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**INTRODUCTION**

A Tale of Two Families

This book marks the final chapter of an investigation that spans over two decades. It started with a letter to Dr. J. Allen Hynek in August of 1975 from Mrs. Betty Andreasson. Her letter was in response to a newspaper article about the Center for UFO Studies. Hynek, former chief United States Air Force UFO scientific consultant, headed the new civilian study. He requested the public to report UFO experiences to the Center for Scientific Study.

Betty’s letter was an account of a blinking light at a window, strange entities in the house, and several pages of rambling theories about UFOs. The letter’s redeeming factor was a sketch of one of the entities, since it was typical of those reported by many others. Although unimpressed with Betty’s weird theories, Hynek placed it in his files.

The letter was resurrected a few years later when Hynek sent it to a group who studied reports of UFO entities. Since Betty lived in Massachusetts, the study group asked Mutual UFO Network (MUFO) Massachusetts personnel to investigate. An initial interview with Betty indicated that she was interpreting her experience within the context of her fundamentalist Christian beliefs. She believed that the entities that had entered her house were angels. However, apart from her esoteric interpretations, the core elements of her experience were those of a UFO abduction.

The decision was made to conduct a thorough investigation of her claim. Our enquiry revealed one of the most detailed abduction accounts on record. I had joined the team as MUFO’s Director of Investigations and edited the final report. The report, in turn, instigated my first book on the experiences of Betty and her family: *The Andreasson Affair.*

Evidence gleaned from a number of independent sources indicated that the event took place between 6:35 and 11:00 P.M. on January 25, 1967, at South Ashburnham, Massachusetts. At the time, Betty was in the kitchen, and her parents and seven children were in the living room. Her husband was in the hospital. Both Betty and her daughter Becky relived a bizarre experience under hypnosis.

At about 6:35 P.M., the house lights suddenly blinked off and on and then went out. This coincided with a pulsating reddish orange light that
shined through the window facing a large field. Betty calmed her frightened children and told them to stay in the living room while her father investigated. Her father, Waino, dashed to the window and saw a group of strange creatures floating toward the house with a hopping motion. They stopped momentarily, and one looked in at him. He became paralyzed and remembered nothing more.

In brief, the creatures entered the house. The rest of Betty’s family was put into this same state of suspended animation. Telepathic communication was established with Betty. She was asked to follow them out of the house. She tried to resist, but her will somehow was overpowered. She told them she was concerned for her immobilized family. They demonstrated that they were all right by bringing her older daughter Becky out of the trancelike state.

One creature remained behind as Betty and the others floated through a solid door and into a small craft which was parked against the hillside in back of the house. The craft accelerated upwards into a larger craft. Betty was subjected to the effects of various instruments both before and after a physical examination. A BB-sized object removed from her nose indicated that she had been abducted previously. Follow-up investigations revealed a history of UFO experiences from childhood.

Betty was then taken to a strange otherworldly place. At one point she was floated along a track through an area with a red atmosphere. It housed scores of small headless red creatures with two large eyes protruding from stalks. From there, she was floated along the track into an immense area. Far below the roller coaster-like track she saw water, a strange pyramid, and glass-domed buildings in the distance.

The terminus for her trip was a holographic-like depiction of the death and rebirth of the legendary Phoenix. As she watched, transfixed by the sight, she heard a booming chorus of voices announce that she had been chosen to bring a message to the world. Afterwards, she was returned home to find everyone still in a state of suspended animation. Then, under mind control of the entities, everyone was put to bed in a state of unawareness.

All evidence, including transcripts of fourteen hypnotic regression sessions, was placed in a 320-page, two-volume report. Rigid character reference checks and lie detector tests indicated that Betty and Becky were credible witnesses. Psychological interviews did not reveal any psychotic traits in Betty. Both relived very vivid, detailed experiences under hypnosis. These were both internally and externally consistent with many other cases of this type.
It is not my purpose at this time to review the many experiences of the Andreasson and Fowler families that have been published in my previous books. This will be accomplished later on within the book. However, for the sake of the new reader, these will be briefly alluded to in the introductions to Part I and Part II of the book. They will serve as an introduction to these two families. These sections will also introduce new information revealed during my ongoing investigation of the Andreasson and Fowler families. Betty's 1967 encounter was mentioned only to establish witness credibility and a starting point for my initial involvement with Betty and her family.

The results of the initial investigation revealed that Betty, her family, and her husband's family have had encounters with UFOs and paranormal phenomena from childhood. My follow-up investigations are documented in the books preceding The Andreasson Legacy: The Andreasson Affair—Phase Two,5 The Watchers,4 and Watchers II.5

My investigation of Betty and Bob's childhood experiences triggered memories of similar experiences from my childhood which I had not associated with the UFO phenomenon. These experiences, coupled with those of my family, brought me to a startling realization. I had been investigating the UFO phenomenon since 1963, but the same phenomenon had been investigating me since 1938.

This was confirmed by an abduction dream about my leg being operated on which was accompanied by physical evidence. It consisted of the overnight appearance of the typical scoop mark that has appeared on many other abductees. Incredibly, this was coupled with the overnight appearance of three similar scoops on Betty's arm during the same week! This was just one of a number of synchronistic parallels linking the Andreasson and Fowler families together.

Soon after, I was able to enhance a number of my memories through the use of hypnotic regression. I decided to go public with them and some of my own family's UFO experiences. These and more of Betty and her husband's experiences were documented in The Watchers. One of their abductions was parapsychical in nature. Both were abducted in an out-of-body (OBE) state of being. During this abduction, they witnessed some of their children being operated upon by alien entities.

