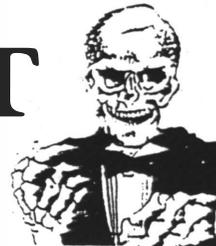




# DEAD OF NIGHT MAGAZINE



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## Journeys To Hell And Back



Merseyside's Only Publication Dealing  
With All Paranormal Phenomena!!!

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# Now There Comes A Darker Day

## Conspiracy, The Supernatural And 'The Cult Of Diana'

*'The street's so long where she lost her pocket purse,  
Kept the last picture of the man she committed first,  
Cracked windscreen, rain, French murder play, junk,  
Take away tired street parades... Who's to know... Whatever???'  
( 'It's Not Up To You' - STEREOPHONICS)*

That Sunday morning's dawn never showed the sun.

The sky was dark, a featureless ceiling of grey clouds that breathed cold sheets of rain and the very air had an Autumny end-of-things feel to it. Much like when the New Ferry Fair was over in mid-September, and had moved on leaving nothing but the dreaded resumption of school or work and the grim promise of another endless winter.

I awoke feeling like a sloth with a hangover roughly the size of Loch Ness, and with a vague depression nagging at the back of my mind, although I had no clear idea as to its origins. The brain-numbing effects of alcohol - what my Uncle Spike, (so-called because his head came to a point) had always referred to as 'the tasty waters of oblivion' - rendered 50 per cent of coherent thought entirely nonsensical.

And yet, I instinctively knew *something* was wrong.

Call it a funny feeling, a hunch, a full-blown *premonition*, if you will, but I dreaded the thought of getting out of bed and descending the stairs to confront whatever horrors the night before had brought...

As it turned out, I'd barely made it to the hallway at the foot of the staircase before my brother Grant, came in through the front door and broke the news of Princess Diana's death in a car crash in Paris.

I have to say, that my first reaction was one of selfish relief that no one whom I knew personally had been harmed. It sounds callous and unfeeling of me writing this now on an equally dreary Sunday in mid-November,, but it would be hypocritical to pretend that I have ever cared a whole pile about the well-being of the Royal Family. I'm not particularly anti-monarchy either, you understand. It's just that they seem so remote, so unreal, a cast of characters created for some tacky TV soap drama, who spend much of their time locked away in white-walled palaces or fairy-tale castles, only ever emerging to speak to some foreign dignitary or wave patronisingly at their 'loyal subjects.'

I was also bloody annoyed that Liverpool's match against Newcastle had been postponed. I'd been looking forwards to the game all weekend, and surely, I thought, a minutes silence prior to the kick off would have sufficed to honour Diana's memory.

Those were my *first* reactions.

I'd be lying if I tried to claim that I'd felt any different

I'd purposely avoided the radio and the television all day long, but by early evening, I decided there was little point in seeking to ignore the inevitable media overkill. I switched on, half-expecting to see some faceless politician blabbing on and on about how very much they'd admired Diana and her stand on the landmines issue, while they mentally counted the extra votes such a display of 'human compassion' would engender at the next election.

Instead, I was confronted with shockingly poignant scene, almost surreal in its intensity.

*The warm, late summer air blows and ripples silently around an all-but deserted runway. The TV anchormen provide the sombre commentary, struggling vainly to keep the anguish out of their voices. A group of politicians stand in a line at the far end, looking tiny and insignificant as the military transport plane which, we are told, is carrying the Princess Of Wales's body, taxis slowly to a halt. A small band of soldiers hoist the coffin draped in the Royal Standard, onto their shoulders, and with typical, well-drilled precision, they march across the tarmac to a waiting hearse. Army tradition dictates that the soldier's expressions should remain uniformly blank and devoid of all emotion, but their faces betray a look of desperate sadness, and suddenly, the full enormity of the situation begins to sink in and unable to help myself, I feel the hot, slithering burn of tears behind my eyelids.*

*The true tragedy of what has happened here strikes home with a force that is every bit as powerful as it is brutal. We haven't just lost a Princess, a champion of worthy causes and countless deserving charities but, however mawkishly sentimental it might sound, a force for goodness and light in an increasingly darkening world.*

*Later that night, my sleep would be filled with the nightmarish images of AIDS patients, their features prematurely aged and defeated by life. Of scheming men in black suits gathered around a conference table strewn with wads of dollar bills and the vile machinery of war. Of the unfurling of some bright flower of beautiful potential which, when fully opened, turns out to be blighted inside. Of discarded dolls with mould on their pink, plastic faces and dead eyes staring sightlessly skyward.*

*But at that moment, on an intensely personal level, I find myself recalling how, in the terrible aftermath of Hillsborough, Diana was the only member of the Royal Family to choose to visit the injured in the Sheffield hospitals. Even now, eight years on, she took the time to send a telegram of condolence to the bereaved families at the annual Memorial Service to the 96.*

*As the broadcast draws to a close, now numb with shock, I can only watch as the black car drives slowly away into the distance leaving behind a vast, lost emptiness.*

*A feeling of places that may never be filled.*

*I try desperately to wrap myself in comforting banalities to keep me warm against the cold. 'Time's a great healer,' At least it was quick,' 'She probably never suffered much.'*

*And I turn from the screen, to get on with my life.*

*Though it would never be the same again.*

*Lee Walker, New Ferry, Merseyside. November 1997*

# To Dream In The City Of Sorrows

I guess it was inevitable that in the anguish-ridden climate surrounding Diana's death, strange stories and wild rumours would spring up, each vying for attention like frustrated children at a spoilt brats convention....

And sure enough, such examples of Modern Urban Folklore, soon began appearing within the pages of the great British daily press (both tabloid and so-called quality).

Included here for your delectation, are just a few examples; Edward Williams is one of those who alleges that he predicted the tragedy in Paris.

If you believe the reports and his own self-generated publicity, he accurately forecast the assassination attempts on both the Pope and the former U.S. President Ronald Reagan.

To be fair to him, if the article we came across is even half-way genuine, Edward was so convinced by the power of his prophetic dreams that he walked into his local police station in Mountain Ash, Mid-Glamorgan, Wales, to inform them of his premonition.

The boys in blue took his claim seriously enough to log his statement on their computer as *Incident No 767*. It apparently says; *'On August, 27th, at 14.12 hours, a man by the name of Edward Williams came to Mountain Ash Police Station.*

*He said he was a psychic and predicted that Princess Diana was going to die. Mr Williams appeared to be quite normal'* The report was subsequently passed on to Special Branch officers in Cardiff.

74-year-old Edward states that he had the premonition as he was picking blackberries in the hills behind his home - a walk he'd made a hundred times before.

*'Suddenly, everything in front of me was obscured in darkness,'* he told the *'DAILY MAIL'* *I could see lots of shadowy figures, which I was sure were members of the Royal Family. In the middle I could clearly see the face of Diana. There were no words but I interpreted the look on her face to mean that she was in danger. Her expression was sad and full of pathos. She was wearing a floral dress with a short dark jacket. I went cold with fear.*

His wife Mary, 66, was quick to add credence to his claims; *'I've never seen him look as upset as he did after that walk. He told me he felt he'd just been given a sign that Diana was in danger, but he couldn't understand exactly how. He was deeply shaken.'*

Still troubled 48 hours later, Mr Williams visited his local police station.

*'The police officer I spoke to took me seriously. He could easily have treated me as some sort of nutcase, but he was very understanding and took down what I was saying. I told him that I'd seen Diana and, took down what I was saying and from the expression on her face, could tell she was in great danger.*

*I felt better once I'd got it off my chest, but the feeling that she was in danger didn't leave me. I felt sick to the stomach when I switched on to the TV that Sunday morning and heard she'd been killed. I felt - and still do - that Diana's destiny had somehow been in my hands and I didn't do enough to help her. If only the police had taken me even more seriously, perhaps Diana might still be here today.'*

Another medium, Betty Palko, who hails from South London, gave an interview in Perth, Australia, to the magazine *'WOMAN'S DAY'* a week before the crash. She was asked if she could foresee a marriage taking place

between Diana and Dodi, She answered that no, she couldn't. Instead, she saw only death, involving a car. Her remarks were due to be published the week of the accident, but the magazine was understandably scrapped in favour of a special tribute issue.

Betty maintains she came by this information because of her link to the spirit world with the Princess's father, Earl Spencer, Earl Spencer.



(Above): Betty Palko consulting a set of Tarot cards. The medium was just one of several people who claimed to have had psychic visions of Diana's death

Shortly before going to Australia in August, 1997, and knowing that she would inevitably be asked about what she thought of Diana and Dodi's romance, she sat down and meditated to link up with her 'guiding spirits.'

Earl Spencer soon came to her, with plenty to tell her about his daughter's relationship with the Egyptian millionaire playboy.

*'Straight away he told me to stop playing silly buggers. He was very distressed and worried about his relationship with Dodi.*

*But anyway," he concluded, "it will all be over by September." He went on to add that it will be a very, very sad Christmas for their families.*

*'As he said this, I had a vision of a beautiful car. It was badly damaged and I knew instinctively that Dodi's time was up. Diana's wasn't, though, I was sure.'*

Betty had always believed that Diana and Dodi would never marry. *'There was no future in their romance,'* she says. *'They clearly weren't meant for each other because they were from totally different backgrounds. I'd secretly thought for a long time that Diana and Charles would get back together. Whenever I'd seen her in a vision, she was wearing a crown. She was meant to be Queen.'*

Since Diana's death, Betty has had several more visions. She senses the great loneliness and depression of a man closely associated with her.

*'I think it's Prince Charles. He's taking this very badly - he'll never be the same again. I can see a dispute happening*

over something belonging to Diana. Possibly one of her diaries will disappear and someone will be betrayed. I also sense a big scandal, a dishonesty over some money connected with Diana.'

Someone who had an even earlier premonition of the terrible fate that awaited Diana was Billy Roberts, a part-time medium. One night, three years ago he was relaxing at home, just allowing his mind to drift over nothing in particular. Suddenly he was confronted with a vision that left him shaking with fear...

*'I suddenly saw Princess Diana and a dark-haired companion, both in black, travelling in a car on a narrow road. Somehow I knew that they were in France, near water, and that the car would crash and she'd die. The vision was so vivid, so terrible, I was overwhelmed with panic,'* claims Billy, from Stockport, Cheshire. *'I told my wife Fiona about it, but of course neither of us wanted to believe it could possibly come true. But I had the same vision several times after that, and it was clearer and more powerful than any other premonition I've ever had.'*

Billy immediately wrote down his premonition in a book he was putting together called *'SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE'*. But at the time he felt it would be pointless to tell anybody else of the nightmare that he'd seen.

*'Who'd have believed me? I'd just have just been dismissed as another crank.'*

Instead it was all of two years later, in 1996, before Billy elected to break his silence - to stunned witness business woman, Carolyn James.

*'Billy, Fiona and I were chatting about the Royal Family and I said I wondered if Diana would ever be Queen,'* remembers Carolyn, 33, from Southport. *'That's when Billy told me she'd be killed in a car crash while she was still quite young. It really upset me, not just because it was a horrible idea, but also because I felt it was an awful thing for someone to say. Then Billy showed me his book and there it was in black and white.'*

*I didn't tell him this, but I thought his book would be rubbished because the prediction about Diana would be wrong. I didn't believe it would happen. I'm not easily taken in and used to be extremely cynical about psychics. So when my mum rang me a year later to tell me Diana had been killed, it knocked me for six. Even now, I still can't make sense of it all.'*

Journalist Sally Morgan was the next to hear Billy's story. And it made her every bit as angry and shocked as Carolyn had been.

*'I'd asked Billy to write down some predictions for a magazine and one of them was about Princess Diana,'* Sally recalls.

*'He'd written that she'd have a romance with a wealthy, dark-haired, foreign businessman, linked to theatre and film. And he said that the media interest would be a terrible strain on them both.'*

*I could believe that, but when he said they'd die in France, near some water, I thought it was just too wild to be true. There was no way any magazine or newspaper was dream of printing anything so shocking or tasteless.'*

*It was only months later, when I heard the awful news, that I remembered Billy's prediction and then my blood ran cold.'*

On August, 26th, this year, just five days before the terrible accident, Billy made one final attempt to inform someone about the terrible events that he'd apparently foreseen. This time he revealed his fears to *'TALK RADIO'* presenter James Whale.

*'He sounded really urgent,'* remembers James, 45. *'He said; "Listen, I think Princess Di's going to be killed in a car crash. Naturally, I was stunned, and asked him if he*

*wanted me to give a warning out on air. But he told me people would probably think I was mad.'*

*A few days later I heard the tragic news about Princess Diana. I believe a sixth sense exists, but I need proof before I'm convinced. I know Billy foresaw the Princess' death. But what I want to know is why???'*

\*\*\* Sobbing mourners were queuing up outside St. James's Palace to sign the books of condolence on the Wednesday after Diana's death.

Suddenly, one of these almost disconsolate people rushed to tell newspaper reporters; *'I have to tell you something. At the end of that hall there's a painting. The light is shining on it in a particular way and Princess Diana's face is looking out of it. It's not just me. Everyone's seen her face looking out of it.'*

The portrait in question was of Charles I by Edward Bower on the wall at the end of the palace's lower corridor. Lest anyone doubt the woman, a sober-looking middle-aged man in a business suit was quick to leap to her defence.

*'I swear to God I saw something too,'* he asserted. *'This lady started and I thought: "Oh my God, she's mad. She's lost the plot." Then I saw a shadowy face in the top right-hand corner of the painting. It's something very strange and it did shock me. I didn't know what the heck it was.'*

All too soon a crowd had gathered, each keen to confirm that Diana's image could be clearly seen in the portrait. Almost everyone agreed that it was the photograph of her on the July, 1994 cover of *'VOGUE'*, in which the Princess has cupped hands over her face.

*'Yes, we saw it,'* said Leanne Buckerfield, a 56-year-old housewife from Staines. *'As clear as day. She's got the tiara on as well.'*

David Bennett, a 32-year-old restaurateur from Winchester seemed to agree; *'It was Di. Seriously. I kid you not. It's absolutely spot-on. It's just there.'*

More revelations emerged as fellow mourners trooped out of the palace. One or two, managed to mumble between sobs that they were convinced beyond doubting that Diana could be seen wearing a red dress. Most agreed that they could only see her as they drew close up to the painting, but her image would disappear once they had actually done so.

*'THE INDEPENDENT'* newspaper sent a journalist to get to the bottom of the matter. With no advance clues as to what they were looking for, other unsuspecting mourners were rounded up and asked to take a look at the portrait.

One woman emerged in a flood of tears. *'It made me jump,'* she later confessed. *'I think she was looking over Charles I's left shoulder and I'm sure she's got a red dress on. It looked like Diana's face when she was younger, with her hair short. It looked very clear to me.'*

Sources: *'DAILY MAIL'* 12th September, 1997. *'BELLA MAGAZINE'* September, 1997.

## The Comet Of Doom

The arrival in our skies of the comet Hale-Bopp earlier this year, was predictably saddled with the blame for a whole spate of disasters that have befallen our planet in the wake of its passing.

Aside from the obvious connection with the Heaven's Gate cult suicides, the celestial wonder has been held, in some quarters, to be responsible for the death of Diana, a massive earthquake in north-eastern Iran which claimed more than 1,500 lives, more than 200 passengers and crew killed when a Korean airliner smashed into a mountain jungle on the Pacific island of Guam, and the untimely

demise of 20 people in a landslide that destroyed two ski lodges in Thredbo, Australia.

And the list of 'comet-inspired' catastrophes doesn't end there.

In the Caribbean, a volcanic eruption forced the people of Monserrat to abandon their idyllic existence on their paradise island; 500 died when a cyclone hit Bangladesh and the deadliest tornado for decades claimed 42 lives as it swept through the plains of Texas.

Another 234 people were killed in Sumatra when an airliner plunged through the brush-fire smog (christened 'the haze') that enveloped virtually the whole of south-east Asia.

Most right-thinking individuals would simply dismiss this catalogue of calamity and the passing of Hale Bopp as being nothing more than mere coincidence. Astrologers and certain eccentric historians would beg to differ, however.

They will quite cheerfully point out that the ancient Chinese thought of comets as brooms wielded by the Gods to sweep the Heavens free of all forms of Evil and, as history as proven time and again, cataclysmic events do seem to occur in the wake of comets.

A comet was said to have presaged the assassination of Julius Caesar and in 1066, the appearance of Halley's Comet was thought by many learned men and women to prefigure the death of King Harold in the midst of the Battle Of Hastings and the subsequent Norman Conquest. In 1347, one of the greatest disasters in recorded history followed the appearance of one of these frozen lumps of extraterrestrial material...The Florentine chronicler Giovanni Villani wrote back then: *'In this year, in the month of August, appeared in the heavens a star which is called black, in the sign of Taurus...It lasted 15 days. This black comet is of the nature of Saturn, and by its influence it is believed that it will signify evil and death to princes and great men.'*

Just twelve months later the spectre of The Black Death arrived to claim the lives of an estimated 50 million people across the continents of Europe and Asia.

Such an understanding of the role of comets in fate was widespread in medieval times.

Nick Camplon, editor of *'CULTURE AND COSMOS'* journal, says; *'Medieval astronomers would have said straight away that the death of Diana was signified by the appearance of the comet. But that is because they wanted to attach a meaning to something they didn't understand, and to anything which happened immediately afterwards was linked to the comet's appearance.'*

'Professional astronomers' are of course horrified by the suggestion that the visitation of a comet can cause such excitement. Alan Hale, (the man who helped co-name the Comet Hale-Bopp), called it 'comet madness.'

In an article printed earlier this year in the notorious *'SKEPTICAL ENQUIRER'*, he gleefully pointed out that several Christian fundamentalists had identified the comet Hale-Bopp with the star called 'Wormwood' mentioned in The Book Of Revelations, which would destroy a third of everything on Earth; people, land, rivers, and seas, although not necessarily in that order.

Even the most Evangelical British Christians do not take the theory very seriously. The Reverend Tony Hilton, an Evangelical leader in the Church Of England's General Synod, is also a keen astronomer, with his own observatory.

*'To think that a comet shows that Jesus is returning soon is just medieval mumbo jumbo,'* he exclaims with a less-than open-minded appraisal.

Heidi Hammel, who was in charge of the Hubble Space Telescope's observations when Comet Shoemaker-Levy ploughed so spectacularly into Jupiter last year, points out

that it would only have been bad news for any potential life-forms populating the surface of that giant planet.

Twelve to fifteen comets are discovered every year, she goes on to say, and the vast majority happen not to be close to the Sun when we are and so do not appear bright enough to be remarkable. But the Solar System is full of cosmic snowballs hurtling through space.

In the past four or five years, massacres and disasters, such as the mass genocide in countries like Bosnia and Rwanda, and the Armenian earthquake which killed thousands, have happened without the 'benefit' of any harbinger of doom in the shape of a comet.

The assassination of JFK, the outbreak of the Second World War, and practically every other newsworthy event of this troubled 20th Century have been 'comet-free.'

Perhaps, however, Shakespeare got it right when he wrote in *'JULIUS CAESAR'* *"The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. When beggars die, there are no comets seen."*

*28th September, 1997. General, 'DAILYMAIL'*

## "I See A Bad Moon Rising"

And speaking of strange celestial phenomena, our very own moon has been making its presence felt in the night sky just lately...

In mid-September, the full moon was so bright and voluminous it shone upon the world like a gigantic flashlight. Viewed as the harbinger of a spell of weird and unusual weather, it was 220,000 miles distant from the Earth, the closest it can approach our planet. It created a partial eclipse on 16th September, and imposed a huge gravity field upon us, stretching the Earth from its normal football shape into something more reminiscent of a rugby ball.

The gigantic moon was blamed for the flash floods in Poland and Germany as well as for contributing to global storms and crop failures.

Scientists were quick to explain the cause of the phenomena as being the fact that the orbits of the moon and the Earth were synchronised for the first time in 18 years. The world's oceans were wrenched into massive tides. Even the British coastline was threatened by storm surges. On the other side of the world, the past few months have seen a dramatic increase in the temperature of the Pacific Ocean, especially off the coast of South America, where the rise has been by as much as 5c. Satellites have also revealed a bulge of warm water up to 10 inches deep in this region, covering an area larger than the United States.

These strange events are linked to the so-called El Nino Effect, a mysterious and often unpredictable lurch in climate which plagues the world every few years, causing disruption from droughts in Southern Africa to floods in California. It's called El Nino, Spanish for baby Jesus, because it most often strikes at Christmas time. Scientists were predicting an exceptionally stormy winter in California and heavy rains in the south of the U.S., even in the desert regions.

And the droughts currently affecting Australia, Indonesia, North Korea, the Philippines, southern Africa and northern Brazil will worsen.

The effects of 'baby Jesus' will be felt in all sorts of ways, some less obvious than others. The prices of sugar, coffee, tea, chocolate, and other tropical foods are rising as the droughts take hold.

El Nino is set to peak either at the close of this year (1997) or in early 1998. Although meteorologists have made huge strides in forecasting the weather and when El Nino will strike, they still haven't the foggiest idea what triggers it or affects its strength, though there's more than a suspicion that it may be linked to global warming.

*19th September, 1997. General, 'DAILYMAIL'*

# A Seeker After Truth

*The following article was sent to me in the post in the numbing aftermath of the Princess's death.*

*I thought long and hard about publishing it here in 'DON', not least because its contents are disturbingly offensive (not to say somewhat far-fetched) and also because I have no idea as to the identity of the author.*

*In the end, I've decided to include it here amongst this hodge-podge of Diana-related material as further evidence, if it were needed, that this single, tragic event has provided fertile ground for the conspiracy fanatics to foster their theories upon an increasingly paranoid world...*

Firstly, allow me to apologise for sending you this material. At this time it is probably the *last* thing you want to see. It is vulgar, tasteless and offensive, but you ought to know about it. After all, if all the material that could offend someone were cut from the history books, they would be very thin and sparsely illustrated books indeed. You may find this material disturbing (it scares the proverbial shit out of *me!*), I suggest you read it in the company of a trusted person.

In 1994, Earl Spencer complained to the House Of Lords about Satanists using his estate at Althorp for Devil worshipping rituals. Fences were broken down and dead animals were found. In 1997, he stated that the Althorp estate was the most suitable place to bury Diana.

The Princess. Her lover Her driver. Her bodyguard. Her courtier.

Ritual. Magic. And murder. 31st August, 1997.

Every time you see her sons, you will remember her. Every time you see an old fashion magazine you will remember her. Every time a landmine blows someone's foot off in Cambodia or Angola or the former Yugoslavia, you will remember her and think of how things might have been. It is as if some malevolent deity had cast a curse upon this country, upon the world.

Guess what, sports fans. Some malevolent *person* has.

Read it and weep.

An insult against a 'foreign' religion is regarded as great literature. The crime of blasphemy against Christianity could probably never be carried through to conviction, but by some quaint quirk of English history, the punishment of death by hanging is still reserved for the crime of treason.

There are long standing rumours that Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, Queen Elizabeth II, is the head of a multi-generational family of Satanists - the so-called 'Black Nobility' of Europe. Rumours also suggest that a Satanic conspiracy holds all of the centres of power and influence in the world.

One of the most striking portraits of Queen Elizabeth II painted by Pietro Annigoni, shows Her Majesty dressed in a black robe decorated with occult symbols. The few other Annigoni paintings that are often shown in public all feature similar mystical and occult themes. Detailed allegations have been made that the Royal Family and the Spencer family were behind the 'Ripper Murders'. A series of five 'ritual' murders committed in the Whitechapel district of London in 1888.

James Shelby Downard's analysis of the assassination of JFK. speculates that the assassination was performed to a

set ritual, and that part of the purpose of his death was to condition the American mind to the Vietnam War.

International networks are involved in child abuse, kidnap and murder, and yet they seem to enjoy privileged protection from the law. In Britain, women are tortured and murdered in a house in Gloucester. In Belgium, children are abducted and held in dark, subterranean tunnels by a convicted paedophile who was earlier released by magistrates. Similar events are happening in many countries but the media help perpetuate the myth that people in authority have not in some way assisted in these activities.

The more hypocrisy you spout, the more the people love you. A key to understanding how high level Satanists appear to keep a bland, unemotional face in public is 'multiple personality disorder' brought about by drugs, hypnosis and electro-convulsive torture, all from an early age. These people take on a different personality when they take part in any ritual. When they wake up they just have vague memories of some strange dream, some undefinable stringy bits between their teeth and in these modern days, there might well be a video cassette recording to assist in jogging the old memory banks.

Prominent members of this 'Satanic cult' are said to include Tony Blair (*'The Bride Of May'*), Rupert Murdoch, Bill Clinton (*'Stuck Willie'*), Colin Powell (*'The Voodoo Prince'*), Lord McAlpine (prominent Freemason), John Aspinall (who makes snuff videos by feeding zookeepers to lions), and many other politicians, lawyers, journalists, as well as members of the secret service, including MI5 and MI6.

Two hints at the ritual nature of the death of Diana became obvious after the event. Firstly, the date; 31st August. The last days of any month are known to be highly significant to those who dabble in the occult (eg; Walpurgis Night - April 30th, and Halloween - October 31st).

At the same time, in the Black Rock Desert, Nevada, USA, a weird festival known as 'Burning Man,' was taking place. At the height of the 'celebrations' a 50ft tall neon lit wooden effigy was set on fire. According to the organisers nobody gets killed and this is no way related to Satanism. But the similarity between this and the ritual featured in the classic film, *'THE WICKER MAN'* is hard to ignore. You should assume that 'Burning Man' takes its ritual and calendar date from Satanism.

Most of America's public holidays are based on the ritual calendar, presumably to give the Satanists a chance to recover from their excesses. The 1st of September was Labor Day. Someone had something to celebrate. The day after, the New York Stock Exchange saw its biggest one day rise.

The other hint that maybe served to give the game away was also reported in the media, and was a clear signal to all insiders that everything had gone to plan.

The car had hit the *thirteenth* column.

If you think that the assassination of Diana was a tiff within the Royal Family, or a racist plot to keep people of a Middle Eastern extraction out Britain, you are wrong.

These simplistic 'explanations' neglect the evidence, leading up to the event, and ignore the fact that the conspiracy is widespread throughout *all* countries. The assassination was an act of ritual, and the ritual is so very effective because you are never looking out for it. The eternal pagan psycho-drama is escalated under these so-called modern conditions precisely because sorcery is not what twentieth century man can accept as being real.

Diana's role was that of a virgin bride to the family Royal. To bear them two sons, then to fall from grace and lose the Royal title. And ultimately to die in a ritual and horrific manner. The planning for this event began 36 years ago with Diana's birth - or at the very least, her conception.

Prince Charles's attitude to Diana shows that he understood her role perfectly. He has always been faithful to Camilla, but he could only marry Diana, the arranged bride.

*'From the start there were three people in this marriage.'* (Diana's 'PANORAMA' interview - November, 1995)

A death foretold. As part of the ritual, the victim of sacrifice must be made to (unwittingly) act out his or her own death. In this way the cult interpret the death as a voluntary human sacrifice. Downard writes that just before his assassination, JFK attended a performance of the dreaded Scottish play; *'MACBETH'* at the White House.

JFK was subsequently photographed, with blatant occult surroundings, in the company of the actor playing Macbeth, thereby signifying his coming demise.

In the same way, Diana's photo session with Lord Snowdon, which was ostensibly for the Christies charity auction of her dresses, was performed in such a way that one who is knowledgeable in occult matters, would immediately see that the photographs were presages of her own coming funeral. (I add that I only saw the photos post-mortem).

Lord Snowdon, the 'insider's' snapper, seems to have lost his legendary knack of making the subject feel at ease.

Not in any photograph does Diana appear to be smiling. In fact, she looks decidedly nervous (check out the cover of *'HELLO'* magazine, 6th September). In another photograph, (*'TIME'* USA, 25th September), she is dressed in black velvet with a picture of a graveyard behind her.

But don't just take my word for it: *'She looked formal, chilly, even grim,'* Lydia Slater, *'DAILY TELEGRAPH'* 10th June. *'Upright, miserable,'* Susannah Frankel (*'THE GUARDIAN'* 11th June). And Lord Lichfield, quoted by Belinda Edwards (*'DAILY TELEGRAPH'*); *'Even my old pal, Snowdon couldn't work it. I think that picture of his on the front of the Christie's catalogue of her dresses is deadly.'*

The photograph printed in *'HELLO'* magazine (6th September, page 35) is extremely disturbing. Diana looks less worried, but the lighting is harsh, high up, from a single point, emphasising the skull-like nature of the human face. She is wearing a dress decorated with sequinned pentagrams. And get this, sports fans, exactly *thirteen* are visible on the top part of the dress. Diana is dressed as The Bride Of Satan. From underneath her skirt, a lion in the Babylonian-style, actually part of the chair on which she is sitting, its poking its head into the picture. A representation of the necrophilliac bestiality that awaits her corpse.

Gianni Versace was the favourite of the elite of Paris and New York, but he never forgot his roots in Naples. He said that he got his best ideas from watching how the women of the local brothel wore their clothes to attract customers. Versace was probably the only friend of Diana's who would have seen the true meaning of the Snowdon photographs, but did not in fact, realise their ultimate implication.

Unfortunately, he must have communicated his criticism of the pictures to the wrong people.

Versace died on July 15th, right outside his sprawling mansion in Miami. He had been shot twice in the back of the head, and a dead songbird was found nearby, the acknowledged Mafia punishment for one who, to use modern parlance, spills the beans.

It is clear to me that the police were actively involved in covering up the crime right from the very start.

The police had a pawn shop receipt with Andrew Cunanan's signature which told them that the so-called 'Gay Serial Killer' was on the prowl in and around Miami, and so they successfully pinned the Versace murder on him.

After the killing, they found (planted) the killers clothes next to a pick up truck stolen by Cunanan. (Ever heard of a serial killer doing anything so plainly dumb?) Cunanan was then tracked to a houseboat owned by a German who hadn't paid his mob dues. A paid informer fabricated a story about hearing a gunshot, and of how a police SWAT team gassed, and then shot Cunanan with a silenced weapon.

Solve the Versace murder and you find Diana's true killers.

## Death foretold

One other lasting enigma has been that the scores of faux-psychics, Madame Vasso's and Mystic Megs so plainly failed to predict the tragic events of last August.

But maybe not is all what it at first seems...

There is a lot of evidence that all this astrology and 'mystic tripe' is a form of lightweight Satanism, and is used to get many unwitting dupes involved in more sinister occult practices.

When people are so gullible as to let them themselves be guided by this nonsense, it clearly lays the way wide open for the 'conspiracy' to spy in their movements and quite possibly, influence their actions.

One might also suppose that Dodi Fayed, whose father is immensely rich, and whose mother, the late Samira Khashoggi, was the sister of arms dealer, Adnan, must be an 'insider'.

But the British establishment and the media at large have shown nothing but hostility towards the Fayed family. The photographs of Queen Elizabeth II with Mr Mohammed Al Fayed, are a textbook case for readers of negative body language. Mr Al Fayed has been refused British citizenship, and the media attack, which reached a climax with the infamous 'Wednesday' edition of *'THE OBSERVER'*, continues to this day.

It is difficult to understand the childish, almost schoolboy mentality of 'The Conspiracy'. But 'They' may get a perverse sort of satisfaction from leading someone along and letting them pretend that they are part and parcel of the club, whilst all the time plotting to wreck the man's (in this case, Fayed's) business, before spitting upon the grave of his first born son.

A number of journalists have questioned the quite astronomical sums that were offered for the Diana and Dodi pictures. Newspapers circulate in millions, but their profit margin is counted only in pennies. The papers could hardly expect to keep the new readers that they'd gained since the tragedy. The real-life 'snuff pictures' publication was first considered by ('Insider') Alan Clark in *'THE SPECTATOR'* on August 9th. 'The Conspiracy' of course, owns the newspapers, and those same papers created the paparazzi hysteria that was to surface as the first 'conspiracy theory' explanation for the events in Paris. Such a contrived 'explanation' was essential for the subsequent cover-up.

## The Events

Just after midnight, a black Mercedes, registration number 688LTV75, left the Ritz Hotel and drove away at speed. Photographer Romauld Rat soon gave up the chase. Witnesses reported seeing a Mercedes travelling somewhere in the region of 100mph on the Cours Albert ler. Some maps in the papers show the car taking a left turn to cross the Place d' Alma. This is not correct. The car was heading for the palace formerly owned by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in the Bois de Boulogne.

Just before the Place d' Alma, the car took a left fork to enter the tunnel. A taxi driver reported being overtaken by

a car going incredibly fast at the entrance to the tunnel, followed by the sound of an awful crash.

'*THE TIMES*, 1st September, printed a report from a witness, American lawyer Stanley Culbreath. He arrived on the scene from the opposite direction. He heard the sound of the car horn which stopped after approximately one minute. A police car had soon blocked the entrance to the tunnel on the other side and he says that a policeman (presumably, the French Special Forces in uniform) made no attempt to go the aid of the victims, but instead insisted that he immediately leave the area.

This witness's account is remarkably free from descriptions of photographers, motorcycles and flashbulbs. A full fifteen minutes after he'd arrived on the scene, the first rescue vehicles turned up.

Presumably they had been stuck in the midnight traffic???

The photographer, Romauld Rat, who opened the car door, and a doctor, Frederic Maillez, who gave medical assistance to Diana, established beyond any degree of doubt that Princess Diana was one of the passengers, and was barely alive. Apparently, it took the pompiers one and a half hours, with no photographers present, to free her from the wreckage. This is despite the fact that the door could quite easily be opened.

Diana was then taken to the Pitie Salpetriere Hospital, three miles away, where she later died.

A huge amount of total rubbish has been written about photographers on motorcycles and dangerously drunken drivers. Doubtless, similar stories will continue to circulate along roughly the same lines. Doctors at the hospital apparently stated that the driver of the Mercedes was drunk, but everyone knows that samples of blood and urine can easily and convincingly be 'spiked.'

On 5th September, the Ritz Hotel released a security video tape, which only served to convince most people that the owners lacked the typically English reputation for good taste.

As this was a well-planned 'accident', it's entirely possible that some of the later eyewitnesses were in fact arranged as part of the conspiracy.

The speedometer was stuck at 196kph (121mph). This is an established method for confirming the speed of a crashed car. There were no skid marks in the tunnel itself. The first impact was with that fateful column. The car then turned 180 degrees, anticlockwise, hit the wall on the right hand side of the tunnel, and careered to a halt.

But there is every indication that the car was under control up to the very moment of impact.

The American witness, Culbreath, noted an exhaust, a bumper, and a headlight, the only parts of the car to become detached. Photos seem to show water on the road from the car's radiator. It's extremely unlikely that anyone would dare to sit on the back of a motorcycle and try to take photographs at 121mph, hence the conspiracy is now trying desperately to reduce this established speed. Conversely however, surely if the car was going that much slower, more people, may be even Diana herself, would have survived the crash.

An associate of mine, happens to be a physics professor, and he made a study of the photographs of the wrecked car. If the vehicle had hit the first column in such a way, he could have understood the nature of the accident. But to successfully negotiate its way past a total of twelve similarly spaced columns, and then smash into the fatal thirteenth at that angle did not make a lot of sense.

