

Dave Melton

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From: Lisa SutherlandFraser <lfraser@petermac.unimelb.edu.au>
Date: Monday 8th Sept 1997

Amusing Sightings

I can totally relate to Dave's story about the "fairy" from the dandelion being mistaken for a UFO.

Well mine is just as funny. In all my years searching the skies for UFOs I have never consciously remembered seeing one. About six months ago I'm walking home when it was just dark and over the top of houses in the distance I saw what looked like the moon, though it was very yellow and moving! I briskly walked further up the street so I could see what this was, my heart rate increased as I started thinking "Oh my god oh my god, they're here!". From what I could see it looked like a plasma craft as mentioned by Jaime Maussan in Mexico, it had a similar shape and was moving, well hovering slowly in the distance.

I belted home, got in the car and feverishly decided to chase it, took the camera along for proof. Lost sight of it and then drove some 15kms in the direction it was headed. I was thinking at the time, "aren't people stopping, looking at it in awe".

Can you imagine my absolute disappointment when finally stopping close enough to see the UFO at closer range, the words "Whitmans Chocolates" in full view plus cameras flashes going off, this was no UFO, it was the Whitman's Blimp which had just started to fly in the skies of Melbourne. Ross Howe of the UFO Reporting Centre had thousands of reports of this darned thing because from afar it is eerily very UFO like!

God did I laugh at myself and the fever that overtook me to see my first UFO!

Cheers Lisa SF

Landing a robotic vehicle on a comet

In issue {79} of the e-zine we posed the following question:

Question: Would it be possible using todays technology to land a robotic vehicle on a passing comet? To record information as the comet travels it's orbit into deep space. To be collected the next time it passes Earth, whenever that might be.

In issue {80} we printed some of the really interesting replies that we received. Here is just one more.

From: sacpbl@cardiff.ac.uk
Date: Wednesday 10th Sept 1997

Landing on comets

After having written to you about the possibilities of landing on a comet I was interested to see that NASA are proposing such a mission for the next century. I cannot remember exactly what programme it was in, although it was on Discovery and the main basis of the programme was comets, could they kill us all, how much do we actually know about them. So I guess that NASA believes it is possible to land on a comet, send a probe into the core and hitch a lift until it comes back into the solar system and then eject the probe; then send back the information. Neat stuff!

Paul Little

A FEARFUL SYMMETRY

A TRUE STORY OF ALIEN INTRUSION INTO HUMAN LIVES

By D. Lynne Bishop

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CHAPTER SIX

At the end of my sister's session on July 12, we all met for an informal discussion with John and his assistant. When I entered the room, he gazed at me and asked, "I have just one question. What were you burying at your horse tree?" A cold chill went through me, and a feeling of guilt swept through on its heels. I had an immediate flash of memory of a piece of metal, lightweight, smooth and shiny, triangular-shaped. I knew it had come from the craft. But the memory scared me, and I told him, "Just my broken horses." I even joked about having buried one of the aliens.

I simply couldn't admit to him that I'd had that flash of memory insight, and yet, upon leaving the office, I told my family members that I knew what he had referred to was a piece of metal. My sister smiled, but refused to divulge any further information, since the hypnotherapist had indicated he would like to have a session with me on that particular episode at a later date.

The trip home was long. I sat deep in thought for a large portion of the drive, as unbidden memories began surfacing in my consciousness. Late that evening, as my husband and I prepared for bed, I told him what I had remembered about the object, and drew a picture of it. After describing it to him, he suggested that I should send the drawing and my description to the hypnotherapist. The following morning, I mailed the drawing and information to John.

After communicating with me about the items I'd sent, the hypnotherapist set an appointment with me for another session, to be held on August 2.

In the meantime, I was encouraged by a response to the letter I had mailed Budd Hopkins in February. Enclosed with a brief note was some information about the Intruders Foundation, located in New York. This was my first true glimpse into the magnitude of the alien abduction phenomenon.

By the time August 2 arrived, I was anxious to explore more of my memories. I felt less isolated and more secure, and the extreme horror I'd felt at the outset was beginning to dwindle. My mother and I had begun to work through some of our differing opinions, and had become more at ease with each other. My sister's levity in the midst of all the "tragedy and suffering" I'd been feeling was an excellent counterbalance to my doldrums, and eventually won through even my resistance. In spite of myself, my sense of humor was returning.

It was in that frame of mind that I attended my next session on August 2, 1992. There was a lengthy pre-hypnosis conversation, during which several potential encounters were brought up. The following excerpts were taken from this pre-hypnosis discussion.