Later, my continuing investigation was centered on the parapsychical experiences of Betty and her family. These and evidence for their commonality with the near death experience (NDE) were documented in Watchers II. Again, a family member was witnessed aboard a craft with her during one of Betty's OBE abduction experiences.
I had been aware for some time that Betty and Bob's children had also experienced UFO and paranormal phenomena. However, I was unable to persuade them to publicize them. All were terribly frightened. They feared further ridicule for themselves and their children. Some had already experienced this because of my books about Betty and Bob.

Each member of Betty's family was urged once again to relate their experiences to me, and to undergo hypnotic regression. I believed that the recording of their experiences was essential to complete my overall assessment of the ongoing story of the Andreasson affair. All of them finally agreed to tell their stories. However, only Becky agreed to undergo a number of hypnosis sessions, which revealed that she, like Betty, had been abducted by aliens since childhood.

Significantly, some members of my own family decided to tell me more of their own experiences which were not recorded in *The Watchers*. My father had recorded many of his experiences and placed them in a box which was not to be opened until after his death. Just prior to his death, the box and its incredible contents were turned over to me for publication. My family's willingness to do this influenced my decision to follow them in placing my own continuing experiences on record.

This will be my last book about Betty Andreasson and her family. Nearly twenty years of research have produced a rich legacy for UFO buffs and professional researchers alike. The overall Andreasson affair is a plethora of paranormal events—a *metaphenomena* in and of itself. My latest investigations, documented in this book, involve new physical evidence: a possible *implant* from Bob Luca's ear examined by an MIT physicist and the appearance of identical *scoop marks* on other members of my family. These are just a few examples of the evidence for UFO abductions that will be found within the pages of this book.

What do I hope that this final book on the Andreasson affair will accomplish? It will introduce the neophyte to both UFO and a host of other paranormal phenomena. Those who have read my previous books on the Andreasson and Fowler families will now be privy to the *rest of the story*. The newly published experiences will continue to demonstrate that UFO and paranormal events are often *family* affairs. It will further provide new experiential data relating to *who* the aliens are, *where* they come from, and *what* they are doing here.

The book will also provide strong circumstantial evidence to support a startling hypothesis advocated by some researchers of UFOs and paranormal phenomena. They suspect that all types of paranormal phenomena may in actuality be just expressions of *one underlying source*. 
Finally, and most importantly, all direct communications between the aliens and the Andreasson family will be isolated, itemized, and analyzed to produce the core message of the aliens to human beings. Ultimately, this message is the greatest contribution willed to humankind by the Andreasson legacy.
• P A R T 1 •

THE ANDREASSON FAMILY

Introduction

BETTY (ANDREASSON) LUCA

Who is Betty Andreasson Luca? To those unfamiliar with Betty’s background, this is a very important question to consider in light of the material presented in this book. A brief history follows.

Betty was born on January 7, 1937, in Fitchburg, Massachusetts to Waino and Eva Aho. Betty is the second youngest of the Ahos’ five offspring. The Ahos were devout Pentecostal Christians. Betty and her brother and three sisters were raised in a happy and secure home life centered around a vibrant Christian faith. Betty told me that she was born again, or converted to Christianity, at age sixteen.

As a child, Betty loved nature and considered herself something of a tomboy. The minute she arrived home from school, she’d change clothes and head for the ponds and brooks, fields and woods, of her rural Massachusetts. Her future plans revolved around dance and art. These plans were set aside when she fell in love with—and married—a local boy named James Andreasson.

Betty and James eventually became the parents of seven children. Secure in her Christian faith, Betty sought to instill the same faith and ideals within her own family. Each Sunday, she marshaled her well-scrubbed children to the local community church. James, on the other hand, had returned home from a Navy enlistment with a drinking problem.

James’s problem eventually led him to desert his family. A number of attempts by Betty to persuade him to return failed. Betty later met Bob Luca—whom she eventually married—through a mutual friend.

I have now known Betty for about twenty years. During my initial investigation, I conducted a character check with her friends, neighbors, teachers, ministers, and business associates. The general impression gained was that she was “a good neighbor,” “very stable,” “honest,” “hardworking,” “dependable,” “a good mother,” and a “good homemaker.” Each person questioned had no reason to doubt Betty’s integrity. Also, during
the original investigation, Betty passed a lie detector test and a psychological interview by a physician.

Betty is not a regular churchgoer, but does get involved in church-sponsored activities. She is an avid student of the Bible and a enthusiastic witness to her faith. So much so that very few people could have an extended conversation with her without *hearing the gospel!*

Because of this mindset, Betty often observes and interprets many things and events through Bible-tinted spectacles. This does not necessarily mean that she has superimposed biblical imagery over some of her experiences. It does mean, however, that such a possibility must be considered when evaluating them.

I once asked a therapist who attended a number of Betty’s hypnosis sessions to give me her impressions of Betty. She had become good friends with both Betty and Bob. Her written response follows, providing a fitting ending to these introductory comments about Betty.