Not if it was a simple accident, that is.

If you throw a two-ton Mercedes down what amounts to a giant bowling alley at 121mph, the chances are that it will emerge unscathed at the other end. It might hit the wall, or it might hit all of the columns, but it won't hit just one column smack in the middle. If the driver had merely lost

concentration and drifted over to the left, the car would surely have grazed against a number of columns, and most of the left hand side of the car would have been torn to shreds. But the car would have come to a halt gradually. The only way the car could have hit the thirteenth column was if someone or something had made caused it to change direction in the centre of the tunnel. If the Merc had swerved to avoid another vehicle, then the car bouncing off the column would have crashed into it.

I wanted a conclusive result - and he subsequently told me that in his opinion the car was in the right hand lane, and that the driver must have turned the wheel hard to the left, by approximately half a turn.

That's not an accident. At the best you have a double murder and a suicide.

Some combination of the following scenarios may help truly explain the cause of the crash...

### \*\*\* DRIVER SUICIDE

The much-maligned driver intended to kill himself. But if he was contemplating taking his own life and those of the passengers sharing the car why did he drive past twelve perfectly acceptable columns to hit the thirteenth???

At 121mph, the columns are passing at one every 0.15 seconds, so the driver would have needed a mark on the thirteenth, or an accomplice to point a laser at his 'target.'

### \*\*\* HYPNO-DRIVER

Investigations into the mysterious deaths of Marconi scientists have hinted at the possibility of hypnotically programming a person to drive a car in such a manner that may well prove to be ultimately fatal.

Men may be programmed as part of their military service, and any hypnotic programme is left dormant until activated by some code word.

Even allowing for this hypothesis, you would be left with the mystery of why he should 'choose' that damned thirteenth column.

### \*\*\* LIGHT AND MAGIC

A particularly weird 'coincidence' is that Dodi Fayed was involved in the production of the hit movie '*FX-MURDER BY ILLUSION*' the plot-line of which concerns a special effects expert being hired to commit a murder.

One way to play 'Spot The Conspirator' is to look for an apparently unconnected celebration taking place somewhere else in the world. An event that has been pre-arranged well in advance and to which all the world's rich and famous appear to have been invited. Just such an event would seem to be the 850th birthday of the city of Moscow.

Russian scientists had been hired to modify the weather and illusionist David Copperfield was also there. His speciality is in making objects appear to vanish - in other words - hide the thirteenth column with an angled steel barrier to make the car swerve into it. However, there would be traces of the special effects on the car and it would require momentary closure of the tunnel. I do not think this is probable.

### \*\*\* ROBO CAR

The windows wind shut, the central locking clicks, the engine starts and the car takes off at 100mph. Everything in the modern car is controlled by computer, and the power-steering is simply too powerful for the driver to combat.

Presumably, an assassin is required to steer the car by radio control.

This theory has a lot of credibility because ITN News (10pm, 3rd September), stated that the one-year-old hire

car involved in the crash had previously been stolen. Extensive, not to say expensive, repairs were necessary. Replacements for the computers that controlled the brakes and steering were also required.

I find it more than a little remarkable that a Mercedes is stolen from outside The Ritz, later recovered, and the only expensive parts that require replacing are computers. I would suggest that the car's time in the repair shop was used to prepare the car for the assassination. This method would require practice runs somewhere, to ensure the on-board guidance was absolutely accurate.

### \*\*\* SWAP CAR - SWAP BODIES

A car leaves The Ritz carrying a combination of doubles and speeds off into the Paris night. A similar car with drugged passengers is sent smashing into a concrete block and transported to the scene of 'the tragedy'. The thirteenth column is artificially damaged.

I don't believe this theory has any real veracity however, because photographer Romauld Rat was reasonably close behind the car, and the tunnel would have had to have been closed for at least a few moments in order to place the crashed car into position.

But there appears to be confusing evidence that indicates that number of photos, published in the press, show Diana getting into a Merc with a 600SEL badge. This not the car involved in the crash, which has no badge, but does have the 688LTV75 number plate, and is stated as a S280.

According to the sequence of events given by 'NEWSWEEK' (15th September), the pictures of the 600SEL, Dodi's car, were taken at 9:40pm, when the couple left for a local bistro but returned soon afterwards. The Ritz security camera shows no photographers taking photos after midnight when the couple left in the 688LTV75, while decoys left from the front of the hotel in the 600SEL and a Range Rover.

### \*\*\* CONNECTED DEATHS

When a Pharaoh or similar person of high esteem died it was the custom to send a large number of slaves to their deaths in order to provide the exalted one with servants in the afterlife.

I do not think 'They' regarded Diana as an esteemed person. Nevertheless, two incidents are worth noting:

In Haiti, on 8th September, an overloaded ferry capsized 200 yards out of the harbour, causing over 400 deaths. Relatives were quick to blame the events on Voodoo. The very same day, in France, there occurred a very suspicious crash between a train and fuel tanker at a level crossing (crossroads magic - Hecate). Precisely 12 people were burned to death (assuming they were alive in the aftermath of the actual crash) which, along with the equally suspicious death of Diana, would bring the total number to thirteen.

The location of the crash in Paris was not only chosen because it was a tunnel, but because it was situated at a point where the southbound road to the bridge crosses over the westbound road in the tunnel. It is the only point on the route to the Bois de Bulogne with this combination of alignments. It is one mile due west of the obelisk, at Place de la Concorde, signifying the resurrection/erection of Osiris. Diana was quite literally 'going west' in a crossroads ritual dedicated to the three-faced goddess, Hecate/virgin/mother/witch.

Hecate is known as Diana when she descends to the Earth, Luna in Heaven, Hecate in Hell. Her place of birth is Delos in the Aegean. However, Princess Diana confounded the plot by surviving the actual crash and dying in hospital. The ritual was therefore not a *complete* success.

On 14th September, the 'Crossroads Ritual' re-emerged when 33 people died in an extremely unusual mid-air

collision between two military transport aircraft over Angolan coastline. One was heading south, the other east...

## THE FUNERAL

Far from being the most moving event of the century, this was the farce of the century.

It merely serves to confirm the rumours that the Christian Church is largely staffed by Satanists. I'm told that once you get used to the Christian rituals, you see the Satanist rituals as a bit of a challenge, it just takes longer to clean the vestments.

Tony Blair read I Corinthians 13, in case anyone had forgotten the significance of numerology.

The point of giving someone a Christian funeral is that you subsequently give them a *Christian* burial. That does not mean a burial on an island, behind walls and fences. I can think of no comparable private burial of so very public a person. The diversion of the corpse by Earl Spencer was certainly planned well in advance, and aided by the manufactured paparazzi hysteria. The feelings of the family are illustrated by the lone journey of the hearse along the M1 motorway while the families travelled to her final resting place by train.

A historical parallel is that of Argentina's Eva Peron. Killed by cancer at the young age of 33, she did not find true peace, even in death. Diana is dead, her soul has gone to Heaven, but her body has been buried in Hell. In this burial, the crossing of the water represents the Styx, the fact that the body has not reached the other side signifies Limbo.

The peasant superstitions against private burials are well founded. 'THE TIMES', 8th September, describes the digging and the alignment east-west (or is that west-east?) of the grave; to await the resurrection. Perceptive readers may well remember that the bodysnatchers, Burke and Hare styled themselves; 'Resurrectionists.'

Downard and 'THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.' stated that the corpse must be mutilated strictly according to the ritual. Removal of the brain seems to be the first step. Not only must the body be mutilated, but rumours of the mutilation must be leaked into the public domain.

Diana dead. has more chance of winning a personality of the year contest than any other member of the Royal Family (supposedly) alive.

They continue to lurch from one public relations disaster to another. Many people have already sought to question the official explanation as to the cause of the 'accident.' I cannot see the present order continuing, possibly, the conspiracy is about to re-launch itself as a phoney republican revolution, by themselves against themselves. The 'making manifest all that is hidden.'

## THE WEIRDEST CONNECTION

(Allow for time difference from Paris to Los Angeles, USA).

In the film 'TERMINATOR II' 'non-Insider' and paranoid-fantast, James Cameron, presents us with a horrific vision of a future-techno dictatorship. In 1991, he foresaw the pivotal event that brings about the implementation of this New World Order as the atomic bombing of LA.

The date that Sarah Connor screams at us is August 27th, 1997.

Wrong by a mere three days.

Those who fail to understand the lessons of history are condemned to repeat its mistakes...Save your pity for the living...If you ignore this, you may well die.

**DAC - 16th September, 1997**

# CHASING THE UNKNOWN

*The Latest Weird And Wonderful News From  
Around The World*

## GHOSTS AND DEVILS OVER MERSEYSIDE



The local papers here on Merseyside have recently featured several accounts of ghostly encounters at various venues around the county.

The first reports came from 'Peter Kavanagh's' alchouse in Egerton Street, Liverpool City Centre. According to the pub's hostess, Rita Smith, the cellar steps have been plagued by the sound of 'strange bumpings' and a customer was prodded in the back by an unseen assailant whilst standing at the bar.

Following these somewhat inconclusive incidents, Rita was only too happy to rely on the opinion of a medium who is a regular visitor to the pub, that the premises are in fact genuinely haunted, although the account I came across doesn't hint at the 'phantom's' possible identity.

Whatever the case, Rita remains stoically defiant. *'It doesn't bother me a bit, although at first, it was a bit alarming. A couple of people who heard the cellar incident (three times in rapid succession) fled in opposite directions.'*

Equally determined not to allow his fear to get the better of his beer was the man who was prodded in the back. He does however, stand with his back to the wall in a different part of the pub.

*12th July, 1997. Liverpool City Centre. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO.'*

## The Phantom Of The Opera

Just one day later, the same paper carried the story of what they called 'The Philharmonic Hall's very own Phantom Of The Opera.'

It appears that there has for a long time been rumours of that most enduring of spirits; the ghostly grey lady haunting one of the corridors leading to the theatre boxes.

The story has its origins during the Second World War, when one of the day-time cleaners reportedly encountered the figure of a woman sitting in one of the box and thinking at first that she was a human intruder, ran off to fetch the Hall's superintendent to have her removed.

However, when he went over to the 'woman' in order to challenge her, she turned to him and said *'Tell your mother her son will come home,'* before promptly disappearing into thin air.

The shocked superintendent could hardly believe his eyes (or indeed his ears). His brother had been officially listed as missing, presumed dead during the height of battle in some far-off land, and his mother had been devastated with grief. What's more, the 'grey lady's' prediction very quickly came true. The following day the family received confirmation from the Home Office that he had been found safe and unharmed.

In the years since that alleged encounter, the apparition has been seen on several occasions and following a recent spate of refurbishment work, (an oft-reported harbinger of ghostly phenomena - It's almost as if the resident phantom is showing its displeasure at the planned alterations to its surroundings), the spirit has had its presence felt regularly.

Staff working in the eerily empty hall at night have reported unaccountable footsteps, doors mysteriously opening of their own accord and a shadowy figure glimpsed out of the corner of one eye in the vicinity of Box Seven, where the ghost was first seen back in the mid-1940's.

Man of the workers and staff at the hall have noticed that the corridor leading to this very box is somewhat chillier than the rest of the Hall.

Equally convincing that there is indeed something genuinely supernatural going on here are the reports that guide dogs who accompany the blind music-lovers to concerts will often growl upon approaching the corridor and are very reluctant to go down it.



*(Above): The spectral entity said to haunt Britain's theatres has become almost part of our nation's ghostly heritage. As this manufactured photograph of the 'Grey Man Of London's Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, goes to show.*

Not surprisingly, the events co-ordinator Maria Murray, has now elected to cash in on the strange occurrences by organising a 'Ghost Tour' to take place on Halloween, this year.

Maria was quoted as saying; *'We had heard so much about The Grey Lady, we thought we should share her with the public. We have decided to arrange a special evening on October 31st. We will be screening the Hollywood spine-chiller 'THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE' and then taking people on a Ghost Tour. I don't want to give too much away, but we will be revealing plenty of new information about our ghost and providing special effects.'*

Maria claims to have had first-hand experience of the entity (of sorts) just a few months earlier.

*'One of the technicians and I were alone in the building, when we heard a door slam and the sound of footsteps. We shouted "hello" but there was no reply. All we could hear were the footsteps disappearing into the distance.'* As to the identity of the spirit...Again, no one seems to have proffered any potential

candidates, although Maria was willing to at least speculate on the possible reasons the place appears to be haunted.

*'Obviously, we know that the original Hall which was destroyed by fire in 1930, was on the same site. And we believe there was once a graveyard on the other side of Hope Street'*

We await further developments.

*13th July, 1997. Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool  
'LIVERPOOLECHO'*

## The Glowing Ball Of St. George's Hall

And not to be outdone in the ghostly phenomena stakes, the also recently renovated St. George's Hall, has produced a set of its own mysterious occurrences...

Staff apparently believe they have inadvertently disturbed an otherworldly power whilst delving into the historic building's secret catacombs. The trouble started when a Hall attendant was working alone at seven in the morning one day in May this year. She was suddenly confronted with a strange glowing ball of intense white light hovering over a doorway. If that sounds a little far-fetched, then consider if you will, that a few days later another attendant also witnessed a similar phosphorescent sphere suspended in much the same position above the same doorway.

Weird banging noises in what is known as the Reed Room alerted another female helper who bravely (or foolishly - take your pick) went to investigate. Despite being alone in the Hall, she discovered that a fire extinguisher had been somehow unhooked from the wall and moved further along. Several other people have stated independently that they have experienced something they describe as a shove as they stand on the organ steps. Needless to say, no human agency could have been responsible for the assaults.

Many of the Hall's previously hidden rooms have been reopened this year, including catacombs and cells which stretch beneath the length of Lime Street. A spokeswoman for the Hall, Kate Feenan, may have hit the proverbial nail on the head when she surmised that the digging into the building's most secret past may have succeeded only in offending some darkly jealous entity....

*'Maybe we upset somebody. Who can say? All the people who have had these strange experiences are hardy members of staff who are well used to being alone here. They know all the old bumps and groans the building makes. But they've all been spooked by this.'*

*30th July, 1997. St. George's Hall, Liverpool  
'LIVERPOOLECHO.'*

## Wirral Apparitions

As featured in our review section last issue, The Wirral Paranormal Investigations group are extremely active in the field of local research.

Mike McManus and co-investigator Dave Phillips formed the society two and a half years ago in an attempt to personally delve into all manner of strange occurrences. Since its founding it has managed to attract up to 68 members and has since acquired a new venue at Overpool Community Centre (appropriately enough directly opposite the cemetery gates). It holds regular meetings there on the last Monday evening of every month. Mike was quoted as saying in the local press; *'Since we started, we have had new members coming to every meeting. We don't just deal with ghosts, we look at anything, like ley lines, mystical powers and UFO's. If anybody wants us to investigate something we will do our best.'*

Mike's interest in the paranormal was sparked by three sightings of a ghost at his father's house (one assumes somewhere in Ellesmere Port, but as the account does not specify the exact location, I stand to be corrected on that one - Ed). Mike takes up the story; *'I'd just come home and I was going upstairs to the bathroom when a woman came out of it. I just saw the top half of her and she was floating. I scampered into my bedroom, it was so unexpected.'* There were further sightings from the street outside and on one occasion hovering over Mike's bed in the middle of the night.

*'My sister mentioned this figure to my dad a few days later, and he said he'd seen it too. He described it down to the last detail and that made me want to know why these things happen.'*

In the wake of that experience Mike and Dave got together to visit several sites in both Ellesmere Port and throughout the rest of the North West of England. Here, (as Harry Hill might say), are just two for you—

*'Myself and Dave from the group went to the Halfway House pub in Childer Thornton because we had heard a few stories about it. We interviewed the landlord and the landlady before holding a vigil which was quite successful. There are at least five spirits in the pub although the landlord didn't want us to get rid of them because they were no bother.'*

They also held a series of ghost-watches at Ellesmere Boat Museum (featured in a previous issue of 'DEAD OF NIGHT').

*'There are several cold spots there, but one time I felt a distinct presence. I called over another member, but as he came he flew back into the wall - his legs went and everything, and he was shaken up for about two hours.'*

*'A lot of people think we are crackpots and have a laugh at us, but I think people shrug you off because they are scared and don't want to know about these things.'*

As I can testify from experience, it's all too easy to sympathise with you, Mikey.

17th July, 1997. Ellesmere Port, Wirral 'THE PIONEER.'

## A GATEWAY TO THE OTHER SIDE?



Bill Harrison, a self-proclaimed 'spirit healer, has apparently experienced a veritable shower of 'gifts' across some invisible otherworldly border, if the Sunday papers are to be believed.

The apports are said to range from the undeniably beautiful to the entirely mundane.

They include thousands of pieces of jewellery, keys, books, and even a full set of military cannon balls.

The 42-year-old former fireman's home in Blackford Village, near Wells, is convinced that every item that appears within is either a message or a present from the generous carnival of souls who 'live' on some other plane of existence.

The cannon balls appeared individually over a period of time - the last two even carried Bill's initials. He has also received copies of 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' and 'BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS,' both of which, Bill believes, contain hidden messages from one of the senders; Alice Liddle.

Just as mystifying are the reports from scores of people that they have unaccountably received one of Bill's 'Healing Cards' in their respective homes.

*'One woman was even going through into the operating theatre with chest cancer. As she was being wheeled in the ink ran off the card she was clutching and spilled onto her chest. Minutes later, the surgeons said the cancer had completely disappeared.'*

Bill claims he discovered he first had the power to heal whilst he was working as a fireman in Clevedon, near Weston-Super-Mare. He began helping people and animals with medical problems ranging from headaches to various forms of cancer.

Not long after he inaugurated the healing process the first 'gift' arrived from the 'other side' (a small brass candlestick which appeared on his mantelpiece). Bill has assumed it to be a sort of 'spirit world' thank you for the help and assistance he was giving to others.

The single 'gift' soon became a veritable deluge and at the time of writing he had received 900 keys, 4,000 coins, 16 cannon balls, scores of feathers, 600 fish, crucifixes and an iron fleur-de-lis.

He honestly claims that the objects simply appear in his home after having presumably somehow journeyed through time and space. He readily admits however, that he has no idea whatsoever as to the mechanism involved. *'It has to change its molecular structure. Even when you see it you don't believe it.'*

The 600 fish arrived in Bill's driveway with a message contained in a sealed bottle.

It read: *'Bill, beware Canada'*.

Ignoring the warning, he shortly afterwards visited that country and once there personally witnessed hundreds of dead fish killed by pollution and washed up on the Canadian shoreline.

Later, a two-foot golden key turned up inscribed with Bill's name, the date 1660, and the words; *'Gloucestershire, Turkey, and the name Alice'*.

He duly travelled to Turkey and found an identical key in a deserted village. Then he discovered that three people had been wrongly hanged for murder after William Harrison vanished in Gloucestershire in 1660. He later somehow turned up in Turkey.

Recently, Bill received a wax-sealed copy of 'BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS' containing a photograph inscribed; *'For Bill, Alice.'*

Not surprisingly, Bill is now filled with a burning desire to find out just who Alice is, or rather was.

*17th August, 1997. Blackford Village, Nr Wells. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'*

## The Beast With Five Fingers

The less-than reliable tabloid magazine; 'BELLA' featured this item as part of its supernatural series carrying the (ahem) wonderfully original title; *'SPOOKY BUT TRUE.'*

April Roberts, 27, was taking a shower in the warmth and comfort of her Victorian cottage one dark November evening when suddenly and without warning, a hand appeared out of nowhere and reached out to grab her through the gap in the shower curtains.

April, shaking with fear, related how she could feel the fingers *'gripping my arm, but I could see no one was there. Whatever was holding me wasn't human. I was too terrified even to scream. Eventually, the invisible hand released me - but I've never got out of a shower so fast!'*

April moved into the idyllic-seeming cottage with her boyfriend Jason, aged 26, in March, 1990. The couple are convinced that the grasping horror in the shower was merely one of at least four ghosts that they claim haunt the premises. A medium who visited the house was apparently eager to reassure(?) them that the resident spirits include the following—

A 19th century police officer who displays a penchant for hovering suspended halfway up the living room wall. *'He's there to protect us from any unwanted visitors, and is so far doing a good job'*

An old lady who used to live in the cottage and now haunts the landing. She likes April's dogs and cats who spend the majority of their time there because they're petted and fussed over.

A Victorian boy and girl, aged around four and five respectively, who appear wearing a benign smile before promptly vanishing into thin air.

There is also attendant poltergeist activity such as taps turning on by themselves, plates falling down unaided from the cabinets and light bulbs suddenly failing one after another.

Strangely, when you consider that which was speculated earlier in this section about ghosts (whatever they may be), seeming to respond unfavourably to renovation or other similar disturbance, after April had set about re-decorating the house all paranormal activity ceased.

Perhaps this unusual state of affairs can be explained by the fact that April inadvertently(?) happened to choose a colour scheme and style that closely matched the cottage's original.

*'It's as if the spirits wanted the living room back to its formal character before they could truly be at peace.'*

*Every now and then, though, I catch sight of some flickering lights that let me know they're still watching over us.'*

*24th September, 1997. Location unknown, though one presumes, somewhere within the British Isles?. BELLA MAGAZINE'*

# GHOSTS TO THE RESCUE

Not *all* apparitions inspire in their percipients feelings of dark, portentous dread, and a sudden impulse to take to their heels or dive head first under the bed clothes.

Some ghosts seem intent merely upon adopting the role of saviour, or at the very least of Guardian Angel.

Take for example the case of the guesthouse once run by tragically departed Princess Of Wales's 'personal psychic,' Rita Rogers. She claims that that the premises are haunted by spirit who intervened to give warning of a terrifying knife attack.

New owners of Hamworth Guesthouse in Skegness, Lincolnshire, owned by Rita in the late 1970's, were understandably amazed when a 'mist-like apparition materialised in a photograph.

They have since voiced their belief that the 'ghost' is the first owner of the house, Mrs Sarah Anne Goude, who apparently returned from the grave to issue a grim prophecy.

During 'the visitation' the old lady's phantom told Rita that she would be attacked by a woman with a knife - and within only a weeks her prediction came true. Only this message from the spirit world conspired to save her.

Rita had just given a reading to a woman when she demanded a few words inside the house. As she reached to pick up her handbag she noticed that there was a knife lying inside it, and that precise moment she heard a voice warning her that she was in great danger. Chilled with fear, Rita managed to maintain her composure and calmly asked the woman to leave the house. Fortunately, the woman concurred without any level of fuss. It now appears that the restless spirit of Mrs Goude still roams the seaside guesthouse looking in vain for Rita.

Owner Peter Gunner, 57, said; *'It's a strange story, but all the weird goings on do link up and point to Rita. When we lived here an old lady knocked on her door to warn her of a knife attack. Rita listened to her and then shut the door but a few seconds later opened it to ask the woman another question - the woman had vanished into thin air and was nowhere to be seen.'*

Years later, a woman stayed at the guesthouse and told Peter that she knew the house well because her mother was the first owner and had died there.

Peter was quoted as saying; *'Suddenly, everything fitted in. A few Christmases ago I took a photograph of one the decorated restaurant tabled. When it came back it had a strange mist on it. I'm convinced it's the spirit of the old woman, she's obviously still around.'*

Cynics might suggest he would add the following rider, with one eye fixed firmly on the potential for future customers.

*'This is not an evil place though, it's got a lovely, warm atmosphere which everyone notices. We tell all our guests the story and now we have the picture to*

*prove it.'* (unfortunately, we have not yet come across this 'convincing evidence').

*17th August, 1997. Hamworth Guesthouse, Skegness, Lincolnshire. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'*

\*\*\* In Port Angeles, Washington, USA, searchers for Christopher Wearstler, 21, who'd disappeared for nine days whilst hiking, were amazed to see him walk calmly into their camp without a care in the world.

A bemused Christopher informed the searchers that he had been led to safety by the sound of bagpipes and flutes. A ranger dismissed the sound of musical notes drifting across the Washington skyline as nothing more than hallucination brought on by lack of food coupled with exhaustion.

*'We don't have either flutes or bagpipes up here, so we can only assume he was beginning to hallucinate.'*

A logical enough assumption, you might think. But then what are we to make of this next account featured below?

*16th June, 1997. Port Angeles, Washington, USA. 'ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH'*

\*\*\* The well-known actor Brian Blessed was just 900ft from life's ambition of climbing Mount Everest when he was stopped dead in his tracks by what appeared to be his grandfather's ghost.

Brian, 60, was inching slowly towards the 28,028ft summit of the world's highest mountain and was feeling weaker with every step he took. He'd stubbornly refused to make the climb with the aid of oxygen and was now paying the price. He was sure the mistake would prove to be fatal and was reminded of the frailty of his own mortality as he passed the frozen remains of other climbers who had perished on the slopes of that cruel, unforgiving mountain.

*'I was beginning to give up hope. I was in bad shape,'* Brian later related.

*'Then my grandfather suddenly appeared. His figure was extremely well-defined and he looked as if he was in his twenties. I recognised him instantly from photographs I'd seen of him in family albums. Even his clothes were the same. At the time I thought it might be an illusion because I was very near the summit and the lack of oxygen could have been making me hallucinate. (Sound familiar? Ed).*

*But if it had been, it would have stayed with me as I moved away. Instead, my grandfather remained in exactly the same place. I asked him if he was real, and he said; "Of course I am." He told me I should give up and start down the mountain - otherwise I'd die. But he also said I would try again and that I'd reach the summit one day.*

*Telling me that was enormously encouraging. I didn't want to think I'd never reach the top, having come so close before. In fact, I'm going to climb Everest again next Spring (1998), and I'm sure that if my grandfather's got anything to do with it, I'll keep going and reach the top this time.'*

*24th September, 1997. Mount Everest, Himalayas. EVA MAGAZINE'*

# A Host Of Holy Ghosts

The following article appeared in *THE DAILY MAIL*, and would seem to lend some degree of credence to the existence of apparitions, penned as it was by a long-standing 'man of the cloth.' Cynics and sceptics may well disagree and say that in these irreligious times the word of a so-called 'holy man' is every bit as suspect as the word of a well-known confidence trickster or crooked politician, but we repeat it here for your own consideration.



Aelwyn Roberts, 78, is a retired Anglican vicar who hails from North Wales. He worked as a parish priest for more than 45 years. He claims to have psychic powers and by utilising this gift he has been able to both see and speak to countless disembodied entities. He actually classes himself as a kind of 'spirit social worker,' and is more than willing to publicly swear on the Bible that millions of restless souls roam the Earth, unnoticed by less sensitive beings. 'My invitation into the spirit world came when I was 24 and a novice vicar at Bangor Cathedral, North Wales.

I'd just completed my training at St. Michael's Theological College in Cardiff.

A number of the congregation brought to my attention the fact that some of the faithful from the cathedral were attending Wednesday evening meetings of the local Spiritualist Church.

Young and foolish as I was, I delivered a damning sermon aimed at those who "tried to pry through the veil, refusing to let their loved ones rest in peace, and were a danger to their weaker brethren."

A couple of nights later I arrived home to find three elders of the Bangor Spiritualist Church waiting for me. They had heard about my sermon and had come to invite me to attend one of their seances.

Soon afterwards, I found myself in what was dubbed the most haunted house in North Wales, home to two elderly sisters, Madge and Eileen.

Over the years they had seen and heard an array of ghosts but the one which intrigued them most was the ghost of an old man who always announced his arrival from shouting at the bottom of the cellar steps before appearing as a misty figure.

When I arrived, the cosy living room was well-lit and those already there were walking around freely, some smoking cigarettes. It is a silly myth that some ghosts will only make their presence known to people sitting round holding hands in darkness.

Suddenly, to my surprise and great horror, the appearance of one of the two mediums who had accompanied us to the house, a stout young man, was transformed before my eyes.

In place of the medium sat a wizened, toothless old man. He looked around the room and in Welsh (the medium was from Birmingham and like all those in the room except myself, knew no Welsh) said; "What the hell are all these English people doing in my house?"

It took some time to calm him down, but eventually he told us his name was Eban Jenkins, and although he was 50 years old, he told us he was still capable of running his house single-handed.

A pub had once occupied what was now the cottage so to him it was still a public house - hence his announcing his presence from the cellar when he heard what he thought were customers.

The publican's wife, Gwen, mother of his four boys, had died thirty years before, he said, and not a day went by when he didn't think about her.

He explained that two of his sons were dead. At the mention of his eldest boy he began to shake with terror but refused to enlighten us. The cause of his fear, whatever it was, is likely to be the very thing that kept him earthbound.

Suddenly a second medium present called to me to tell Eban his wife was on her way to collect him.

He said; "Haven't I told you Gwen is dead and has been buried in the churchyard over there these past thirty years and you tell me that she is..." His speech tailed off as glanced towards the corner of the room where the ghost of a woman was now standing.

*They embraced and he wept tears of joy as she explained that she had come to take him home.*

*Together they disappeared and the medium, apparently unfazed, returned to the seat which had been occupied by Eban.*

*Searching through the churchyard some time after, we came across a gravestone with the inscription: Gwen Jenkins, dear wife of Eban Jenkins. Died 1850 aged 59. Husband Eban Jenkins. Died aged 90, August, 1880.*

*Until that point a sceptic, I was by then a firm believer in ghosts.*

*I was appointed Vicar of Llandegul soon afterwards with special responsibility for social work in the parish of Bangor.*

*I am not an Exorcist. Their job is to rid buildings of evil spirits and I can honestly say I have never come across an evil spirit. I describe myself as a social worker to ghosts.*

*Over the years I have given names to the ghosts who have made the biggest impressions on me and one such was "the extrovert," a little old lady called Hannah Roberts, who once lived in the tiny village Brynslencyn on Anglesey.*

*Night after night she disturbed the sleep of a young couple, who had moved into what was once her farmhouse, with a scratching noise that they at first blamed in rats. Eventually, on a bitterly cold December night the couple, Peter and Zoe, woke clinging onto their bedclothes which were being pulled from the end. They opened their eyes to find the face of a woman silently leering and pointing at them.*

*Terrified they jumped from the bed, ran downstairs and then half a mile in their pyjamas to take shelter at the nearest farm, vowing never to return to their marital home.*

*After a few days, tired of putting upon relatives, they contacted me for help. They wanted to return to the house, but only if I promised to go with them.*

*Hannah appeared to us. She was a short woman of 60 with a tiny face and rustic cheeks. She had grey hair cut into a bob and wore a long brown dress made of thick blanket-like material and clogs.*

*Having invited her to join us, I asked why she had frightened the couple.*

*She replied defensively: "Why don't they help me find the deeds to the house, the papers that William left before he went to the war?"*

*It turned out that the scratching noise had been Hannah trying to lift floorboards to find the papers she had never been able to uncover during her lifetime.*

*Her husband William, she told us, had been killed in the trenches, a fact confirmed later through village records, without telling her where he had left the tenancy agreement. I asked her the name of the Prime Minister of the day, and she answered, without hesitation; "Hip hip hooray for Lloyd George!"*

*It was her willingness to chat so openly with what was, after all, a room full of strangers which won her the name "the extrovert ghost."*

*She looked such a gentle, homely soul that I asked the couple if they were still frightened of her. They agreed that they'd seen her face in a completely different light on that fateful night and they were now happy for her to stay on as long as she wanted.*

*I know that for many years afterwards she lived happily alongside Peter and Zoe, who went on to host ghost parties for the entire village.*

*One of the saddest encounters of my entire ghostbusting career was the spirit of an unmarried mother.*

*She resided in the house of a retired couple and had cast a deep shadow of gloom, over their home life.*

*She appeared to us there, cowering in one corner and weeping. "Come along and join us", I said. "We all want to help you."*

*After a pause she said; "You must believe me, I did not kill my baby."*

*She told us her name was Margaret Ellis and through her tears, said that she had given birth to an illegitimate boy.*

*Margaret was the local schoolteacher, so news of her pregnancy had caused widespread scandal.*

*As a result, the baby's father arranged for the child, John, to be killed by a local thug who duly obliged by throwing the baby down the stairs.*

*Locals, however, refused to accept her account of what happened and accused Margaret of having taken the baby's life.*

*Until her dying day in 1873, aged 76, she lived with the painful knowledge that her one-time neighbours believe she had murdered the son she loved with all of her heart.*

*It was the utter desperation to clear her name which had stood on the way of her taking up her rightful place in Heaven.*

*Ebryn and I told her we whole-heartedly believed she was innocent of any crime against her child. She dried her tears, turned around and giving us a smile and a wave over her shoulder disappeared.*

*The gloom which filled the house lifted immediately. Again, we were later able to confirm through village records some of the details she had told us.*

*I never wanted to believe in ghosts. It goes completely against the doctrine of my Church which teaches that after death we rest for all eternity.*

*During the past 50 years however, I have seen countless spirits and believe that almost every home has at least one ghostly resident.*

*The ones which go undetected do so because the living residents either have no psychic powers or no notion of how to use them.'*

*An interesting piece, that will surely have the Church elders getting somewhat steamy under their dog-collars at such controversial 'revelation's'*

*As is usual, however, we leave it to you, Constant Reader, to decide the level of credence that should be afforded such an account.*

*26th August, 1997. Bangor, North Wales. 'DAILY MAIL'*

# *Peering Through The Gap In The Curtain: Encounters In The Realm Of Faerie*



*There are few sombre or out of the way places, retired nooks and corners, or sequestered by-paths, that have escaped the reputation of being haunted.*

*Many domiciles had their presiding Boggart, and Feorin (Faeries) swarmed at every turn of the dark, old lanes, and arch-Boggarts held revel at every three-road-end. After dark, each rustle of the leaves, or sigh of the night wind through the branches, to the timid wayfarer heralded the instant and unceremonious appearance of old Wizards and Witches. Nut Cans and Clapcans. The terrific exploits of Headless Trunks (alias "Men Beawt Yeds") and other traditional "Sperrits", Hobgoblins and Sprites, The startling semblance's of Black Dogs, Phantoms, and other indescribable apparitions.*

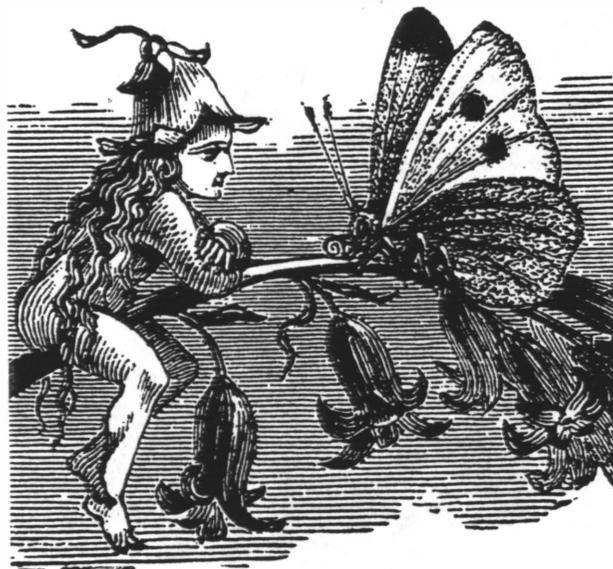
*Grindylow and Jenny Greenleech lurked at the bottom of pits, and with their long, shrewy arms dragged in and drowned children who ventured too near.*

*On Autumnal evenings, the flickering flames of the Corpse Candle, Will O' The Wisp, or Peg a' Lantern, performed his or her fantastic and impossible jumps in the meadows.*

*Faeries were believed to commit many depredations, such as eating the children's porridge, nocturnally riding out the horses, losing the cows in the River Shippon, or churning the milk whilst cawing by the fireside.'*

**(LANCASHIRE FOLKLORE 1867 John Harland - T.T.. Wilkinson)**

The vast majority of people would have you believe it requires the greatest stretch of the most willing imagination to accept the possibility of the existence of Faeries. The fact is though, reported encounters with the inhabitants of 'The Middle Kingdom' are not as uncommon as you may think.