John: Okay, let's talk about some of your earlier memories. There was a time, around four or five . . . let's just refresh our minds on what you remember happening back then.

Lynne: Okay. I was around four or five . . . and it's nighttime; real dark. I was looking out a window that had several smaller panes, and I see this face. It just burns into my consciousness. I think I had been sleeping, and got up. There's a light on in the house, and I remember that the face just really seemed to shine. I thought it was the bogeyman. I never told anyone about it . . . that seems kind of odd, now. I don't know why I didn't tell her, like, "Mom, I think somebody was out there the other night."

John: All right. And what would be your guess as to how old you were?

Lynne: I would have probably been about four years old. I asked Mom where we would have lived in a house like that, and she said there were only two homes she could think of. One was in Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. That was just before we went over to Europe, to Germany. The other was a house at Ft. Rucker, Alabama, and I would have been between seven and nine there. Mom said we only lived there shortly before moving onto the Base. I'm sure I was four, because the other age feels too old.

John: Is there any other time, early in your childhood, that comes to you . . . any other puzzling memory?

Lynne: Well, I've been trying to work on a chronology--there are a lot of weird experiences. I can think of possibly two or three over in Europe. One was when my brother, sister and I were out on a little lake area in Garmisch, Germany. We were playing by ourselves, and all of a sudden kind of looked at each other and said, "Oh, Mom's calling. We've got to go home." The thing was, we couldn't have heard her; she was too far away around the lake. When we got home we told her we heard her calling, and she just smiled. She said we had heard her calling "inside her mind," because she had wanted us to come home. But, we always . . . kind of lived that way, anyway. You know, there were always strange experiences. Another time, when I was around three or four, I was rocking in a little rocking chair on the front porch of our house. There were steps down, and I remember thinking maybe I could rock down them, so I tried, and fell down them, chair and all. I remember running into the house, screaming because I had a really bad cut on my knee that was bleeding a lot. Mom asked me about it, and I told her, "It was mital (metal), Mommy!" She took me to the doctor and he wanted to stitch it up, but I was so traumatized and upset that I wouldn't let him, so they just cleaned it and put some stinging medicine on it. I have a large scar on my knee where the cut was.

John: Okay. Tell us about that memory of yours about burying something. (Referring to my sister's earlier session.)

Lynne: Okay. Um, let's see . . . after my sister's session, you asked me, "What did you bury by the tree?" And the immediate thought I had was that it was a piece of metal. I remembered that I was ten. I had been at the tree, and my sister had come there and asked what I was doing. I handed her the piece of metal, and told her I thought I should bury it under the tree, that it felt like I should. This tree was my safe haven. It's where . . . I used to collect horse figurines, and whenever they would get broken . . . I hated the thought that Mom would pitch them out. So, I would take them before she did, and go down to the tree. I didn't actually bury them; I just sat them at the base of the tree, and periodically I would go down there and play with them. In fact, the only thing I recall ever burying there is that piece of metal. I didn't get it buried very deep, because that ground was pretty hard! (Laugh). Very rocky down there. Um, but my sister never came to the tree, because that was . . . it was mine . . . and . . . she was not into that at all. Uh, she always thought it was kinda ridiculous. But this one time, she came there. The metal piece was rounded, not jagged . . . rounded on one end, with a definite point on the other. To me, it seemed triangular or trapezoidal, but rounded--not angular. And when she came to the tree that time, I buried it. It seems like my sister just wandered off after that, and I stayed a few minutes longer. And it's funny, because after I buried that . . . there was a point where I quit using the tree. After that, I would go sit on the bank of the pond and watch the water, but I never did the tree-thing much after that.

HYPNOSIS SESSION
August 2, 1992

>From this point, hypnotic regression has been induced. Much of the description of the metal piece and the prologue that followed were the same or similar to the pre-hypnotic memories, so that part is omitted. Where there is a broader scope of description, it is included here.

John: . . . Look very closely at this object, and see how it contrasts with the sandy area under the tree . . .

Lynne: A bright flash . . . It's about two or three inches in size. There's a bend to it, an S-curve. Fairly thin, maybe half-an-inch thick, not like paper or foil . . . more substantial. It's light, almost reminiscent of aluminum . . .

John: . . . drift to the first moment when you saw it . . .

Lynne: I see a long . . . like a long neck . . . forming . . . like a pole or something. The top is fanned out. It's in a room . . . and I can see . . . like a flying buttress. Oh, man . . . this room . . . it's so full of equipment, like machinery. Almost like a water . . . reminds me of pipes, fairly good sized . . . maybe three or four inches in diameter. And it comes down to . . . something almost like a fountain affair. Because of the pipes, it makes me think of a fountain. I'm not seeing water, though. The pipes are just that stupid gray color.