In this fast-paced age of international conflict, runaway inflation and domestic turmoil, how could anyone be so clear and unscathed, so loving and warm? It is as if Betty has taken all the Sunday-school teachings of love and brotherhood that we shared as children and made them work for her as a responsible adult. There is none of the “angry child” within her that is so easily perceived in most of us at the slightest irritation. With both Betty and Bob Luca there is a sense of internal peace. This calmness pervades their being and is wonderfully contagious. Along with a fun-loving side to their personalities is an undercurrent of sincerity which flows through all their social interactions. Their faith in God is unshakable, their wants and needs almost biblical in their simplicity. My experience of Bob can best be summarized by the following exchange: “You love and accept everyone, don’t you? You don’t judge anyone, you just accept them.” “I can’t imagine living any other way.” I’ve heard that said before, but it was never spoken so honestly. Bob and Betty have an innate ability to make an impact on others’ lives by doing nothing in particular—just by being who they are. They allow us to call into question the basis upon which we build our lives. Certainly this internal harmony is conceivably available to everyone. How in the world did we get so far away from it? Any two people who live so complacently are certainly privy to one of the greater secrets of life.
THE ANDREASSON LEGACY

FAMILY PHENOMENA

The following biographical sketch is a chronological overview of UFO and paranormal phenomena reported by the Andreasson family. It summarizes previously published material about their experiences for the new reader. For new and old reader alike, it provides time line, place, and circumstance for the experiences recorded in Part I. These deal largely with the experiences of the children of Betty Andreasson Luca and her husband.

The family lived in Leominster, Massachusetts, when Betty had her first childhood encounter with the UFO phenomenon at age seven (1944). A buzzing, marble-sized glowing ball of light affixed itself between her eyes. She heard a chorus of voices. They told her that she was being watched, and that later they would take her to meet "the One." The result of this meeting would make people happy someday.

Shortly after this, her family moved to Westminster, Massachusetts. At age twelve (1949), she met a strange uniformed creature in the woods. A small ball of light shot from its uniform and landed between her eyes. Voices in her head told that she was not ready yet, but that next year she would be taken to meet the One.

True enough, while taking an early morning walk to a local pond, Betty was abducted by strange gray entities in a UFO at age thirteen (1950). She was taken to an underground installation after the UFO entered and egressed from a body of water. While there, she saw a number of incredible things including long rows of clear sarcophagus-like receptacles containing preserved people from different ages; an alien mining operation; and a glasslike forest that seemed to be frozen in time. During an examination, one of her eyes was temporarily removed and a probe was placed within her head. Afterward, she was placed before a console and subjected to a number of visual tests.

The high point of the abduction occurred when Betty was brought to a huge glasslike door. Two robed humanlike beings stood nearby and watched her. The gray entities told Betty to enter the door which would lead her "home." They said that "home" was where the One is. Betty then underwent an out-of-body experience. She entered the door and met the One.

Betty either would not or could not fully describe this meeting. All we could find out was that she entered a world of light. There, she was filled with inexpressible joy and love. She came away telling us that "Everything fits together. Everything is one. It's beautiful, no matter what it is."

During Betty's teenage years in Westminster, the Aho family became acquainted with the neighboring Andreasson family. Salfred Andreasson,
like Betty’s father, was of Scandinavian descent. He emigrated to this country from Sweden, as did Dorothy Packard. Betty fell in love with their son Jim and married him at age seventeen (1954). This was the beginning of a bittersweet marriage that would eventually end in divorce because of Jim’s alcoholism.

The newlyweds had little money and few possessions. They first lived in an apartment in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Next, they moved in with Betty’s parents and then into a trailer where their first daughter, Becky, was born in 1955. The trailer was to be their temporary home while they built a packaged house on a lot given to them by Jim’s father. During their brief stay in the trailer, Betty heard anomalous voices calling her.

During the building process, they found that the packaged lumber was not coded for the area. They finished building the house and moved in 1958. However, purchase of additional coded material put them deeper into debt. During these hard times, Jim Jr. was born (1956). During their brief stay in the newly built house, Becky, age two, was abducted from her crib by a tall, humanlike robed entity that she called “the pretty person.”

At this juncture, things became worse for the struggling family. Jim’s drinking and infidelity caused the couple to separate. Betty and her two children again moved into her parents’ home and Jim took off for Louisiana where he joined the merchant marines. When Betty gave birth to their third child Mark (1957), Jim’s merchant marine captain persuaded him to return home to his family.

Jim returned home and reconciled with Betty. They moved from Betty’s parents’ home to an apartment in Fitchburg. Later, they moved back to Westminster and temporarily assumed the mortgage of his father’s home across the street from Betty’s parents’ home.

Betty had returned to the childhood neighborhood where she had been abducted to meet the One in 1950. Soon after, she was drawn from the house into the woods by a strange force. There she was met by a gray entity. The being told her that the Lord was with her, and not to be afraid. He said that she had been watched since her beginning and would lead many to the light. As we shall see, Becky would again experience strange phenomena in this house and the surrounding area. But for the next several years, things were fairly stable for the family.

Scott and Todd were born in 1959 and 1960. Bonnie and Cindy were
born in 1962 and 1963. Jim and Betty felt they should have a permanent home for their seven children.

In 1965, Betty and Jim bought a saltbox house in South Ashburnham, Massachusetts. Betty’s 1967 abduction took place from this home and was partially witnessed by her father and Becky. As we shall see later, it is also where her children would experience a number of paranormal phenomena. It was at this point in Becky’s life that she found herself able to effortlessly write a strange hieroglyphic-like script.

Unfortunately, Jim could not find steady work. So, in 1970 they sold the house and bought a large van. The whole family traveled to California and Florida seeking work in a warmer climate. There was nothing available, so they returned to Massachusetts and rented an apartment in Ashby. There, Becky again experienced weird phenomena.

