

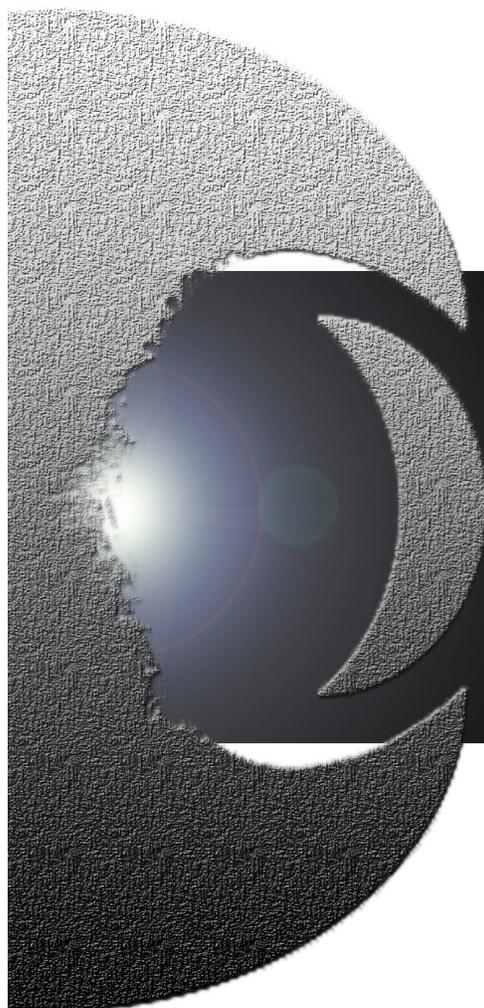
The Phenomenon Times

UFO & Paranormal Research Society of Australia
Bimonthly Journal

September 2009

INVESTIGATOR PROFILE

Darren Terry

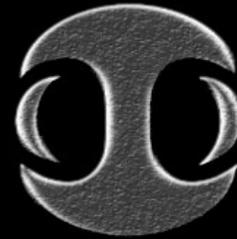


UFO - PRSA

Pioneering the unexplained world

www.ufosociety.net.au
www.paranormalinvestigators.com.au

Welcome September
2009



Lorraine Cilia

President's Report

UFO & Paranormal Research Society of Australia

PO Box 211X
Leumeah NSW 2560

Editor

Lorraine Cilia

Assistant Editor

Kellie Pataky

Email

r_a_c_e@iprimus.com.au
paranormal-division@live.com.au

President

Lorraine Cilia

Vice President

Kellie Pataky

Treasurer

Kellie Pataky

Secretary

Dominic McNamara

RACE & Paranormal Division Investigators

Attila Kaldy, Lorraine Cilia,
Kellie Pataky, Frank Pataky,
Dominic McNamara, Laszlo
Novak, Darren Terry

Director of Investigations

Attila Kaldy

UFO-PRSA

Est 2000 (formerly known as the
UFO Society of Western Sydney)

www.ufosociety.net.au
www.paranormalinvestigators.com.au

Greetings to all my Earthling and Alien friends.

In the last month, we have been approached by a journalist who wishes to accompany us on an investigation in order to raise public knowledge and appreciation of what it takes to conduct such an evening and just exactly what equipment and expertise is utilised to try and find explanations to strange events. Whilst wary of 'sensationalist' story hunters, we welcome this particular opportunity to present a transparency to the public at large as to the integrity of the society and the mountain of information that can flow from professional coverage. We will keep you posted as to how that turns out.

Our UFO Web site has been rebuilt and at the time of writing this report, the hosting was under way. [The new domain name at the time of publication is <http://www.ufosociety.net.au>]

For those of you who were unaware, Attila, Sharon Hood and Dominic McNamara were asked to attend live radio on the local *C91.3 Macarthur First* Radio station to be interviewed over the society's escapades including the filming of the Challenge series episodes and its production techniques. This radio interview can be accessed on the following open source link:

<http://www.archive.org/details/ParanormalInvestigatorsAustralia>

A download of the interview is also available for slow connections.

