

Weird Space Beings Examined Me and My Unborn Baby on a UFO

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Pam Owens, 19-year-old wife of a soldier at Fort Ord, Calif., says she was spirited aboard a UFO on Nov. 25, 1978 — where she was examined by two aliens. Pam had no memory of the abduction until she was hypnotically regressed — and then she gave the full, fascinating details of her encounter.

Tapes of Pam's story were examined by C.R. McQuiston, co-inventor of the truth-detecting Psychological Stress Evaluator. His verdict: "The story is one of the most bizarre I have heard — but she is telling the truth." Richard Seifried, who probed the case for the Ohio UFO Investigators' League, said: "It is the most fascinating UFO abduction case I've ever studied." Here, in her own words, is Pam's strange tale.

By PAM OWENS

Paralyzed, able to move only my eyes, I lay helpless on a table and stared up in terror at the two weirdest creatures I could ever have imagined.

Their heads were hairless, oversize domes, their eyes big and sunk way back in their heads. The greenish skin covering their seven-foot bodies was coarse and looked as if it was made of wrapped string and tape. Each hand had four fingers that were twice as long as a human's.

And one of those strange hands was holding a long silver needle — preparing to plunge it into my pregnant stomach.

Only seconds earlier, it seemed, I'd been standing by my car with my husband Chris and our 20-month-old son Brian — gazing in absolute amazement at an approaching spaceship. Now I was inside it . . . alone and terrified . . .

That evening had begun so normally. We'd been visiting friends near Trier, West Germany, where my husband was stationed with the U.S. Army.

But then, on our way home, we saw it — a UFO.

It hovered above us. It was shiny metal, oval and maybe 100 feet long. There was a red

blinking light under the craft. "Let's get out of here!" I said and drove away fast.

But when we got home, Chris noticed it was 10 minutes past midnight. We'd left our friends' house at 10 — so it had taken us two hours to drive home. The journey had never taken longer than a half hour before.

A few months later, when we returned to the United States, I contacted a UFO research organization and they suggested I undergo hypnotic regression by a psychologist.

Under hypnosis, my mind revealed what really happened that night.

When the UFO appeared, I'd driven off the main road and stopped in a clearing. My husband and I got out of the car, and held Brian while we stood there . . . waiting.

Strangely, we weren't afraid.

Next thing I remember, I was lying on a table. I could move only my eyes. I was in a small room filled with yellowish-white light. The ceiling blended into the walls so there were no corners.

I was frightened. "Where's my little boy?" I asked.

A flat voice answered: "We are taking care of him."

I asked about my husband. "Please don't hurt him," I begged over and over again. The voice kept repeating he was O.K. until I calmed down.

Suddenly two strange creatures moved into my line of vision. They looked almost like mummies. They had very tiny noses and just straight lines for mouths.

One started talking to me, telling me everything would be O.K. His mouth didn't move — it was like he was talking through his eyes.

Suddenly they pulled up my shirt — exposing my five-months-pregnant stomach.

Their hands touched me. I started getting dizzy and sick.

"My baby . . . I'm pregnant

spaceship rose into the air.

Now the 90 minutes missing from our lives has been explained. I feel the creatures, wherever they came from, were basically friendly and were examining a human body to see what it was like.

Four months after my experience, my daughter Keli was born — perfectly normal. Brian, who couldn't talk when it all happened, doesn't seem to know what occurred that night.

But I can't help wondering if, later on, it will affect my children . . .



UFO VICTIM Pam Owens with husband Chris and son Brian, who were with her during the encounter, and baby Keli, who was born after the incident.

. . . Oh God, I'm so scared!" I cried. But they went on examining my stomach, as if they were checking on the baby's size and the way it was lying.

Then I saw the needle. I don't know where it came from, but it was about six inches long and silver. I got really scared and cried out, "No! . . . no! Don't hurt my baby!" But one of them stuck the needle right below my navel — in the exact spot where I later found a puzzling pimple. The needle hurt a lot and I felt like I was going to throw up.

Next thing I knew, I was standing by my car again, holding Brian in my arms as before. I watched as the

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