Jim finally got a job with the local pipe fitters’ union. His aunt gave him some land in Ashburnham and they built a ten-room Dutch colonial home. A number of strange events occurred here. Betty was abducted from bed in 1973. Gray entities brought Betty into a craft to comfort a human surrogate mother giving birth to two hybrid premature fetuses. These were placed in artificial wombs. Betty was told that the fetuses would become like them. They told her that these operations were essential because mankind was becoming sterile. Prior to bringing her back home, the entities showed Betty a huge biosphere containing a great number of small hybrid children.

In 1975, Betty experienced a bedside visitation by gray entity who warned her of impending hard times. He said that she was being guided and soon would begin to remember past encounters with them.

During the Andreassons’ stay in the Ashburnham house they were privy to other phenomena: snooping “men in black,” a black unmarked helicopter hovering over Betty at treetop level, strange balls of light, and a scary out-of-body experience suffered by Becky.

Becky had left home at age seventeen (1972) to marry Rick Anderson. They lived in an apartment over a hardware store in town. Here Becky gave birth to her first child, Niccie. Rick went into military service and Becky and the baby came to live with her parents. When Rick left the service, they moved to Gardner, Massachusetts, where their second daughter, Chrissy, was born. It was here that Becky and her Aunt Carol (Betty’s sister) saw a large UFO.

One by one, Betty’s sons graduated from high school and left home. Jim Jr. and Mark joined the Navy in 1974 and 1975. A year later, a double family upheaval took place. Becky separated from Rick, and Jim’s inability to cope with insurmountable bills intensified his drinking problem.
On August 29, 1976, Betty had Jim arrested for dangerous conduct. He was released from jail on the following day and deserted Betty. During a follow-up investigation, we learned via hypnosis that Betty had been visited by a gray alien in her bedroom hours before Jim’s outburst. The entity warned her of a future tragedy. Two of her sons would soon die. Betty was not allowed to remember this until later. This latter death warning would again be repeated just a few days before her two sons’ death.

Becky and her children moved in with Betty. Both were left to fend for their families without husbands. Tragically, Betty’s father died in 1977, and her mother joined Betty’s ever-growing household.

At this time, Betty’s sister Shirley came from Florida to attend the funeral. She convinced Betty to come to Florida, establish herself in a job, and then send for the children. Becky agreed to care for the children until Betty got settled.

Betty’s abrupt decision to go to Florida ended our initial investigation. She purchased a small house at Pompano Beach and took a job at the Clock restaurant as a waitress. While working at the Clock, Betty met Bob Luca through mutual friends.

Their meeting was highly synchronistic. Bob had traveled from his home in Connecticut to California. On the way back, he felt compelled to sidetrack to Florida to visit friends. Bob, like Betty, had also had a UFO experience in 1967 with a period of missing time. When Betty told him about our investigation, he expressed an interest in our investigating his experience. Later, he arranged such an enquiry through Betty. In the meantime, he returned to Connecticut.

Betty returned to Massachusetts and began dating Bob Luca. On October 19, 1977, a frightening incident occurred when Bob phoned Betty to arrange a meeting with our investigating team. Their phone conversation was interrupted by clicks and buzzing voices like angry bees. They conveyed a telepathic warning to Betty that something terrible was about to happen. As mentioned, Betty's subconscious mind already knew what was going to happen to her sons.

Shaken by this gnawing premonition, Betty returned to a house devoid of furniture on that same evening. The family slept on the living room floor. In the early morning hours of October 20, they were suddenly awakened by Becky’s screams. She claimed that something was taking her breath away. Concurrently, the room became filled with weird lights. A roaring noise filled the air. The terrifying phenomena culminated with a big ball of light that swooshed into sight and disappeared out the window.

Betty was so concerned that she made an appointment to visit me the next day. On October 21, Betty, Bob, Bonnie, and Cindy took the nearly
three-hour-long drive to my house to seek my counsel about the scary happenings. I tried unsuccessfully to calm Betty’s fears. She sobbed uncontrollably and insisted that something dreadful was going to happen. Her fear was realized the following day. Jim Jr. (twenty-one), on Navy furlough, and Todd (seventeen) were killed in an automobile accident on October 22!

Sorrowfully, Betty placed her dream house in Ashburnham up for sale. Becky and her children moved into an apartment in Gardner. Bob traveled up from Connecticut and packed Betty’s remaining belongings into his trailer. He drove Betty and her daughters and mother to Betty’s newly bought cottage at Pompano Beach. Bob stayed in Florida, lived in his trailer, and continued to court Betty.

When the house was sold in Ashburnham, the Florida home was put up for sale. The travel-weary family packed once again and returned to Massachusetts to pass papers. Abductee Betty married abductee Bob. In August 1978, they bought and moved into a house in Meriden, Connecticut. Some would say that their marriage was literally made in heaven. A mere few months later, both thought they were on the way to heaven when the UFO phenomenon struck again.

In October 1978, Betty and Bob were abducted together in an out-of-body state of being. They were met and escorted by robed humanlike entities called Elders. During their stay aboard a huge craft, they saw Bonnie, Cindy, and Bob’s daughter Wendy from a previous marriage being operated on by gray entities! Psychic phenomena and low overflights of black unmarked helicopters continued to plague them at their Meriden home.