Due to the influx of UFO reports over recent months, we recently conducted a night watch in the Morisset area. We chose a night when everyone was able to attend and perched ourselves on top of a cliff top lookout with a view of the ocean on one side and Lake Macquarie on the other. Unfortunately the only thing we saw in the skies, of interest, was the rising of a beautiful full moon. While we were in the area, the group took time out to inspect the local lake fronted Hospital facility, some of which is abandoned, with the hope of being able to follow up on ghostly stories told from past employees about the premises. Unfortunately, we may not gain the sort of access we require, but set backs will not stop us trying to follow up on reporting that which the public is willing to bring forward.

Many of our members have expressed interest in coming along on night watches. In the past it has always been a concern about the safety of members, trekking around in the dark, so we have not conducted open night watches. Now that will change, as we have recently acquired Public Liability insurance specifically to organise group night watches for our members. If you are interested in attending the next night watch please leave your contact details with me at the next meeting, or email me at lorraine_cilia@optusnet.com.au

The UK UFO files release is sparking worldwide interest after the British MOD recently released 4000 pages of X Files stories; some of which are really sensational. Included in the documents are reports of a large triangular craft witnessed by many people in different parts of the UK over a 6-hour period in March 1993. Among the eyewitnesses were very credible reports filed by police officers and military personnel. Particular cause for concern is the many near misses between UFOs and commercial airliners that have been reported by pilots. We are finally learning that the truth is out there. Hopefully, in the future all other Countries will follow the UK's lead and release their secret files for public viewing and Remember, the Future is in all our Hands.

Our next meeting will be held on Wednesday October 14th.

Index

INVESTIGATOR PROFILE

Page 4

EERIE ENCOUNTERS



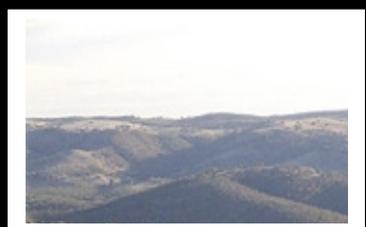
Page 5

CROP CIRCLE NEWS



Page 7

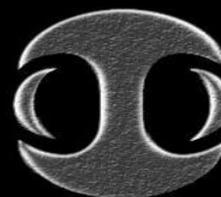
HILL END 2009



Page 9



Page 11



Kellie Pataky

Vice President's Report

Hi everyone!

The team has been busy the past month trying to find more properties to investigate and new positions for night watches.

We headed up the north coast a couple of weeks ago to source out a property that some members had mentioned might be good for a paranormal investigation. We were able to have a good look around the property, but unfortunately there wasn't anybody at an authority level that could give us an okay to come back. We hope to get access over the next coming months, but have to go through the correct channels.

We then decided to have a night watch and drove from lookout to lookout until we got the best vantage point that could give us both coastal and inland views. We managed to find a great location just the other side of The Entrance, but unfortunately – the whole of The Entrance also thought it was the best location to view a full moon rising! We stuck it out until just after midnight, but the cars and locals kept arriving and making our job a little difficult. We had a great day and night, and while we didn't actually capture anything significant, you have to be out "watching" in order to "see something".

The coming months are going to be very busy as our yearly expedition is nearing and we will be focusing on the trip ahead. We do hope to have another night watch in the coming weeks as well as a paranormal investigation. I am also off to Victoria in two weeks and looking forward to any feedback from our series The Challenge S2 that is currently screening down there.

Until next issue,

Kellie



INVESTIGATOR

PROFILE

Darren Terry

Darren Terry is a field investigator of RACE (Research of Australian Close Encounters) and Division 2. In 2006, Darren began attending the local public meetings in Campbelltown, and a year later, accompanied the team on an investigation to The Manor. It was after this time that Darren was officially invited to become a researcher with the group in both UFO and Paranormal teams. Darren has since attended many night watches and an expedition to Hill End, which led to a passion for capturing UFO & Paranormal activity on video and film. The paranormal field has enabled Darren to develop his psychic abilities, to the point where he now believes himself to be a sensitive.

Darren's interest in the occult began at a very young age. It was during his teens that he started encountering numerous paranormal and UFO sightings. Darren also began studies in astrology and the unexplained mysteries of the world. This passion sought Darren to then question his Roman Catholic upbringing and he has now since embraced the Pagan path.

As Darren moved into his early 20's, his focus turned to religious History, Holy Grail mysteries and the secret societies of the world. It is with this interest in secret societies that lead him to apply to Freemasonry, and as such, he became a mason and in 2007, gained his Master Mason degree.