The belief in these elemental spirits, lesser gods, nature sprites, call them what you will, is both ancient and global (although it's fair to say they are reported much less frequently in the United States and Africa). The continents of Europe and Asia seem to be their favourite haunt, and whilst they are known by many different names, their basic description remains essentially the same.

They are said to be at turns benevolent and malicious in their dealings with mankind, and are every bit as unpredictable in their moods as the vagaries of an English Summer.

They are said to be capricious, and simply can't resist interfering in our daily lives, usually to play some harmless, though nonetheless infuriating practical joke upon some unwitting dupe.

There are many theories as to the origin of Faeries. Some say that the concept grew out of inherited folk memories of a conquered race rumoured to have dwelt in Western Europe (most especially, the farthest west of Ireland, the Isles of Scotland, the Isle of Man, Cornwall, Brittany, Wales, Lancashire and Cumbria). They were 'the little people' driven underground by warrior bands of the first wave of invading Celts, who utilised weapons of metal to

destroy their enemies. Forced to take to the mountains and eke out an existence in caves and in mounds beneath the forest floor, they would have no option but to carry out a sort of guerrilla war against their oppressors. Doubtless, they would have to operate at night, and in a necessarily furtive manner, disappearing into the secret darkness once their task had been carried out. Little wonder that, sooner or later, their exploits would assume supernatural status.

A second theory holds that perhaps Faeries are discarded gods or heroes, gradually reduced in importance, to enable a new set of deities to take their place.

Then there are those who contend that 'The Little People' were the personification of the primitive spirits of nature - Elementals.

I've heard it said too, that they are the ghosts of the dead, the spirits of the ancient Druids, or the descendants of a woman cursed by her own sister who was possessed by a Demon, and subsequently exorcised by Christ Himself.

## A Brief Sample Of Faerie Lore

Whatever the truth of their ancestries, they remain very much part of modern folklore, and are said to be, as their name suggests, comely beautiful. The females are sometimes said to take human husbands and even, in some cases, to have children to them.

Sometimes, Faerie-folk would take to stealing a baby from its cot, only to substitute it for one of their own. They were especially fond of baby boys, but there could never be any mistaking this infant for the mother's own. These 'Changelings' were notoriously ugly and wizened, and resembled the offspring of something decidedly inhuman.

The Changeling would neither eat nor drink and would lie all day in its cradle, refusing to move, although it would get up and dance when the mood took it.

To ensure that a family never fell victim to the wiles of the Faerie, it was necessary to acquire various magical charms, and generations ago, every country house would be equipped with a veritable 'First Aid Protection Kit' aimed at warding off ill-disposed entities.

It was thought to be wise to plant a hedge made from Holly bushes around the house, grow an Elder tree or two in the garden, along with Blackthorns, Rowans and Birches. Hollies are feared by both Faeries and Witches, and even the Devil Himself shies away from them. Therefore, to cut a bush down will bring inevitable disaster upon the person who is responsible for this sacrilege.

Birches, the 'bonny birks' are said to indeed grow bonny at 'the gates of paradise.' It's the tree of love, the May Pole, the Midsummer Stang of the Scandinavians; a lucky tree that can never be struck by a single bolt of lightning.

The most powerful Faerie-unfriendly plant, next to the Holly, is the Rowan Tree.

Rowan and red thread helps keep the Little People away from cows when turned into the pastures during the month of May. A thick post made from wood would be placed between the door and the hearth, where Faeries might enter the house, and was considered to be just as powerful as chain on the front door to keep out the unwanted in the modern-age.

No tree however, has more uses for good than the Elder. Some countries still adhere to the belief that the Cross was made from Elder wood, and therefore, Devils, Demons and Faeries of all types give it a wide berth. Rosemary herb is also said to prevent the entry of the little people when burned to ash and placed beneath the doorstep of a house.

Horseshoes, representations of the 'True Cross' and holed-stones (called Witch Stones or Dobbie Stones) suspended in attics or worn around the neck, were all universally accepted as being anathema to the realms of Faerie.

Failing all else, the Lord's Prayer recited loudly and clearly will act as an irresistible deterrent to any discarnate entity. As such, it is a highly effective charm when you're menaced by emissaries from the 'Middle Kingdom' in the middle of the proverbial nowhere.



With Faeries, as with all inhabitants of the supernatural plane, it was considered unwise to call them by their own name. In order to be able to see such creatures you will require either a four-leaved clover or the use of certain ointments. Faeries are often said to exhibit themselves in military-style formations on mountain sides. Such appearances are said to be ill-omened as they presage civil disorder across the 'Real World'

They can become invisible at will, often donning a magical cap in order to render themselves so.

They prefer to wear green, and sometimes their hair and even skin colour is tainted this hue (The origin of the 'Little Green Men' of modern-day Ufological folklore?). The colour white is also associated with Faeries as is brown and grey, and whatever their colour preferences, like Vampires, they must return to their underground realm by cockcrow...Although conversely, this is not always the case, as we shall see later....

## A Guided Tour Of Faerie Land

*'Like the Land Of The Dead, Faerie Land is populated in great numbers...'*

So begins Funk And Wagnall's discourse on this wondrous kingdom in their excellent '*A-Z OF FOLKLORE*' Faerie Land is said to be a vastly more complex place than you might at first suppose. According to folklore, it is ruled over by a King and Queen, but more commonly, it is the Queen who is the dominant force. There is no death, sickness, age, ugliness, nor even any concept of time. Irish belief has it that a mortal man trapped

for just one hour in 'The Middle Kingdom' will emerge to find the rather disconcerting news that 900 years of human time has elapsed.

Faeries live in their own individual houses furnished lavishly in gold and silver. They have great banquets and eat food of indescribable deliciousness. Sensibly, much time is spent pursuing the hugely enjoyable pleasures of drinking and dancing.

Whilst there is no death beneath the hallowed halls, the process of birth does exist, and stories abound of Faerie children and Faeries searching for mortal women to help nurse them. There are even cases of mortal midwives being 'abducted' (those who believe wholeheartedly in the 'Alien Abduction' mythos would do well to note the use of that word in this entirely folkloric context).

Faeries keep only two domestic animals; the horse and the dog. They like to ride in procession on steeds of white whose manes are bridled and hung with silver bells that tinkle musically on the clear midnight air as the Faerie dogs run alongside.

Should a mortal succeed in gaining entry to the realm of Faerie, and fall asleep there, he will awake feeling as though he had slumbered upon a bed of silk and gold, when in reality he'd been resting on a heap of dried rushes and ferns. Not only that, but as stated earlier, he will awake to find that when he returns to his family and friends, his hometown will be confronted by strangers who will have only a dim and distant memory of someone long since reported vanished.

Statements as to the actual size of Faeries differ slightly. According to Giraldus Cambrensis, in the tale of 'Eliodorus,' they are of the smallest stature, but well-proportioned, fair complexioned and have long hair. They dance on the tops of rushes, play in the heather-tops and hide in Foxgloves.

Others varied from about one foot in certain areas, to two feet, and there were even some said to be every bit as tall as human.

They never eat fish or any kind of living flesh, but do feast on a milk diet made into messes with Saffron.

Faeries are very fond of singing and their music is of extraordinary sweetness. On bright moonlit nights, they come out to dance in a ring, sometimes further illuminated by a glow-worm.

Should a mortal be brave or foolish enough to wander into such a ring, he would remain dancing there for a year and a day.

The Little People sometimes rewarded hospitality with gifts of money. There are many stories of people receiving these gifts for no apparent reason, but they generally cease if the secret of their source is ever divulged.

If however, you are unwise enough to offend a Faerie, then your life may well become plagued with disaster and misfortune. If, for example, you were to plough up a Faerie Ring, a terrible curse will inevitably ensue.

An irremediable pain followed the cutting down of a female oak under which the Faeries danced.

Not all Faeries lived within this kingdom however. Some preferred to eke out a solitary existence, becoming associated with a place, or occupation, or household. They are said to be much more varied in nature and behavioural patterns.

They include Dwarves, Kobolds, Brownies, Poteviks, etc. All are familiars who attach themselves to a human household. They sleep in the hearth, and come and go by way of the chimney. They are said to be generally helpful, and though given to bouts of mischievous antics, are generally harmless.

## Modern Day Encounters

Even in the midst of the so-called Age Of Logic And Hard-Headed Reason, accounts continue to filter through to those whose senses aren't so dulled that they lost touch with nature—

Unconvinced? Then read on.

And maybe pause for just a second

To wonder...

In 1820, Thomas Weld of Leagram Hall near Chipping, held some very interesting conversations with a group of tenant farmers in a place called Little Bowland.

*'Joseph Holden of Parkgate had more than once come upon Faerie washerwomen pounding their linen at Buck Banks.'*

*'Old Procter lived at Dinkling Green, and he too spoke of meeting Faerie folk on white stone as an everyday occurrence.'*

*'The Little Folk invariably never remained after such meetings had taken place, disappearing as swiftly as rabbits down their holes. The men who were lucky enough to see them were usually the most respected and respectable members of society!!!'*

Also in the 1820's, the verger of Grindleton Church was taking an evening stroll into a wooded glade that the locals call West Clough Wood. He approached a steep path that wound its way down to the brook known as 'The Cat', he halted to light his pipe. As he did so, he became aware of the sound of pattering feet heading in his direction, and before too long, he could make out tinkling, bell-like voices mixed with laughter. As he watched, doubtless amazed, a group of Little People ran between the trees—

*'Tiny they were. Two feet high, all in green coats and red caps with nebs on them.'*

Or so he related to his neighbours in the wake of the encounter.

His testimony was further afforded further credence by the subsequent account given by two boys who had also witnessed the entities (whatever they were) on separate occasions from the verger. Not surprisingly, their own account had not initially been believed.

Another highly respected Yorkshire man, Doctor Dixon of Rylstone also claimed to have seen the Feeorin. He was travelling alone on foot from Thorpe-in-the-Hollow (near Burnshall in Wharfedale)

to his home late one evening when he too encountered the unbelievable...

The lane he was walking along ran adjacent to the foothills of the high, rock-edged Rylstone Fell. It was common knowledge locally that one of the smooth limestone knolls on one side of the fell was the home of Faeries, but few proved to be as lucky as he in catching sight of their revels. He later confessed to being somewhat 'merry' but asserted that he was nonetheless sober enough not to fall prey to hallucinations.

On nearing a 'tribe of Faeries dancing in a ring in the moonlight,' he broke into their midst and was filled with the mad intention of joining in their capers. Unfortunately, they didn't take to kindly to his uninvited intervention and they began jostling and hustling him until he had no option but to take to his heels, running for his life.

Some accounts tell that the good doctor succeeded in capturing one of the Little Folk, and placed it in his pocket for safekeeping. Predictably however, it managed to secure its escape before Doctor Dixon was able to reach home.



\*\*\* Sometime in 1830, in the Hodder Valley, near Chipping, there were reports of a Boggart that plagued the life of the local miller, Roger Holden.

The Boggart was said to be both alert and ever-willing, indeed somewhat *over-willing* in its attempts at seeking attention for the Holden household were often woken up, and pulled out of bed every morning by the entity.

Its less than helpful moods also required it to take fiendish delight in stampeding the farm horses, whenever they were being led out from the stables.

\*\*\* At Creech Hill near Bruton, two bodies were found during the 1880's, whilst quarrying work was going on. Both corpses crossed each other and they immediately crumbled to dust when exposed to the country air. They were thought to be the ancient remains of both a Saxon and Norman warrior.

Whether this discovery has any bearing on the subsequent reports is open to conjecture. Decide for yourself...

The wasteland below the hill was (and maybe still does) have a bad name locally, and at one time was infested with badgers and hares. Travellers, passing the area late at night often reported hearing footsteps treading slowly behind them and 'a gruesome black shane suddenly leaping over the hedge.'

One account describes how a farmer returning from market saw something lying in the middle of the road and fearing it was someone hurt, went to offer his assistance. When he was just a few feet away, it quickly rose to its true height and emitted a terrifying screech.

The farmer took to his heels, his uncanny pursuer easily keeping pace with him until he fell, exhausted across his own fire-lit threshold. His family saw a long, black figure bounding back in the direction of Creech Hill, and heard a bone-chilling peal of laughter as it disappeared into the night.

Another Bruton man once had urgent need to cross Creech Hill in the wee hours before dawn and, being conversant with the area's reputation for weirdness, armed himself with a lantern and a hazel stick. Halfway across the Hill, he suddenly became aware of a deadly coldness and something tall and black rose from the ground at his feet. He struck at it with his staff, but the stick went straight through the entity and he found his feet were rooted firmly to the ground. Peals of crazy laughter deafened him at every stroke he made.

He was only finally freed with the sound of a distant cock crow.

He was left alone on the hill in the pale light of dawn, and after taking a few tentative steps forward, fell in dead faint.

He was later found by two workmen who readily agreed that he would have been surely dead if he hadn't taken the precautions of a lantern and hazel rod.

\*\*\* And in case you were getting around to thinking that there are no reports from the *Twentieth Century*, consider this from the 1940's....

During the blackouts of the Second World War, a woman in the Isle Of Man, returning home one night in the dark, decided to take a short cut across a gorse-grown field instead of keeping to the appointed path. Predictably, she soon lost her bearings and wound up wandering aimlessly all night. She became totally lost but was able to recall later how she had been able to see a light now and then somewhere in the distance. For a moment, she would desperately try to reach it, but all the time she could feel something invisible, yet nonetheless powerful, drawing her away. She felt sure it was the work of Faeries.

\*\*\* In 1935, Dermott MacManus related that his aunt in Mayo, Ireland, decided to hire a girl from a neighbouring village, and duly sent her off on an errand which involved passing a Beechwood-capped hill called Lis Ard.

The place was rumoured to be ringed by a 'Faerie Fort,' and normally, she would not have gone any closer to it than was absolutely necessary. However, the girl had succumbed to a bout of homesickness, and was eager to catch a glimpse of the village where she'd been brought up.

Disregarding the warning voice that told her to steer well clear, she climbed the hill regardless, gazing at

the panoramic view from within the enclosed wood at the summit.

Nothing untoward occurred until she was making her way back down again. She'd just been approaching a gap in the bank when 'she felt a queer kind of jerk from inside her rather than from outside, and before she realised what had happened, found herself walking quickly in exactly the opposite direction towards the centre of the wood again.

*The same thing happened when she tried the gap a second time.'*

More exasperated than afraid, she then made for the point at which she'd entered, 'but now she received her greatest shock, for she felt as if an invisible wall was there which she could not pass.'

She was trapped for hours behind this 'magic wall,' which felt so solid that she could follow it around with her hands.

Meanwhile, concern in the village for her whereabouts was growing with each passing minute. Evening passed slowly into night, and eventually four search parties were ordered to set out to try and find her.

The girl said later, that one party had actually passed within twenty yards of her, but for some reason they were unable to see her, or hear her increasingly frantic cries for help. And this despite the fact that she could see and hear them perfectly clearly.

Some unknown time later, she suddenly became aware that 'the barrier', whatever it was, had gone, and she was at last able to return home, frightened and exhausted.

\*\*\* And in 1980, an unnamed girl from Cahirciveen, Ireland, was walking home from work one dark December evening when she saw a 'tiny man with brown skin and a long nose who mounted astride a black cat' which bounded across the lane directly in front of her.

As she stood and watched in shocked amazement, the 'faerie', still riding the cat, leapt over a nearby wall.

To bring things fully up to date though, the following accounts appeared in the September 25th, 1997, edition of 'THE DAILY MAIL.'

Claire Nahmad, 38, lives alone near Scunthorpe, North Lincolnshire, and was keen to tell the papers readers that 'I was 16 when I first saw the Faeries, and still at school. It happened on the shores of a little lake near my home in Haxey, Lincolnshire, when I was out with my boyfriend, Ken.

*It was twilight, and although I didn't realise it then, Faeries are Twilight People: they exist in that sphere of consciousness between being wide awake and totally oblivious. We used to go to the lake in the early evening and stay until dark. That Summer we kept noticing an electric charge building up in the atmosphere.*

*Then one evening all kinds of things started to happen, there was a tremendous beating of wings, though no birds were there, and a powerful wind shook the bushes, even though everything else*

*remained still. As the twilight deepened, small figures appeared and danced on the water. They were flowing, graceful, and although the light didn't allow us to see the colours, I had the impression that they were silver, blue and grey.*

*They seemed eager to make contact, remaining in mental communion with us as they floated away down the lake.*

*My boyfriend saw them, too, and I think the experience led to the break-up of our relationship because of a fundamental disagreement over what it meant.*

*Ken felt we were being honoured by supernatural powers because we were special and in some way deserved it. I said that we weren't special, it was just that the Faeries had allowed us to see them and we should feel privileged rather than deserving.*

*He was excited and full of himself but I felt in awe of them. I was humbled. There was such a difference in attitude that we split up (And surely that must be a first, having a your relationship terminated by 'The Little People - Ed).*

*I realised then that there are other beings on this Earth who are beautiful, close by and who are always going to be there to help, guide and make life better.*

*It was such a subtle but undeniable experience that I never once thought it was just my imagination. It didn't have the wishy-washy element of fantasy. It was very clear.*

*I had always been aware that there were more dimensions to life than those I could see and hear, but it was only gradually that I realised other people didn't share my belief. That was quite a shock.*

*One of my earliest Faerie experiences happened when I had just turned seven and on a family holiday in Wales.*

*We had stopped for a picnic at the foot of a mountain and my brother and I went off to play but got separated. I became totally lost and, being frightened, I made a subconscious plea for help from the other world and suddenly, I heard voices calling.*

*I followed the sound, thinking that it was my parents, and, true enough, I turned a corner, saw them at a distance and was able to run into my dad's arms.*

*When I reached them, I asked if they had called me and they said "No" - they hadn't even known I was lost.*

*After leaving school I went to live in a little village called Little Limber in the depths of the Lincolnshire countryside. It was a lonely spot but beautiful with majestic woodlands and only two remaining houses.*

*I was pregnant and decided to conduct a special ceremony, called a Faerie Indication, for my baby, who turned out to be a daughter, Rebecca. I was full of hopes and dreams and, wanting her to be particularly happy.*

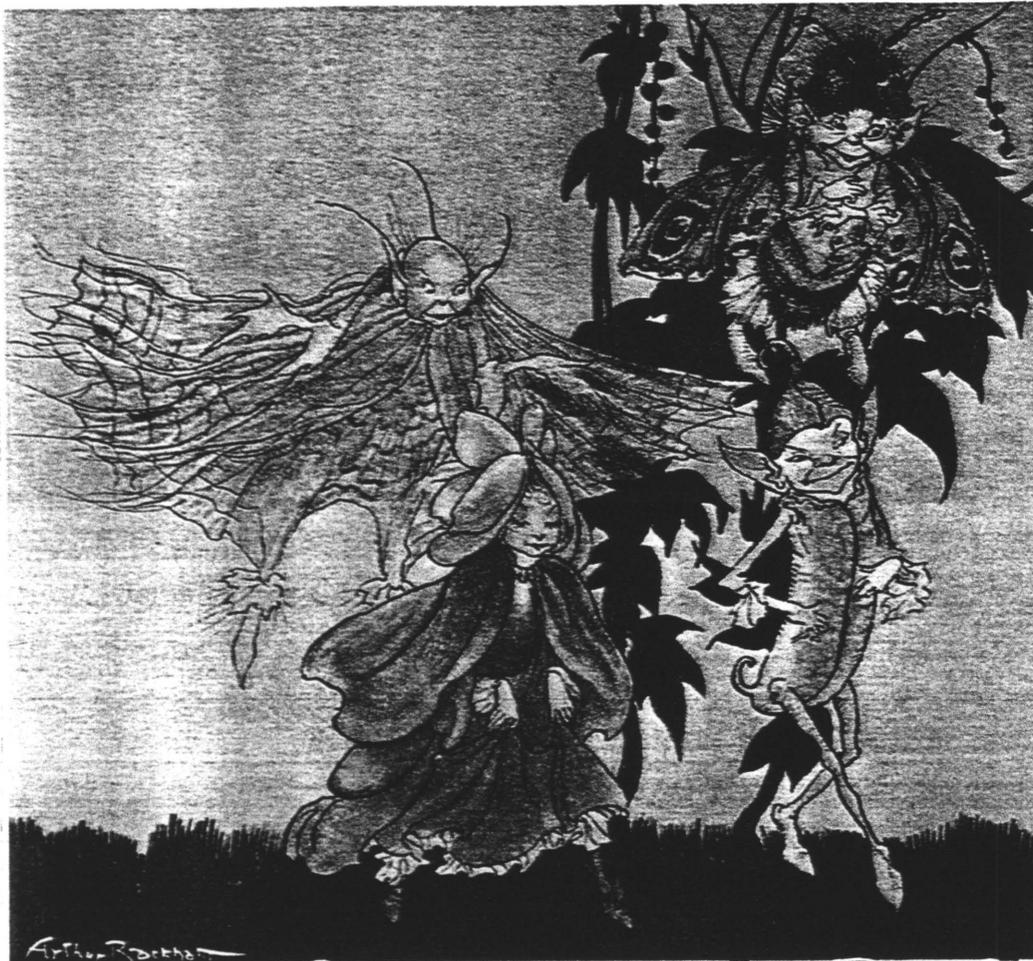
*I asked the Faeries to bring her certain gifts.*

*They were music, song, poetry and scholarship. That's quite a tall order, especially as no one in our family has ever been musical.*

*I asked the Faeries for these things in a wood on the Earl of Yarborough's Brocklesbury Estate. I went through the ceremony at the edge of a little pool. I felt very powerful and, although I didn't use any kind of formal ritual, I deliberately and consciously stated my requests.*

*Twenty years on, my daughter has just left King's College, London, having taken her music degree. She has a superb classical voice, writes beautiful poetry and has succeeded with her studies - so I think I did rather well. Rebecca and I have had a few experiences with Faeries together. Once we found a Faerie ring in remote woods near Wroot, the Lincolnshire village we were living in.*

*Rings are caused by fungi - that's the scientific explanation - but it's also believed they occur where magnetic fields cross. A ring is a large circle of beautiful, lush, green grass, while the grass around it is not as green. Sometimes toadstools and mushrooms grow in the ring.*



*Rebecca stood in the centre and made two wishes. It was a light-hearted game but they both came true. The first was to own a special ring and the second was that fish would appear in the dyke surrounding her grandparent's house.*

*A few weeks later Rebecca found a ruby ring in my dad's orchard. It must have been in there for years. And the dyke, which formerly didn't have any life in it at all, suddenly swarmed with Sticklebacks. But only for that year. After that they never appeared again and there are no Sticklebacks there to this day.*

*Faeries have enhanced my life and although the actual meetings have been few, I feel they talk to me mentally. Just being in contact with Faeries, meditating and feeling them talking to me in quiet places is comforting. Faeries and human beings are made for each other, they are meant to interact. And when we do something very remarkable takes place.*

*There are many ways Faeries are beneficial. One is that they bring a joy to our lives that mostly, almost inevitably, we lose in early childhood.'*

*Hazel Raven was next up to profess her belief in the existence of 'The Little People.'*

*'Have you ever seen a Hummingbird? They move so fast that you can't see their wings. That's how Faeries move - very, very fast. They are also the same size as Hummingbirds - around three inches long.*

*I first became aware of Faeries as a child. I saw incredible lights, which would slow down like a fluttering butterfly, before realising they were tiny figures - pretty little things with wings like gossamer.*

*Whenever I'm out in the woods I see them. And not just in this country - I spend time in America and they have Faeries too.*

*My first sighting as a child was probably my most memorable. I was in Wales, sitting on the grass looking at Snowdon, when I saw the mountain open and lots of little people coming out - Faeries.*

*I ran excitedly to my parents, who were quite cross, saying this kind of thing doesn't happen. But it does.*

*As an adult I was in the Rockies and the mountains opened there, too. Sparkling lights pored out and became the tiny forms. It felt incredibly beautiful, gentle, loving and peaceful.*

*I tend to see Faeries early morning or evening in places where people don't go much, or where gardens have been turned over to nature, like mine.*

*Everybody has the potential to see them, or at least to be aware they are there. It's a question of tuning in.*

*People tend to see lights first because Faeries don't instantly reveal their whole selves.*

*I think they help human beings get in touch with the part of them they've lost - the child part. The purity.*

*I believe they are in another dimension and when that becomes thin they are able to show themselves.*

*Faeries are a loving force who exist to enlighten humans.'*

The final witness/believer featured is Brian Froud, aged 50, is an artist and illustrator, who lives at Chagford, near Exeter, with his wife Wendy, and son Toby.

*'Doesn't everyone believe in Faeries? When I went to college to study graphic design I came across a book by Arthur Rackham which showed some wonderful trees with faces. They reminded me that, as a child, I went to a country school surrounded by woods. Suddenly, there was a recognition of what I felt as a child - that I was surrounded by life.*

*That started my interest in Faeries. I did a lot of research and began to paint them.*

*Like me, my son was aware of Faeries when he was quite young. He complained about a blue thing that shot through his room and pink boys under his bed.*

*Toby was quite convinced he had seen those pink boys. He said they were little Gnome figures who were pulling faces and making him cry.*

*I got a psychic friend to frighten them and banish them to the bottom of the garden. Once they were back down there, everything was fine.*

*Children tend to be able to see Faeries more than adults because the rational mind takes over and we lose our ability to see them.*

*Unfortunately, Faeries have taken over my creative life. The creatures I paint come from somewhere and are all shapes and sizes. Some are the usual pretty ones with wings, while others are small, lumpy and grotesque. Some actually look like Aliens. They all have different personalities, good and evil.*

*My pictures are intuitive and take a long time. They speak to me through my mind. I suppose it's not using rational thought but the heart.*

*The concept of Faeries most of us have is of pretty creatures with gossamer wings and gauzy dresses. My Faeries range from that to strange, bog-eyed ones. I also paint pictures of pure light, which is the energy of a Faerie and the way they actually are. They just form themselves into more recognisable images so we can understand them.*

*I think Angels are grown-up Faeries, part of a hierarchy we call the supernatural, but it is natural to me. It's just beyond things we normally experience and see, but it seems to me to be very much part of the natural world.*

*They're the hidden agencies of nature and the energies underneath it all.*

*Faeries don't always have wings, and the wings are not used to fly. Faeries can move through the air, but they don't actually flap their wings. It is all the forces, the energy flowing through the bodies and out of the back, which create the wing shape.*

*I believe that as well as being in woods, Faeries are also in urban areas. You're just as likely to see one in the middle of Trafalgar Square.*

*They like people who are open to them and they will reveal themselves when they're so inclined.*

25th September, 1997. 'DAILY MAIL'

## ***Fairies: (Real Encounters With The Little People)***

Author: Janet Bord. Publisher: Michael O Mara. Price: £15.99 Hardback.

Reviewed by Malcolm Robinson (SPI).

Ask anyone in the street what they think of Faeries and I'm sure you'll get a mixed response, from the obvious(!) to the "I don't know".

This book presents an absolute wealth of data about 'The Little People' ('The Wee Folk') which revealed more than a few surprises for this reviewer. I wasn't aware that so many incidents had apparently occurred involving people who'd encountered Faeries. Full credit is due Janet Bord for uncovering them. Janet tells us that more often than not the people who see Faeries do so when they least expect it, usually when their minds are empty or they are busy daydreaming. The witness is quite frequently alone, although there are cases on record that prove that sometimes, a parallel vision can be experienced.

Folklore states that Faeries are often seen dancing, and Janet speculates that they are performing some sort of ancient ritual, in a similar way to the Witches, who for centuries have been rumoured to congregate at lonely places at midnight.

Another seemingly valid point is made by Janet when she says that perhaps if we were all psychic and not too preoccupied with the day to day running of our mundane lives, then we would all see Faeries (and probably other things as well, I guess!!!).

What amazes me is that anyone could ever miss a Faerie, seeing as how they have a penchant for wearing such brightly coloured clothing...All green jackets, red bobble hats, and yellow trousers!!!

The largest number of Faerie sightings this century have come from Ireland where the tradition of the Little People has lingered longest. A recent example occurred in the early 1990's in the Aran Isles off Donegal. Fifteen year old Brian Collins says he witnessed two 'Little men about three and a half feet tall dressed in green with brown boots who were laughing and talking in Irish.'

The surprising thing about this book that I found was the fact that not only do we have reports of Faeries seen outdoors, but there appear to be many accounts of manifestations indoors as well. Even more remarkable are the stories of Faerie cars, boats, and even planes!!!

Probably the most amazing tale to be found in this book, is that which concerns one 'wee man' about eighteen inches high, being torn to shreds by two dogs. This case, from America, relates that the unfortunate entity was dark green in colour and that his torn body revealed a set of normal internal organs. The following day, there was nothing to be seen at the site of the incident.

One of the most intriguing chapters in a fascinating book, at least as far as this reviewer is concerned, is the chapter devoted to UFO's and their occupants, which in some cases, Janet tells us, are very reminiscent of Faerie accounts. Her own speculations are that some of the Little People might be real, and that they live in another world which exists parallel to ours....

There is no doubt about it, this has to be a classic of its kind, and I take my hat off to Janet Bord for a thoroughly enjoyable and thought-provoking book.

## **Witchcraft In The World Today The Number Of The Beast**

In Greece, thousands of nuns gathered in angry protest outside parliament against a vote which decreed that joining the European Union would result in the removal of existing border controls.

The religious groups weren't so concerned about the potential illegal immigrant ramifications, however. Oh no, they were far more worried about the fact that EU identity cards will carry the dreaded number 666 - the theological sign of the Great Beast Of Revelations - in their bar codes...

11th June, 1997. Greece. 'USA TODAY.'



\*\*\* Meanwhile, a car commercial which featured a motorist's face turning into a representation of the Devil, drew an amazing 241 complaints to the Independent Television Commission, some actually having the gall to claim that it badly frightened their children.

Upholding the complaint, the 'terrifying' advert for the Citroen's Saxo, was ordered not to be screened before the 7:30pm (one presumes) 'Demon Watershed'.

7th July, 1997. Britain. 'DAILY MAIL'

## **The Possessed Teddy Bear**

Police in Shreveport, Louisiana, had no hesitation in charging Jake Crawford, aged 28, with aggravated arson after a house fire.

Jake, nevertheless, sought to place the blame upon his stuffed, innocent-looking teddy bear.



He'd apparently set it alight because he believed it was possessed by Demons and that the eyes of the toy were actually camera lenses from which the bear was spying on him.

22nd September, 1997. Shreveport, Louisiana, USA. 'BEST MAGAZINE.'

## **Divorced Because Of Witchcraft**

Walter Kem, 27, who was fighting for custody of his son in Garden City, New Jersey, testified that his ex-wife was an unfit mother to Brandon, aged three, because she had taken to practising Witchcraft.

The curiously named Rana Kem, 35, Walter's ex-wife, readily admitted she was indeed a Witch, but countered that he was one too. She even produced a somewhat incriminating photograph of him participating in a pagan fertility ritual.

Not surprisingly, she succeeded in getting custody.

23rd February, 1997. Garden City, New Jersey, USA. 'BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.'

\*\*\* Meanwhile, over in California, Voodoo was being blamed for the fact ten workers from a single firm suddenly fell ill.

A cow's tongue was reportedly found concealed in their office.

26th August, 1997. California, USA. 'DAILY SLUR.'

\*\*\* And finally, Morrismen Dave Jenkinson, Chris Jones and Graham Potter all became fathers after reviving a centuries-old fertility dance with the Ford End dancers from Chelmsford, Essex.

4th August, 1997. Chelmsford, Essex. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

# Strange Days In The Animal Kingdom

## REVOLT OF THE ANIMALS

### THE BIRDS III

In the wake of a recent spate of reports concerning attacks by seagulls all along the south-coast of England, comes this latest account from the Cornish village of St. Ives...

Unsuspecting tourists have been plagued by the hungry birds, swooping down on man, woman and child alike, to sample the takeaway meals they've purchased.

Local reports speak of how quickly the marauding gulls have lost their seaside charm and have instead taken on the role of the villains in Alfred Hitchcock's classic horror movie; *'THE BIRDS'*



Not that the tourist's plight has succeeded in evoking much sympathy from the residents of the tiny fishing village. On the contrary, they blame the visitors themselves for eating in the open air and virtually issuing a virtual invitation to the gulls to feast on their meals.

*'For generations the seagulls have lived cheek by jowl with man and lived on what man provides,'* says Peter Murrish, chairman of the St. Ives Trust.

*'In the old days they followed the fishing fleet, but that has gone now, and instead we have the takeaway food shop. They (the gulls) do not know that the food is not being generally offered. If they see it, they try to swoop down and take it.'*

And the picking are so good that the birds have taken to abandoning their cliffside nesting places in favour of rooftops in the town itself.

28th July, 1997. St. Ives, Cornwall. *'DAILYMAIL'*

\*\*\* Meanwhile, the village of Avebury is being invaded by, of all things, a flock of rampaging peacocks.

The beautiful, if somewhat noisy creatures have taken to attacking passers-by, fouling some of southern England's best-kept lawns, flattening flowerbeds and even showing

scant disregard for the floral tributes placed in the local graveyard by hungrily gobbling them up.

Peggy Blake, warden of St. James's parish church, was quoted as saying that the birds had been upsetting visitors to the cemetery. *'The smell from their droppings is not very pleasant at all, and the squawk they make can be quite frightening if you're not expecting it.'*

Peacocks have been associated with Avebury Manor for generations, and gardeners have long gotten used to attacks on their handiwork. Only in recent years has the nuisance value increased to become well-nigh intolerable and much more widespread.

Parish counsellor Judy Farthing said; *'People in the village have become very upset about these birds. They are very large, and they fly around at low levels, and some people have complained about being intimidated. They also strut around the streets in twos and threes and attack people's gardens.'*

30th July, 1997. Avebury, Wiltshire. *'DAILYMAIL'*

\*\*\* Something strange seems to be going on with Britain's peacock population because a bunch of the increasingly pesky were also being blamed for attacks on visitors' cars at Newstead Abbey, former home of 19th century poet Lord Byron. A spokesman for Nottingham Council said that birds peck and claw the cars after seeing their reflections and mistaking them for the real thing.