Later, in August of 1979, they sold the house in Meriden and bought a larger one in Cheshire, Connecticut. Bonnie and Cindy graduated from Cheshire high school and joined the Air Force together in 1980. Later, both married and began families of their own. Bonnie has two sons, Mike (Mikey) and Adam. Cindy has two daughters, Candace (Candy) and Melissa (Missy). Meanwhile, back at the empty nest, Betty and Bob continued to experience paranormal phenomena, overflights of black helicopters, and bedtime visitations by gray entities.

In July 1983, they moved from Cheshire and purchased a trailer in Higganum, Connecticut. The move, as usual, did not deter the pursuing phenomena. In 1986, while Betty was lying on a couch reading the Bible, a gray entity materialized in the room. He placed a black box on the couch, there was a shower of sparkling light, and Betty left her body with the alien to a strange place. She was shown multitudes of crystal spheres and told that they collect and record all knowledge and intelligence.
A number of incidents occurred during Betty's stay in the trailer at Higganum. In January of 1989, she was taken from her bed via an OBE to a craft. While there, she was shocked to see her daughter Becky operating a console. Becky, however, could not see Betty because of her OBE state of being. Two more abductions occurred during the summer of 1989. The first involved both Betty and Bob, when their car was floated into a craft. Just prior to this, Betty had a temporary OBE in the car. The second abduction involved just Betty, who again was taken physically from outside the trailer.

A strange force drew Betty out of the trailer into the night, where she was engulfed with a blue ball of light. The light sped upwards into a craft, and she was again taken to the underground installation she had visited as a teenager in 1950. Again, she was ushered through a glasslike forest and placed in another craft which accelerated upwards into space leaving the earth far behind. The smaller craft approached and entered a gigantic silver cylindrical craft hovering in space. There she was met by tall robed Elders.

During this incredible episode Betty experienced a number of remarkable things. She was shown the purpose of the red stalk-eyed creatures that she had seen during her 1967 abduction. They were used to grow eyes for transplant purposes. She was told that the gray entities' eyes wore out periodically and had to be replaced. After removal, the red creatures's eyes grew back through a process of natural regeneration. The Elders also demonstrated a TV-like device that had recorded past scenes of Betty with her mother and father at a church.

During this out-of-body state, the Elders took Betty on a tour of several places on earth. The high point of her itinerary was another visit to the One. Betty was returned to the trailer at Higganum. All that she was allowed to remember consciously was initially being drawn outside by a strange compulsion.

Other than periodic winter forays into Florida, Betty and Bob still reside in the trailer at Higganum at the time of this writing.

My investigation of the Andreasson family ended with two hypnosis sessions involving Bob Luca. These sessions revealed that Bob was abducted from his bed in the winter of 1989 while visiting relatives in Lecoochee, Florida. Full details of this will be covered in Part I. Amazingly, the hypnotic regressions also disclosed one of the reasons that Bob had been abducted in 1967. Transcripts of this segment will appear in Part III, entitled "The Extended Family."

I hope that this synopsis has helped to introduce the new reader to the
life and experiences of the Andreasson family. Again, as stated in the Introduction, I trust that my documentation of these experiences will add fuel to the hypotheses of fellow researchers that (1) such bizarre happenings are a family affair in a growing number of instances; and (2) that the various psychic phenomena often accompanying UFO experiences imply that both originate from a single source.

Now, as a national newscaster often says, it is time for us to deal with the rest of the story. Chapter 1 opens with Becky Andreasson's childhood confrontations with the pretty persons!
1.

The Pretty Persons

In my book *The Watchers*, I documented Betty and Bob Luca's OBE abduction from their Meriden, Connecticut, home in 1978. While onboard an alien craft, both witnessed a frightening scene. They viewed Bonnie, Cindy, and a relative of Bob's lying on tables. The trio seemed to be nude yet semicovered with white sheets. A group of gray aliens were conducting some kind of operation on them!

Betty's children had often reported experiencing a number of phenomena. These reports, coupled with the above two sightings, could only mean one thing. Betty's children had been caught up in the UFO abduction phenomenon with their parents. Unfortunately, up until that time, none of the children wished to become involved with the subject.

However, during our initial investigation in 1967, Becky, age eleven, had cooperated. She willingly went under hypnosis to help confirm details of Betty's experience from her own vantage point. Since it was now apparent that Becky had this ongoing experience with the UFO entities, I hoped that she would cooperate once more with us.

Betty contacted Becky, who lived in another state. Becky agreed to cooperate. She too was intensely curious about a number of strange events in her life and welcomed the opportunity to explore them under hypnosis. But, family responsibilities made it difficult to travel out of state for hypnosis sessions with Fred Max. However, Bob was a competent hypnotist in his own right. At times, Fred Max had recommended Bob's use of his skill with Betty. Thus, it was decided that Bob would regress Becky during their periodic family visits. Becky welcomed this. She felt she would feel much more comfortable with Bob than with a stranger. The first three chapters of this book deal mainly with the UFO and paranormal events experienced by Becky.

During Bob's initial probe, we obtained more information than ex-
pected. We discovered that Becky, like her mother, had UFO encounters and abductions during her adulthood. The results of the sessions produced an astounding sequence of provocative interfaces between Becky and a variety of UFO and paranormal phenomena. These will be discussed later.

The revelation of Becky's adult experiences caused us to wonder whether she had additional experiences as a youngster. Both she and Betty remembered a number of odd childhood episodes that seemed worthy of investigation. During a hypnosis session on February 5, 1994, our suspicions were realized above and beyond our expectations!