It is Darren's aim to incorporate these subjects and combine them with group's studies and research.

As a result of work commitments, Darren will be working in various parts of NSW, where he will be performing solo night watches and investigations for the group and chasing up any leads or reports that are received by group members. Darren plans to conduct local surveys to gain and expand the team's database of UFO and Paranormal encounters.

EERIE ENCOUNTERS



On a Sunday evening in 1997, I was alone in a computer lab at uni, trying to meet a deadline for an assignment that was due in the following day. Buses ran infrequently in this area of Canberra on Sundays; mostly about fifty minutes apart. I knew that the final bus for the night left the terminal at 7pm, usually a little later, so I was aware that I needed to leave myself enough time to make it from the lab to the bus stop. In the whole three years of spending many a Sunday night trying to finish off assignments at the last-minute, I knew that this last bus never, ever had a habit of running early. But if I missed it, I was going to be out of luck. The University was located in the middle of nowhere; if I missed that last bus, it would be a very long, cold walk home. I knew I was risking it being out in the dark - Sunday night in Canberra is not the most happening of places - but thought I had no choice but to go in to campus and finish off work that was due in the next day.

On this particular night, I decided to leave the lab a lot earlier than usual. I figured I'd just wait at the bus stop and read my book. My work was all done and I felt no other reason to hang around.

The bus stop was located on a quiet, lonely road inside the university grounds. It was very dark, with the only source of light coming from a single bulb that hung desolately over the shelter. No other students were around. Considering I had come here most days for the past three years, I didn't feel the isolation to be a big deal. I was more annoyed that I had to wait a whole twenty minutes for a bus.

I hadn't been waiting for more than a minute before a bus travelling in the opposite direction pulled up at the bus stop on the other side of the road. As the bus then took off, I saw two young men approaching me from across the road, walking about a metre apart from one another. Assuming they were just students, I didn't think anything of it. It was only when they stopped, stood and

'waited' at the bus stop with me - one standing on either side - that I immediately knew something was *very* wrong.

The men didn't say a word to each other, let alone look at one another, yet I instinctively knew they were 'together'. It only took a microsecond to work out what was going to happen. There was only one more bus stop after this one and that was the terminal. Why would they get off one bus, then cross the road to wait for another bus, going in the opposite direction? Why were they ignoring one another? Why did the air suddenly shift, accompanied by a 'knowing' that slowly crept over me; a realisation that the end for me was near?

The man to my left sat down beside me, got out a book and started reading. The man on my right just stood in silence, slumped against the side of the shelter, occasionally glancing back at me. After a few moments of what felt like eternity, I realised something else was wrong. Too much time had passed, yet the man on my left had still not turned a single page of his book. He wasn't reading. He was waiting for something.

Instantaneously, like a continuous stream of grainy Super 8 images reeling inside my head, scenes of my life literally 'flashed' before my eyes. In my mind's eye, I saw float before me, in very acute detail, the face of every single person that was close to me. Being 1997, I didn't own a mobile phone, but I remember thinking at that very moment, that I would have given my right arm for one - if only to call my friend at home and tell her where I was. At least when it happened, they would know where I was. I was too terrified to move, let alone breathe. If I moved one inch, shifted my weight, reached for my bag...would that set them off?

The next few minutes moved by very heavily. The air was stiff and solidified with fear; it felt as though I was sitting underwater. I knew it was at least twenty minutes before any bus would be coming.

The adrenalin surging through my body enabled defined, enhanced thoughts to fly at me - sharp as clear-cut crystal. I knew my choices: get up and make an absolute run for it, or stay very still. The seconds dragged as I worked out when to make the move. But suddenly I remembered that the bus stop was entirely surrounded by thick bushland and large, desolate car parks. It would be minutes before I reached the main road. To be chased by two men - what chance did I have?

With all the courage I could convoke, I made every attempt to act 'normal' - a vain attempt to show these men I wasn't scared. The man on my left then began to slowly edge himself along the seat, closer to me, still staring blankly at his book, occasionally flitting his eyes over to the other man on my right. Every passing second felt like an hour. And with each passing minute, the man on my left crept closer along the seat. It was at this very moment when I understood the meaning of helplessness, and was seconds away from breaking into tears. Then ... like a burst of the most incredible sound imaginable, there was a rumbling roar in the distance -- the sound of a bus coming down the road, an unthinkable ten minutes early!