7th July, 1997. Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire. *'DAILY EXPRESS'*

\*\*\* Marauding peacocks were also damaging parked cars at night in Hampshire...

Police hunting suspected human vandals were amazed to discover that the culprits were in fact a band of roaming peacocks going AWOL from a nearby farm.

13th July, 1997. Hampshire. *'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'*

## Killer Vultures, Cannibal Chickens And Thieving Owls

In northern Spain, problems of the feathered variety are being posed by Griffon vultures that seem to have developed a decidedly unhealthy appetite for live meat (as opposed to carrion).

Flocks of the ungainly looking birds have been rumoured to be responsible for the deaths of 33 sheep in and around Navarre, during the past twelve months. Normally, this species of vulture would avoid mere contact with any living creature, never mind attack and devour it...

15th May, 1997. Navarre, Spain. *'LIVERPOOLECHO.'*

\*\*\* In Athens, Greece, police have been forced to confiscate 9,000 chickens and immediately order their destruction. They were said to be looking for 1,000 more and 90,000 eggs that came from a hatchery where starving birds began feeding on each other.

No one had reported any ailments linked to eating the chickens, which were discovered dining on their coop-mates after neighbours called police to complain about odours coming from the Athens-area farm.

But because the birds ate rotting flesh, 'experts' interviewed by the Greek media warned that people could contract salmonella and other poultry-related diseases by eating the chickens.

The chickens were part of a flock of 35,000 birds abandoned at a farm just outside Athens. The company that owned the farm couldn't afford to feed the birds, and 12,000 died. The others fed on the dead birds.

3rd April, 1996. Athens, Greece. *'COLUMBUS DISPATCH.'*

\*\*\* A jet was forced to make an emergency landing after the captain suspected that something had been sucked into the plane's engine.

It was later discovered that a startled eagle had dropped a fish just after the plane took off in Alaska. Only a few scales were found.

June, 1997. Alaska. *'THE VIRGINIAN.'*

\*\*\* And a prowler who had developed a taste for red lacy underwear from washing lines was finally exposed as a tawny owl.

The thieving critter was later taken into (ahem) custody at Stafford Bird Sanctuary.

5th August, 1997. Stafford. *'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'*

## Feast Of The Vampires



Between the months of June and July this year, real-life Vampire Bats have been inflicting mayhem from Argentina to Holland.

Rabies-infected bats killed more than 10,000 cattle as well as a human farm labourer in the Northern Argentine province of Chacao.

And in Rotterdam, Holland, three people had to be vaccinated against the killer disease after being bitten by Vampire Bats which went berserk in their artificial cave in the local zoo.

24th June, 1997. Chacao, Argentina *'LIVERPOOL ECHO'* 2nd July, 1997. Rotterdam, Holland. *'DAILY MANC.'*

## Revenge Of The Rodents

Holidaymaker Ian Wright's (no, not *that* Ian Wright - Sporty Ed) dream trip to Trivandrum, southern India, turned into a personal nightmare when a hungry rat decided to eat his false leg as he slept.

Ian, 47, had left the false limb next to his bed in the hotel.

When he woke he was horrified to find that the rat had almost gnawed half-way through it. Ian was quoted as saying: *'It must have been a monster as it had almost gnawed clean through the side of my leg. The worst thing is I'd put it on the floor by the headboard, so the beast must have been chewing away merrily right next to my head.'*

His wife added; *'We were in a pretty basic hotel and the rat crawled through a gap in the floorboards.'*

13th April, 1997. Trivandrum, southern India. *'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'*

\*\*\* In Hanoi, Vietnam, district officials just outside the capital went on record as saying that 62,628 rats and mice were exterminated over a mere three days last March.

The mass of rodents came mostly from 26 rice co-operatives in northern Vietnam's Ha Tay province, about 20 miles west of Hanoi.

Local officials were forced to offer the modest sum of 100 dong, or less than a penny, for each dead rat turned over to the authorities, such is the rodent epidemic facing the country.

9th March, 1997. Ha Tay province, Vietnam. *'SUNDAY ENTERPRISE.'*

\*\*\* In Honduras, a total of fourteen patients were killed in a hospital when a rat managed to gnaw through power cables supplying electricity for their life support machines.

27th August, 1997. Honduras. *'DAILY EXPRESS'*

\*\*\* A boss of a company in Essex was (a, and if you will, hem) well cheesed off after his prized Ferrari car was ruined by a mouse.

The unnamed man was starting up his 190mph Testarossa, when it suddenly seized up. He lifted the lid of the bonnet and found that a mouse had somehow slipped in and had fallen asleep, jamming the timing belt and wrecking the engine.

The driver from Brentwood, Essex, said; *'I couldn't believe something so small could do so much harm. It will cost at least £5,000 to repair.'*

6th June, 1997. Brentwood, Essex. *'DAILY SLUR'*

\*\*\* A suicidal racoon nearly caused the death of a driver in Florida, this June.

The unnamed driver was actually knocked unconscious by the force of the animal crashing through his windscreen, and was only saved from death by his son who coolly took control of the vehicle and brought it to a stop.

The racoon died.

6th June, 1997. Florida, USA. *'DAILY EXPRESS'*

\*\*\* Vets were concerned enough to carry out urgent Rabies tests on a pet rabbit which escaped and terrorised a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts.

The less-than-cuddly bunny, called 'Snowball,' gained freedom from its hutch and promptly went for at least three adults and a two-year-old child before being cornered by 76-year-old Francis Mangan, one of his victims.

*'Society is safe again,'* remarked police officer William Foster, somewhat smugly.

13th July, 1997. Boston, Massachusetts, USA. *'DAILY EXPRESS'*

## INSECTS BACK ON THE MARCH AGAIN

In Tegucigalpa, Honduras, swarms of locusts have been attacking farms in the north and west of the country, according to officials.

Farmers on the border of Guatemala and in the northern region of Cortes say millions of the three-inch long insects

had destroyed fields of corn and mango, cashew nut and coconut trees.

30th May, 1997. Tegucigalpa, Honduras. 'BOSTON GLOBE'

## Killer Caterpillars

And in Sao Paulo, caterpillars, whose toxin rivals a cobra's bite have killed one man and injured a total of sixteen others in Southern Brazil.

Officials reported that; 'Over the course of one week a farmer was killed and there were 16 people hospitalised, two in a very serious condition.'

The dark green insects, known as 'Fire Caterpillars,' grow to about two inches and are covered with hundreds of tiny hair-like spines that act like hypodermic needles to secrete lethal venom.

Contact with the insects causes serious burning and, if left untreated, it can lead to high fever, bleeding from the nose and ears, kidney failure and death.

'Most people can be treated with anti-hemorrhagic medicine but the farmer waited for two days before seeking treatment and he went into a coma,' the official said.

The lethal pests, whose scientific name is *Ionomia obliqua*, have killed at least ten people and injured dozens in the past several years in the southern states of Parana, Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catarina.

A Brazilian study published in a London medical journal last October, found that the caterpillars were three to six times as deadly as poisonous snakes in the region.

The caterpillars appear in southern Brazil from December to March each year. They become harmless after they turn into butterflies.

Authorities worried that children maybe attracted to the furry looking creatures and want to touch them, issued a nation-wide warning about the insects.

Biologists have speculated that the increase in the species may be related to the fact that toxic fertilisers and deforestation have killed off many of the caterpillar's natural predators.

14th March, 1997. Brazil, South America. 'BOSTON GLOBE'

## INVASION OF THE 'SUPER-WASP'

Researchers have found that for the last decade vast numbers of insects have crossed the English Channel and are spreading across Britain in a sky-darkening cloud.

Rare butterflies, poisonous Mediterranean spiders and now, swarms of so-called 'Super Wasps,' have begun taking advantage of our hotter summers and unusually mild winters.

If the climate 'experts' are proved correct in their predictions of still warmer weather headed our way, even more exotic species could follow.

At the head of the invasion is the European Super Wasp, a bigger, more aggressive, nastier specimen than our domestic version. It made its debut appearance in Brighton during the 1980's and has since spread to Yorkshire and Cornwall. In just a couple of years time it could cover England and Wales.

The wasps - *Dolichovespula media* - are known for their powerful stings and build nests, often in garden shrubs, hedges or trees. That of course means they are more likely to be disturbed by humans than are ordinary domestic wasps nests, commonly found in attics and eaves.

'Experts' believed they travelled from France or Belgium, either by flying here themselves, or by hitching a ride on a ferry. Cambridge University 'expert' Dr Michael Majerus

said many were migrating north because of changing climates or habitats. They include the Bee Wolf - a large wasp which actually feeds on Honey Bees. In the 1970's it was found only on the Isle Of Wight and Essex, but now it has reached as far north as Yorkshire.

'Experts' say it is migrating 30 miles a year.

Some of the newcomers are poisonous. The *Stenodora nobilis* spider came over from the Canary Islands in fruit and has since readily adapted to our warmer summers. Large, with a blotchy grey and brown colouring, its bite is more painful than a wasp's sting.

The yellow winged darter dragonfly arrived over the Channel in the summer of 1995 and has settled in Norfolk. It too is heading gradually northwards.

Painted lady and red admiral butterflies and the death's head moth have also become permanent residents.

The butterfly population explosion has also been engendered by the recent spate of storms and gales taking place thousands of miles away from British shores.

Bad weather around the Bay of Biscay during the last week in August, has led to millions of Small Tortoiseshell butterflies arriving from over the sea along the north Norfolk coast.

The insects were migrating in Europe and were simply blown of course into Britain by the excessive winds.

Butterfly Conservation's Information Line also reported more than a quarter of a million fluttering in from France.

Another common species, the Small White, was seen with the Small Tortoiseshells.

Other recent arrivals include Red Admirals in Fife, Scotland, and sightings of the rare Camberwell Beauty in Belfast. Lime Hawk Moths were also recorded in Southampton

17th September, 1997. Britain. 'DAILY MAIL'

\*\*\* Meanwhile, killer bees have been on the rampage in Arizona of late.

In Elroy, during April, a swarm of bees attacked Frank Garcia, aged 72, and were later identified by biologists as Africanised Killer Bees.

And then in June, also this year, a similar swarm were suspected of stinging a Henry Bryan Rock, 52, somewhere between 70 to 100 times. Henry, from the town of Mayer, was later hospitalised and said to be in a serious condition. There was no further news as to whether he pulled through or not at the time of going to press.

28th April, 1997. Elroy, Arizona, USA. 'USA TODAY'/19th June, 1997. Mayer, Arizona, USA. 'USA TODAY.'

\*\*\* Over in the French town of Lesparre, people have been given an additional amount of time to pay up after a attack by woodworm left their local tax office close to collapse.

29th July, 1997. Lesparre, France. 'DAILY EXPRESS.'

\*\*\* And finally, in August, a cricket match had to be abandoned after the pitch was invaded by thousands of flying ants. Players failed to drive them off with boiling water in Lanner, Cornwall.

5th August, 1997. Lanner, Cornwall. 'DAILY SLUR.'

## Animal Saboteurs

In Mercer Island, Washington, USA, the blame for a constant series of hoax fire alarms at Islander Middle School, was finally pinned upon a classroom's pet iguana.

Iggy, who was allowed to roam around the biology classroom, has since been confined to quarters.

After the first alarm, a school administrator suspected that Iggy might have snagged the classroom's fire alarm pull chain with its tail. The iguana's cage was moved away from the wall but apparently not far enough.

Seventh-grader Katrina Spanhurst was outside planting pansies with her horticultural classmates when the second alarm sounded a few days later.

*'We ran in, and we knew it must be the iguana. We saw it hanging by its hands on the fire alarm.'*

23rd May, 1997. Mercer Island, Washington, USA. 'ST LOUISPOST-DISPATCH.'

\*\*\* A horse managed to silence Valleys Radio for two consecutive days after it bit through a transmitter cable in a field in Ebbw Vale, Gwent.

8th August, 1997. Ebbw Vale, Gwent, Wales. 'DAILY MANC.'

\*\*\* And electricity experts were stunned to discover the cause of a series of power cuts around Westonzoiland, near Bridgwater, Somerset...A bull with an itchy back. The animal had rubbed through a cable trying to scratch itself.

19th September, 1997. Bridgwater, Somerset. 'DAILY EXPRESS.'

## EXPLODING FROGS, KILLER STAGS, AND STRANGLING SNAKES

Animal lover Jose Quartz, from Cancun, Mexico, simply lavished attention on his favourite pet frog. Unfortunately, he was permanently blinded when the ungrateful creature had the temerity to explode in Jose's face after over-indulging on a feast of cat food.

22nd September, 1997. Cancun, Mexico. 'WOMAN MAGAZINE.'

\*\*\* A tiger killed its trainer in front of an audience of horrified children and their families in Carrolltown, Philadelphia.

The animal, 'owned' by Franzen Brother's Circus, was beaten back by fellow trainers wielding iron bars but had already inflicted massive injuries to Wayne Franzen, aged 50.

8th May, 1997. Carrolltown, Philadelphia, USA. 'USA TODAY.'

Even more unfortunate was a four-year-old boy in Brazil, who was savaged to death inside his local video shop...By a lion!

The animal had escaped from a circus and went on the rampage, after breaking free from its keeper's chain during a traditional parade to draw a crowd to the circus.

A police spokesman in Rio was quoted as saying (somewhat unnecessarily ghoulishly, you might think): *'The lion tore the child to pieces.'*

23rd May, 1997. North-eastern Brazil. 'DAILY SLUR.'

\*\*\* A seventy-year-old woman was trapped in the toilet of her home in Hampshire for over six hours after her cats 'accidentally' knocked open a cupboard outside the toilet door.

She was eventually able to break a window and successfully call for help.

June, 1997. Hampshire. 'THE VIRGINIAN MAGAZINE.'

\*\*\* And now, an intensely satisfying tale of when the hunter most definitely became the hunted...

Nils Bjorklund, 48, was killed instantly when a stag he was stalking in a forest near Kalmar, Sweden, decided to turn the tables and charged him, piercing his heart with its antlers...

1st June, 1997. Kalmar, Sweden. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* And finally, for this section, Manee Saistn, 35, was well-known as a snake charmer in Phetchaburi, Thailand, until he one day he decidedly lost his charm...

An eleven-foot boa constrictor he'd snared by the side of the road and placed around his neck with misplaced confidence, promptly strangled him to death in the middle of the street.

9th February, 1997. Phetchaburi, Thailand. 'BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.'

## New Species Of Marmoset Discovered In The Amazon

A crackdown on poaching in Brazil led to a find that no one could ever have expected...The discovery of an entirely new species of Marmoset.

Scientists in the central Amazon region responded to a tip off that a local hunter had a curious creature in his possession.

*'It was a very emotional experience,'* says Mauricio de Almeida Noronha, of the Amazon Forest Foundation. *'We went to visit this guy and when he came out to greet us, he had the monkey on his head.'*

And the good news for this new species is that despite its rather fetching orange fur, everyone hopes that it won't be destined to become just another fashion accessory.

Bearing in mind the fate of the animal in our next case, we'll all be keeping our fingers (and everything else) crossed.

The Marmoset has been named *Callithrix sateri*, after a local tribe, called amazingly enough, the Sateri.

21st December, 1997. Amazon Rainforest, Brazil. 'NEW SCIENTIST.'

## Now You See It....

The prize for the unluckiest species of the decade must surely be awarded to Edward's Pheasant (*Lophura edwardsi*).

Scientists had thought it was extinct in the wild until late last year, when local villagers in a forest reserve just outside Bach Ma National Park in Vietnam, succeeded in capturing two of them. Their discovery was the culmination of a six-month hunt for the birds, organised by the National Park Development Project, during which 500 hundred colour posters were distributed to local villages. Excitement surrounding the new find didn't last long however, unfortunately, both birds died from injuries sustained during their capture.

21st December, 1996. Bach Ma National Park, Vietnam. 'NEW SCIENTIST.'

## Alien Animals

### The Return Of The Giant Moa?

The Giant Moa - a flightless bird that became extinct around 300 years ago - could find new life in modern-day chickens.

Yasuyuki Hirota of Hiroaki University in Japan has been working with scientists in New Zealand, where the bird lived, to extract DNA from the femur of a Giant Moa, *Dinornis giganteus*.

Hirota plans to isolate genes and introduce them into chicken embryos. He is particularly interested in homeobox genes - genetic 'master switches' which direct embryonic development by turning other genes on and off.

'I want to find the genes that control colour, behaviour, or size,' Shirota says. 'If we introduce them into a chick, we can see what the Moa's colour really was, or maybe something of how it behaved.'

Very little is known about the Moa, which ranged from just under ostrich-size to around three metres tall.

'It's possible that all birds have common ancestor genes,' claims Scott Tebbutt of the University of Otago. 'Some might not be switched off in a chicken. But Shirota hopes that if he puts a Moa homeobox gene into a chicken, it might switch on certain characteristics.'

In earlier experiments, Shirota removed genes from Quails and successfully inserted them into chicken embryos. He is now returning to Japan to work on isolating the Moa genes. But his visit, which was reported in the local press, brought an unexpected reaction; a barrage of calls from ostrich breeders who wanted the genes to make their ostriches grow bigger.

But others are less than enamoured with Shirota's experiments.

'I am very doubtful about the ethics involved here,' says Wendy Johnson of Friends Of The Earth in Auckland.

4th January, 1997. New Zealand. 'NEWSCIENTIST.'

## OUT-OF-PLACE KANGAROO

Not surprisingly, no one gave much credence to Vivi Berglund, who lives in rural Hagfors in Sweden, when she claimed that a kangaroo had bounded off with her sunflower seeds.

Luckily for her local reputation however, another woman also spotted the animal on a separate occasion and a forest ranger later confirmed that he had come across Kangaroo tracks in the local woods.

Strangely, (though paradoxically, not at all unusual in accounts of this nature) there were no reports of missing marsupials, and the local authorities were stumped as to how to explain the sightings.

16th May, 1997. Hagfors, Sweden. 'CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.'

## THE RETURN OF THE CORNISH OWLMAN

Back in the spring of 1976, (and at the very edge of what would prove to be a truly long, hot Summer, when the sky looked so impossibly blue you felt sure it would shatter into a million pieces, and the sun beat down with unrelenting fury) something strange was stirring in the woods outside the tiny village of Mawnan.

According to contemporary accounts, and subsequent investigations by the indefatigable team of Janet and Colin Bord (the details of which are published in their excellent *ALIEN ANIMALS - Granada, 1980*), a nightmarish entity resembling a huge owl with glowing red eyes and pincers for feet, was terrifying young girls out walking in the area around Mawnan Church.

The first recorded sighting was on April 17th of that year, Easter Saturday, when two sisters from the North of England, named June and Vicky Melling (aged 12 and 9 years, respectively), encountered what they described as 'a bird man' hovering above the 13th Century church tower like some madman's conception of a costumed superhero.

The two girls immediately fled screaming from the graveyard where they'd been playing innocently just moments before. Their parents later reported the incident to the infamous 'Doc' Shielis who was in the area at the time hunting Falmouth's other monster - Morgawr The Sea Serpent.

Not surprisingly, the image of the feathered monstrosity was burned indelibly upon June's memory (doubtless inspiring a lifetime's worth of sleepless nights) and she was able to draw a rough representation of that which she claimed she'd seen. (See illustration below).



Mawnan "Bird-Man" based on sketch by Jun. Melling, witnessed and drawn 17/4/76.

There were no further sightings until July 3rd, when another two young girls, Sally Chapman and Barbara Perry, both aged fourteen, had decided to camp out in the woods below the Church. One assumes they were either ignorant of the rumoured Owlman, or else were filled with that fear-defying sense of the wondrous exclusive to teenagers. Whatever the truth of the matter, they were pretty soon regretting their actions...

Sometime around 10pm, they both became aware of an inexplicable hissing noise. Looking over their shoulders, they were confronted with the sight of a strange figure standing motionless amongst the shadows of the trees, no more than twenty yards distant.

Sally takes up the story;

'It was like a big owl with pointed ears, as big as a man. The eyes were red and glowing. At first, I thought it was someone dressed up, playing a joke, trying to scare us. I laughed at it, we both did, then it went up in the air and we both screamed. When it went up, you could see its feet were like pincers.'

Barbara was quick to agree with her badly shaken friend; 'It's true. It was horrible. A nasty owl-face with big ears and big red eyes. It was covered in grey feathers. The claws on its feet were black. It just flew straight up and disappeared in the treetops.'

Two girls were also later able to provide drawings of the bird-like apparition.

They too, are featured below, and on the following -page..



Birdman monster. Seen on 3rd July, quite late at night but not quite dark. Red eyes. Black mouth. It was very big with great big wings and black claws. Feathers grey. B. Perry 4th July 1976.



I saw this monster 'bird' last night. It stood like a man. It was bigger than I. It flew up. It had big eyes. It was as big as a man. Its eyes are red and shine brightly. Sally Chapman 4/7/76.

The good people of Mawnan didn't have long to wait for news of the next encounter....It came as early as the following morning, July 4th.

Jane Greenwood and her sister (not named) had travelled down from Southport to Cornwall on holiday. They were walking through the woods near the church when their eyes widened with fear and disbelief at the sight of something standing amidst the pine trees...

*'It was standing like a full-grown man, but the legs bent backwards like a bird's. It saw us and quickly jumped up and rose straight up through the trees.*

*My sister and I saw it very clearly before it rose up. It has red slanting eyes and a very large mouth. The feathers are silver grey and so are his body and legs. The feet are like big, black crab's claws.*

*We were frightened at the time. It was so strange. Like something out of a horror film. After the thing went up there was crackling sounds in the tree tops for ages.*

*Our mother thinks we made it all up just because we read about these things, but that it not true. We really saw the Birdman, though it could have been somebody playing a trick in very good costume and make-up.*

*But how could it rise up like that? If we imagined it, then we both imagined the same thing at the same time.'*

*After this encounter, there were no further recorded sightings until the Summer of 1978. During early June of that year, saw a 'monster like a devil, flying up through the trees near old Mawnan Church.'*

And then again, sometime on August 2nd, a trio of young French girls also claimed to have seen the same, or a very similar entity in close proximity to the church (which is, incidentally, built in the centre of a prehistoric earthwork - which may have some significance on the regular appearance not just of Owlman, but also of Morgawr the sea monster, and other weird happenings in the locale).

The French holidaymakers described the creature as being 'very big, like a great big furry bird. It was coloured white and had a gaping mouth and big round eyes.'



(Above): The owl-like incarnation of the Demon, Stolas, from Colin de Plancy's *DICTIONNAIRE INFERNAL* - 1863.

According to occult tradition, Stolas would appear before conjurers in this frightening guise whenever evoked from the safety of a Magic Circle. Is there any connection between the sightings of the Cornish Owlman and this demonic entity? There have been reports of Witches covens being active in the area, and whilst it may seem a trifle far-fetched, the prospect of some kind of demonic manifestation stalking the Cornish countryside is an nonetheless intriguing (not to say terrifying one)

In the wake of these quite remarkable reports it might well be envisaged that there would be a whole welter of reports from people eager to jump on the proverbial bandwagon with accounts of their own. However, the expected deluge

failed to materialise, and instead the mysterious Owlman seems to have disappeared into whatever dimension it first emerged from.

Cryptozoological researcher and editor of the consistently excellent '*ANIMALS AND MEN*,' Jonathan Downes, has managed to collate at least some reports, though details are somewhat sketchy.

And now, according to a recent article in '*THE DAILY MAIL*,' (a paper, which as Jenny Randles rightly points out in a recent edition of '*NORTHERN UFO NEWS*', is rapidly revealing an obsession with all kinds of paranormal phenomena), Owlman has been associated with, of all things, the depletion of goldfish from a back garden pond.

This rather tenuous link has at least heightened public awareness of the entity once more.

The recipient of Owlman's fish-napping attentions is Mr Roy Strandring, although perhaps not surprisingly, he does not accept for one moment that anything remotely supernatural is responsible for the predations upon his fish pond.

On the contrary, Roy, the Tourist Officer for the Cornwall region, has thought to lay the blame fairly and squarely upon a less exotic feathered species, namely the Heron.

'We've got more than enough powerful legends in Cornwall already,' he was quoted as saying. 'From King Arthur to the standing stones. We don't need any spurious ones.'



(Above): An artist's interpretation of the inaugural sighting of Owlman hovering in the air above the 13th Century Mawnan Church, as featured in '*THE DAILY MAIL*.'

The locale is also said to be home to a Cornish Sea Monster - Morgawr, and is also plagued with frequent UFO encounters.

All very entertaining stuff, I'm sure you'll agree, but what was of more interest to your humble Editor, was the annoyingly brief reference to Jonathan Downes most recent account of an Owlman sighting....

A female American student reportedly told him that 'I experienced what I can only describe as a vision of Hell. I was walking along a narrow track in the trees and was halted in my tracks when about thirty yards ahead, I saw a monstrous man-bird thing. It was the size of a man with a ghostly face, wide mouth, glowing eyes and pointed ears. I just screamed and turned and ran for my life.'

Equally intriguing, was the mention of Jonathan's interview with the (so far) only male witness, now aged 22. He is apparently terrified by the encounter even now, all those years later.

We await further developments with great interest.

September, 1997. Mawnan, Cornwall '*DAILYMAIL*.'

# On The Trail Of The Yeti

Italian mountaineer Reinhold Messner, has become the latest in a long line of explorers to claim he has obtained the definitive proof that the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas actually exists.

He asserts that he has encountered the elusive beast on four separate occasions, and once, was near enough to reach out and touch it.

That 'definitive proof' comes in the shape of a series of photographs of the creature, including, so it is reported in the daily press, one of a mother Yeti tending her child.

These remarkable claims (and claims are all they can be until the general public are allowed to view the pictures for themselves - More than used to the sense of anti-climax that follows in the wake of the publication of such photographs, i.e.; the Rine's underwater Nessie pictures, we certainly won't be holding our breath) are backed up with Messner's detailed descriptions of his encounters with the Yeti's.

On one occasion, Messner and his party were able to creep to within twenty yards of the creature and *'for three long minutes we stood gazing at it. Then he woke and saw us. He looked at us like a small child who has just met someone for the first time. We stood - eye to eye - I could have touched him. Then he stood up and slowly walked away.'*

He describes the Yeti as being usually 6ft 6 inches tall and is mostly nocturnal. It hunts at night, feeding on yaks and sheep, and it communicates with its fellow creatures by whistling.

Perhaps you may not need to be told this, but all the newspaper articles have made much of the fact that Messner is an extraordinary man. He was the first climber to successfully ascend Mount Everest without the benefit of an oxygen mask - a feat thought by many to be every bit as impossible as a race of humanoid creatures eking out an existence on the roof of the world.

Messner is also the only man to have climbed all 14 of the world's highest mountains.

Now aged 52, he has visited places few others have ever even dreamed of reaching, including some of the most isolated and out-of-the-way valleys of the Himalayas.

He had his first glimpse of a Yeti, he says, in 1986, in Eastern Tibet, after tracking its 16 inch footprints. Ten years later, in June, 1996, he purchased a skeleton from nomads on a 6,000ft plain in Ladakh, between India and Pakistan, and began searching the area in earnest.

*'I searched for a week, 12 hours a day, in an area with no trees. I didn't expect to find one so soon. First we saw a mother with her child. I could only take a photograph from the back. The child had bright red fur, the older animal's fur was black. She was over two metres tall, with dark hair, just like the legend. When they saw us they disappeared.'*

And a mere two days later, Messner and his companions came across and filmed the sleeping, innocently oblivious Yeti.

Dr Karl Shuker, the eminent cryptozoologist, and contributor to the superb *'ANIMALS AND MEN,'* stuck his neck out by stating that he believed that there were grounds for lending a degree of credence to Messner's remarkable claims.

*'There have been Yeti sightings over a 1,400 mile range of the Himalayas from Pakistan through India to Tibet and even India. They divide into three types; the "original" Yeti is red, there is a taller giant, black species, and there have been a few sightings of a smaller, red sub-species.'*

*Messner's sightings have thrown new light on those classifications. The red species may be simply a younger Yeti which acquires black hair as it grows.'*

Despite the apparent scarcity of reports, Messner believes the Yeti is not in any danger of becoming extinct. *'I estimate that there are a thousand Yeti's in the Himalayas.'*

He also believes that the creature has a ready-made food source - the aforementioned Yaks. Conversely however, there are few reports from local herdsmen of yaks going missing.

Chris Bonnington, the famous mountaineer, refuses to accept that such facts present an insurmountable problem...He knows the region well and says that the *'valleys north-east of Everest are incredibly remote, almost impossible to travel in, and thickly forested. The forests would provide food, and shelter as well, and would account for the relatively few sightings of the creature. On that interpretation, the Yeti would venture from the snowline only to travel from valley to valley.'*

Various newspaper articles carrying this story, have cautioned that we may have to wait as long as two years before Messner will be prepared to reveal his evidence...When his book is due to be published.

Now, why doesn't that surprise us!!!

*16th August, 1997. The Himalayas. 'DAILY MAIL.'*

\*\*\* And meanwhile, over in China, news came humming down the wires that researchers hunting their version of Bigfoot, may have stumbled across a set of convincing footprints made some, as yet, unidentified creature.

*25th June, 1997. China. 'LIVERPOOLECHO.'*

## 'Puma' Attacks On Holiday-Makers

At the height of last Summer, pumas seemed to have something against British holiday-makers...The big cats were responsible for terrifying two separate parties of children in countries as culturally diverse as Wales and Spain.

In the first incident, two girls, Kirsty McQueen, 6 and Jade Taggart, 7, were saved from injury (or worse) when their fathers both ran screaming at an escaped Mexican puma that had slipped its chains. The animal had succeeded in breaking free from the garden of a resident in Puerto de Alcudia, Majorca.

Andrew McQueen was quoted as saying; *'The children were terrified and refused to leave their hotel after the attack. It came from nowhere and pinned my child down as if she was a piece of meat. We were leaving the hotel for an evening meal and I suddenly heard the two girls screaming. The puma had knocked them to the ground and just stood there with his paws on their shoulders. The girls were frightened out of their wits. They put their hands on their faces and wouldn't stop screaming.'*

*Jane's father Teddy and I ran towards the cat and Teddy kicked it. We shouted at it but it just stood there so we ran into the hotel and called the police.*

*Even then, it continued to prowl around the entrance for another ten minutes before the owner came and collected it.'*

The girls were unhurt, but were later treated for shock.

*8th August, 1997. Puerto de Alcudia, Majorca, Spain. 'SUNDAY MANC.'*

\*\*\* A puma attack in Spain is one thing, but surely the three schoolboys from Aberystwyth, Wales, who embarked upon a camping holiday could never have expected such an ordeal...

Rhodri Shaw, Rhys Davies and Slon Evans, all aged 12, heard a unusual noise as they settled down to sleep.

'When we looked outside we saw a huge black cat,' said Rhodri. 'We just froze in terror.'

They were huddled together, trapped inside their tent for over ten minutes (it must have seemed like the passing of a lifetime).

Eventually it just slunk off of its own accord. The police were later informed, and were said to be taking the boys claim seriously, especially as there had apparently been several other independent reports of a large black cat in the area.

31st August, 1997. Aberystwyth, Wales. 'SUNDAY MANC.'

## STRANGE HUMAN BEHAVIOUR

### TOTAL OVER-REACTIONS

In Dakha, Bangladesh, a simple village dispute over damage caused by a hapless, wandering cow ended in totally irrational bloodshed and arson.

Five people wound up dead, and three were critically injured, around the village of Gopingar when the cow, owned by one Nural Islam, decided to indulge on a spot of grazing in the rice fields of a neighbour, who later claimed the animal had damaged his land.

When Islam refused to pay out the required compensation before a meeting of dozens of villagers, his rivals elected to use knives to hack him and four of his supporters to death. Three others were seriously wounded, and not content with that somewhat unorthodox method of repayment, they then took to burning up to twenty mud-and-thatch huts.

Police later arrested seven of the villagers on murder charges.

11th May, 1997. Dhaka, Bangladesh. 'SUNDAY ENTERPRISE'

\*\*\* When jealous husband Franklin James found out his wife Teresa was cheating on him, he decided to seal her sexual organs with super-strength glue whilst she slept, blissfully unaware.

Teresa, 21, quite understandably, woke up screaming and once she'd recovered her composure, immediately filed for divorce. Franklin, 23, was charged with assault for his troubles.

23rd July, 1997. Nashville, Tennessee, USA. 'DAILY SLUR'

\*\*\* Stripper 'Busty Heart' is apparently being sued for £200,000 for hitting a punter around his head with her amazing 88-inch gazangas.

The aggrieved man claims he was hurt by her party trick with breasts weighing three stone each at an Illinois nightclub.

22nd July, 1997. Illinois, USA. 'DAILY SLUR'

\*\*\* A mother hacked off her eight-year-old daughter's head with a carving knife and left it on the kitchen table after she refused point blank to eat up her lunch in Lamastre, France.

Her horrified husband later discovered the carnage when he returned home from work.

28th July, 1997. Lamastre, France. 'DAILY MANC.'

\*\*\* Carlos Santiago was so angry that his wife refused to read the Bible he stabbed her a total of a dozen times. He was facing assault charges in San Francisco, California.

18th August, 1997. San Francisco, California. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

\*\*\* Bridegroom Carlos Rodriguez battered a priest during his wedding ceremony....For no other reason than he thought the Holy Father was looking down his future wife's dress.

24th August, 1997. Fenan, Spain. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

\*\*\* And sticking with the 'Wedding From Hell' theme, relatives of a spurned groom-to-be decided to launch a fully-fledged mortar attack on a Filipino village, killing at least 12 people, after the bride eloped with another man.

'DAILY EXPRESS'

## WEIRD CRIME



A former teacher tried to claim that his relationship with a young female student actually dated back to their past lives in Tibet more than 1,000 years ago, when she saved his life by taking an arrow meant for him and that he was left with no option but to repay the debt of love.

Not surprisingly, a hard-hearted judge didn't fall for the romantic explanation and sentenced Roger Katz to one-and-a-half-years in prison.

'Frankly, Mr Katz, a wolf in sheep's skin is still a wolf. You sir, are a wolf. You preyed on a 14-year-old and violated all the laws, as far as I'm concerned,' state District Judge Steve Herrera said in passing sentence.

11th May, 1997. Santa Fe, New Mexico. 'COLUMBUS DISPATCH.'

A tribe in Papua, New Guinea, offered to give 18-year-old Miriam Willingal to another tribe as compensation for a shooting death. It is customary in the South Pacific region to use young women as payments to settle tribal conflicts. In this case, the tribe also threw in money and some pigs.

Unfortunately, an interfering judge named Salamo Injla, ruled the transaction illegal, calling the whole thing 'repugnant'

16th February, 1997. Papua, New Guinea. 'BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.'

\*\*\* The splendidly named Sompong Boonprasert and Ketsara Salabyud, were imprisoned for murder in Khampeng Phet, Thailand, and were determined to make good their escape. They wanted to saw through the bars of a cell window, but were understandably scared that they would give themselves away by attracting the guards.

So, they hit upon the idea of singing loudly as they worked to cover the resultant noise. Amazingly, the ruse succeeded. The guards paid no attention as the prisoner sawed their way to freedom.

