery man? I know this may appear like I'm jumping to conclusions here even to consider such a possibility but, (and I really do get a strong hunch about this) could he have been my hybrid son, (my child, once thought 'lost') come back to see me?

Is he one of those aliens now walking among us, so to speak?

Are certain of our medical practitioners aware of the alien abduction phenomenon? Could it be, that when they inadvertently discover such a thing in a woman, or perhaps see the contents of a spontaneously aborted hybrid/alien pregnancy, they are required to quickly remove any damning evidence?

If you have any questions or need further help in understanding any of the artwork, text and photos here, then please email me at [beamsinvestigations@sky.com](mailto:beamsinvestigations@sky.com) where I will be only too happy to assist.

©Copyright of Hilary Porter