John: Slowly pan the room and look around. What do you notice in this room? What do you see?

Lynne: Ooh . . . I have the feeling I took something! There was something on the side of those pipes . . . it almost made me think of a sink. There's a piece . . . something . . . laying on the left-hand side of it--the side that was near to me. I kiped it. For a moment, I wasn't being watched. They left me alone in here for a moment, and the thing wasn't too far up, so I grabbed it and put it in my left pocket. Then I went and stood back where I was.

John: What did you feel as you grabbed the thing?

Lynne: Well . . . I kinda had the feeling I wasn't supposed to do that. (Humor evident). Also a mixture of excitement and . . . fear of being found.

John: Why would you take it? Why would you risk trouble?

Lynne: I think . . . (Crying) . . . I just wanted something . . . so I could say it was really happening.

John: Did it feel good to have something in your pocket as proof?

Lynne: Uh, huh!

John: Okay, so what happens next? How does the scene change?

Lynne: The door opened behind me. I didn't turn around, because I was afraid I would look guilty. It's one of the little guys. He comes up to me and just . . . kinda waves his hand.

John: And what happens then?

Lynne: The next thing is he's holding my hand. You know, he's almost taller than me.

John: What happens next?

Lynne: We walk out of the room. Whew! (Small whistle) . . . Wow! It's like . . . uh, coming down, falling down. It's like . . . the floor opens up. It's just like . . . all of a sudden . . . It's almost a tube-effect. I was right in the center of this motion. It's fun. It's like a free-fall. A gentle motion down. I don't think I can move.

John: Are you alone?

Lynne: No. That little guy who was with me in the room is over on my left. Strange . . . Ooh . . . They have weird movement! He turned his head to look at me, and it's not a really smooth move. Almost like he turned his head in stages. Like it didn't really want to bend that way, and he had to really work to move it that way. He looked into my face . . .

John: And how does it look to you? As you look very carefully at his face . . .

Lynne: So inhuman. He's so inhuman.

John: What do you feel as you stare at his face, and he stares at yours?

Lynne: I'm trying very hard not to think of that metal piece. I'm afraid he'll read my mind and know I've got it. I'm trying really hard to just act normal. Trying so hard . . . I'm trying to clear my mind.

John: You really wanted that piece.

Lynne: Yeah. I really wanted it.

John: What happens next?

Lynne: He drops me off at the tree. Oh, wow! That's why I buried it! (Crying) . . . so stupid . . . I buried it so they wouldn't find it!

John: And how did all of this begin that day?

Lynne: It was pretty early in the morning, and I went out to play with my horses. I guess it was right around 10:00 A.M., or so. It's funny, I didn't see the ship this time. Must have been right overhead, or something, and I didn't see it approach. 'Cause the first thing I knew was that same little one was just there at the tree. There was no sound. I was just sitting there, doing my normal thing. He stepped from around the tree, or at least that's when I first saw him. Something made me look up. I didn't scream and run.

John: Why not? He's so inhuman; why didn't you scream and run?

Lynne: (Sigh) . . . I've never been able to. He just looks . . . He just looks at 'ya. And you just go with 'em.

John: Does he say anything to you?

Lynne: Just the word, "Come." It's inside my head. It's like . . . when you think to yourself, and this thought comes to you . . . so it's like you hear your own voice saying it. Or what you sound like to yourself, inside. And . . . I go. It's not really very far . . . I just walked a few steps, and then . . . up.

John: How does that feel?

Lynne: It's kind of neat. Take a step, and then I . . . it's like a force that whisks you up. I feel safe. I know I'm not going to fall. It's hazy in the force. I don't see the ground. There's a shimmer . . . like a shimmery haze. I don't see the trees or the ground; everything just kind of disappears. But there's a kind of luminosity to it . . . a glow . . . almost like a hazy curtain.

John: Okay. And so you buried that thing, 'cause you didn't want them to find it and get it back. Do you ever remember trying to dig it up again?

Lynne: I went back once with Mother, years later . . . and I didn't even know why I went back to the tree. But I remember going back there, feeling like I had unfinished business. I forgot it was there. That's so pitiful. (Sad laugh).

John: You got your evidence, and then you buried it and couldn't remember it. Well, maybe you can picture exactly where you buried it. Maybe you'll find it, yet. Now, drift back in time, and let's think about a house you were living in, back when you were four or five years old, somewhere around in there. And you can picture where you were living . . . you can picture the house where you thought you saw something in the window . . . Describe what it looks like. What do you notice?