1st June, 1997. *Khampeng Phet, Thailand*. 'BOSTON GLOBE.'

## Laugh, And The World Laughs With You...

In Munich, Germany, Helmut Stahl, 46, took it upon himself to release a cloud of laughing gas during a manic depressives' dinner dance.

Helmut is himself a depressive and actually organised the event on the fifth birthday of his local Depression Self-Help Group.

'I know what it's like to be down,' Mr Stahl explained later. 'I thought the gas would help cheer people up.'

It certainly had the required effect. Guest were engulfed with howls of belly-busting laughter as they set about discussing how unhappy they were supposed to be with their lives. One man tearfully climbed onto the stage to proclaim he was gay, and this sombre admission very met with a donkey-like braying.

Unfortunately, as the old saying goes, laughter always leads to tears, and sure enough the mood all-too soon turned ugly...

One man, incensed that someone was splitting their sides whilst he told them about the tragic death of his mother, stabbed the 'offender', whereupon the police were called. Mr Stahl was later arrested desperately trying to convince the officers that they really were manic depressives. The police were soon laughing themselves silly over that one.

24th June, 1997. *Munich, Germany*. 'THE BIG ISSUE.'

## 'Car Trouble, Oh Yeah'

Car thief Frankie Molito was sentenced to six months by a New York judge, but had the temerity to inform him that six was in fact his unlucky number. The judge then elected to double his sentence and gave him 12 months instead.

15th June, 1997. *New York, USA*. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* And police who succeeded in catching a professional car stereo thief in Cairo, Egypt, found he was completely blind.

He'd started breaking into cars after losing his sight two years earlier from drinking less-than-healthy bootleg liquor.

5th August, 1997. *Cairo, Egypt*. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

## THIEVES LIKE US

Bank robbers hit upon a foolproof way of escaping from the law after a raid in Manila in the Philippines. They simply threw bunches of bank notes to shoppers who then blocked the streets in their rush to pick up the illicit cash blown to the four winds.

20th July, 1997. *Manila, Philippines*. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* One of the most mingebug crimes we've come across in recent times concerns the case of Chris Guttage, who was so mean he stole two pages of the six-volume 'THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE' every day for three years from a Chicago book store.

He was finally caught when he had just 12 pages left to acquire.

13th July, 1997. *Chicago, USA*. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* A unnamed man calmly walked into a couple of stores in the Swedish town of Kristianstad wearing a large snake around his neck and helped himself to goods as the terrified staff fled.

4th July, 1997. *Kristianstad, Sweden*. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO.'

\*\*\* Enraged by the government's refusal to subsidise onion prices, growers in Western India were offering prize money to anyone who could knock a government minister out cold with his onion.

Fifteen union members simply couldn't wait - and they were promptly arrested after two such ministers were pelted with onions in Nashik.

26th June, 1997. *Nashik, India*. 'LIVERPOOLECHO.'

\*\*\* Shoplifter Werner Markz decided to pinch a cordless egg-whisk and thought it might be a good idea to hide it in his Y-fronts.

Predictably, as he prepared to leave the premises, he accidentally set it off, an action that left him writhing in agony.

Markz, 33, later said from his hospital bed, 'My days of thieving are over.'

6th August, 1997. *Mainz, Germany*. 'DAILYMANC.'

\*\*\* Pickpocket John Whale tried to hide from the police by stripping off and diving among the nudists on a beach in Victoria, Australia. Unfortunately for him, the officers were easily able to secure his capture when they spotted he was the only one without a suntan from the neck down.

29th June, 1997. *Victoria, Australia*. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

## Murdered By Food

Marlene Corrigan, a civil servant in America, was facing a six-year prison sentence at the time of going to press, for the 'crime' of killing her daughter with kindness.

It was alleged that by feeding 13-year-old Christina a dozen hamburgers and several large pizzas a day, she assisted her daughter in her efforts to eat herself to death.

Christina was a massive 48 stone when she was eventually strangled by her own flab. The 5ft 3in tall teenager was found dead in front of the TV, surrounded by a mountain of fast-food wrappers. It took seven firemen to move the body in a canvas tarpaulin.

Christina's problems truly began when she was put on sedatives for epilepsy as a baby. One of the drastic after-effects was that she steadily put on weight so that all too soon she was excessively obese.

Christina's aunt Sandy Bickers, claims she was horrified when she saw Marlene feeding Christina with enough food to satisfy five adults.

After lunch Marlene bought Christina three hamburgers and two bowls of spaghetti.

By the time she was eight years old, she weighed in at 19 stone and could no longer walk to her local school.

She eventually died of heart failure caused by her obesity. In August this year, Marlene, from San Francisco, USA, was charged with child endangerment.

Deputy District Attorney Brian Baker was quoted as saying; 'No mother should be allowed to get away with letting someone die like that.'

29th September, 1997. *San Francisco, USA*. 'BELLA MAGAZINE.'

\*\*\* Less contentious was the case of an unnamed Russian who was found with human remains in his frying pan. He was not unsurprisingly sentenced to death by a Russian court. He was alleged to have killed and eaten at least two people.

4th July, 1997. *Russia*. 'LIVERPOOLECHO.'

\*\*\* Also killed as a direct result of his craving for food was a vegetable thief in rural Moldova who was found hanging from a tree with a cucumber jammed firmly into his mouth. He was apparently the victim of angry farmers, fed up with his depletion of their stock.

12th August, 1997. *Kishinev, Moldova. 'DAILY EXPRESS'*

## ***There May Be Trouble Ahead.***

### **Extraordinary Insurance Claims**

In Appleton, Wisconsin, USA, Nadean Cool elected to sue her former psychiatrist for malpractice after she claimed he'd succeeded in convincing her that she had 120 personalities - and then had the gall to charge her insurance company for group therapy.

Nadean went on to testify that the \$300,000 treatment by Dr Kenneth Olson left her suicidal and haunted by a frightening selection of false memories. Her supposed personalities included a duck, Satan and Angels who were on a direct line to God.

Olson's lawyer, David Patton, counter-claimed that the psychiatrist correctly diagnosed multiple-personality disorder and that no malpractice occurred because it was in fact Cool who had suggested she was possessed by the Devil.

Blue Cross, which paid about \$113,000 to Olson and \$114,000 to the St. Elizabeth Hospital, said Olson billed for group sessions, claiming he was counselling more than one person because of Cool's alleged split personalities.

12th February, 1997. *Appleton, Wisconsin, USA.*

*'BOSTON HERALD.'*

\*\*\* A woman has finally won her fight to prove to the legal system that God wasn't to blame for sending a wall crashing down into her garden.

Church insurers had previously refused Allison Craig compensation after the wall collapsed during a storm in March, 1995, insisting that it was simply an 'Act Of God.' (As if He hasn't got better things to do with his time, one might be forgiven for assuming).

The redoubtable Miss Craig however, wasn't to be dissuaded from her insistence that the wall had been brought down by the movement of an unstable tree's roots in St Peter's churchyard next to her home in Felsham, Suffolk.

And a judge in a small claims court in nearby Bury St Edmunds agreed with her and ordered the church to cough up £500 in compensation and costs.

17th September, 1997. *Felsham, Suffolk. 'DAILY MAIL'*

## **THE ENTIRELY IRRATIONAL:**

### ***Hopeless Hypnotists, True Veggie-Lovers, The Scorpion Man And The Tragic Death Of The Toe-Nail Collector***

\*\*\* Researchers at Sussex University have made the astonishing claim that physical contact with vegetables can make them grow bigger.

Champion French grower Jacques Maillou, 43, would certainly agree with that assertion. He regularly produces massive vegetables by the simple ruse of having sex with them.

Mr Maillou discovered the horticultural benefits of sex after a night out with his wife Angeline. *'We were drunk,'* he later recalled. *'And ended up making love in the marrow patch. We didn't think anything of it at the time, but the next morning, the marrows were definitely bigger.'*

Not too surprisingly, at first he refused to attach any degree of significance to the events, nor did he make any assumption that they were in any way connected. But after he and his wife engaged in a further bout of serious shagging in the herbaceous borders, he was amazed to discover that his shallots had bloomed equally impressively. The energetic Mr Maillou has since taken to having sex three times a week in various parts of the garden, increasing it to five times when he's preparing for a competition.

*'It's not fair,'* said one rival grower. *'I'm a widower and haven't got anybody to make my vegetables bigger with.'*

Any offers, ladies???

24th June, 1997. *Carcassonne, France. 'THE BIG ISSUE.'*

\*\*\* As a protest against illegally parked cars, Michael Hartmann took to walking over their bonnets.

He was eventually fined for his drastic actions but later succeeded in appealing against his conviction.

12th July, 1997. *Berlin, Germany. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'*

\*\*\* Hypnotist Joseph Fielder thought he'd simply place two would-be robbers in a trance when he calmly told them to hand him their guns.

Unluckily for Fielder, they chose instead to ignore his less-than-charismatic charms and instead they shot him in the foot before running off with his wallet.

10th August, 1997. *New York, USA.. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'*

\*\*\* Eccentric Vernon Serlog maintained an (ahem) hugely fascinating collection of toe-nail clippings at his home in America for over 40 years. He wisely decided to keep them out of sight in his attic, but unluckily for him, the collection became so vast that the ceiling collapsed under the strain and Serlog was killed instantly by a deluge of clippings while he was taking a bath.

20th July, 1997. *Arkansas, USA. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'*

## **We're On The Road To Nowhere**

A 66-year-old man hired a taxi to take him from Copenhagen to Rome, a 24-hour ride through Denmark, Germany, Austria and most of Italy.

When he arrived at their destination and cabbie Jorgen Gilberg asked for the \$3,570 fare, the customer said he had to get the money from Pope John Paul II, who, he claimed, owed him more than \$7,000.

Gilberg said the man later admitted that *'the voices in his head might have misled them.'*

It was not recorded as to whether or not the cab driver received payment for the fare.

10th May, 1997. *Copenhagen, Denmark.*

*'BOSTON-HERALD.'*

\*\*\* And in Tokyo, Japan, Suso Mitohiro got himself hopelessly lost whilst trying to find the interview room at a local firm.

It was nine hours before he was found slumped in a corridor by a cleaner.

Oh, and he didn't get the job.

3rd August, 1997. *Tokyo, Japan. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'*

\*\*\* A Hong Kong widow kept the body of her dead husband in her flat for three years, washed it every day, changed its clothes and very often slept near the corpse to keep it company, according to police in the former British colony.

24th June, 1997. *Hong Kong, China. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO.'*

\*\*\* After an evening of heavy drinking and brawling in the bars of Buenos Aires, Pedro Olivera, a 36-year-old farm labourer, staggered home, rocking like a big ship, and passed out once in his bed.

He woke up four hours later and looked in the mirror, and only then did he realise that there was a large kitchen knife stuck in his neck right up to the hilt. Pedro later told police that he has no idea how it got there!!!

9th February, 1997. Buenos Aires, Argentina. 'BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.'

## The Fearless-Vampire Killer

In Los Angeles, USA, a man was sentenced to a 16 years to life imprisonment for stabbing and slashing his girlfriend to death because he was as sure as sure can be that she was a real, honest-to-God Vampire....

Christopher Michael Rowland received the sentence at the conclusion of his second trial for the 1990 murder of 18-year-old Roberta Mosenthien. His first conviction three years earlier was overturned by an appeals court because of errors in jury instructions.



The bad news is that he has already served enough time to be eligible for parole in 2000.

You might have thought he could at least have adopted the more traditional methods of 'Vampire' disposal, i.e.; a wooden stake or a sprig of hawthorn bush around the crown.

8th June, 1997. Los Angeles, USA. 'BOSTON GLOBE.'

\*\*\* For reasons best known only to himself, All Khan Samsuddin climbed into a cage with over 6,000 scorpions in Kuala Lumpur at the start of a 21-day record bid.

We're not sure if he was successful in his endeavours, but he certainly sounded confident enough at the outset; 'I can stand ten stings a day.'

7th July, 1997. Kuala Lumpur. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

## When Fate Turns Its Back

### SUICIDE'S NOT SO PAINLESS

In Fargo, North Dakota, Justin Kramer, 24, pleaded guilty to manslaughter after he survived setting himself ablaze,

but the resultant fire swept through the house and killed his mother, Dana Joy, 42.

27th February, 1997. 'USA TODAY.'

\*\*\* A 72-year-old man tried to kill himself by leaping headfirst from the third floor of a shopping mall in Tel Aviv, Israel.

He landed on Max Dadashvili, 26, who was sitting, minding his own business in an outdoor cafe. The old man survived, but he succeeded in breaking the innocent Max's back.

16th February, 1997. Tel Aviv, Israel. 'BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.'

\*\*\* Another innocent victim of a would-be suicide, was Gregory Zink, aged 40.

He was unlucky enough to wind up in hospital after receiving a stomach wound when his upstairs neighbour committed suicide. The bullet somehow ricocheted through the ceiling and hit the unfortunate Mr Zink.

9th May, 1997. New York, USA. 'USA TODAY.'

## HORSIN' AROUND

In order to get around Germany's drink-driving laws, Kurt Halfing (*any relation to a Hobbit, we wonder*) decided to take his horse to the pub.

As he was riding his way home however, the steed bumped into a police officer and Halfing was later charged with being drunk in charge of the said horse. He was fined the equivalent of £150.

10th August, 1997. Kitzingen, Germany. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* A driver who was angered by a duck waddling slowly across the road in front of him, smashed his fist into the steering wheel of his car, releasing the airbag. As a result the man suffered a broken collarbone and three cracked ribs.

22nd September, 1997. WOMAN MAGAZINE'

\*\*\* Jake Newton was so frightened of the possibility that he might be burgled, that in order to feel a whole pile safer he purchased a shotgun and kept it under his pillow.

His peace of mind was irreparably shattered however when he awoke one morning to discover that someone had entered during the night and stolen his gun.

8th June, 1997. Beaver Dam, Kentucky, USA. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

\*\*\* Meanwhile, in Zimbabwe, a woman was arrested for shoplifting and was so adamant that she hadn't committed any crime that she stripped before startled police officers.

The shoplifting charges were dropped, along with the woman's knickers, but unfortunately for her the officers decided to charge her with indecent exposure instead.

22nd February, 1997. Zimbabwe, South Africa. 'WOMAN MAGAZINE.'

## The Unwitting Bank Robber

In Albuquerque, New Mexico, a grandmother accidentally held up a bank when she handed in a deposit slip and unknowingly passed on along a hold-up message on the back.

The woman, 61, and her daughter made the deposit at a drive-in window and were waiting for a receipt when a squadron of police cars suddenly surrounded them and officers at gunpoint ordered them out of their vehicle.

FBI agents said investigators believed that a prankster wrote the note on the deposit slip and left it in a pile inside the bank, where the woman picked it up

24th May, 1997. Albuquerque, New Mexico. 'ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH'

\*\*\* The crazily-named Arlon Nugget must be the unluckiest political canvasser there has ever been.

Arlon, who hails from Iowa, was crushed underneath a 20ft model of George Bush's head. Having recovered from that ignominy, he later accidentally shot three campaigners in an arms factory. And finally, a swarm of bees mistook his rosette for a flower and nearly wound up stinging him to death.

Do you get the feeling someone was trying to tell him something?

27th April, 1997. Iowa, USA. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

## Bringing The House Down

A couple who wanted a catflap ended up having to buy a new house. A handyman decided the door was too narrow so tried to widen it - and succeeded in caving in the first floor. Trying to repair that, he fractured a gas pipe and blew up the rest of the house in Israel.

27th April, 1997. Israel. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* And over in Florida, Paul Kay was trying to get rid of some pesky insects infesting his home, and elected to spray petrol all around his garage.

He got rid of the insects alright. But he also managed to blow up the garage and half of his house when the fuel later ignited.

20th July, 1997. Florida, USA. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* Student Georges Laroze dreamed that he was at the swimming baths and inadvertently dived out of his third-floor window in Paris. He landed on a woman breaking her collar bone. Georges was unhurt.

27th April, 1997. Paris, France. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

## A Host Of Treasures Lost

Sculptor Adam Horowitz collected 150 old fridges to build a replica of Stonehenge in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Unfortunately, the dustbin men thought the idea was nothing but a pile of rubbish awaiting collection and crushed the lot.

16th May, 1997. Santa Fe, New Mexico. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD.'

\*\*\* Also bemoaning his losses was author Bjoerg Vollan, whose 473-page economics manuscript was destroyed when his secretary shredded every page instead of photocopying it at his Oslo office.

27th July, 1997. Oslo, Norway. 'SUNDAYMANC.'

\*\*\* And after cunningly hiding £400 in an old pair of shoes, Maurice Kennedy was shocked into stunned silence to discover that his wife, Candy had given them away to a New York homeless organisation.

4th May, 1997. New York, USA. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* Perhaps the greatest loss of all however, was the case of Chuck Lehman and his less-than successful proposal scheme.

Lehman had tucked an engagement ring into a box of Godiva chocolates and arranged for a waiter to deliver it to his soon-to-be fiancée at a restaurant in Boulder, Colorado. Things didn't work out so well though, because they switched tables and the waiter didn't get the word.

Lehman's girlfriend was facing the table where the chocolates were delivered and watched, entirely oblivious of the plan, as the woman tried the ring on for size. Lehman's back was to the table, so he didn't know.

The other couple paid their bill and left with the ring. Sheriff's deputies used a credit card receipt to track down the couple, who claimed that they thought the ring was just costume jewellery. They returned it lickety split.

And, for once, this story has a happy ending. Lehman's girlfriend, she say 'Yex.'

10th May, 1997. Boulder, Colorado, USA. 'ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.'

## When The Food Is Truly Rich

Jeanna Dodd was out of work and short on rent money when she went to a food bank and purchased a can of cream asparagus soup. She was quite literally gobsmacked to find that when she opened it the can contained jewels, gold, silver, rings, a bracelet and a Rolex watch.

'I had just said "I hope I can pay the rent,"' Dodd, 24, told local reporters. 'This is like an answer from God.'

The soup can was not actually a soup can at all, but a replica used to hide valuables from burglars. Apparently, someone mistakenly donated it to the food bank. Jeanna, who shares a townhouse with roommates, got it when she went to a Fairfax food bank on 20th February, this year. At the time of going to press she was waiting to see if anyone would come forward to claim the valuables estimated to be worth somewhere in the region of \$7,000.

2nd March, 1997. Centreville, Virginia, USA. 'BOSTON SUNDAY-HERALD.'

## Strange Deaths

The ever-reliable 'SUNDAY PEOPLE' recently featured a short article concerning the 1997 Darwin Award - named of course, after the famous naturalist and evolutionist, Charles Darwin, which awards an unspecified (and obviously posthumous) prize to 'the individual or individuals who remove themselves from the genre pool in the most spectacular fashion.'

The following are said to be this year's leading contenders....

Danny Zaback elected to mount an armed robbery on, of all things, a gun shop. Zaback, 33, went ahead with his plan while a police car was parked outside and crackshot officer Timothy Lally, 49, was sipping coffee at the shop counter.

The store in Renton, near Seattle, Washington, was also packed with customers carrying their own guns.

And so, predictably, when Zaback burst in demanding money, and firing a few wild shots for good effect, he was very quickly blown away in a hail of bullets.

## True Cutting Remarks

A man in Texas, USA, was attempting to help a friend by donning a police officer's uniform and knocking on a neighbour's door, informing the residents that; 'You're grass is making the neighbourhood look trashy. Mow it now!!!'

He was arrested after they called headquarters to enquire as to whether such orders are within the powers of the constabulary. If convicted (and we don't know if he was at the time of going to press) he could face a year in jail and a \$4,000 fine for impersonating a police officer.

18th April, 1997. Hurst, Fort Worth, Texas, USA. 'CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.'

## That's The Gamble

Sylvester Briddell won a wager with his friends over a game of Russian Roulette.

Briddell, 26, of Seelyville, Delaware, USA, put a revolver loaded with four bullets into his mouth whilst his friends(?) bet money that he wouldn't dare pull the trigger. Sylvester called their bluff and won himself the money...Not that he'll ever get a chance to spend it.

\*\*\* Liao Youchouan, 19, suffered a lethal coughing fit after puffing his way through 100 high-tar ciggies in less than half an hour for a wager.

12th August, 1997. Beijing, China. 'DAILY EXPRESS.'

\*\*\* Also desperate to gamble with his life was Chinese farm worker Zhao Jun. His intestines burst as he struggled to scoff an eighth bowl of gruel to win a bet for a carton of ciggies.

\*\*\* Greengrocer Hassan Anas, 40, of Palestine, was killed when a grenade he used to weigh vegetables exploded as a blacksmith added extra iron to make it a more accurate weight.

\*\*\* Melany Campos, 60, who had forty abandoned dogs at her home in Los Angeles, was suffocated when four large bags of pet food fell on top of her.

\*\*\* And finally, village chieftain Chom Inchan, 48, met his doom when he fired a rocket into the air in Thailand to ask the Gods to provide water...The home-made missile promptly hurtled back to earth and smashed into his head. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

## The Cosmic Jokers

### Latest Pranks



A retired miner who had never experienced a single accident whilst underground died when tonnes of coal buried him in his own backyard.

Father-of-three Tom Gray, 86, was getting fuel from his bunker when a wall collapsed and the coal rained down, covering him in an instant.

8th August, 1997. Nelson, Glamorgan. 'DAILYMANC.'

\*\*\* A driver was hit by her own car while she was in the process of cleaning it.

Nothing too untoward about that you might say, but what rendered the incident worthy of inclusion here is the fact that she was run down again as a doctor's car 'shunted' it in Schweinfurt, Germany.

9th April, 1997. Schweinfurt, Germany. 'DAILYMANC.'

\*\*\* Suicidal Jenny Rider, 41, set herself on fire intending to shuffle off this mortal coil, but something changed her mind and she dived head first into a river in Tasmania to extinguish the flames.

Death however, was not to be so easily cheated because as she plunged into the cooling waters she knocked herself unconscious on a rock and drowned.

10th June, 1997. Tasmania. 'SUNDAYMANC.'

\*\*\* Abdel Badawi was pronounced dead after slipping into a coma, only to wake-up 12 hours later to find himself confronted with the nightmare of a freezing cold morgue room.

He lifted his coffin lid and screamed in abject terror when he rows of dead bodies...And a startled medic collapsed in shock and died immediately.

He was later laid to rest in the coffin intended for Abdel. How's that for irony???

16th July, 1997. Menoufia, Egypt. 'DAILYSLUR.'

\*\*\* Luckless crash victim Colln Ediker experienced an (ahem) bad break when his wife pranged their car bringing him home from the hospital.

Waiter Colln, 43, from Eccles, Norfolk, broke his leg and collarbone when he came off his motorbike.

After a week in hospital he was on his way home when his wife, Cindie crashed their car, re-breaking his collarbone.

And just to add to the fun and frolics, he later discovered that his Suzuki GS400 had been stolen

8th July, 1997. Eccles, Norfolk. 'DAILYMANC.'

\*\*\* Over in America, a man was almost killed by a hundred exploding rats. The rats in question were large electronic ones that were part of a stage production of 'The Pled Piper Of Hamlyn.

'The idea was,' explained actor Charlton Swoon, 'that whenever I played my magic flute, they all scuttled across the stage, just like rats.'

In rehearsals, everything had gone swimmingly, but on the opening night, disaster struck when, in front of a packed audience, the rat control box short circuited.

'I was playing my magic flute and suddenly they all started exploding around me. It was like being in a minefield.'

Mr Swoon was forced to leap offstage into the orchestra pit, where he collided with a kettle drum and fractured his skull.

'It was okay in the end though. The audience thought the whole thing was intentional and gave me a standing ovation.'

12th May, 1997. USA. 'THE BIG ISSUE.'

## COME FLY WITH ME

A terrified kite flyer was lifted 12 feet into the air by a freak gust of wind not far from the infamous Beachy Head Cliffs (see last issue for in-depth article on 'The Killer Monk' and the areas high rate of suicide). The 33-year-old victim clung on for several seconds before letting go and dropping to the ground on his head.

Ambulance crews took him hospital where he was later treated for minor cuts to his face.

2nd June, 1997. Beachy Head, Eastbourne, East Sussex. 'DAILYMANC.'

# DETENTION CLASS

## A HALLOWEEN FOAF-TALE

Twilight at Halloween.

A biting wind danced among the leafless trees and sent acorns rolling in the gutters. The air was brittle and somehow blade sharp: the snap of a branch in the stillness of a wildwood. A bird pecking fruitlessly at a shuttered window. Or a child's high-pitched laughter, so hysterical it verges on a scream.

As sundown came, a cold orange line lit the horizon like the straight edge that runs between day and night. And when that too had finally winked out, a pale moon rose, peering between gaps in the ragged cloud at the bare earth below: a nocturnal land of dark shadows and darker dreams.

Twilight at Halloween....

Eddie Parsons stood at the entrance to New Ferry Secondary School, closed down these past four months and due for demolition any day now, feeling part-way foolish and not a little terrified. He hunched his shoulders against the biting wind and in the sodium glare of a streetlamp, read for what must have been the hundredth time the print-out of the e-mail that had appeared on the screen of his PC earlier that morning.

He had absolutely no idea who had sent it.

He'd been working on an article for his college magazine and had nipped into the kitchen to fix himself a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk and when he came back the Command Box had appeared over the centre of the text informing him that he had a message. It had said simply this:

**The Secret that you thought was safe forever is out  
Last Halloween...I saw what you did.**

**If you don't want others to know, be at your old school at 4:30 tonight!!!**

The only clue as to the identity of the sender had been the letters SIW, and though Eddie had run through both a mental and physical check list of all of his friends and associates he'd been unable to come up with a single name that matched those initials.

At the outset, he'd almost dismissed the whole thing as being some weak sort of Halloween joke. He was sure no one could really know that which he'd done a year ago  
Certain.

One hundred per cent positive.

But as the light had slowly bled from the day, so his confidence had gradually crumbled. He'd begun to dwell upon just what the message might portend and soon he felt his body begin to tremble and beads of sweat trickle down his back despite the Autumn chill. The possibility that he was about to be made the victim of a blackmail demand by person or persons unknown had suddenly seemed entirely plausible. And these black threads of thought had led in the end to only one conclusion; Somebody *had* seen him.

And so here he was, standing at his old school gates, with the memory of a bright October morning twelve months earlier gradually beginning to form behind his eyes.

*Eddie may have been seated at the long wooden desk during Double Science, but in reality he was removed a billion light years distant from the dubious delights of litmus paper, test tube racks and Bunsen burners. Instead his mind was fixed on that evenings vital football match on the astro-turf at Neston Rec. The Fifth Year School Team were set to play Rock Ferry High, their fiercest rivals, and he was still feeling a little giddy on being given the news at first break that he'd been awarded the captaincy. To heighten his sense of nervous anticipation still further Eddie's girlfriend, Holly, and both his parents were coming to watch him in action and in a little pocket daydream (that he replayed over and over in his head like an endless video tape loop) he pictured himself scoring the winning goal after a mazy dribble that left four defenders totally flat-footed and later being carried round the pitch on the shoulders of his team mates as his Mum and Dad and Holly ran over to embrace the 'New Ferry Hero' bathed in the dazzling glow of the floodlights...*

*Abruptly, his dream was shattered into so many coloured fragments by something striking the side of his head. In something of a daze he looked down and saw a blackboard duster lying on the floor beside his chair, and realised with a gulp of dreaded realisation that he'd succeeded in incurring the wrath of Mr Williams, more popularly known amongst the pupils as 'Peg Leg'. The reason for this cruel nickname was immediately obvious. His left leg was artificial. The other had been amputated in some unspecified accident Lord knew how many years earlier and as a result he walked with a peculiar gait, dragging his false leg behind him slightly so that you could hear him coming the proverbial mile off. If you were profoundly deaf, then you could just as easily smell him stalking the corridors from a roughly similar distance because he permanently reeked of 'Brylcreem' which he used in copious amounts to slick back his thinning hair and the Aniseed Balls that had long since turned his tongue an unhealthy shade of purple.*

*This unique smell and sound were regarded as God-given warning devices by just about every student who attended New Ferry Secondary. 'Peg Leg' was one of those old-fashioned tutors who would have been right at home in some Victorian workhouse. He believed in strict discipline and woe betide anyone unwise or unfortunate enough to cross him. The school had long since banished corporal punishment, but a little thing like that didn't stop 'Peg Leg' from inflicting other, far crueller forms of mental torture. Physical deformity, learning difficulties, bereavement in the family, no target was considered to be beyond the pale of distaste...And all of this inflicted anguish, be it a barbed comment or some heartless action, would always be imparted with a tone that was as soft and kind as it was ultimately soul-destroying.*

Therefore, Eddie knew he was in deep trouble when 'Peg Leg' caught his eye and smiled the smile of a favourite grandfather.

'Day-dreaming were we, laddie?' he said matter-of-factly, as though he were merely making a passing comment about the weather outside or the daily price of cheese. 'Very well, take one hour's detention after school.'

Eddie's heart lurched in his chest and then plummeted to the pit of his stomach like an out of control elevator. A high, tonicky voice was running round his head assuring him; "That's it, Eddie, you'll miss tonight's footy-match-you'll miss tonight's forty-match-you'll miss tonight's footy..."

And that much was true, sure enough.

The match kicked off at 5pm sharp, and Eddie knew from bitter experience that 'Peg Leg' would stick to his word. There'd be no room for bargaining. No degree of clemency. One hour's detention meant precisely that. Sixty minutes spent vainly trying to peer out of the frosted windows or read the (predominantly mundane, frequently disgusting) graffiti etched upon the desk tops with no one for company save the hunched form of the heartless teacher as he marked the pupil's exercise books in red ink.

Nevertheless, Eddie had all but got down on his hands and knees and begged Mr Williams to consider some other form of punishment, but predictably his pleas had fallen upon deaf ears, and finally, in desperation he'd foolishly done the very worst thing possible. He'd murdered under his breath; 'No way. I'm not coming.'

'Peg Leg' had caught the words and simply favoured him with a knowing smile and with eyes as sullen as old quarry water. And when finally he spoke, Eddie's knew beyond doubting that he was doomed to miss both the match and his chance of unbridled glory.

'You have Double English last period, don't you boy? That's Miss Cell's class. Very well. When the Hometime Bell rings, I'll come down to her class and get you. Make no mistake, Eddie Parsons, I will come for you.'

In the event however, 'Peg Leg' hadn't come for him.

At dinner time, Eddie had crossed over to the Woodwork Class on the pretext that he needed his apron from out of his locker. The Head of the Department, Mr Thomas, a thin, wiry man, who walked around as though he were in a perpetual daze, had been rummaging about in the store cupboard and had paid him no heed. Whilst the teacher's back was turned Eddie had slipped a Stanley Knife into his trouser pocket before heading immediately for the staff car park. He knew 'Peg Leg' drove a red Ford Fiesta. He'd seen him driving around town on several occasions and with a single-mindedness born of revenge he made his way over to where the car was parked, third bay from the left, and slashed wildly at the front tyres. He'd only got the chance to strike twice before being disturbed by the sound of approaching laughter. Nevertheless, he managed to reassure himself that he'd caused enough damage to ensure ol 'Peg Leg' would have to fork out a good few bob for a set of new tyres before he could drive home. Indeed, as he made good his escape, he half-imagined he could hear the sound of air hissing from the punctures like a pair of ill-tempered snakes....

And, miraculously, when the school bell had signalled the mad dash rush to freedom, 'Peg Leg' hadn't shown.

Eddie had scarcely been able to believe his luck and had jumped aboard the team coach, his mind reeling with the clarity of absolute triumph. Even the fact that his side lost three goals two, and that he only scored a late consolation goal, failed to detract from his good humour. He'd successfully outwitted 'Peg Leg', who it seemed, had been so concerned about the damage to his tyres that he'd forgotten all about Eddie Parsons and the promise of detention....

At the following morning's assembly, however, Eddie learned the real reason why 'Peg Leg' hadn't come for him, and his smile of grim satisfaction, fell from his face like a camera shutter. The Headmaster, looking suitably grief-stricken, had informed the pupils of the 'tragic death of Mr Williams, killed in a car crash yesterday afternoon, we mourn his passing with heartfelt sorrow, he was truly one of this school's finest and most respected teachers.'

That was the official account.

Eddie later gleaned around the corner of overheard conversations, that 'Peg Leg' had been driving home for lunch when he lost control and ploughed into the back of a petrol tanker. A huge fireball had engulfed both the tanker and 'Peg Leg's' car and he'd been burned alive, the body charred beyond recognition leaving the police with the odious task of identifying the pitiful remains from dental records.

Eddie had felt physically sick. For several weeks afterwards, he'd endured a seemingly endless parade of terrible, guilt-induced nightmares and had at one point almost blurted out a confession to his girlfriend, Holly, after she'd threatened to leave him, he'd become so moody and brittle.

By the time Christmas had come rolling around however, the bad dreams had become ever more infrequent, and the certainty that he was directly to blame for 'Peg Leg's' death gradually weakened to a point where he was able to convince himself that the accident would have happened whether or not he'd tampered with the tyres. Such thoughts may have been based entirely in the realms of wishful thinking, but it was all too comforting a notion to dismiss lightly. And it was infinitely more preferable to wallowing in lake of self-induced misery. After all, he was young, ambitious, and his whole life lay ahead of him.

He'd left school the following Summer, had been accepted at Liverpool University as a Media Studies student, and before too long the memory of that which he'd done one mad Halloween afternoon had begun to fade like cold breath upon a mirror.

Until this morning.

One year ago to the day.

Eddie's breath gusted greyly from his mouth as he glanced once more at his watch.

It was 5:15. God, he'd been waiting here now for over forty-five minutes and still no one had showed. The building was plainly deserted, its facade nonetheless sombre and forbidding. The only people he'd seen were a bunch of giggling children dressed up as witches and goblins, who'd long since passed on the other side of the road.

He started to feel like a prize idiot. The whole thing had obviously been a hoax. The perpetrator, maybe watching from the darkened windows of the row of houses opposite, maybe having driven past and parked somewhere just up ahead, was doubtless laughing fit to bust at Eddie's gullibility....

With a sigh loud enough to alert the world to the birth of a new martyr, Eddie made as if to walk away. At that moment however, something made him turn and glance up at one of the fifth-floor windows of the school building. Unlike most of the others this one hadn't been broken by vandals and he thought he could detect movement. He strained his eyes to peer closer into the almost opaque blackness behind the glass and was sure he could discern a grey figure that seemed to be waving at him. Perhaps beckoning him to enter.

'Okay,' he thought. 'So this is it, Eddie. Well, now at least I'll get to find out just who this joker is and exactly what he wants.'

Emboldened by the prospect of imminent action, Eddie quickly made his way through the wrought-iron gates and strode across to the main entrance. To his surprise, the doors were unlocked. One of them was standing slightly ajar, and he was able to push it all the way open without any difficulty.