When I finally managed to acquire the strength to stand up, I flagged the bus down. As the bus pulled up, the driver's face looked so friendly, it almost made me erupt into sobs. As the bus doors flew open, a huge smile broke over his face. "Lucky I got you, love," he chimed. "I'm never running this early!" In that one moment, I could not help but believe in the existence of interventionist angelic beings - even if they did come in the form of a Canberra bus driver. I shakily sat down in a seat. The men did not get on the bus. As I learned of events later, I wondered if the freak timing of the bus was mere coincidence, or some type of transcendental intervention.

In 1997, two young women were murdered. Police divers later recovered the knife from Lake Burley Griffin in Canberra. In the newspaper were two mug shots that I instantly recognised - they were of the two men at the bus stop.

-- Anon

When my grandmother died when I was nine, her body was cremated, with the ashes subsequently placed in the memorial garden of a local Sydney crematorium. My grandfather, who had died many years earlier, already had his ashes in a memorial wall in the same crematorium.

A few years after my grandmother's death, my mother decided that she wanted to move her father's ashes from the memorial wall and place them next to her mother's ashes in the garden, so that her parents would be 'together'. My mother had decided to keep this to herself, and as result, did not tell my father at the time. My mother later admitted that due to the personal profundity involved with such a decision, she did not tell anybody because she did not wish to risk anybody influencing her in any way, shape or form.

A few days after my mother's decision was made and the necessary arrangements were organised, my grandfather's ashes were removed from the crematorium wall and placed next my grandmother's in the garden. My mother had still not told a single soul about what she had done.

The following morning, my father came down to the kitchen and told my mother about a strange dream that he just had. He then began to describe the dream, saying, "Your father appeared... and said that he wanted to say, something like..." "Thank you Dianne, for what you did for us."

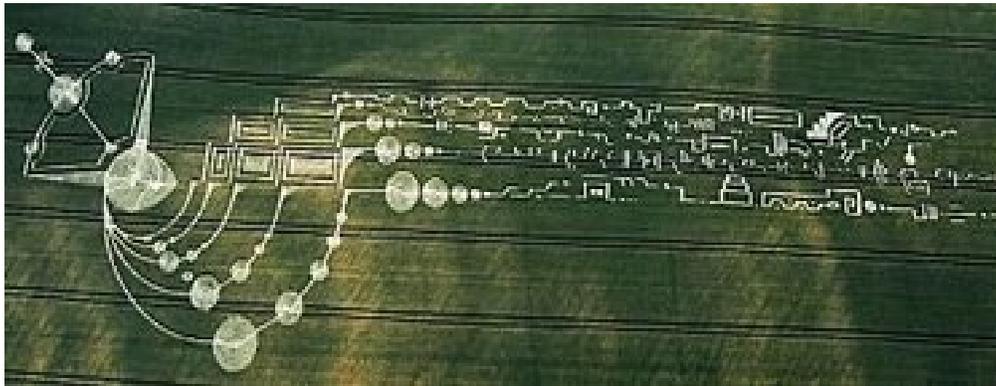
Needless to say, my mother could only stare back at my father in horror...rendered speechless as a result, before emotion finally engulfed her.

It seems impossible that my father could have known what had been organised that day. My mother had been somewhat confused at first, concerned why her own father didn't come and visit her dreams himself. After the initial shock subsided, she realised that perhaps the only way for him to 'prove' his presence to her, was to pass his message on to somebody who possessed no prior knowledge of what had happened that very day.

CROP CIRCLE NEWS

by
Lorraine Cilia

Since the first part of this design appeared on the 21st June, it has been added to twice. The latest addition on the 28th June looks like ancient hieroglyphics or a Mayan message, making this formation the biggest of 2009, now covering 1500ft.



The very first part appeared as a 'sextant' style design on 21st June at Milk Hill below the White Horse, near Alton Barnes in Wiltshire. The second addition to this massive Crop Circle appeared on 23rd June: see image below.





Images © Olivier Morel WCCSG 2009



Hill End 2009

by Attila Kaldy

Where do we draw the line between reality and fantasy? Be it an event or a fleeting glimpse of something unusual, at what point do we dismiss it to be just a figment of our imagination? And what then if a bizarre occurrence is played out before a larger audience?