Our first enquiry concerned a mysterious event that had occurred when Becky was a child. Betty awoke one morning, got dressed, and started her daily routine. Abruptly, a neighbor knocked at the door and asked if she knew Becky was outside playing with no clothes on.

Betty rushed outside and picked Becky up. She could not understand how Becky got out of the crib, or how she could have gotten outside. She had assumed Becky was still in the crib, but had not awakened her from her nighttime sleep. Also, she had diapered Becky before putting her to bed. Now Becky was naked, and the diaper was missing. This event remained a mystery to Betty and Becky for years. Now, we were about to embark on discovering its solution.

The following was transcribed from a hypnotic regression session conducted by Bob Luca on February 5, 1994. Bob took the time to gently place Becky into a deep state of hypnosis. Becky's response was different than what I had witnessed in the past. She spoke slowly and softly in a dreamy childlike voice. There were distinct pauses between sometimes half sentences as she recounted her experiences in an outline form.

**KIDNAPPED**

*Age three—Fitchburg, Massachusetts (1958)*

**Bob:** You were living in a cellar apartment. You were in a large crib and somehow you managed to get out of that crib. I'd like you to go back in your mind's eye to that time period and describe in as much detail as you can what happened. What did you see? What did you do?

**Becky:** It's, it's dark and there's light shining through and a *pretty person* is there, smiling, looking at me. [Figure 1]. . . . A warm feeling—reaching out—I'm standing up and there's soft, white light. A light's all around in the rooms. The light is a yellowish white light, more yellow than white.
Becky was describing in a child’s terms what many abductees have experienced during what has been dubbed “a bedside visitation” by UFO researchers. Typically, a bright light floods the bedroom and a beam of light lifts the abductee up through a window or ceiling to a waiting craft high in the sky.

And I’m lifted up—held—I’m being held [Figure 2]... I’m going right up... like an elevator... It’s dark out... going toward the
trees ... bright, soft light everywhere it's just soft light and I feel being held. I can hear ... ah, ah, wind chimes, glass wind chimes. And I feel movement and my head is being held so I can't, I can hardly see anything, just, ah, light ... and I feel movement and we're in an area or a room. It's, it's lit with soft light again. ... It looks like a clean color white all around. There's, there's a seat ... It's, ah, it's like a L-shape ... I'm sitting down, sitting down.
What Becky was describing and about to relate in a child's terms was
typical of the UFO abduction experience. The abductee is made to sit on
a bench, undressed, often dressed with a white Johnny and cleansed in
preparation for an examination or operation.

The *pretty person* is sitting me down there and spraying me with
air, misty air, [Figure 3]. Putting on a tee shirt—looks like a T-shirt
and booties. [Figure 4]. I'm looking around the room. There's like a, windows that are round but they're not round. One, two and I don't know if you can see out of them or not. It's just blue. Ah, the seat is low. Turning around. Taking my feet off, getting down . . . I'm walking over to my left.

Becky was delighted to see that there were two other small children in this strange place with her.
There’s a little black girl there. And there’s a boy there... and I’m walking over to them. They’re in T-shirts. The little boy has reddish brown hair. The little black girl has black hair, close to her head—short. Nadine, Nadine, Nadine is the girl, Nadine Fryberg [phonetic spelling] is the girl, the little girl [Figure 5]. The little boy is P.J.—Peter.

It appears that the children’s abductors had supplied an alien version of toys to amuse and calm them. Bob allowed Becky to continue without interruption. It was imperative that we refrain from asking influential questions or breaking up Becky’s train of thought. Becky continued to dreamily describe her surroundings.

Peter is playing with bubbles in the air [Figure 6]. There’s something in them. I don’t know what it is. The bubbles are floating around but they aren’t popping. They bounce off of things. They’re just moving around in the air to the right. Peter’s hitting it. P.J’s hitting it. There’s steps in there and there’s music in there... sounds like glass wind chimes. [Pause.] The pretty person isn’t in here anymore. Over to the left where Nadine is—is long, like, like buttons but they’re long. Like a bingo, like if you set up Bingo on it they’d be long. Little buttons, low... [Pause.]

It was difficult to visualize the equipment that Becky was describing until later, with the help of Betty’s memories, a drawing was made of it. Becky had stood before a TV-like screen. There was no sound coming from it, only fuzzy specks of light. There were buttons and bars on a shelf below the screen which, when pushed, produced a tone (Figure 7).

In addition to “the bubbles,” Becky described other “toys” with which she and her companions played.

There’s glass—it’s not glass—glass shapes on the floor, on the step, like blocks or funny-shaped toys that are clear, glass shapes.

Later, Becky said that these “toys” were smooth to the touch. There were different shapes and sizes. A few had liquid inside. Some contained a whitish sandlike material. Others were clear, like Plexiglas. They were thinner than those containing liquid or particles. The floating, glasslike bubbles had a hard surface and a little symbol could be seen inside them (Figure 8).
There was soft-like light in the room and they're playing with the bubbles floating around in the room and here's, here's *pretty person* coming—Nadine's coming over to meet—P.J.'s playing with the balls.