The hallway and foot of the staircase that led up to the respective floors was filled with an impenetrable, musty-smelling darkness so he took out his cigarette lighter and held it up before him. Shadows danced and capered madly in the flickering glare and the building with which he'd once been so familiar now appeared totally alien to him. He felt curiously undersized here as though he stepped into the mouth of some giant's cavern or a carnival funhouse.

He was halfway up the first flight of stairs when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. He was sure that somewhere in the darkness up ahead someone had softly whispered his name.....'Edddddiiiiieeeee'

'Who's there?' he shouted in response, and was more than a little alarmed at the loudness of his voice in the vast, cathedral-like silence. He thought of its echo reverberating along the empty corridors, disturbing things that had made their home here in the absence of teachers and pupils. Fear slithered into his skin and he was only prevented from racing back the way he'd come by the knowledge that if he did so, he'd face Lord knew how many sleepless nights, lying awake worrying about the consequences of failing to keep his 'appointment.'

With an effort of will, he dismissed the whispering as being nothing more than some weird effect of the wind blowing in the eaves and he began climbing the stairs again.

It was a blessed relief to finally reach the fifth-floor landing. The windows there had not been boarded up and shafts of bony moonlight spilled all along the corridor. He mentally counted the number of doors that lined the passage, seeking out the room from which he thought he'd detected that beckoning gesture.

And when finally he found it, He wasn't in the least bit surprised to discover that he was standing outside Lecture-Room 5:6.....Miss Cell's English Class.

He twisted the handle and entered.

He saw immediately what he had mistaken for the waving of a figure. The torn remnants of the window blinds swaying gently in the breath of a draught. There wasn't anything else it could be. The classroom was empty. A hollow shell bereft of any furnishings or decoration.

And yet, as he stepped over the threshold, Eddie found that it was filled with a host of tangible memories, both good and bad;

Of foundered hopes and sorry partings...

Of tattered posters of Sherlock Holmes and the Hobbits on the road to Bree. The soothing buzz of the fluorescent lights in the dead heart of Winter. The nose-wrinkling smell of chalk-dust and plastic lunch-boxes. and glancing at the clock on the wall, offering up a silent prayer for the blessed ringing of the Hometown Bell.

*The Hometown Bell.*

Suddenly, Eddie could actually hear the distant chiming of a bell.

It was coming from somewhere directly above him and for a single endless moment the feelings of joyful relief that he had always associated with that sound cracked his face with a smile. But then he remembered where he was, what he was doing here, and with the realisation those carefree peals of hope became the mournful tolling of a funeral bell.

And there was something else...

A shuffling, so soft in the semi-darkness beyond the door.

A hideously familiar sound that froze the smile on Eddie's face and transformed it into a rictus grin of pure terror.

It was crazy. It was insane. But it was also unmistakable.

It was the sound of 'Peg Leg' hobbling along the long-deserted corridors like some giant insect crawling laboriously toward its intended prey, one broken leg trailing behind it.

He couldn't move. He had his back to the door and he refused to turn around. The voice of Keith, his elder brother who he hadn't seen for years, spoke from some dark recess of his brain, reminding him of how they'd dealt with the Bogeyman when they'd been children safely tucked up in bed.

'The trick is to turn your back on him and refuse to accept that he exists. He has no power over you if you don't acknowledge that he's real'

That was good advice. That made perfect sense.

And do he wouldn't turn around.

Not even when the shambling footsteps halted just outside the door and then after a moments pause, sidled up right behind him.

'It'll go away,' his brother's voice continued to reassure him. 'It'll go away if you don't turn around.'

And so he continued to stare straight ahead out of the misted window and he saw the flashing lights of an aeroplane pass high over the roofs of houses and he thought of the people seated aboard watching the in-flight movie or reading a Barbara Cartland novel or sipping on a dry Martini, and faced with such nuts and bolts proof of reality he was able to discard his fears and found the strength to whisper defiantly; 'You're not real!!!'

'Oh, but I am,' the thing behind him replied with a deep, slow chuckle. 'I told you I'd come for you, Eddie Parson's, and so I came.'

Eddie smelled Aniseed and Brylcreem and screamed when a charred hand fell upon his shoulder....

*Lee Walker, New Ferry, Merseyside, January, 1998*

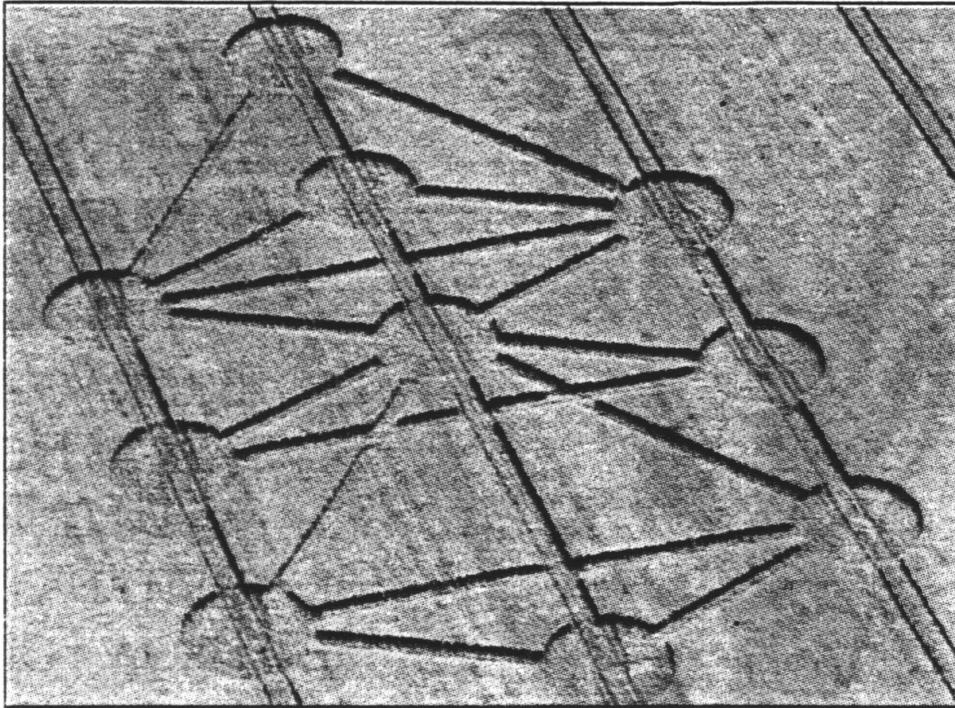
# New 'Circular Evidence?'

Despite the claims of sceptics and Doug and Dave wannabes, that the entire corn circle phenomenon is nothing but the work of (admittedly) talented hoaxers, still each passing Summer sees the appearance of fresh, and increasingly complex designs in the midst of farmer's fields.

The latest (a - and if you will, hem), *crop* threw up about just as many diverse shapes and designs as they did theories as to their true origins...

In Alton Priors, near Marlborough, Wiltshire, a pattern appeared overnight in a wheat field. It comprised 12 circles spanning 100 metres. For landowner Tim Carson, they represent something of a cash bonanza as he charges the curious £1:50 a visit. He allegedly reaped a total of £5,000 from such an enterprise back in 1991. He also sells aerial prints of the circles in the land he owns and, doubtless hoping to make a similar profit this year, willingly sows the seeds of enigmatic concern;

*'I have no idea how it got there, but I'm fairly sure it is not man-made. You would need a gang of people working throughout the night without being spotted and I don't think that is possible.'*



*(Above): This curious Kabbalah-like formation appeared in the wee hours before dawn in a field of oil-seed rape at Barbury Castle, Wiltshire.*

Equally forthright in his opinion that the circles have a less-than mundane explanation is Crop Circle and UFO researcher Stephen Alexander, of Gosport, Hampshire. After snapping a photograph of a snow-flaked shaped configuration near the Stone Circle on Silbury Hill, Wiltshire, he stated that he was convinced that the formations are not accidents of nature or the labours of midnight hoaxers.

*'The shapes are becoming more and more complex every year. There is a wide variety of explanations, but I'm convinced that only some sort of consciousness could create such complex patterns. I've got video footage of unexplained lights darting about in crop fields and I believe they are somehow involved. Conventional science is always keen to dismiss the phenomenon, but they forget the people who have gone down in history as geniuses were often considered to be cranks by their peers. I'm sure that one day these shapes will be understood and conventional science will have to reassess its explanation of the world we live in.'*

The Wiltshire Crop Circle Study Group were also quick to voice their opinion that the formations are not the work of pranksters. Co-ordinator Francine Blake claims that U.S. research suggested molecular changes in the crops flattened in true, unexplained circles.

*'They don't appear for nothing,' she insists. 'There must always be a reason.'*  
*Various sources. Summer, 1997.*

## LOOKING FOR ATLANTIS

The legendary British explorer Colonel John Blashford-Snell is it seems, convinced beyond doubting that the fabulous sunken city of Atlantis exists not only in the realm of mythology, but can actually be located beneath a lake in Bolivia, South America. At the time of going to press, the real-life Indiana Jones, was planning on leading a fleet of dragon-headed boats made entirely from reeds up the Desaguadero River to Lake Poopo, 12,000 feet above sea level. The purpose is a noble, if somewhat far-fetched one, and whatever actually transpires it will surely be a true *'voyage of discovery.'*

Whilst Blashford-Snell is by no means the first explorer intent upon finding Atlantis, he has certainly chosen a somewhat unorthodox site in which to instigate his search. Over the past three thousand years, Atlantis has been sought as far afield

as Sweden, Palestine, central Asia, even amidst the freezing wastes of the Antarctic. Crete, Carthage and Mexico have also been backed by archaeologists and historians as being prime contenders. So have Cornwall, Spain and Nigeria.

Unlike most fanciful legends, Atlantis at least has a highly respectable source of origin. The Greek philosopher Plato describes in one of his works, (*THE TIMAEUS*), how the Athenian statesman Solon was told of the city by an Egyptian priest.

Plato says Atlantis, devastated by floods and earthquakes in 9600 B.C., was an empire that existed far to the west, near the Pillars Of Hercules - the Strait Of Gibraltar as we know them. It was not just made up of one isolated island but several, one of them being enormous.

*'The islands,'* wrote Plato sometimes round about 400 B.C., *'had upon them rich villages of country folk, and streams and lakes and meadows to feed all animals both tame and wild, and timber sufficient for all and every craft.'*

In a later book Plato describes the capital on a small round island, 12 miles in diameter. It was rich, it was prosperous; indeed it was so favoured that few had to be employed to perform physical work, yet they could easily reap two harvests a year.

The forces of Atlantis, said Plato's priest, invaded their neighbours. Only mighty Athens had been strong enough to repel their marauding hordes.

*'But on the day of the battle there occurred earthquakes and floods. The Athenian army sank into the earth and water swallowed up Atlantis.'*

Scholars today argue about just how far too the west Plato actually meant. Did he mean inside the Mediterranean, or beyond it, in the Atlantic?

The classicist and survivor of the killing fields of the Somme, Robert Graves, once identified Atlantis with the north coast of Libya, which was indeed flooded 4,000 years ago.

Others chose to identify its location with, of all places, Wessex. According to this somewhat untypical view, Levantine traders, bartering for tin with Cornish miners, brought back tales of a mysterious mist-shrouded islands were precious metals abounded, and the stories simply exaggerated from there.

Wild theories began to spring up in the wake of a 19th century American idea that placed Atlantis in the middle of the Atlantic, and claimed that refugees from its sinking had colonised Mexico, Europe and Africa. There is no geological evidence to back up such speculation, however.

Still others believe that intrepid Phoenician or Carthaginian sailors could have reached out into the Atlantic, even to the Gulf Of Mexico, and so identify Atlantis with the civilisations of Central and South America. And so, it seems Blashford-Snell at least has more than smidgen of tradition to bolster his beliefs.

The fact is though that the leading candidates for the location of Atlantis remains firmly fixed within the confines of the Mediterranean. For an Athenian army to have fought the Atlanteans, it stands to reason that the two places must have lain close enough to each other to enable the opposing armies to converge, either by marching or sailing.

There are actually two, linked claimants; the island of Crete, and the neighbouring, far smaller, island of Santorini - blown apart by volcanic eruption around 1500 B.C. Today just three peaks of that circular island remain, protruding above the azure waters of the Mediterranean.

Crete was once the home of the Minoan civilisation, highly advanced and extremely successful. Until that is, some unexplained disaster befell it around 1470 B.C.

Rumoured by the ancient Greeks to be the site of the Labyrinth, the maze where lurked the terrifying half-man, half-bull Minotaur, the place attracted an evil reputation,

and was generally shunned by all but the most brave or foolhardy.

When the ruins of Knossos, the Minoan capital, were excavated by British archaeologist Sir Arthur Evans at the end of the last century, he was amazed to find maze-like walls of palaces and pictures of bulls, evidence for what had, up until then, been generally dismissed as being nothing more than a myth.

The discovery also begged a highly pertinent question; did the ending of Minoan power coincide with Plato's story of the destruction of Atlantis?

Santorini, 78 miles from Knossos, was still a known colony of Minoan. And, in common with the smaller island of Atlantis, it was circular, or more precisely, cone-shaped. Its original name, Stronghyle, even translates as 'round one.'

The cone was actually the volcano Thera, which was ultimately destroyed by a blast four times more powerful than the great 1883 eruption at Krakatoa, the volcanic island in Indonesia.

When Thera erupted, four cubic miles of rock were sent spinning into the atmosphere. Pumice and ash were shot into the air, mixed with sand, the layers can be seen to this day, like another Pompeii, with Minoan pottery buried within.

Many proponents of the Minoan/Atlantean theory argue that surely, here is the earth that buried the Athenian army. The island collapsed into the sea. The resultant tidal wave from the eruption would have swept the Mediterranean from end to end. The harbour and palaces of neighbouring Crete would hardly have stood a chance.

Plato also makes mention that the former Kings Of Atlantis used to hunt bulls. As we have already seen, the cult of the bull reached its peak in Minoan Knossos.

There are however, certain discrepancies that require resolving if we were to accept the existence of Atlantis in this area as having any bearing in fact.

For a start, the pottery buried in Thera's ash is Minoan alright, but it is of the wrong date and strangely, Knossos itself seemed to survive for at least fifty years after the devastating eruption that sent Santorini to the sea bed.

Maybe it's these inconsistencies that inspire Blashford-Snell to break with tradition and seek Atlantis elsewhere....

*'Plato describes the area where Atlantis stood as a high plateau - which matches the basin-shaped Altiplano, the high plain within the Andes in Bolivia,'* the Colonel maintains. *'I am fairly convinced in my mind that there are trading links between South America and Africa. And from Africa, the link to Egypt and Plato's Greece would have been easy.'*

Blashford-Snell was due to begin building his dragon-headed reed-boats on Lake Titicaca this December, and was hoping to embark on his river journey by March, 1998. We await news of his adventures with great interest.

*18th September, 1997. Lake Titicaca, Peru. 'DAILY MAIL.'*

## **Cosmic Storm Responsible For Destruction Of Sodom And Gomorrah**

And speaking of fabulous lost cities and their premature destruction, according to reports coming out of a meeting of geologists, astronomers and historians taking place in Cambridge, cosmic storms may have been responsible for the devastation wreaked upon the Biblical realms of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Bronze Age civilisations were also thought to have been destroyed. 'Experts' believe that two disasters similar to the asteroid collision thought to have caused the extinction of the dinosaurs 50 million years ago, triggered major

climatic changes including turning the once-fertile Sahara into an arid, featureless desert.

The attendees at the conference also heard of how other Biblical stories and classical myths backed the theory as to why cultures including the Kingdom of Egypt collapsed in 2300 B.C. and others, such as the Chinese Chang Dynasty, fell in 1200 B.C.

4th July, 1997. Cambridge, England. 'DAILYMAIL'

## THE SPHINX- HARBINGER OF ARMAGEDDON?

For countless years, conventional theorists have argued vehemently over who built Egypt's great Giza Pyramids and the erection of the Sphinx. Now, the controversy has heated up still further, with the emergence of a group who believe the builders hailed from the lost civilisation of Atlantis (*see elsewhere in this issue for more on this legendary realm*).

They have even set up a site on the Internet, their Web pages claim that the Sphinx is 8,000 years older than is commonly supposed, and therefore, it simply must have been built by people other than the ancient Egyptians. They also accuse the director of the Sphinx and pyramids, Zahi Hawass, of preventing them from investigating a door under the Great Giza Pyramid that leads directly to the Sphinx's paws. These New Agers believe that Atlanteans left documents hidden in the Sphinx that, when eventually discovered, will lead down the path to Armageddon.

The expected discovery date, they say, is 1998.



Their Web pages also explain precisely why the Egyptian government doesn't want their theory exposed. *'If the Sphinx was created by an antediluvian civilisation, predating ancient Egypt by thousands of years, then this upset the entire world view of Egyptian society.'* They further claim that this could well result in an uprising by Islamic Fundamentalists, which could, ultimately, topple the moderate government and destabilise the entire Middle East region.

The claims have, predictably, outraged Egyptian officials, who called them *'an organised campaign'* to discredit the country's history and culture. Mr Hawass, for one, calls the New Agers *'pyramidists'*, stating that they have a dearth of facts with which to support their wild theories.

*'Not a single object or piece of an object has been found at Giza that can be interpreted as coming from a lost civilisation,'* Hawass points out. *'Instead, we find an abundance of tombs, bodies, ancient boats, hieroglyphic inscriptions, pottery, bakeries, and so on from the Egyptian culture of the Fourth Dynasty, about 2,500 B.C.'*

These New Agers borrow their theories from the work of Edgar Cayce, the infamous seer and visionary who claimed that whilst he was in a trance in 1935, he learned that people who originated from Atlantis had placed documents regarding their history and the meaning of life in the Hall Of Records, contained in the Sphinx's paws. He further prophesied that this hall would be opened in 1998, unleashing horrific geological forces that would turn the very Earth upside down on its axis.

While the Egyptian government allows New Age tour groups to meditate in the pyramids (at prices up to \$600 an hour - that's very generous of them, and I don't think), they quite understandably don't want them digging or probing in any way. In 1991, Hawass forbade one Cayce follower, American tour guide, John Anthony West, from visiting the site after he sought to investigate the area with radar.

The *real* concern among Egyptian antiquities officials and archaeologists is that the group will do serious damage whilst engaged in their search. *'If it makes them happy to believe their theory, then fine, as long as there is no damage to the*

to the monuments,' says Salma Ikram, an Egyptologist. 'But there is this tendency to tromp around the monuments in an irresponsible manner...The monuments have stood for 5,000 years. We want them to stand for another 5,000.'

I guess we'll know for sure whether or not Cayce was right in his dire predictions, sometime later next year, 28th May, 1997. *The Sphinx, Egypt* 'CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.'

## The Blood-Drinking Plants

It may sound like the plot-line for one of those brilliant mid-1950's science-fiction B-movies, but Leif Bulow and his colleagues at the University of Lund in Sweden have apparently shown that tobacco plants thrive and outgrow natural relatives when implanted with a gene that makes a bacterial version of haemoglobin - The red pigment in human blood that transports oxygen around the body.



The team is planning on testing the gene in major crops such as rice and maize to see whether they also flourish. By the age of three weeks, tobacco plants carrying the gene had grown to twice the size of their natural counterparts. They also contained up to 40 per cent more chlorophyll pigment, and a third more nicotine than usual.

'The gene turned out to be a wild card,' says a delighted Bulow. 'This is really exciting, and it's opened up a completely new project.'

The team took the transported haemoglobin gene from *Vibrio cholerae* bacteria, which live in mud and silt that keep them short of oxygen. By making haemoglobin, the bacteria eke out enough oxygen to stay alive.

The experiments add up, hopes Bulow, to a potential for growth and quality of 'the big crops, such as rice and maize.'

Nick Brewin, a plant biotechnologist at The John Innes Centre in Norwich, was impressed by the Swedish findings. 'It was completely unexpected, and nothing anyone could have predicted.'

He does however, advocate a degree of caution before proceeding towards inserting the gene into other crops. He speculates that some plant species might suffer damage or stunted growth if extra oxygen brought in by the haemoglobin triggers unwanted metabolic activity.

8th March, 1997. *University of Lund, Sweden*. 'NEW SCIENTIST'

## The Alien Amber

Bacteria of a species unknown to science have been resuscitated from soil and vegetable matter trapped for between 25 and 35 million years in amber from the Dominican Republic.

Researchers led by Raul Cano of the California Polytechnic in San Luis Obispo unveiled their findings at the American Society for Microbiology's meeting. They propose naming the bacterium *Staphylococcus succinus*.

Cano says that the bacteria are very unusual, and quite unlike modern species of *Staphylococcus*. They seem to multiply to form clusters that resemble a ship's wheel and their cell walls are laden with diaminopimelic acids.

'It's like science fiction, but it's cool,' says Cano.

'I've never seen anything like it,' agrees Lewis Lambert from Xoma, a bio-technology company based in Berkeley, California. 'You look down the microscope and see live microdinosaurs.'

Some scientists have remained sceptical about Cano's previous claims to have revived ancient bacteria. Cano accepts that he cannot prove that bacteria taken from ancient amber are not modern contaminants. However, he says that the unusual habits and biochemistry of *S. succinus* make it an important find, whatever its age.

17th May, 1997. *Dominican Republic*. 'NEWSCIENTIST'

## Pyramids In Russia...

According to reports coming from a Russian news agency, archaeologists claim to have discovered funeral pyramids in the remote Altai region of Siberia.

The step pyramids, similar to ones in Latin America, were found during the Summer of 1996, in the Sentelek Valley of the Charysh district, according to Interfax.

Subsequent research has gleaned the information that the structures date to the fourth century B.C., Pytor Shulga, head of the Inheritance Scientific Research Centre, was quoted as saying.

The Siberian Pyramids were constructed of ceramic plates covering the turf and stone, and are hollow inside to allow priests to visit the dead.

Two 2,500 year-old mummies were also discovered in the same region of Siberia, near Russia's border with Mongolia. Scientists believe that they belonged to the Scythian tribes that roamed the steppes from the Black Sea to Mongolia.

4th April, 1997. *Altai region of Siberia, Russia*. 'BOSTON GLOBE.'

## And An Earthquake In Scotland

A tremor measuring 2.4 on the Richter Scale shook the tiny Scottish village of Blackford, Auchterarder. Dozens of people contacted the RAF's Kinloss base fearing that sonic booms were the cause of the quake.

Glenn Ford, a seismologist at the Edinburgh-based British Geological Survey, later described the tremor as being quite substantial.

It was however, not quite as 'substantial' as the last quake to hit the British Isles (at least according to our records) On 6th May last year, parts of North Staffordshire, were struck by a quake measuring 2.8.

30th July, 1997. *Blackford, Auchterarder, Scotland* 'LIVERPOOL ECHO'

## Double Egg Shell-Shock

Housewife Jenny Frost has baffled 'experts' with her discovery of a double hard-boiled egg.

Jenny was forced to cut into it - only to find another - complete with shell - contained inside.

Jenny, 56, of Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire, said; *'I'm keeping the egg in the fridge for the moment. It's weird and wonderful.'*

At the time of going to press, scientists were said to have professed an interest in studying it, but no word had come our way since the acquisition of this clipping.

2nd June, 1997. Sowerby, West Yorkshre. 'DAILY MANC.'

## Ancient Gases - Inspiration For The Power Of Prophecy?

The priestess of the Delphic Oracle in ancient Greece may have delivered her prophecies under the influence of petro-chemical fumes, according to a geologist by the name of Jelle de Boer. If so, descriptions of the Oracle, often dismissed as mere fable, may have been correct.

According to classical Greek writers, including Plutarch, the exhalations of the Earth came from a chasm below the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The Oracle's priestess, a woman called the Pythia, sat over the cavern and breathed this 'divine afflatus,' from which she drew the powers of prophecy.

At the turn of this century, however, archaeologists excavating the temple at Delphi saw neither a chasm nor any traces of volcanic activity in the area. They concluded that the exhalations were a mere myth.

But now, Jelle de Boer, a geologist at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, claims he has uncovered evidence to corroborate the classical accounts. De Boer found an active geological fault exposed to the east and west of the temple. A fault running between them would have passed beneath the temple itself. One of the two fault zones was only exposed by recent roadworks, which explains why earlier researchers failed to find them.

De Boer also discovered a smaller fault, running roughly north-south, that intersects the main fault at the temple site. The two faults produce fissures in the rock that may open and close as earthquakes shake the area, he told a meeting of the Geological Society in London last May.

Not far below the surface lies a limestone layer rich in hydrocarbons. Such rock strata sometimes release gases, including ethylene, methane and hydrogen-sulphide, that vent to the surface through fissures. De Boer suggests that similar vents may once have existed at the Oracle site, but have since been closed by earthquakes. *'The ancients must have been right,'* he says.

De Boer says that the gases may have intoxicated the Pythia and led directly to her visions. His collaborator, John Hale, of the University of Louisville, Kentucky, suspects that the effect may have been largely of the mind.

*'The exhalations had the effect of putting the woman into the right spirit to make these prophecies, whether or not they actually produced intoxication,'* he says.

3rd May, 1997. Delphi, Greece. 'NEWSCIENTIST'

## Residue From Magonia?

Some strange things have been falling from the sky of late... In Atlantic City, New Jersey, FAA investigators were trying to determine whether a 500-pound chunk of ice that fell through the roof of a house last February, was 'blue ice' flushed from an airplane's sewage tank.

The block landed on the couch of a very distressed, not say surprised, family sitting watching the TV.

12th February, 1997. Atlantic City, New Jersey, USA. 'USA TODAY'

\*\*\* Meanwhile, giant ice cubes as big as houses are said to be plunging into the Earth's atmosphere.

Scientists have discovered dozens of chunks weighing up to 20 tons when they watched recordings made by a NASA satellite. Fortunately, the ice melts harmlessly while still hundreds of miles distant from our planet, a conference in Baltimore, USA, was told.

Well, that's alright then...

30th May, 1997. Baltimore, USA. 'DAILYSLUR.'

\*\*\* And motorists in the town of Villa Angel Flores on Mexico's Pacific coast were deluged by a shower of toads one Saturday night last July.



A mini tornado was held to be responsible by local scientists and meteorologists.. 'As all good Fortean are well aware, the favourite pet theory of these self-acclaimed 'experts' to explain away falls of toads, frogs, fish, and all manner of other anomalous items, is that whirlwinds and twisters sweep up the contents of ponds, rivers and lakes and deposit them upon a bewildered public. The fact that, more often than not, these falls contain only creatures of the one species, therefore implying that the twisters are somehow selective in what they choose to collect and deposit, seems to just pass them by.

9th July, 1997. Villa Angel Flores, Mexico. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO.'

## The Ring Of Fire

Housewife Vincenza Deramo was sent reeling by a thunderbolt that shot out of her phone when lightning struck British Telecom equipment near her home in Llandello, Wales.

4th August, 1997. Llandello, Wales. 'DAILYMANC.'

## Medical Weirdness Mad Doctors On The Ward

Real-life Dr Frankenstein's seem hell-bent upon inflicting their unique brand of medicine upon their unsuspecting patients just lately...

A Belgian scientist was forced to hotly refute an allegation that his fertility centre had accidentally produced the world's first human clone, a four-year-old boy now living in southern Belgium.

Dr. Robert Schoysman, head of the Van Helmont Hospital near Brussels, claimed that the child was born after his

mother underwent in vitro fertilisation, in which sperm is combined in a laboratory with an egg surgically taken from a woman, and the resulting fertilised egg is implanted in a woman's womb. In this case, the fertilised egg split into two embryos, creating twins.

'Besides, I am not equipped to do cloning,' the good Dr Schoysman said, somewhat unconvincingly...

10th March, 1997. Brussels, Belgium. 'ST LOUIS POST-DISPATCH'

\*\*\* Equally suspect, is the claim by doctors in India that they have hit upon a miracle cure for asthma...Simply get your patient to swallow a live fish (the precise species is not recorded, so presumably any old fish will suffice).

A herbal drug is placed in the fish's mouth and released once the fish dies in the patient's stomach - about 15 minutes after being swallowed.

'Some 300,000 Indians have taken the fish treatment so far,' according to medical magazine 'WHAT DOCTORS DON'T TELL YOU.'

3rd August, 1997. India. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'



\*\*\* A man who was pronounced to be as dead as the proverbial door knob, suddenly regained consciousness after spending an astonishing 12 hours in an Egyptian morgue refrigerator. He threw open the coffin lid and yelled for help. Ironically, the Cosmic Joker must have been lying in wait for just such a moment, because the paramedic who discovered this latter-day Lazarus collapsed in shock and later died himself.

14th July, 1997. Egypt. 'LIVERPOOLECHO.'

\*\*\* A Swede who complained of headaches after a brain operation blew his nose - and out flew a 32-inch long strip of bandage.

Goran Rudolfsson, 54, said; 'My nose was blocked. I washed an ironed the bandage and sent it back to the hospital in Stockholm.'

8th July, 1997. Stockholm, Sweden. 'DAILYMAIL.'

\*\*\* A baby with two heads was born in Nigeria. The boy's second face was positioned on top of his head but the second mouth and eyes don't function.

Doctors in Lagos said that apart from those deformities, the child was completely normal.

21st August, 1997. Nigeria, Africa. 'DAILYMANC.'

# A Gleam In The North

## (The Holy Bloodline)

### Lecture By H.R.H. Prince

### Michael Of Albany:

#### An Appreciation By D and K Colman

#### (Scottish Unexplained Phenomena Research)

Being avid students of history, Grail Lore, Bloodline and the ancient Greek/Egyptian/Hebrew connections with ancient Scotland, Kathleen and I decided to attend Prince Michael's lecture taking place in Dundee, with great interest. Prince Michael of Albany *claims* to be a descendant of Bonny Prince Charlie and therefore a legitimacy to the Scottish Crown. (I should say at this point that I could not help myself seeing him in a white curly wig and fancy coat and was impressed at his obvious resemblance to the portraits of Charles Edward Stuart).

The Princes' lecture itself contained mostly information that we were already aware of and a few points that were not. This did not make for a tedious lecture however. On the contrary, due to the erudite and entertaining manner in which it was presented, the talk was never less than fascinating.

The Prince spoke for just over an hour, which forced him to curtail the depths of his discussion. I am certain that given more time he could have disclosed some of the much deeper knowledge he obviously had. HRH did speak at length on the constitutions of other countries and the fact that they were all based on the Declaration Of Arbroath, which begins with 'WE ARE THE PEOPLE.'

He made a salient point in that the country that gave the world the concept of constitution, Scotland is strangely bereft of its own.

The Prince continued, informing us that Scotland was regarded as an extremely important ancient seat of wisdom, known and renowned by the Ancient Greeks as the land at the edge of the world. It is a sobering thought that a highly advanced civilisation like the Ancient Greeks came to Scotland to learn the true universal secrets!!!

It is said that Pythagoras was taught the art of sacred geometry at the Temple Of The Sun at Callanish in the Western Isles Of Scotland.

The *New Pretender*' went on to explain the importance of ancient Scotland in a Christian context and the expansion of the Celtic Church throughout Europe. In ancient times Scotland's King's were never crowned by divine right. This was an English concept later forced upon Scotland. The King worked *for* his people, in the true traditions of the Grail service through the auspices and teachings of the Celtic Church. Whatever happened to lead the unconquered race, collectively known as The Scots, into servility and dependence on Westminster???

The Celtic Church believed in the true teachings of Christ which were in turn looked upon by Rome as dangerously inspirational to the ordinary people, allowing all nations and creeds to achieve salvation by the expression of freedom for the individual. The radical beliefs of the true Christ did not sit well with the dogma of the new Church of Rome, and presented an extreme danger to their cosmetic ideas of what a Christian should be and the manner of his worship.

The rapidly expanding Celtic Church, with a cathedral in Rome itself, was the antipathy of Constantines' councils, and due to its Gnosis, the Celtic Church had to be assimilated into Roman Catholic dogma. As we have come

to expect from Scotland's corrupt hierarchy, the Celtic bishops sold their souls to the Church of Constantine, just as the 'noble' Scottish lords accepted English gold to deliver the Scottish people to the Crown of England and its alien feudal system of overlordship.

It is widely believed that Atlantis was a part of the Western coast of Scotland. When one considers the advanced teachings that were once available in Alba in ancient times, is the Atlantis theory do difficult to lend any degree of credence to?

Continuing on the theme of learning, it is said that Christ educated Himself in Scotland and at many of the major Druidic universities in Europe prior to beginning His mission to the Holy Land. It is also said that Scots Granny!!! Her name was Anna, a Celtic Princess and mother of the Virgin Mary. A possible Scottish connection with Ancient Egypt is strengthened with the fact that 'red-headed' men, were revered and were ominously looked upon as prime sacrificial offerings to the Gods. The ancient brother of Osiris, the evil Set, was said to have red hair. These ginger-haired men could only have been of Celtic stock. It is said that the Scythian people, originally from the Black Sea area, migrated westward, gradually settling in Scotland. Ancient Egypt did boast a Queen Scoti, but this was purely a descriptive title meaning 'Scythian Princess,' and there is little credence attached to the belief that the Scots are actual descendants of the Egyptians. Nevertheless, the Scythians, who had at least one princess marry into Egyptian royalty, mixed and intermingled with the democratic and open society of Ancient Egypt, and one can surmise that the Scythians learned much of Egyptian science, astrology and religion.

The Prince also spoke at length of the conspiracy to re-write Scotland's proud history by various parties throughout the centuries for political and religious reasons, portraying the land of Scotland and its people as little more than painted savages. This propaganda was a deliberate smokescreen to conceal the true nature and the history of the Scots. Why were the Scottish people considered so dangerous to instigate this international conspiracy against them? The answer to this question may lie in the fact that Scotland held the truth of the life and death of Christ, which would have been in direct opposition to the accepted Pauline traditions of the all-powerful Church Of Rome.

Whilst the Prince waxed eloquent about the ancient Kingdom of Dalriada (esteemed by the Knights Templar) and Alba. I couldn't help but wonder of the connections between cosmic knowledge, ancient history and the location of the ever-increasing UFO sightings sweeping over Central Scotland, particularly Fife. Where do these sightings stand in the equation?

Why are there so many sightings in Scotland? Could it be possible that the actual land of Scotland has some sort of mystical bearing, held to be so important in the distant past, and now so vital for the future of the human race? Perhaps more than any of us could ever hope to realise?

In some unfathomable manner, are we being slowly educated by 'cosmic visitors'?

In my capacity as a UFO researcher I meet with many UFO experiencers and have often thought to ask myself why, after listening to so much eyewitness testimony from so many credible people, that I am no closer to forming a concrete opinion on this most perplexing and enduring of mysteries.

I have concluded that UFO and other metaphysical experiences will continue to increase as our willingness to absorb the fact that the truth really is out there grows. I further believe that at present, we do not have the mental capability to understand the true meaning that lies behind the UFO/ancient cosmic mystery. Only when we reach the stage in our evolution where we will be able to comprehend

the psychological mechanisms required to acknowledge and understand the delicate messages offered by UFO sightings and Crop Circle appearances, will the true answer become apparent.

