

Join the stars

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JUST as I suggested a month or so ago, we'd better prepare to be abducted by aliens from other worlds — a fashionable experience among New Yorkers which is suddenly growing in popularity here.

For some curious reason, I have always hated driving down the East Lancs Road — but now I think I know why.

According to some of the nuttier tales which have been pouring through the letter-box of indefatigable Stockport UFO researcher Jenny Randles, the notorious A580 from Salford to Liverpool serves as a sort of lay-by for visiting aliens, who like nothing better than to park their craft by the roadside and nip out to kidnap unsuspecting travellers.

One poor motorcyclist, who felt compelled to stop and investigate a bright, glowing light in a field near Lowton, found himself confronted by two beautiful blond-haired creatures from another galaxy who sported silver suits.

A mother and daughter who spotted a disc-shaped object in the Leigh sky had memories of being "teleported" to a treatment room, where vague figures in white suits carried out a medical examination.

Unless you have a high scepticism threshold, better steer clear, too, of the Macclesfield/Buxton area, where chaps in silver suits and balaclava helmets, it seems, are rather prone to leaping out of egg-shaped ships to "spacenap" passers-by.