Textbook psychology eloquently explains it away as either an influence by suggestion, or mass hallucination. This theory of mass hallucination is a grey area and is nothing more than an anecdotal explanation for an inexplicable event observed by many.

The unexplained is not only dismissed by academia but many of us have difficulties digesting the extraordinary and accepting the fact that there are many different aspects of our Universe (or perhaps more accurately described as Multiverse) that we are unaware of or simply do not understand. This is the intangible, the unpredictable nature of certain phenomena that can't be measured or evaluated in a controlled environment.

It amazes me that around 90% of the world's population accept the existence of an anthropomorphic creator yet we have issues believing in the existence or entertaining the thought of intervention from extraterrestrial intelligence, despite the countless reports from bona fide witnesses.

So where do we draw the line to what is real and what is not? Does it have to be tangible for us to classify something to be real? If that's the case then we may as well dismiss everything we cannot hold, smell or touch.

And if there is intervention, what makes up belief that 'their' motives would be the same as ours?

These were just some of the questions that crossed my mind after this particular expedition in April 2009. What we witnessed on that April night was unlike anything we had experienced before.

This expedition, like many others, began with the

usual undertaking of setting up base camp and ensuring all equipment is tested and ready.

The first night watch in this rugged lonely countryside ended at dawn. There was nothing extraordinary to talk about that morning other than the few deep sky objects we observed through a 6-inch Newtonian telescope. Here the clear skies produce some of the most spectacular celestial displays even for the naked eye. Coming from the fringes of a large city, one rarely sees the galactic plane with such clarity. Teaming with stars it stretches across the night sky like a thick luminous cloud band.

During the day a few of us decided to get better acquainted with the terrain by tracing the mountain top and descending down into a nearby gorge.

When nightfall came, we positioned ourselves on a large open clearing. It was like sitting in a large crater with the mountains around us, and the crescent of a big open sky above.

Then we noticed intense flashes of light coming from all directions. One would consider fragments of rocks burning up in our atmosphere. And we left it at that – meteorite activity and nothing more.

Soon this light show came to an end...and so did everything else. The breeze that brought an uncomfortable chill came to a sudden halt. The shrills and whirls from the trees went silent. It was as if all the wildlife had abandoned the landscape and left us to deal with whatever was coming next.

Heads began to turn down hill. It was as if a group of people were walking up towards us with heavy steps. Darren and I took off towards the approaching sound and found nothing – not a soul in sight. The others remained scanning the terrain with our hazy GEN 1 night vision monocular and bionic ear. With the right tools we had more clarity now in the clearing and among the trees that spread across the mountain range.

Darren and I waited. Just then another sound alerted us. This time it was coming from the edge

of the gorge. Gently moving forward, the decent became steeper and steeper. There was a small outcrop, just enough to sit still on and maintain our balance. Again we waited, staring vigilantly towards the trees down the throat of the gorge. Then Darren waved his hand at me and pointed down at a tree. There amongst the dark void, a black figure drifted forward. Whatever it was it looked human-like but much smaller and spindly. What really shocked us was the way it drifted. It remained in sight for a few seconds then it simply drifted back in. This sight was an uncanny resemblance of an encounter back in 2003, again at Hill End.

The amazing experience didn't end there. Within seconds of its disappearance, we heard a disturbance on the opposite side to where the first sighting occurred. Something appeared further away – a similar outline drifted forward, stopped as if waiting for something to happen, and then it just seemed to glide back into the darkness. No longer amused by this Houdini act, Darren and I decided to pursue it. We knew we weren't dealing with some wacko who had watched too much *Deliverance*. And it didn't take much mulling over to comprehend the fact that we were dealing with something incredible. What 'it' was we weren't sure about. All we knew was we had to get a closer look.

As we walked along the edge close to where the last sighting took place, we could hear movement again but up near the Bridal track. When you spend enough time in the bush, you can almost instantly identify the different sounds made by certain wildlife. This was unlike anything we heard before. It almost sounded like children running but it would stop and continue in a completely different area.

So we continued up the dirt road. It was almost pitch black.

This cat-and-mouse game went on in the dark until we saw the fire trail completely disappear into a white wall of light - a dull light of some kind. The next thing we knew we were walking back to base camp.