In this brief article I have attempted to provide food for thought for us all, not just the Scots. The people of Scotland have a rich, inherited knowledge of universal law, and one day we will learn to truly accept this fact. The old Scot's saying; 'What's like us?' may be more accurate than we think. If we are to ever rise and consider ourselves as an enlightened nation we must free ourselves from the anarchic shackles and chaos of political and religious division that sadly bedevils our country. For nefarious reasons the world has been educated under a cover of darkness by an orchestrated conspiracy to keep us far from the truth employing teachers, politicians and church leaders alike.

In a concerted effort, we have been deliberately misled about historical truth by established power bases throughout the world. However, this same truth is becoming increasingly accessible to the general public through lectures like that of the Prince, as well as through books, magazines and media attention.

Many believe that Scotland has an important part to play in the future development of cosmic awareness and understanding.

Look out for the gleam in the North.

## Religious Phenomena Floral Images Found On Turin Shroud

Recently discovered flower images on the Shroud of Turin may help solve the controversy over whether the imprinted linen sheet could possibly be the burial cloth of Jesus, according to press reports humming down the wires.

A visiting Israeli botanist by the name of Avinoam Danin, spoke on the subject at the Missouri Botanical Garden, and has apparently confirmed that of the hundreds of floral patterns on the sheet, 28 are of flower species that still grow in Israel, 70 per cent of them in a 10-square-kilometre area between Jerusalem and Jericho. At least one of these, *Zygophyllum*, a kind of desert tumbleweed, grows only in Israel and parts of neighbouring Jordan and the Sinai, as it did 2,000 years ago in the time of Jesus, he said.

Danin has been working for two years with researchers Alan and Mary Whanger of Duke University, who first noticed the floral images in 1985 and developed a photographic technique using negatives and ultraviolet light scanning to increase contrast and makes the images visible.

Most of the flower images were clustered around the head of the imprinted figure of a bearded man who appeared to have been whipped, crowned with thorns and crucified. The positioning would have been consistent with the Jewish burial practice then of banking fresh flowers around the head of the deceased. Also consistent, according to Danin, was the fact that the majority of the identified species were also used as a kind of preservative of the body.

The Whangers are Christians and affiliated with the Association of Scientists and Scholars International for the Shroud of Turin, or ASSIST for short. Danin, a professor of botany at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and an authority on the flora of Israel, is a Jew who likes linking his botanical findings to Old Testament stories. Danin managed to evade the trap of stating an opinion as to

whether he believed the Shroud to be the burial sheet of Jesus.

*'I'm doing this as a scientist, absolutely,'* he was quoted as saying, somewhat defensively. *'But it would make me very happy if my scientific knowledge could help solve a mystery that has been a centre of focus for so many people. It might bring Christians and Jews closer together. After all, Jesus was a Jew.'*

Danin said the preponderance of botanical evidence, the inclusion of so many species indigenous to the Holy Land, plus forensic evidence that the flowers were picked in the Spring, at the time of Passover and the Crucifixion - convinces him that the Shroud dates from the first century A.D.

Danin and the Whangers (*sounds to me like a good name for an indie band - Ed*), dispute the 1988 radiocarbon dating tests of samples of the Shroud, which conclude that the cloth dated from between A.D. 1260 and 1390. Danin said the tests were unreliable because the samples were taken from the edge of the Shroud, which looks to be rewoven, rather than from the centre, which appears much older.

In April, 1997, the Shroud was dramatically saved from destruction in a fire that devastated the Cathedral of Turin in northern Italy, where it has been shrouded since 1578. The Shroud had been removed from its normal place in the cathedral and was under four layers of bullet proof glass, through which fire-fighters had to hammer to rescue the cloth from the encroaching flames.

The Shroud is to be displayed in Turin next year, when Danin will get his firsthand look at it.

Danin and the Whangers are planning to study the images of ossified objects found on the cloth, including a nail, piece of rope, a ring of thorns and a sea sponge apparently attached to a reed.

8th June, 1997. Turin, Italy. 'ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH'

## Most Americans Believe They Are Going To Heaven

According to reports coming out of the less than good ol' US of A, most Yanks seem to display a somewhat disconcerting confidence that they are destined to go to Heaven when they finally shake their mortal coils.

A poll released last March found that 67 per cent of Americans are certain that Heaven exists.

An even larger number - 87 per cent - thought they were likely to go there, perhaps a sign that math literacy is not a prerequisite for stepping through those pearly gates.

Mother Teresa doubtless resides there along with Princess Diana, according to 79 per cent of the 1,000 adults surveyed in the poll commissioned by U.S. News and World Report.

People were much more confident about their own ability to make it to Heaven than that of their friends and neighbours. Just 18 per cent thought all their friends would join them in Paradise.

*'No one seems to think that if you lie with dogs you tend to get fleas,'* said Ed Goetas of the Tarrance Group, who helped design the poll.

22nd March, 1997. USA. 'BOSTON-HERALD'

## A Real-Life Walking Miracle

Little Danielle O' Connor has made an astonishing recovery from a rare killer disease.

And now her case may well persuade the Vatican to turn a priest into a living saint.

Danielle, six, is one of only six children to have a deadly genetic disorder called 21-chromosome deficiency. Victims normally suffer severe mental handicap and stunted growth and ultimately die within a few years.

But when Danielle was aged two her parents Frank and Maureen, decided to have her blessed with religious relics formerly owned by an Italian priest, Padre Pio.

The monk, who died in 1968, aged 81, developed stigmata after joining the Capuchin order.

A gash appeared on his side without any direct cause and he was said to shed a cup of blood a day and yet never got infected.

Danielle, of Motherwell, Lanarkshire, had one of Padre Pio's bandages and rosary beads held over her head during a private blessing at a Catholic house.

Now she attends a normal school, runs and laughs like any other youngster and has a high reading ability for her age. Her mother was quoted as saying *'I am convinced she has been cured by the blessing.'*

Danielle's parents have agreed to send her medical records to the Vatican to help support moves to canonise Padre Pio, who is claimed to be responsible for other medical miracles.

Orthopaedic surgeon David Bell, who has treated Danielle, says; *'She should be severely mentally defective and unable to walk. But she continues to disprove the medical world.'*

5th August, 1997. Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'

## Flowers In December PROOF OF LIFE AFTER DEATH?

*The following articles appeared in the 'THE DAILY MAIL' and 'THE SUNDAY PEOPLE' respectively, in the space of a few days last Summer.*

*We re-print the salient points here in case you missed them first time around.*

Ian Wilson, in his article, opens the debate about the survival of the human spirit by asking the most pertinent of questions; might there genuinely be something of us that can separate from the physical body, either when close to death, or in other exceptional circumstances?

He attempts to answer this by stating that a surprising number of people have reported that a relative or friend have appeared to them at the precise time of their death, even though they may have died thousands of miles away.

He cites a classic example of this by re-telling the story of the Ellis sisters, Mary and Alice. They informed the eminent psychical researcher Frederic Myers, that just one day before their father's death in Kensington, London, he told them that he could see their brother Robert, then 11,000 miles away in Normanton, Queensland, close to Australia's Gulf of Carpentaria.

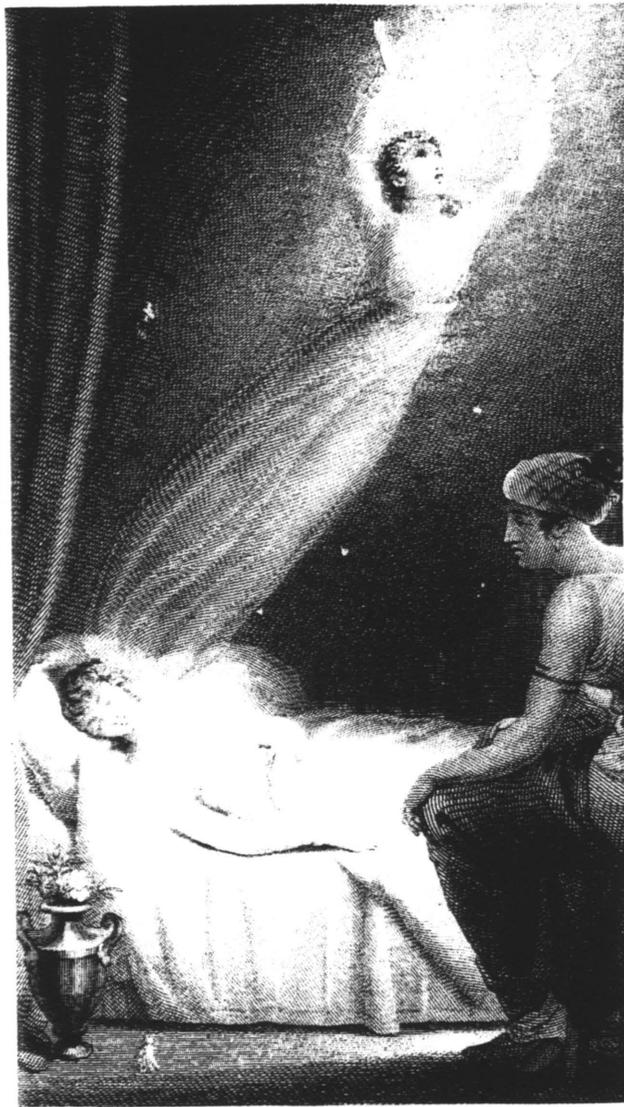
Alice was quoted as saying; *'On Wednesday, December 29th, 1869, my father, who was dangerously ill, awoke from sleep and, raising himself in the bed, pointed and looked most intently to one corner of the room and said to my sister Mary and me; "Look! Don't you see? It's my poor boy Bob's head!"*

*Then turning to me he said; "Normanton. Don't forget Gulf of Carpentaria." He then sank back exhausted. This happened about 3pm...He died the next day'*

As if to confirm that their father was not in the least bit raving in delirium, their brother Robert seems at the same time to have set eyes upon his father across all those thousands of miles.

Alice continued with the story; *'When Robert returned from Australia a few years later, he told us that one night while camping out, he had awoken seeing my father's head distinctly in one part of his tent. It made such an impression on him that he went to his mate in the adjoining tent and said; "I have just seen my father. You must come and stay with me."*

*By the next mail he received my letter telling him of our father's death. My brother said it must have been about 3am when he saw my father. Would that not correspond with our 3pm? I always think they must have seen each other at the same time."*



Not satisfied with this rather convincing tale, Ian moves on to relate the much more recent story described in the biography of the highly scientific Dr Josef Issels, founder of Bavaria's Ringberg Cancer Clinic, concerning a dying woman patient.

*'I was doing my morning round on Ward One, the ward reserved for the acutely ill. I went into the room of an elderly patient close to death.*

*She looked at me and said: "Doctor, if you go to room 12, you will find a woman writing a letter to her husband. She has just completed the first page. I've just seen her do it."*

*She went on to describe in minute detail what she had just "seen". I hurried to Room 12, at the end of the ward. The scene was exactly the same as the woman had described it, even down to the contents of the letter.*

*I went back to the elderly woman to seek an explanation. In the time I had been gone, she had died.'*

Ian is quick to point out that such experiences are all too often interpreted as no more than mere delusions caused by strong pain-killing drugs and the like, but that there remain countless cases where the facts of the matters cannot be explained away quite so easily.

Another example he gives is that of the American evangelist preacher Billy Graham, who often relates of how his dying grandmother suddenly sat up in her bed, even though she had been far too weak to do so earlier, and said; "There is Ben, and he has both of his eyes and both of his legs!"

Her husband Ben had lost a leg and an eye in the American Civil War.

In yet another example, American paediatrician Dr Melvin Morse recorded the experience of a woman patient of his who in 1979, suffered the double body-blow of her 10-year-old son Tom dying of leukaemia, swiftly followed her mother being diagnosed as having incurable cancer.

The patient described one of her daily visits to her mother; *'When we entered the room, she was talking to someone. She was looking at them as though they were stood right next to her, but we could see no one.*

*I asked her who she was talking to and she said; "Tom." Over the next two weeks my mother had long conversations with Tom as well as with her dead mother and sister. In the hours before she died she was received by all three of them.'* Even more convincing than any of the previous accounts, is the following account of a similar case related to the author of the article. Ian was told by a *'down-to-earth Bristol housewife called Janet whose first child, a girl, died of pneumonia after just two days in 1968.*

*Before the baby's death, Janet and her husband had named her Jane after Janet's long-widowed grandmother Jane Charles, a 96-year-old who at that time lay dying 100 miles away in a village near Abergele, North Wales.*

*Janet's father, Geoffrey Charles, a newspaper reporter, was at his mother's bedside when told of the baby's death and decided it best not to tell her, in order not to upset her during what were obviously to be her last hours.*

*Accordingly, Geoffrey was quite unprepared for the shock when, apparently totally lucid, his mother began telling him of being able to see around her people whom he could not see. Very contentedly, she told Geoffrey that she was seeing his father John, her husband who had died in 1942. But then, with a puzzled expression, she remarked that the only thing she couldn't understand was that John had a baby with him.*

*Then she said emphatically, as if the knowledge of who this baby was had suddenly come to her. "It is one of our family! It's Janet's baby! Poor Janet. Never mind, she will get over it."*

*A few moments later she was dead.*

*A remarkable example of the dreamlike state into which countless people have fallen and later reported having been visited by the spirit of a person who is either dead or dying, was given by a level-headed and somewhat sceptical individual; the former British Cabinet Minister Roy Jenkins, now Lord Jenkins of Hillhead and Chancellor of Oxford University.*

*During his university days, and continuing into his political career, one of his closest friends was a fellow Labour MP, the charismatic Anthony Crosland. In February, 1977, Crosland was seriously ill in Oxford while Jenkins had to go to Italy on some political errand. Whilst he was there, Jenkins recorded in his diary for February 19th; "I awoke about 6:30am, having had a vivid dream about Tony being present, and his saying in an absolutely unmistakable, clear, rather calm voice; "No, I am perfectly alright. I'm going to die, but I'm perfectly alright."*

*Then at about eight o' clock we had a telephone call from the BBC saying that he had died that morning, curiously enough, at almost exactly the same moment that I awoke from my dream about him."*

Another, even more recent example of this type of phenomenon is given by Ian.

Dr Melvin Morse spoke of a dream in which his father had featured.

*'One night in January, 1988, I came home late from the hospital. It had been a very difficult day and I was interested only in sleep. I turned off my beeper and my telephone, and told my wife that I didn't want to be disturbed for any reason. Then I went to bed.*

*As I fell asleep in the darkened room, my father appeared to me in a dream. He just stood there facing me. He spoke very clearly; "Melvin, call your answering service. I have something to tell you."*

*I awoke with a start and charged into the living room. I made the call and was told that my mother had been trying to reach me with an urgent message. It was to tell me that my father had died'*

Ian then goes on to give examples of the so-called 'crisis apparitions' - the appearance of the more solid-looking entities that materialise at the moment of acute danger to the individual concerned.

He begins with the highly-regarded, classic case of Prince Victor Duleep Singh in October, 1893, when the Prince was staying in Berlin with youthful aristocrat George Herbert, Lord Carnarvon (later to experience apparent supernatural revenge from beyond the grave after his discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamun's tomb).

According to the Prince's own account; *'I went to bed, leaving as I always do, a bright light in the room. As I lay on the bed I found myself looking at an oleograph (a print which imitates the appearance of an oil painting) which hung on the wall opposite my bed.*

*I saw distinctly, the face of my father...looking at me, as it were, out of this picture; not like a portrait of him, but his real head. The head about filled the picture frame.*

*I continued looking and still saw my father looking at me with an intense expression. Though not in the least alarmed, I was so puzzled that I got out of bed to see what the picture really was. It was a commonplace picture of a girl holding a rose and leaning out of a balcony, an arch forming a background. The girl's face was quite small, whilst my father's face was the size of life and filled the frame.*

*I had no special anxiety about my father at the time and had for some years known him to be seriously out of health; but there had been no news to alarm me about him.*

*Next morning (a Sunday) I told the incident to Lord Carnarvon. That evening, late on returning home, Lord Carnarvon brought two telegrams into my room and handed them to me. I said at once; "My father is dead."*

*He had had an apoplectic seizure on the Saturday evening at about nine o' clock, from which he never recovered, but continued unconscious and died on the Sunday, in the early afternoon.*

*My father had often said that if I was not with him when he died, he would try to come to me.*

Lord Carnarvon corroborated the Prince's account and said himself; *'We had no knowledge of his father's illness.'*

Harold Owen, the brother of the famous World War One poet and veteran of the Western Front, Wilfred Owen, also described how shortly after Wilfred's death in France (ironically, just one week short of the Armistice agreement and the cessation of hostilities) the poet appeared to his brother, who was at that time, blissfully unaware that Wilfred was dead. The manifestation occurred whilst Harold was in his cabin on the ship in which he was

serving, stationed off the Cameroons, West Africa. The apparition was completely life-like.

Harold takes up the story; *'I had gone down to my cabin thinking to write some letters...drew aside the door curtain and stepped aside and to my amazement...saw Wilfred sitting in my chair. I felt shock run through me with an appalling force.*

*I did not rush towards him but walked jerkily into the cabin - all my limbs stiff and slow to respond. Looking at him I spoke quietly; "Wilfred, how did you get here?"*

*He did not rise and I saw that he was involuntarily immobile. But his eyes which had never left mine were alive with the familiar look of trying to make me understand; when he spoke, his whole face broke into his sweetest and most endearing smile.*

*He was in uniform and I remember thinking how out of place the khaki looked against the cabin furnishings. With this thought, I must have turned my eyes away from him; when I looked back, my cabin chair was empty.*

*Suddenly, I felt terribly tired and, moving to my bunk, I lay down; instantly I went into a deep, oblivious sleep. When I woke up I knew with absolute certainty that Wilfred was dead.'*

A much more recent example is then recounted by Ian - a more traditional type of haunting which was said to have occurred in 1979.

*Around 1979, a family that we shall call the Parkers moved into a house in Carshalton, Surrey. They hadn't been there very long when Mrs Parker began seeing the very solid-looking apparition of a middle-aged woman with one leg, who, after a while, would promptly vanish into thin air. One day one of her daughters came rushing downstairs, clabring; "Mummy! Mummy! There's a woman upstairs with only one leg'*

*Satisfied that she was not going mad, the obstetrically-inclined Mrs Parker made a sketch of the ghostly woman, and took this round to some of her longer-established neighbours.*

*They immediately identified the likeness as that of Anne Allen, who some 30 years before had been a tenant in the upstairs part of the house at a time when it had been divided into flats. Anne had suffered the trauma of having her leg amputated in hospital, followed by receiving an eviction notice from her landlord on her return. In despair, she had hanged herself in what was now the Parkers' main bedroom.*

*Now quite sure that their house was haunted, the Parkers' called on the Church of England's 'laying-to-rest' service, and Canon Walker arrived.*

*He conducted the service in the Parkers' bedroom, using their dressing table as an altar. Not long after starting the ceremony, he was profoundly startled to see an ordinary-looking woman with one leg - clearly Anne Allen - standing next to him.*

*Undaunted, he concluded the service, whereupon she smiled and vanished, and never disturbed the Parkers' again.*

Ian then relates the story of a person 'whom I would unhesitatingly cast as the as someone who can honestly perceive images of the dead.'

*Eddie Burks of Lincoln, modest and unassuming septuagenarian, and an engineer who became a principal Scientific Officer in the Civil Service, was in his early fifties when he discovered in himself an unsought sensitivity towards perceiving the spirits of the dead.*

*Initially, this came about following the loss of his wife at the tragically early age of 48. To his joy, he saw her in his kitchen only one day after her death. Subsequently, she even appeared to him in the passenger seat of his car. It was in 1983 that Eddie's senses heightened to communicating*

with the spirits with whom he had no family or friendship connection.

Finding himself called upon in instances where families had suffered ghostly disturbances, he discovered that he could not only easily perceive and communicate with the deceased person by power of thought, but also help them to be released from whatever it was that kept them tied to their earthly haunt.

We then move on to one of the first cases that Eddie tackled, at a house in Leicester.

'A local vicar called me because a young couple in his parish thought their house was haunted. Soon after moving in, they heard footsteps on the landing, a woman crying, and their two-year-old daughter started talking to someone they couldn't see. When the vicar and I went to the house, the daughter was asleep downstairs in the spare bedroom, and her uncle was babysitting. We knew that the previous occupant of the house was an elderly lady who had died from a fall down the stairs. As soon as we went into the child's bedroom, I sensed a woman, who was crying; "What's happened to my house? What are these people doing here? I can't use my own bedroom now."

I said to the vicar that I thought she hadn't realised that she was dead. "Ask her about the fall downstairs" he said to me. Then I turned back to the ghost. Her reply was; "That was a narrow squeak, wasn't it?"

I continued with her until she understood that she was in the next life. It was difficult to persuade her until two "people" came towards her, and she recognised them as having passed on.

The little girl was asleep while we were there, but when she woke up the following morning, she told her mother that she had said goodbye to the lady. She must have seen the old lady in her dreams. It happens quite often with children, because they are much more aware than adults.

Ian's final case (for this article at least - we'll bring you the highlights of the second part in our next issue) concerns Eddie once more and an incident that occurred in August, 1992.

Eddie was called upon by the top people's bank, Coutts, in London's Strand, to help them with a ghostly figure in Elizabethan costume who had been disturbing their reception staff. This figure, whom Eddie sensed virtually as soon as he entered the premises, was identified as almost certainly Thomas Howard, 4th Duke of Norfolk, beheaded on the order of Elizabeth I, in 1572. After 45 minutes of mind to mind exchange with him, Eddie perceived a woman whom he took to be the Duke's daughter come to receive him and escort him "towards the Light"

Thereafter, the disturbances at Coutts came to an end. 18th August, 1997. General 'DAILY MAIL'

## Journeys To Hell And Back

The following accounts of people who have been brought back from the very brink of death and have apparently undergone an NDE (Near Death Experience), appeared in the popular press recently.

The usual descriptions of being drawn along some vast tunnel toward some beautiful, beckoning light, were exchanged for darker stories of encounters with black-robed figures and of being sucked into some ebon pit of despair....

Whatever the 'reality' of such accounts, they certainly make for compulsive, not to say terrifying reading:

We start with brief mention of the experience of Brian Bell, now aged 74. Forty years ago, he was badly injured in a horse-riding accident and was very close to death.

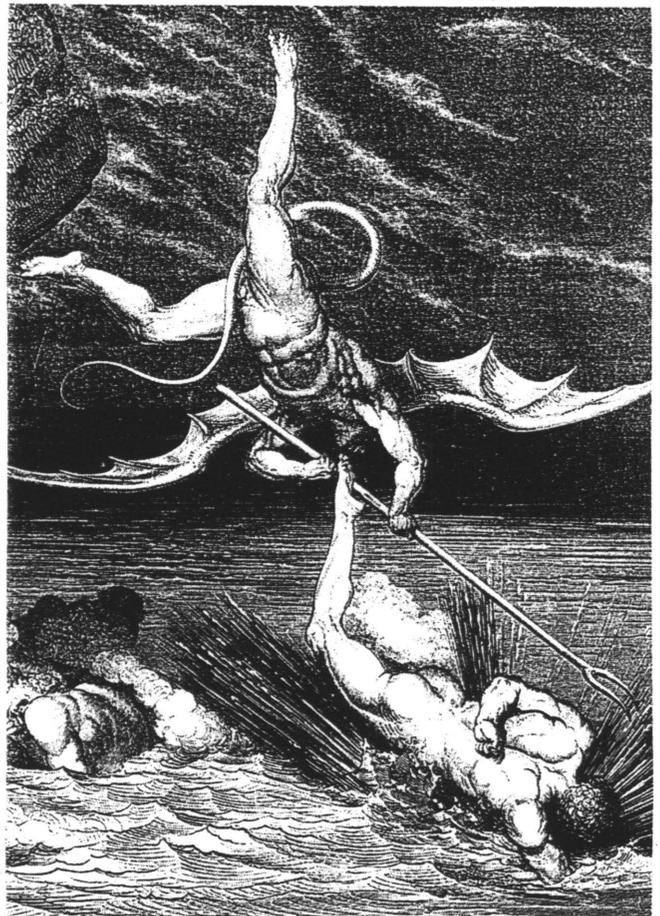
'People say when you are in this state you are drawn to a light, but I was going further and further down into the dark. I was terrified and very desperate. I was sure I was going to Hell.

I definitely think there is another dimension when you die.

According to the author of the article, such unnerving accounts are now being studied by psychologist Tony Lawrence. Tony is a lecturer at Coventry University, and he has received dozens of letters in answer to his appeal for (quite literally) Hellish NDE experiences.

'There are two types of experiences,' he is quoted as saying. 'Some people describe a void - an absence of experience, a feeling that there really is nothing after life. Others experience something obviously negative, often involving a feeling of being dragged down into a pit, rather than the traditional tunnel.

Sometimes Demons are involved. These experiences are however, fairly rare. I am still trying to find as many people as possible who have had these experiences to see if a consistent picture emerges which may explain their cause.



One interesting case was that of a British soldier who was stationed in Germany. He had one of these experiences with black-clad figures and he was being dragged down into a black hole. Another person described a black, pulsating mass composed of two balls.

A meningitis victim described a three-legged being, like the Isle of Man symbol, pulling her down by the legs.

There are no obvious reasons why people have had these very bad experiences. But they typically happen during operations under anaesthetic. You do not actually need to be near death to experience this.

*Last April (1997) a retired CID officer named Joyce Harvey, aged 70, had a massive asthma attack and was immediately taken to Colchester General Infirmary, where she spent a week in intensive care.*

*Eventually she was moved to the main ward, but a couple of nights later she was experiencing difficulty in sleeping. Joyce takes up the story;*

'I got up, sat on the chair opposite my bed and started reading a book. Within minutes I felt completely paralysed unable even to blink. My first thought was that I was having a stroke.

Then everything went dark and I was gripped by a sensation of falling at high speed. I was still in a sitting position but it felt like I was in a lift that had gone out of control.

I couldn't see anything but there was lots of noise, like the high-pitched screams and shouts from a children's playground. And it was very hot below me, as though someone had suddenly opened a huge oven door. I froze with fear when scorching hot hands reached out and began clawing at my feet.

Then, to my absolute terror, thousands of faces - I couldn't make out their features of their bodies - appeared from the dark. Their small but powerful hands were pulling me further and further down the tunnel.

I tried resisting with all the strength I could muster but there was nothing for me to cling on to.

The only thought going through my head was that I was dying and destined for Hell. I kept thinking; "If I'm dying, I must try and get to Heaven"

The faces became distorted and kept changing shape, and although I just knew these creatures intended doing me serious harm, I couldn't make sense of the noises they were making.

My feelings of fear were so intense. They were like nothing I've ever known before and I hope never to experience them again.

The next thing I became aware of was a booming voice saying; "Come on back. Hold on to me." Then I felt as though the lift were shooting back up at near break-neck speed before stopping with a sudden jerk.

It's impossible for me to say how long the experience lasted but I understand it was no more than a few minutes. It felt a whole lot longer.

When I opened my eyes, I was still sitting in the chair and one of the nurses was holding both my hands in hers.. She told me later that she had rushed over after noticing I was writhing about in distress. I had apparently blacked out because my breathing had become restricted.

My legs were sore and there were bruises all over them. I assume it was from when the creatures in the tunnel had grabbed and pulled at me.

Whenever I think about what happened to me, I find it impossible to make sense of the experience. I can still remember it as though it was yesterday.

Although I'm not sure exactly what fate awaited me, I feel pretty certain it was Hell. Even now I am terrified of the dark and leave the bedroom night on all night.

I have never been a religious person. I take the view that you don't have to go to church to be a Christian, but now I find myself saying Hall Mary's and the Lord's Prayer every day, and I make myself think good thoughts about people.

I worry that I did something unpleasant during my time in the police force. I know I have never killed or injured anyone, but I can never be certain I have never done anything God might deem to be wrong. I never thought about death before, but now I'm terrified by the prospect - understandably, I think.

One thing I have got my family to promise me - and I've left a letter with my GP to this effect - is that I will not be

cremated after my death. I've even paid for a plot in the local cemetery. In my view, cremation is tantamount to throwing yourself into the fires of Hell.

*The third case related by the good Dr Lawrence, concerns a woman by the name of Tracey Thornton, aged 20, who is a media studies student who lives at home with her parents and two sisters in Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland.*

*Once again, we'll let her take up the story...*

'Three years ago I suffered terrible head injuries in a car accident and was in a coma at Edinburgh's General Hospital for ten days. My family was told I had only a 50/50 chance of survival, so they kept up a round-the-clock vigil at my bedside.

After about six days I came around very briefly, only to be plunged into something far worse than any nightmare.

At first, all I could see was darkness, complete darkness. Then a blinding white light enveloped me. To begin with I was filled with a sense of peace and comfort, but then my entire body was gripped by indescribable terror. I desperately wanted to escape from this dreadful world I suddenly found myself in, but I knew it was beyond my control to do so.

Then, out of the eerie light, appeared hundreds of small faces, like foetuses whose features are not yet fully formed. They floated down and surrounded me. Although they didn't have bodies, they were threatening and deeply sinister.

A bright light surrounded the faces and some powerful force drew me towards them. They began to chant, while all the time I was getting closer and closer to them.

Suddenly it felt as if a hand had entered my body and ripped out the contents of my heart. There was nothing I could do to stop it - I was completely helpless.

The noises they made were not words but sounds my brain could understand and interpret. The first thing they said was "decapitate." They told me that they wanted me, that they wanted my body.

Then they said that they were going to turn me into a baby. The old me was to be replaced, scrubbed out. I was left in no doubt that they would execute their threats.

Although I couldn't make complete sense of what was happening, I knew that they were taking me off to die. A small part of me even began to believe that what they were planning was right and natural. It was the weirdest thing because I was conscious of going through a whole range of emotions - fear, excitement, despair and utter helplessness - all at the same time.

The creatures reached out, gripped hold of my body and started pulling me down. I struggled and fought but they were too strong for me. The last thing I remember was screaming: "No, no, no! I don't want to be a baby."

Then the light faded, the creatures disappeared, and the darkness returned. It felt like it does when the lights go down on-stage at a theatre. You know the actors are still there but you can't see them anymore.

I was shouting when I came round, I later discovered from my mother who was at my bedside. I was conscious for only a short time before relapsing back into the coma.

Four days later I came around for good. My mind was blank for some time but then, over the days which followed, the full terrifying memory of what I'd been through came flooding back.

I was in no doubt that I'd been to Hell and back, but I couldn't get to grips with why it had happened to me. I was just a girl and although, like all children, I'd done some things I shouldn't behind my parent's backs, I'd never thought of myself as a bad person.

For a long time afterwards I couldn't talk about my experience without breaking down in tears.

Then, a few months ago, I wrote an account of what had happened to me and found the experience quite cathartic. I

never thought much about religion before my near-Hell encounter and certainly didn't believe in reincarnation. Now I do.

There is no doubt in my mind that what those creatures wanted to do was kill me off and re-birth me as a baby. I definitely wasn't ready to die. What terrifies me most is the uncertainty of what would have happened to my body if they had gotten their way.

I don't feel I can mend my ways to stop it happening again because I really can't imagine what I've done in my life that is seriously wrong. However, in some respects, I do feel as though I have come back as a new person - one who has some knowledge of what can happen on the other side."

*And for final example of a Hellish-NDE, we consider the case of Liz Rogers, aged 31, a systems analyst for Woolworth's, and who lives with her partner, Peter, in North London...*

That night, in 1991, I had gone to the cinema with a friend, a male nurse, and we were queuing up in the foyer to buy our tickets.

It was pretty crowded and warm and I suddenly realised I was about to faint. The last thing I was conscious of was falling backwards the floor.

Then I moved into what I can only describe as another existence. There was a deafening buzzing in my ears like a huge hive of bees, an horrific noise which persisted throughout the whole experience.

I couldn't see anything but I felt as though I was falling at speed through a wide tunnel. I was gripped by a deep, petrifying fear such as I'd never felt before, as though all around me there was Evil.

The only thing I could think was that I definitely didn't want to go where I was headed. I was desperate to get out of that tunnel and away from its Evil, but I felt I never would.

Everywhere I looked there was darkness. There were no smells and I had no sensation of it being either hot or cold. The only thing I felt able to do was scream - and I did, as loud as my lungs would allow me.

I had no idea what lay beneath me because I couldn't see anything, but I knew that whatever it was it was more horrific than anything my imagination could dream up. As hard as I tried to resist, some force or some *thing* that I couldn't see was pulling me down into the unknown.

Then my mind seemed to explode and I could see patches of red like blood, interspersed with the black. Suddenly, I stopped falling, and although I was still conscious of my surroundings, there was nothing at all to see except the pitch darkness. The terrible, gut-wrenching feeling left me and was replaced with one of cold emptiness.

As soon as I opened my eyes, I told my friend that I thought I had just died. He told me later that I had let out two blood-curdling screams, and then I stopped breathing. Fortunately, my friend knew how to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to start my lungs working again. My experience seemed to last for a very long time, but apparently I was unconscious for no more than five minutes.

I was so perturbed by what had happened - thinking about it still terrifies me - that I saw my GP the very next day and he referred me to the local hospital.

A series of tests and scans revealed that there was nothing wrong with me. All that the doctors could say was that "*it must have just been one of those things*"

Now I live in fear of fainting. I'm terrified by the prospect. I can't understand why I seem to be destined for Hell, because I'm no more cheeky or crafty than the next person. I have since thought that if there is a God, perhaps He was trying to tell me to show more faith.

On the other hand, I think that maybe Earth, rather than Heaven, is our paradise, and that after this it only gets

worse. For that reason I try to enjoy the finer things in life - such as food, the countryside, good music - much more than I did before.

I would be delighted if someone could prove it was all in my mind, but for now I genuinely believe that I died. And it was a Hellish experience that I would not wish on my worst enemy.

*11th August, 1997, SUNDAY PEOPLE. 19th November, 1997. 'DAILYMAIL'*

Dr Tony Lawrence is still compiling data on these 'negative NDE's' and would greatly appreciate any first-hand accounts from anyone who has experienced such phenomena... If you are interested in being part of the project, please write to Tony Lawrence, School of Health and Social Science, Coventry University, Priory Street, Coventry CV1 5FB.

## KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES!!! UFO UPDATE

### 'They Want To Believe!!!'

Maybe it's something to do with the rapid approach of the end of the Millennium, (Pre-Millennial Tension or PMT as it has come to be known in Fortean circles), but it seems as though just about everybody is eager to jump on the ET bandwagon these days...

Well-known and highly-respected author Colin Wilson, is the latest literary luminary to profess his belief that the aliens are already here among us, even as you read these words, and have a hidden agenda for all mankind.