Playtime soon ended and the real intentions of the alien entities toward the children were revealed. It would appear that samples of flesh were extracted from each of them.
Pretty person's coming over—lifts us up—sitting on bench. [Figure 9]. We're talking. He lifts up our foot, takes a bootie off. [Pause.] He's got something in his hand. He touches... touches my ankle. It tingles. [Figure 10]. It's not going to hurt. It doesn't hurt. It's tingling... He smiles and puts on my bootie. Nadine puts her foot up. He tingles her foot. She squeezes my hand. I can't see what's in his hand. [Pause.] She puts her foot down—booties getting on. Watching him walk out the door.
As Becky watched "the pretty person" exit, she noticed some symbols on the door. These are shown in a drawing of the room's complete layout. (Figure 11).

There's big letters on the door. There's a boomerang, a circle with three lines, a long line, short, short—A. a letter that looks like a 7
or F with a line through it. . . . Get down. Peter comes over. . . .
Nadine walks to the hall. Peter wants to take a bubble. Walking over.
Touched the button and it's a noise. A sound. . . . Pushing the dif-
ferent buttons making noise, sounds. Door's opening again. Two peo-
ple coming in. They look like twins. They come and lift us up.
Walking toward the door with the big letter.
**BOB:** Do these people look like the pretty people?

**BECKY:** The twins are the—look—yes. Two pretty people. They look like twins.

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** They're carrying us out. Me and Nadine was holding with one. P. J.'s with the other. They're, we're saying 'bye.

Bob had been so focused with Becky that he had neglected to ask her what the _pretty people_ looked like. This seemed to be an opportune time to do so. His question evoked a startling revelation from Becky. Her description matched that of an _Elder_-type UFO entity! Their robes contained an insignia similar to the _boomerang_ symbol Becky had described on a door.

**BOB:** While you are saying 'bye, I want you to look at the pretty people and tell me what they look like.

**BECKY:** White skin. Blue-green eyes. White hair. Ah, white nightgowns—looks like a long gown with a boomerang on their—boomerang on the right-hand side of the top of the garment. Walking out—bright light everywhere! [Pause.]
It is my opinion that the bright light that engulfed Becky in the craft was the same beam of light that procured her from the crib. Now, it was used to return her. She was not placed back in the empty crib discovered by Betty. Becky found herself on the ground behind some bushes near her house. Let's continue to eavesdrop upon Becky's fascinating escapade.

It's quiet. Outside... Nadine's gone. P.J.'s gone. I'm standing near the green bushes. My T-shirt's gone. Pretty person touches my
head—top of my head—holding out my hands—patty-cake. Clap my hands—open up. Touching, touching my hand but not touching my hand. It, looks like there's there's light in between my hand touching the other hand but it doesn't touch the hand all the way. It's right in between. Touching the top of my head, my chest, my lower stomach, my feet—the top of my feet. Oh, my right foot is tingling! [Pause.] Mom's—He says, "Mom's coming." Go through the bushes. Sit down playing with a blue—looks like a blue stick, something blue in my hand—playing with it. Mom's coming. [Pause.]

A very worried mother who had searched frantically for Becky rushed to her and picked her up near a sandbox. Becky could still see the robed person standing near her, but he was invisible to Betty (Figure 12).

**BECKY:** She's picking me up—talking.
**BOB:** Who's picking you up?"
**BECKY:** Mommy. She's picking me up.
**BOB:** Okay, just relax. I want you to relax.
**BECKY:** The pretty person is looking right at us saying 'bye.
Bob brought Becky out of hypnosis temporarily. When she came fully back to normal consciousness she stared in awe at the scar on her ankle.

**BECKY:** Weird! It's a long scar and it crisscrosses here right there, on my ankle.

**BOB:** Where do you think that you got that scar?
Becky: I got that, um, when I was three. From the pretty person. The pretty person did it on my ankle!

One wondered if this was Becky’s first encounter with the so-called pretty persons. If not, would it be possible for Becky to remember and earlier events? There was still lots of time to continue the session. Becky was willing to do so, and Bob placed her under hypnosis once again. It was decided to look both backward and forward in time for such events in Becky’s life. The following transcript reflects one of the forays into Becky’s past as a child. Bob brought her back to the house that Becky lived in prior to her abduction at Fitchburg.

Becky’s Debut

Age two and a half—Westminster, Massachusetts (1957)

Bob: Relax, relax. I’d like you to go back in your mind to a time that you were a child in Westminster where you lived in a green-colored house. I would like you to go back to that time in your mind, review it and think if there were any other unusual experiences you had there. As you do this, remember as always, you are in complete control. Should any situation be uncomfortable, you can immediately move further away from it or come out of it altogether because you are in control. So let’s go back now to that house, that green house in Westminster, and if there is anything unusual that you see that happened to you there as a child, explain to me what it was in detail.

The next strange thing that Becky remembered was being in a carriage outside in the yard. First, she heard a strange noise like rushing water. Then she heard her voice being called, but could not see who it was.

Becky: I’m at the green house. It’s day. I’m in a carriage in the yard and... I hear my name. My name’s being called. “Becky,” three times in a row.

Then, everything seemed to go back to normal.

Becky: There’s people out around. They is busy.

The next extraordinary event remembered was when she had been put in her crib for the night on that very same date.
Now it's same time—nighttime. It's night. And, everything's quiet. I hear ticking—ticking noise and there's a light around me. It's a soft, white light all around. And when I look into it, I see that person again coming up, up, standing up next to me.

Becky was referring to the same *pretty person* that she had just told us about earlier when under hypnosis. Again, Becky is disrobed and dressed in the typical white Johnny.

Tall person! Looking down at me. Everything is quiet. No more ticking. Reaches down. My long nightie is off. My diaper is off. He picks me up. It's a *pretty person*. Wraps me in the white, warm, warm—feels good.