When we arrived the others voiced their concerns about our lengthy absence. It seemed unreasonable. We had only been gone for about half-an-hour. But when we told it was around 1-½ hours, alarm bells began to ring. It seemed impossible and I recall debating with the others about the alleged missing time. Furthermore, Darren and I were told that

while we were away, the crew heard heavy steps coming towards the camp again. The immediate thought was that Darren and I had returned. But when they jumped up to greet 'us', nobody was there.

The eerie silence continued. Close to midnight everyone became lethargic. We were left with only one choice, and that was to hit the sack. By the time we decided to collect our equipment, it was 12.20am. Estimated time to pack and stack was 5 minutes. Estimated time to walk to base camp was under 5 minutes. When we checked the time at our tents, it was 1.20am.

Here we have a situation that is concerning to say the least, not to mention difficult to comprehend. First of all the intense flashes in the sky. One would consider meteorites or a looming thunderstorm beyond our line of sight. Meteorites perhaps. Thunderstorm? I think not, considering that these flashes originated from not one region of the sky.

The ghostly footsteps – Considering that our visibility improved by the use of our GEN 1 monocular and our survey of the area, it was confirmed that nothing of a physical nature was within our vicinity.

Anthropomorphic shadows – I would have speculated that someone who knows the terrain quite well and is prepared to run-a-muck at night may have been the culprit. But after trekking through the gorge that day I find that to be unlikely. Moreover, the figure would have been far too small and slight for it to be an adult. In addition there were no irregularities in the outline to suggest any bulky clothing, considering the cold night we had.

The terrain is fairly steep and scattered with debris from trees and loose rocks. It seems like an impossible task to manoeuvre without stumbling over something or at least creating a lot of noise during the day let alone at night.

Regardless of the abovementioned, the gliding movement is what really puzzles me. I had seen something similar to this in 2003.

Again the only rational explanation would be hallucination or the power of suggestion. I have difficulties accepting the fact that more than one person can hallucinate the same event down to a tee. Suggestion is out of the question because there were no words exchanged during the encounter.

The sounds that were heard could be debateable. Relying on both our assessments and judgement at

the time, our conclusion was that the sounds were not produced by wildlife, but rather something with intelligence.

Wall of dull light – I do recall this phenomenon encompassing the track around us when we were within close proximity. Unfortunately the next episode we could remember was walking back to base camp.

Could it have been mist? It is a possibility. We have visited this region on a number of occasions. Any mist/fog usually forms in the valley around the Turon River and not at such high altitude, especially after persisting wind.

Time dilation – This is another occurrence that perplexes me. One would suggest that time seems

to move without noticing when one is so precoccupied. That is true. But Darren and I were conscientious about our absence from the group, considering what led us on this goose chase in the first place.

The last peculiarity was the 50 minutes it took us to walk 50 metres or so.

There is no doubt that whatever transpired that night was indeed abnormal to say the least. It is difficult to even speculate or theorise a plausible explanation. One can rest assured that whatever happened that night was not a product of mass hallucination.

The case remains inconclusive.



SIGHTING REPORTS

Bateman's Bay, 1990

Cheri is a 33-year-old lady living in Parramatta. She was compelled to look me up after having a revelation a few weeks earlier whilst driving to work in her car. Cheri was sitting in her Honda at a set of traffic lights, when she became aware of the humming of the motor. She suddenly experienced a flash back and remembered something that had happened when she was 14-years-old whilst living in Bateman's Bay.

Cherie and her then 12-year-old girlfriend were horse-riding along a track in a wooded area when they suddenly heard a humming noise. Something then rose up

from behind the trees in front of them. Cheri described it as being as big as a house with lights going around it. Her usually quiet horse started rearing up and whinnying. This happened at 11am in the morning. The next thing the two girls remembered is being much further back on the track and facing the wrong direction. They could hear Cheri's mum calling them - she had come looking for them because they were due home at 11.30am, and it was now 1.30pm. Cheri remembered that her horse freaked out for about two weeks after the incident. She still sees her girlfriend who was riding with her that day, who refuses to talk about it.