Lynne: Um . . . a green footlocker. It's a toy chest. Seems like bunkbeds.

John: Where were you sleeping; on the bottom or the top?

Lynne: My sister and I alternated, 'cause neither of us liked the top.

John: Okay. You can remember how that room looks . . . Describe the room . . .

Lynne: There's a night-light, and a light on in the bathroom. I was always having nightmares. Oh, God . . . did I ever! I can remember waking up and being so terrified! I always thought there was a monster that lived under my bed.

John: What did it look like?

Lynne: Hands. That's so funny! I was always afraid. For years and years, I always jumped out of my bed when I woke up, so it wouldn't grab me.

John: So, could you see at all, at night?

Lynne: Uh, huh. Mom always left the bathroom light on, so we could find it at night. She knew I was really bad about having nightmares. I used to run into Mom and Dad's room all the time, and wake them up in the middle of the night. I just always dreamed of monsters.

John: What did they look like? Like gorillas, or the Frankenstein monster, or a mummy, or a werewolf . . . ?

Lynne: Oh, just hands and eyes.

John: And what do the hands look like, the ones that live under your bed?

Lynne: Oh . . . long fingers. Long, thin . . . white. They weren't . . . weren't like our hands. They didn't have five fingers. I was always afraid . . . that it lived under my bed.

John: Where did you see it?

Lynne: Outside the window. It had big black eyes. Something woke me up.

John: Okay. Be very aware of how something seemed to wake you up.

Lynne: I remember . . . when I went to sleep, I always had to be sure that my feet and hands were on the bed, and not hanging over the edge. (Humor evident). Because . . . something could grab me.

John: So, what got your attention that night?

Lynne: I don't really know what woke me up, but I took the cover off . . . and I see my bunny slippers. I put them on. I think . . . I think . . . I wanted a glass of water. Went . . . hall . . . I walked down the hall. I turned on the light, and I'm standing in the front room. After I turned on the light, I looked out the window. There's a face . . . there's a face! It's outside the window. It showed up . . . so stark. It's almost sh . . . almost shining! It's white! I'm on a higher level . . . than the face first was. I think I'm on a different level.

John: What happens next?

Lynne: I'm scared.

John: Do you scream and run?

Lynne: No, I just freeze. And it's . . . coming through . . . the window. The face comes through. It's kind of . . . a little man. The little guy . . . picks . . . He's picking me up! He just floated in. I didn't see him walk. He just kinda slid. I was scared when I first saw him. I was acting like a rabbit. (Laugh) . . . I was acting like a rabbit, because a bunny freezes. I'm trying not to be noticed. I'm not very big, and he picks me up. It feels like we're going up. I can see the furniture and stuff underneath us. It's funny . . . I know I shouldn't be able to go through the ceiling, but he seems to think he can! (Laugh). I feel protected . . . a protected feeling . . . and safe. It feels like a pull, when we go through the ceiling.

John: Can you describe the little man?

Lynne: His mouth isn't . . . isn't right. He's just got a straight line. No lips. He's got big eyes. They're not ugly, but they don't have an eyelid. They're dark black. There's something . . . like a lens. They've got a shiny, kind of reflective . . . it doesn't look like a normal eye.

John: What do you feel, when you look at those eyes?

Lynne: Um . . . kind of lost. There's something above us. It's roundish . . . there are some colors . . . blue . . . going around. And some white. We move closer to it, and there's a little panel . . . that slid back. It's kind of dark, at first, but as we're getting closer, it lights up, or something. It looks like a little room. It's all metal-looking, inside. A dull metal. It's a round room; there aren't any corners. No toys to play with. No playmates. There's just him, right now. It's kinda neat, though. He was holding me and brought me on in, and then he put me on the floor, so I'm standing. And, boy, is he bald! (Laugh).

He's going over to the right side . . . and he opened a door. Doorway. He's come back toward me, and I know I'm supposed to go with him. I'm walking with him, and he's gliding by me. There's another guy like him walking off to the right, and another to the right. But, they're not involved in what we're doing.

John: And what are you doing?

Lynne: There's an area on the floor . . . and it looks liquid. I can't swim, but I was really good at floating. He's letting me know I'm supposed to get in this pool.

John: So, what happens?

Lynne: Oh, I took off my clothes and got in. (Laugh). It's wet, but it's dry. I don't seem to get wet. It was like a bathtub, and I sat in it. Then I lay backward in it. I got totally submerged. I had the feeling I was taking a bath. After a while, I knew I should get out, so I did. I'm standing there, but my clothes are still just laying there. He didn't give them back to me. I had the feeling that I was being prepared for something.

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