Writing in the 'DAILYMAIL' recently, he states that his normally sceptical approach to the highly controversial (some would say, entirely mythical, and not without good reason) subject of Alien Abductions was dramatically altered after hearing professor David Jacobs lecturing in Washington DC, in 1994. 'I could hardly believe my ears when he (Jacobs) said that thousands of Americans believed

*they had been kidnapped by aliens, taken on board spacecraft, and often subjected to some kind of medical examination.*

*What was more, Jacobs said, the aliens usually destroyed all memory of the abduction, and the victims came to suspect that something was wrong only when they became aware of "missing time."*

Quite understandably, you may think, Colin's first reaction was one of healthy scepticism, coupled with a deep concern for the so-called 'abduction victims' mental state. He actually took Jacob's to one side and enquired whether or not the professor considered the 'victims' to be sane. Predictably, Jacob's reply was in the affirmative. *'I've interviewed hundreds, and most of them are as sane as you and I'*

Not entirely convinced, Colin gave the matter little further thought and he concentrated instead on weightier, not to say more realistic matters.

However, as fate would have it, his publisher enquired of Colin whether he could write a book on the increasingly highly lucrative UFO phenomenon, and he was forced once more to enter into a reappraisal his outlook...

Still, he managed to maintain at least a modicum of realism when he began his research for the proposed book; *'At first what I learned made me wonder whether the whole human race was going insane. It seemed vast numbers of people were telling the same story: they had been taken from their beds by little grey men with huge, wrap-around eyes, often floated through the wall, and taken aboard flying saucers.*

*Women often said they were subjected to some sort of examination, and that foetuses had been implanted in their wombs. When they woke up next morning they were often puzzled by red marks on their navels, yet had no memory of anything having happened during the night. But their or deals often returned to haunt them in dreams and many consulted a doctor or psychiatrist, and who recovered memories under hypnosis.'*

Colin was so perturbed by the information he uncovered that he was moved to ask questions of none other than the infamous John Mack. You might not be too surprised at what transpired at their meeting...

*'John assured me that it (the abduction phenomena) really was happening. It was not hysteria. It was not imagination. He also felt that many of those he had examined had been made "spiritually stronger" by their experience.'*

Mack at least had the common decency to admit that he had absolutely no idea as to what the 'grey's' motive could possibly be. *'All he knew was that something strange was undoubtedly happening.'*

Colin then chose to remember that way back in the 1970's (as someone once blithely remarked; 'the decade that fashion forgot'), he had once been friends with Uri Geller and his mentor, Andrija Puharich. The good professor had written a book about Uri Geller called (imaginatively enough) 'URI,' and the contents of which included references to, amongst other things, UFO's sweeping out of the night sky, metallic voices speaking from out of nowhere, tape recorders switching themselves on and off with messages that claimed to emanate from 'the Nine' aliens who claimed they were just itching to help humanity sort out its myriad problems.

The aliens apparently informed the hapless Puharich that they were preparing for the ubiquitous mass landing on the Earth sometime in the 1970's.

The fact that it never happened was perhaps every bit as predictable as it was reputation-destroying for Puharich. Alien messages reserved exclusively for their 'chosen ones' always seem to be about as reliable as a promise from Saddam Hussein never to produce weapons of mass destruction...

Colin was undeterred however, and soldiered on regardless, determined to immerse himself in what amounted to a crash course in the tangled history of Ufology.

Like most newcomers to the subject, he was massively impressed with the huge number of reports in the wake of Kenneth Arnold's landmark UFO sighting in 1947. He was quite literally gobsmacked too by the unimpeachable quality of the majority of the witnesses (although as Allan Hendry points out in his excellent 'UFO HANDBOOK,' witnesses beyond reproach do not necessarily denote witnesses to a genuinely unidentified phenomenon).

Doubtless bemused by the sheer scale of the newspaper clippings, magazine articles, countless books and learned journals, each containing a welter of UFO 'evidence,' Colin finds it relatively easy to accept as gospel the undeniable change in the focus of UFO reports, in that they became increasingly exotic in their nature as the decades flew by, so that by the late 1980's, the abduction scenario, once considered extremely bizarre, and relatively rare, had now become almost commonplace.

He makes reference of another friend of his, the highly respected French Ufologist Jacques Vallee, and his assertion in the 1950's that *'aliens were attempting to accustom human beings to the idea of beings from space coming to Earth.'*

*There is a sense in which the UFO entities behave like traditional ghosts - except that they are very obviously not ghosts, but highly evolved beings'*

And what precisely, are the conclusions that Mr Wilson has arrived at after having thoroughly researched the subject for his soon-to-be-published book; 'ALIEN DAWN'?

*'Ever since I wrote a book called 'THE OUTSIDER,' 40 years ago, about the mystical states of man, I have been convinced that mankind is on the brink of some great evolutionary change. We possess inner powers that we scarcely begin to understand, but which were glimpsed by the Romantic poets of the 19th century.*

*Now I have become totally convinced that the aliens are interested in us because we are what they were once. I believe that the task they have given themselves is to act as midwife to us as we go through the next stage of our evolution.*

*H. G. Wells once wrote a novel suggesting that humans were slowly being turned into Martians by some higher beings who were bombarding our genes with cosmic rays from space. I have come to believe that Wells was showing the amazing prophetic insight that was part of his genius.*

*I have also come to believe that the aliens are using many methods to "seed" the human race with different types of being: alterations in individual consciousness, genetic engineering, even the creation of people who do not realise they have two different personalities - as a human being and an alien.*

*The aliens know that the human race is at a dangerous point in its development, that we are creating a chaos that will be heard to disentangle.*

*Nostradamus foretold that the coming millennium would bring about some frightening changes.*

*But if I am right - and the study of a vast body of evidence I have compiled has convinced me that I am - then we are also close to a change that will alter the course of human history.'*

9th December, 1997. 'DAILY MAIL.'

\*\*\* And it doesn't end there, sports fans. Nick Pope has been adding his somewhat gratingly insistent voice to 'The True Believer's' clamour for publicity.

Presenting himself as 'a former government expert officially in charge of investigating British UFO sightings' Nick claims he is now in a position to provide concrete proof and irrefutable evidence of alien life forms within the next two years.

According to a slightly-less-than-convincing snippet in 'THE SUNDAY PEOPLE' he sincerely believes they may soon be about to reveal themselves to us.

He sort of qualified this brave-sounding prediction however, by offering the proviso that his best efforts to uncover the truth (that everyone simply knows 'is out there') are currently being purposely sabotaged by his successor at the Ministry. *'The reports I witnessed in my three years at the MoD would have convinced anyone with an open mind that UFOs have been sighted - and that aliens had abducted humans for experiments. I don't think it was a cover-up but I was getting so close to blowing the lid on alien existence that some Ministry bosses weren't too keen.'*

The mini-article then goes on to proclaim Nick's 'belief' that the aliens are becoming less secretive in how they watch over mankind.

*'The ever-increasing number of new cases makes me think aliens will shortly reveal themselves publicly. And I don't think the new millennium is co-incidental in all this.'*

22nd June, 1997. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'

\*\*\* In this climate of pro-ETH hypothesis, Whitely Strieber, another self-appointed 'expert' on the motives of the all-knowing, all-seeing 'aliens' was never going to miss an opportunity to plug his new book, either

He's now apparently claiming that time travel has finally been discovered, and that humans from the distant future are teaching children in 'secret schools' throughout the world.

Whitley even believes, it seems, that he was such a pupil for three years from the age of nine...And when the 52-year-old Strieber started writing a book about this secret organisation, he believes his offices may have been fire-bombed by the suddenly highly fashionable Men In Black. These teachers from the future are called by Whitley; 'The Sisters Of Mercy' apparently because they look a whole pile like nuns. They are said to have given him nine lessons at a secluded place in Texas called Olmos Basin.

Whitley adds; *'These seminars seemed to be about man's future, how we need to evolve before our population spirals totally out of control.'*

*I have received many letters from other people who also claim to have been pupils.*

*The most intriguing letter came from a 12-year-old boy who is also being taught by The Sisters, so the Schools do seem to be out there now.'*

*The Schools are held in secret because of the problems involved in time travel - notably what is known as the Grandfather Paradox, where someone might meet their own grandfather and do or say something to alter his life - and their own future.'*

October, 1997. 'SUNDAY MANC'

\*\*\* Tony Dodd was also screaming his Aliens As Animal Mutilators Theories from the nearest available rooftop in late October.

Farmers in North Yorkshire are, according to the newspaper account, 'gripped with fear' after a series of bizarre deaths on open moorland.

In the latest mystery attack, nine sheep were allegedly found with their stomachs ripped out in the village of Snainton. Deer were also discovered with curious holes in their heads and completely drained of blood in the Dalby Forest area.

Tony, the former police sergeant and now full-time ETH advocate, was quoted as saying; *'There have been reports of the dead animals falling from the sky, often coinciding with UFO sightings. Without doubt there is something very sinister going on.'*

October, 1997. Snainton, North Yorkshire. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

\*\*\* And last, but by no means least in this ETH Theories section are Merseyside's very own Mark Glover and Anthony Eccles. Working for MARA (Merseyside Anomalies Research Association, they have reportedly investigated literally hundreds of UFO sightings (as well as personally delving into accounts of other forms of paranormal phenomena), and have reached the conclusion that our illustrious county is nothing less than a 'UFO Window Area'

Mark Glover, a 39-year-old nurse who hails from Bootle, was quoted in 'THE ECHO' as saying that; *'We are both kept very busy because Merseyside is such a hot spot for alien activity at the moment. Our files are now filled with unexplained phenomena and we hold a witness support group each week where people can share their experiences. We are investigators, but the image you see on the screen depicted in hit films like 'MEN IN BLACK' and 'INDEPENDENCE DAY' is an oversimplified one. It is not just a case of hunting aliens and then shooting them. There is far more to it than that!*

*As ufologists we investigate more than sightings of flying saucers and extra-terrestrials, we also look into the paranormal side of things. What people have experienced rather than what we have seen. In fact, the film 'MEN IN BLACK' is just plain wrong because real MIB's are not human agents. They are, we believe, unexplained, possibly alien, beings who are sent to intimidate people who have seen UFO's.*

*We have reports of zombie-like men wearing black and looking very clumsy. It is thought they are part of the alien phenomena. They seem to know about everything that has happened and it could be that they are sent to warn people off from reporting what they have seen.*

*We know of MIB's appearing here in England. There was one case in Burnley where a man calling himself the Commander interrogated a young girl to such an extent that she was traumatised for years.*

*And as we only get to learn about cases where the intimidation hasn't worked, it is not known how many times these MIB's have truly appeared.'*

Mark and Anthony joined forces and formed MARA after a meeting of BUFORA.

*'We are both very committed and we get on well together,'* says Anthony, a 28-year-old archaeologist from Halewood. *'And it is important that people know we are out there because we believe only about 10 per cent of UFO experiences are being reported. Of the reports we receive, I would say that forty per cent are explainable in ordinary, mundane terms. A further forty per cent remain unidentified because of lack of proper information and the rest remain unexplained despite thorough investigation.*

*A lot of the sightings we receive can be solved by very prosaic explanations, such as helicopters or aeroplanes, but sometimes we just cannot provide an explanation.*

*We believe that as investigators we can help people cope with whatever it is they have experienced. We always keep an open mind and that reassures people who might well feel that nobody believes what they are saying. And our support group means that we are bringing together people who have had the same or very similar experiences.*

*24th June, 1997. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO'*

# 'Sounds From Another Room' - Close Encounters In Chelsea

The strange story of Air Marshal Sir Peter Horsley was related in the popular press in mid-August this year.

The war hero who flew Mosquito bombers in countless daring raids against German targets at the height of the Second World War, went on to become an intimate advisor to the Queen and Prince Phillip.

All very interesting, but what does this mini-biography have to do with UFO's I hear you cry. And I'll reply in my best Alan Partridge tradition, well, just hold onto your hats and I'll tell you....

He claims, in all honesty and forthright seriousness to have actually met 'a being from another world' in his London flat 43 years ago.

Details of the entity, who he called Mr Janus, were revealed for the first time now that he's reached the grand old age of 76.

In an interview published in 'THE DAILY MAIL' he unveiled the following tale...

*'We talked for hours about travelling in space and time. I don't know who or what he was. He didn't say he was a visitor from another planet but I have that impression. I believe he was here to observe us.*

*I never saw him again. I have no qualms about the reaction to my experience with Mr Janus. I don't care what other people think. It was what happened.'*

This extraordinary testimony has also been published in his autobiography 'SOUNDS FROM ANOTHER ROOM' which was due out in the shops last Autumn.

Analysts were quick to point out the fact that such 'revelations' coupled with Sir Peter's less than sceptical attitude towards the reality of the ETH regarding UFO's, will fairly rankle the corridors of the 'high and mighty.' This is after all, evidence (of a sort) direct from the lips of the man who once ran the country's front line defence at RAF Strike Command, and was a Buckingham Palace aide for six years.

And his belief in the existence of the otherworldly has been described as being as unswerving as it is nonchalant.

*'I would say they come from another plane somewhere in the universe but not in our galaxy. They are benign, not aggressive and, like us, are explorers,'* he was quoted as saying.

Even more bizarre was his admission that he openly discussed the subject of UFOs with none other than Prince Phillip.

*'He was quite interested. As always his mind was open. He agreed that I should do a study on the subject in my spare time as long as I kept it in perspective and didn't bring the Palace into disrepute. He didn't want to see headlines about him believing in Little Green Men.'*

Sir Peter began his investigations by interviewing people who claimed to have seen UFOs and invited a BOAC captain to visit him at Buckingham Palace.

But his own 'encounter' came at the back end of 1954....

*'At the end of my tour at the Palace, I had a very strange experience. I was introduced to a General Martin who arranged for me to visit the Chelsea home of a Mrs Markham.'*

Sir Peter has trouble recalling the exact date and the actual number of the flat in Smith Street, nor can he now describe the 'man' he met up with there, but remains convinced that the meeting did indeed take place.

*'Janus was there, sitting by the fire in a deep chair. He asked; "What is your interest in Flying Saucers?"'*

'Janus' then proceeded to give a Wellsian account of space travel at the speed of light with spare body parts in the luggage. When Sir Peter went back to the flat at a later date it was empty, but he insists that he is not a crank.

Over at the Ministry Of Defence, the reaction to the breaking of Sir Peter's silence was met with predictable embarrassment.

*'Oh God. How unfortunate that the public will learn that the man who had his finger on the button at Strike Command was seeing Little Green Men.'*

10th August, 1997. Chelsea, London. 'DAILY MAIL'

## Hypnosis - Is It A Reliable Tool To Retrieve Hidden Subconscious Memory Of A UFO Abduction?

By Malcolm Robinson (SPI)

It would seem that the subject of hypnotic regression as a tool to extract any possible hidden subconscious memory from a UFO Abduction, is a topic that has dredged up the greatest well of controversy in ufology today. Not least within the ranks of the researchers themselves.

Should it continue to be used? Are there latent dangers? Or is it, as I postulate, a tool which can at the very least, provide us with information which is in some way beneficial to the study of the UFO phenomenon?

There is now little doubt that hypnosis stand upon shaky ground. There will always be, no matter what, a marked difference of opinion on the use of such techniques utilised in the study of witness recall. We can argue about it until we are all blue in the face, but the hard facts remain, you can't please all of the people all of the time.

So why do I, as a researcher, believe that we *should* be using hypnosis in the gathering of information regarding UFO witness recall? Read on.

First and foremost, I appear to have upset a fellow researcher Kevin McClure, a man I deeply respect, and who I regard as a fine investigator. I have no axe to grind with Kevin, though we differ greatly on the issue of hypnosis. He believes that we should not be using hypnosis, whilst I believe that we should.

Kevin recently submitted a letter to many British UFO researchers stating his reasons as to why he regards hypnotic techniques to be a less-than-reliable tool, and he also openly criticises me for advocating its use. And he calls into question my integrity as a researcher for doing so.

I feel obliged to respond to this criticism, and do so now through the penning of this article....

### Why I Feel Hypnosis Is Beneficial To The Study Of The UFO Abduction

Okay, at the end of the day we are largely reliant upon the testimony of the witness as the actual UFO has long gone. Researchers should treat witnesses with the highest degree of respect and dignity and respect their wishes at all times during an investigation. This also applies if the witness chooses not to undergo hypnotic regression. As a researcher myself, I appreciate it is my job to attempt to get at the truth of any reported account, and in the process of doing so I should try to get at the truth by the use of all and any means that are available to me.

It would simply not be professional to throw out any means of assistance to a case study merely because so and so says that you can't utilise that particular method.

I do strongly accept that hypnosis is not the be all and end all of investigation.

Of course it has its pitfalls, and it may not be the ideal way of finding out exactly what the witness experienced. People can lie to please the hypnotist whilst under hypnosis, and there are major problems with its usage. I would never categorically state that there are not.

So why then do I, as an accredited BUFORA Investigator, whose organisation has outlawed the use of such practices, still carry on with it regardless???

As an individual, I honestly do believe that the use of hypnosis can unlock certain doors of the mind which when even partially opened can release previously suppressed information, or memories that are too traumatic for the conscious mind to recall. It is a known fact that the human mind has a great potential for suppressing much that is painful to consciously bear.

The problem is, these hidden memories are still there. They will never simply go away, unless as the result of some extreme medical condition, a severe knock to the head for example, something which has happened to various people with the result that they completely forget all knowledge of their family and friends, and even of who they are themselves.

My point is, police authorities the world over do in fact use hypnosis and recognise the importance of doing so. They have admittedly used it sparingly in case in which they felt that they had little option and were hopeful at least, that doing so would be beneficial in the successful resolution of the case.

And let us not forget, the police have also used psychic mediums in the hope of locating missing persons when all other avenues have been exhausted. Would those in the know perceive this method as being wrong as well???

But of course, the million dollar question is "Can we accept anything that comes out of hypnosis?" The answer, I propose is both yes and no.

It's my contention that it *must* be used, but only by professional and qualified practitioners, and not by stage hypnotists or 'backstreet' wise guys. Ufology is a serious subject, and should be treated seriously, and only qualified people should be allowed anywhere near a potential witness. And even then, purely on the instructions and requests of the said witness.

I would like now though to address some of Kevin McClure's misinformed comments about myself, members of SPI, and our belief that hypnosis should be considered in the study of the UFO witness.

(A): Kevin appears troubled that we at SPI used a psychic medium in the A70 Scottish UFO Abduction case. He makes mention in his widely circulated letter, about a reference in our previous journal 'ENIGMAS' Nov/Dec 1994 issue, about this.

He states that the A70 case was developed using (as he calls it) 'amateur regression hypnosis'.

Dear oh dear, why do people commit things to paper without first checking their facts first?

Although the regressionist concerned was a psychic, she was, and indeed still is, a professional and qualified hypnotherapist, she was certainly not a 'fly by night practitioner'

She was qualified, end of story.

(B): I did not encourage one of the A70 witnesses to investigate the recent 'Fife Incident.' He (Garry Wood), found out about the case before I had, and had already partly investigated it. Since Garry's own experience he is absolutely desperate to find an answer to account for what happened to him during his own alleged abduction, and has thrown himself into the weird and wonderful world of ufology with such intense vigour that it has surpassed anything that I have seen before. He is like an individual

possessed in seeking answers. So I categorically did *not* push Garry into researching the 'Fife Incident.' Again, Kevin did not check his facts here.

I'm not alone in being the thorn in Mr McClure's side. He also has a go at Matthew Williams and Derrel Sims. The human mind harbours still hidden potentialities awaiting discovery. We only use but a small per cent of its capabilities. Some people say that certain psychic individuals can tip into a hidden store-house in the brain unlike the vast majority of humans. Like I say, there will always be a division of opinion on this matter, and to be honest, I don't think there will come a time when we all agree on what is best. It's certainly a case that at the current time, hypnosis is the proverbial hot potato, but it's right that we should be debating. Let's not throw out the baby with the bathwater. That, I contend, would be extremely foolish.

I must point out that I am not attempting to fall out with Kevin or anyone else for that matter, on this issue. This is purely a division of belief, that's all, nothing else.

At the end of the day, whatever information we can provide to assist in the uncovering of the UFO phenomenon must be for the good, but let's ensure that we know what we are doing, that qualified, and that only qualified people are allowed near witnesses. This isn't a stage show. We are dealing with real people here. But let's not forget the fact that as researchers, we must get to the truth, without employing leading questions.

It would be a sad day for ufology if we kicked into touch, a subject which might show us the way towards an understanding of the UFO enigma.

That subject is hypnosis, and I say let's use it.

## SAS ENCOUNTER 'LITTLE GREY MEN'

Tabloid press reports last Summer alleged that in 1993, SAS soldiers waiting to ambush IRA gunmen were stunned when something otherworldly walked right in front of their gun-sights.

The undercover troops, hiding near an arms cache on a hillside in South Armagh, say they saw up to four small grey figures.

The 'aliens' and soldiers stared at each other for a minute before suddenly disappearing into thin air. Seconds later, the eight SAS troops saw a bright flash in the sky.

They were so disturbed by what they had seen that they took the extremely rare decision to abandon the stake-out.

There commander was understandably furious, and their comrades in the elite Special Air Services regiment either mocked them mercilessly or suspected that they were on some form of drugs.

The eight stuck to their story, and details of the incident were finally revealed to an Ulster-based UFO study group by a former Army intelligence officer.

Ufologist Hugh O' Brien was sufficiently impressed by the account to take up the investigation into the matter personally.

*'We are trying to interview the soldiers even though some may be too embarrassed to come forward.*

*We have learned that on that morning they were convinced that they saw three, perhaps four, small grey figures in human form.*

*At no stage did the soldiers feel threatened. They simply could not believe what they were seeing.*

*The alien forms made no move towards them but judging from what the soldiers told their regimental priest and commanding officer, the aliens knew the soldiers were there. It was like a stand-off. Within a few minutes, probably much less, the aliens disappeared.*

*All the men can recall is that in a very quick space of time they saw a brief flash of light in the sky.'*

And Mr O' Brien was quick to add; *'These men were fit, highly-trained observers and to put it down to some flight of imagination would be absurd.'*

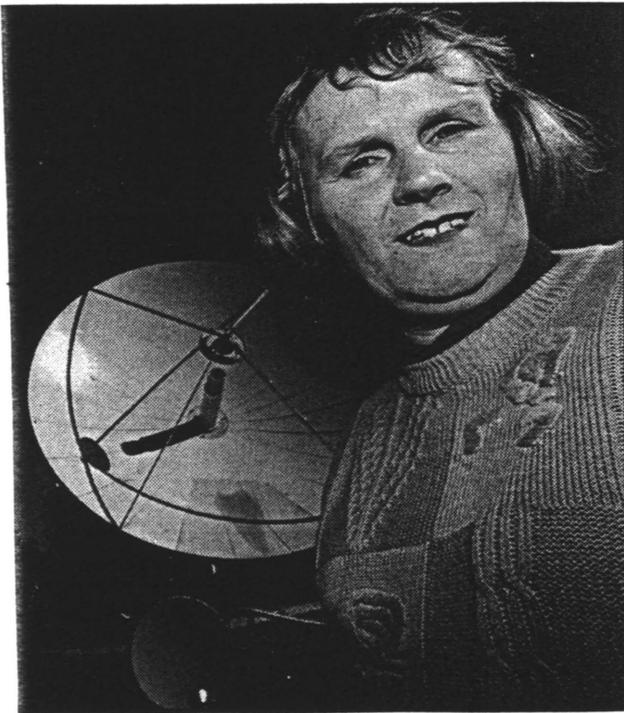
13th July, 1997. South Armagh, Northern Ireland. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE.'

## The Unending Vigil: Jenny Randles On The Current State Of Ufology

In a recent interview in our very own 'LIVERPOOL ECHO' the indefatigable Jenny Randles expressed her views regarding the UFO phenomenon in general and on the MIB issue in particular...

She begins however, by dismissing the term 'flying saucer' coined as it was by an over-enthusiastic journalist in the wake of Kenneth Arnold's landmark sighting back in 1947. *'The person who made that sighting actually described what he saw as like a saucer skipping across water. But it was the type of movement he was referring to - and not the shape of the object itself.'*

*However, everyone since then has expected UFOs to be saucer-shaped - when in fact a very few percentage are: more of the well-documented sightings have been of objects which are triangular, cylindrical, cigar or egg-shaped.'*



She actually thinks though, that despite this somewhat misleading misnomer, the man who labelled the objects as saucers actually did the subject of ufology a good turn. For the fact that witness experiences frequently describe distinctly *non-saucer-shaped* images, the cinema has been portraying the classic flat circular spaceships down the resultant decades, thereby giving the real-life sightings some degree of credibility.

*'The divergence between the films about aliens and the kind of evidence amassed by UFO scientists blows apart the idea that the 'flying saucer' is a cultural myth,'* Jenny says.

*'If the sightings were dreamed up they would almost certainly follow the prototype shape.'*

She further states that the real-life sightings of supposed alien entities differ largely from the somewhat romanticised

extra-terrestrials depicted in the world of countless sci-fi and horror movies, too.

Jenny believes there are two broad categories of 'real-life aliens' - The Nordics, who are about six-and-a-half feet tall, blonde and blue-eyed, and of course, the notorious Greys, who are usually described as being less than four feet high, with very large oval heads, big dark eyes and grey skin.

*'The Greys are less civilised than the Nordics and seem particularly interested in medical examination, but neither resemble the gelatinous monsters dreamed up by Hollywood.'*

During the course of this interview, Jenny makes it clear that there is now sufficient justification to knock down both of the extreme views maintained by laymen - that UFOs are spaceships from other planets or that abduction experiences are the result of the UFO percipient suffering from some form of mental breakdown.

She says that there are two main schools of thought as to what is really going on here: That the UFO experience is a 'natural' but as yet not understood phenomenon, which would account for the documented evidence such as burning skin or the apparent ability of the anomalous object to stop car engines.

Alternatively, there is a growing lobby that believes the experiences, especially those involving the abduction scenario, could be explained by the fact that an alien life force is seeking to make some form of contact with receptive humans.

Jenny has two new books on the subject; *'ALIEN CONTACT: THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS'* and *'MEN IN BLACK: INVESTIGATING THE TRUTH'* Both are highly recommended and give a more detailed overview of the current state of ufology, especially the latter publication which takes an in-depth look at her quest to prove that the MoD is running two hush-hush 'Men In Black' type agencies in which UFO witnesses are pumped for information in a sinister technique which involves intimidation and enforced silencing.

21st August, 1997. 'LIVERPOOLECHO'

## The 'Abduction Mythos' Rolls Ever Onward

According to accounts in the tabloid press, former CIA agent Derrel Sims flew over to Britain to personally assist in the investigations surrounding a man who claimed to have been abducted and to have had an 'alien implant' placed inside his head.

Sim's organisation, the Fund for Interspace Research in Space Technology (FIRST) has apparently previously operated on seven Americans and successfully removed quarter-inch implants from their jaws, hands, necks and legs.

The understandably severely traumatised 'victims' all appear to display the classic symptoms of the 'alien abduction scenario: They each have tantalisingly hazy memories of first witnessing a UFO and then waking up to find themselves being operated on by those pesky, ubiquitous 'Grey's.'

Sim's and his group maintain that the recovered probes are composed of materials not indigenous to the Earth, and in fact, several of the objects bore similarities with meteoric rock that had crash-landed from Outer Space.

The British patient's identity was being withheld, although certain, undisclosed sources claimed that he was from Scotland.

Mr Sims was quoted as saying; *'The man has agreed to go through our battery of written, oral, psychological, medical and surgical tests. Many of the people we have interviewed so far have memories of beings we describe as 'Greys.'*

*They are three-foot tall, with large, black eyes, large heads and small bodies.'*

Philip Mantle, of BUFORA, was dragged in to add his views on the case....

*'Until now, abduction claims have often been dismissed as being "all in the mind".'*

*With these implants, we have the first real evidence that something has happened to these people. It's very exciting. Derrel has provided the cases for scientific studies but, so far, science is as stumped as we are.*

6th July, 1997. Britain 'SUNDAYMANC'

## Michigan - Once More A UFO-Hotspot

The state of Michigan, USA, has been awarded the somewhat dubious honour of being the fourth largest 'UFO Flap' area in the whole of America. The honour has been bestowed by William Murphy of Rochester Hills, the state co-director for Michigan's chapter of MUFON.

The Michigan branch has 200 members and has kept track of the strange and wondrous from Ann Arbor to the Upper-Peninsular since its founding in 1969.

Murphy claims he knows that the organisation can attract people from 'fringe groups' and accepts that many in the scientific community remain sceptical of the reported phenomena, while insisting that the accounts should not merely be ignored....

*'The easiest thing for someone to do is dismiss these things and people. We try not to take a position on what is reported. But if can't be reasonably explained, then it should be recorded and studied.'*

9th June, 1997. Michigan, USA. 'SAGINAWNEWS'

## BLACK TRIANGLE SIGHTED OVER LANCASTER

What was described as an 'Independence Day' style UFO has been reported hovering menacingly over Lancaster.

The dark triangular-shaped object was said to be completely motionless before it raced away.

Many witnesses of the colossal 'craft' have described it as being at least twice the size of a jumbo jet and possibly 500 yards wide. The object has been sighted so many times in the locality that it has even earned itself a nickname; 'The Black Triangle' It is said sometimes to have emitted three blinding flashes of white light from each corner.

It is also said to have flown frequently over nuclear power plants at Heysham and Sellafield.

Some UFO 'experts' have speculated that the craft may well be some new form of terrestrial warplane currently being developed by British Aerospace at Warton, Lancashire.

There have been reports of a triangle-shaped British equivalent of the US Stealth Fighter known as HALO (the High Altitude Low Observability aircraft).

Predictably, a BAe spokesman was at pains to deny any such craft and that the only test aircraft being flown in the Lancaster area was the 1,300mph Eurofighter. He was quoted as saying:

*'Viewed from underneath it does look triangle-shaped - perhaps that is where the reports stem from.'*

Equally predictable, was the dismissal of this explanation by Simon Lewis, of the North Lancashire UFO Investigation Group who apparently has pictures of the mystery object.

*'I would not like to say for sure it is extra-terrestrial but that has to be a possibility.'*

17th August, 1997. Lancaster. 'SUNDAYPEOPLE'

## BRIEF UFO SNIPPETS

Reports in the Editor's local (Merseyside) press told of how there had been several accounts of 'balloon-like craft with bright lights' hovering in the dark skies above Southport.

Beams from the Pleasure Beach in Blackpool were believed to have been the cause for many of the sightings, although this theory had not been generally accepted by local ufologists.

31st August, 1997. Southport, Merseyside. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO'

\*\*\* In Auckland, New Zealand, a brightly burning object was reported to have crashed into New Zealand's North Island, in what police and local scientists believe was a shower of meteors and/or space debris.

The object, whatever it truly was, fell to Earth on June 8th, and was first sighted by Astrid Burgess, who was driving home around mid-day when she saw a ball of fire streak across the sky and crash with a "boom" into the hills north of Wellington, the capital.

*'It was green and red at the back with smoke trailing out the rear of it,' said Burgess. 'I thought, "Oh my God, it's a plane going down. They're all going to die.''*

9th June, 1997. Auckland, New Zealand. 'SAGINAW NEWS'

\*\*\* The Raelian religious sect, which believes, among other things, that visitors from outer space will reveal themselves fully to all mankind in the year 2005, have set about purchasing a Swiss office block in order to set up a ministry for delegates of the alien fleet.

8th August, 1997. Berne, Switzerland. 'DAILYEXPRESS'

\*\*\* Hoax messages about a UFO sighting were put out by police to help trap people who were illegally listening in on their radio transmissions.

Car loads of 'believers' turned up for the bogus alien visit in Eastbourne, East Sussex, and were quizzed as to how they got to know about it.

15th September, 1997. Eastbourne, East Sussex. 'DAILY SLUR'

\*\*\* And finally, perhaps the most bizarre UFO story of the year, so far, is that concerning radio broadcaster Lawrence John, who told the tabloids how he and his faithful pet dog Lobo were abducted by aliens. Lawrence, 46, maintains that he and three-year-old bichon frise Lobo, were exploring the St Patrick's Chair and Well rock formation on the northern side of the Co Moneghan border when 'we were suddenly enveloped in a blinding white light. I found myself outside what appeared to be some sort of spacecraft and several aliens appeared in front of me. They were grey, dullish and human in form. They appeared to be hovering.

*They were about 5ft tall and seemed to be wearing something resembling a kaftan.*

*I asked if I was safe and one simulated my own voice to reply that I was and I could shortly go back to where I came from. The craft we were in was enormous. While on board I saw probably four or five aliens. But they kept coming and going and all looked so alike, so it could have been fifty. Lobo now often just sits at the window and just stares at the sky.*

He claims that he has since had a further two meetings with the 'aliens' at the same spot since their first encounter last September, but apart from brief flashbacks he can remember very little about them. He was quoted as saying; *I've witnessed something incredible. Yet for some reason they do not want me to remember clearly.'*

10th August, CoMoneghan, Ireland 'SUNDAYPEOPLE'

# STOP PRESS!!!

## *The Haunted House Of Horror*

We simply couldn't resist including the following story reported in *The Sunday People*, last September, concerning the obscenity-spewing demonic entity alleged to have taken possession of a three-year-old girl, not as you might expect, in the centre of Georgetown, Washington, but in the midst of a housing estate in North Yorkshire ....

Kimberley Kewley, the object of the evil spirits' desires, was said to have been a perfectly normal child until one day, not long after the family of three had moved into the £72-a-week housing association home in Norton, she, along with her mother Vicky, suddenly fell ill with some undiagnosed malaise. At the same time, bunches of fresh flowers placed in various rooms of the house began wilting within a mere 24 hours and Kimberley's two pet rabbits inexplicably died.

Poltergeist phenomena in the shape of wall pictures being found lying on the floor in the morning manifested itself and right out-of-the-blue, Kimberley began to utter filthy obscenities, using words she had certainly never heard her parents use. But it wasn't until the child informed her parents that a man often walked through her closed bedroom door in the dead of night and sat on the end of her bed to talk to her, that they began to suspect that something evil had entered into their midst.



When Kim's eyes took on a dull, dead and frightening glare, and she started hurling furniture, ornaments and toys around the house screaming 'fuck off' in fits of hysterical, irrational anger, the parents felt they had no choice but to call in the local vicar, John Manchester. He readily confirmed that 'There's evil in this house,' and opined that the spirit was using Kim to tell the Kewley's that it was 'his' domain.

Blaming the premises however only served to anger the entity still further, and Vicki was quoted as saying; 'He became even more vindictive. He pushed me down the stairs several times. A foul smell like rotting meat appeared on the landing and nothing could get rid of it. And wallpaper which we'd fixed with strong adhesive would peel off. Living in that situation put our marriage under immense strain.'

At their wits end, they decided to call in the Reverend Gerald Nugent to see if he could be of any assistance. Alas, no. Despite nailing two crucifixes to the wall and saying Mass in Kimberley's bedroom, both Vicki and her husband James were witness to a spectre of a 70-year-old-man, about 6ft tall. Even the summoning of Canon Tom Willis, the Archbishop of York's 'former occult advisor' failed to produce results. 'I blessed the house and prayed for the soul of the spirit. Everything seemed to go quiet for a while but he then started making his presence felt again. It was not a house where a family should live. And I wouldn't advise anyone to move in until we are confident that the spirit has been exorcised.'

Since the Kewley family moved out, the house has stood empty and whatever walks there walks alone...

14th September, 1997. Norton, North Yorkshire. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'