Wagga Wagga - 22nd May, 2009

Victor lives on a farm at Rosewood, which is approximately 50 kms past Wagga Wagga and 50 kms before Tumbarumba. He has lived there for 14 years. At 9.30pm on the night of Friday May 22nd 2009, Victor was outside on his property checking on his water pump at the dam, when he noticed a red and white flashing light in the sky, coming from the direction of Wagga. Victor stated that it didn't seem very far away and what got his attention was the odd way in which it was moving towards him in tight circular motions - not very fast. Victor watched it moving just above the horizon for about 5 minutes. He described the pulsating light as so bright that it hurt his eyes. It came slowly towards him circling tightly in a North Easterly direction, before drifting away and disappearing to the east. Victor said that the pulsating light so affected his eyes that after it disappeared, he could still see a dark pulsating in his vision. He could hear no sound and because the light was so bright he could not make out

any structure, but he was positive it was not a conventional plane or a helicopter.

Having lived in the area for so long, Victor is familiar with all types of aircraft that fly over his property from the RAAF based at Wagga, but had never seen anything quite like this.

After the object had disappeared from view, Victor ventured back inside his house and saw that there was a static pulsating on his T.V. which was pulsating at the same frequency as the object. Although the object had disappeared out of view, it was still affecting the electrical on the T.V. Victor said this went on for about 10 more minutes before the picture cleared. This prompted him to call the RAAF Base to complain and also find out what the object was. Needless to say, the Base denied having any craft in the air or any knowledge of such. The next day, Victor was speaking to his neighbour about the incident and she corroborated the fact that she too had the same pulsating static effect on her T.V. the night before.

Blue Mountains, 2007

I was at a client's house at about 5:30pm on the corner of Leura mall and Olympian drive. Their yard backed down into the Jamison valley. I went out back to check the lawn length and noticed above narrow neck plateau signal tower to the south, a bright light. At first I thought it to be a light on the tower top and wondered why it would be turned on in broad daylight - an emergency drill perhaps? Then it lifted above the tower, what looked from my distance away, to be about 20 metres above it. I assumed it was maybe a chopper but it seemed too smooth for chopper movements, plus the light direction did not deviate one way or the other.

Then things got weird. The backdrop to this light coming from the South West was a very fast forming electrical storm that was gathering over the ridge. I didn't pay much attention to this at first except that it looked pretty cool. Next

minute, 'the light' became so bright, that even with the daylight I squinted a little at its brightness. It then dimmed back down all of a sudden to almost a pin light. If memory serves me well, this happened three times and by the end of the third dimming phase something happened that I swear on my life to be true and would be happy to take a lie detector test on. From the black and bellowing clouds that now hung right above the light, came a thunderless bolt of lightning that seemed to touch down on the tower top. The thing was, that the bolt was not a flash - it was fixed for maybe 4 or 5 seconds before disappearing, as if I had watched it in slow motion. After this the light turned bright again, but only about half as bright as before, and started to head slowly upward on a kind of arc westward as another light started to come down out of the cloud. I guess they kind of met up and the first light then took off upward at high speed. The second light hovered for a bit before also taking off, though not at great speed.

Mount Warning - 10th June, 2009

Last night I reported to the UFO hotline a sighting I had at Byrrill Ck in Northern NSW, near the Queensland border. Along with myself there were 5 other witnesses that I know of - a friend who was visiting, 2 friends who live nearby and my two closest neighbours. So 6 of us saw this thing in the sky. The sighting lasted for about 45 minutes and during that time I was able to phone them to go outside and have a look. One witness who could also see it from their vantage point even drove up to my place and saw it from here. I live in an isolated spot near the rim of the Tweed caldera. So you can guess there's not much to see out here except forest, bush, grazing land, mountains and stars. There are no houses or ground lights that can be seen in that direction.

The red and blue pulsating object remained stationary in the same spot for the whole

duration before it faded or dimmed for about 5-10 seconds, then it went out like a light being switched off. I would like to say at this point that it wasn't a setting star or planet. Neither are Venus or Jupiter are currently visible in that part of the sky. I am very familiar with the night sky and all kinds of natural phenomena including the brightest stars such as Sirius, which I could plainly see. I was able to get 57 photos. Some are just fuzzy balls of blue or red light and some shots came out fairly clear. I had my camera set up on a tripod outside the door so there would be minimal movement or obstruction to the camera. The fuzz, I suspect, is most likely due to me zooming right in to maximum while the object pulsated, though I also took a number of shots without the zoom. The camera was set on automatic with the flash turned off.