Then, Becky described being elevated in a beam of light and taken inside a glowing craft. Her sentences were short and to the point like those of a small child.

...and I'm moving. Moving forward. It feels like it's swift or quick. It sounds like a "swish." The light, there's a bright orange color off to the side. Opening, opening noises—noises of—I hear noises of, ah, pings and clinks and I hear glass chimes again—wind chimes. That's pretty. He's opening his arms and there's a little room. I'm in a little room. It's all soft-colored light.

**Becky's childish description of the typical bench that abductees describe upon entering a craft was unique!**

There's a long—looks like an iron board—against the wall or out from the wall. I'm sitting on it. Boy, I'm fat! Chubby. Sitting there and there's a square thing coming up from the iron board in the back and a woman is there. A woman—turn around—that's a woman that I've seen before but she's in white. She's all in white.

For a brief moment, Becky's mind shot forward in time. The sight of this humanlike woman triggered other strange memories. She would meet this woman just a few years later. Then she was mentally back on "the iron board" again. She proceeded to describe the preoperation cleansing process characteristic of the UFO abduction experience. Again, typically, she was paralyzed during the operation.
And there's, ah, wind chimes sound around. I'm a little scared. I'm sitting on the iron board. Spray, a mist is sprayed on me. The woman is rubbing my back and my hand. I'm laying down. Uhh, I hear a noise like a drill. It's like a dentist drill noise. And a hat is on my head. It feels like a hat on my head—feel like tired. Picking my feet up. Putting the white paper on my feet, on the bottom of my feet. Like, ah, it's white but it feels like cardboard. On my hands. Sitting, I'm trying to sit up. The lady is rubbing my, my chest and holding my hand, my right hand. The light is soft light that are on me. The pretty person has got something in his hand. Poking me, Poking my butt. Poking my side. Can't move my head. Feel tingly. That woman is smiling. Rubbing my chest and my hand. It's soft. Puts it away. Looks up at the back of the iron board there's—there's a light there, a circle light and there's tubes or squares coming out. She slips her hand under my back and I'm sitting up. And I hear noises again. And there's light coming down around me. It's circles, the light is circles, yellow circles—spheres, spheres. I touch 'em and my hand will go right through it. . . . The noise is still near—the chimes. There's a click noise and the . . . "swish" noise. The light's off. The circle's off. We're heading back down. My hat's off my head. They're . . . smiling at each other. She reaches down and holds me. Walking over toward . . . out around the iron board like it's getting light in there.

Then Becky, held snugly by the woman, descended back to her bedroom within a beam of light. There, her clothes were put back on and she was placed back in her crib to sleep again.

But it's, it's filling up in that room. But like a mist, misty, ah mist and in it is specks, of, of electricity or light or something, something. Little specks filling in the room. She's taking the back of my head and putting it to her shoulder, near her shoulder, holding my head there. And we're up, moving up and she's holding me still. . . . Moving. I'm moving. I can hear, I can hear dog barking. She's pulling her hand away. . . . And I turn and look. I'm at the crib! My little nightshirt, my pajama shirt is on. Diaper's on. She's smiling and rubbing my head. She'll see me again. I, the room is, is white, soft light—falling asleep. Ticking, I hear ticking. [Falls asleep.]
Becky's encounter with the woman who abducted her would not be her last. True to her word, she did visit Becky again under quite different circumstances. Becky would come to know this mysterious lady by the name of Iska. The events Becky had just relived were only the beginning of a long sequence of unearthly childhood encounters.
2.

Childhood Encounters

The contents of the first chapter provide a catalyst for some important introductory remarks before we proceed further with Becky's otherworldly experiences.

I would imagine that newcomers to the abduction phenomena might respond negatively to the reality of Becky's testimony under hypnosis. They might dismiss Becky's memories as being imagined, dreamed, or prefabricated. However, what Becky described in the first chapter of this book is far from unique in nature.

Statistical studies of abduction reports indicate that most childhood abduction memories appear to begin between the ages of five and six. I say "appear to begin" because it is quite possible that UFO entities have an interest in certain human beings from the time of birth. However, Becky's testimony was unique to my experience. It was the first time I had dealt with such early memories hypnotically retrieved from an adult.

However, I did wonder whether a child of this age could recollect and recount such events. It had been many years since our own children had been that young. Curious, I examined the baby diaries that my wife meticulously kept of our four children's vocabulary and experiences. There I found more than enough data to substantiate that Becky could easily have remembered and articulated such experiences. Indeed, both my wife and I remembered specific events from age two onward. This was especially true of traumatic experiences. I would add that my own abduction memories started between five and six years old. Bob Luca's first UFO encounters were memories from age five and Betty Luca's from age seven.

Thus, although UFO childhood abductions may seem bizarre and distinctive to some, they are a common theme to those investigating the phenomenon. Over the past years, parents have written or telephoned to
report to me that their children have described nighttime sagas similar to those of Becky. These parents had dismissed such memories as dreams or imagination. However, when they later read a book or saw a TV show about UFO abductions, they became quite concerned. How, they wondered, could a child with no exposure to UFO data describe the typical characteristics of a UFO abduction? Why would they sketch pictures of the typical gray UFO entities or of UFOs? Let me give the reader some recent examples. Consider the excerpts from the following two letters. The first is one I received in December of 1994.

My daughter began having spontaneous nosebleeds around five years old [and] developed a strong fear of the dark... She told me she wanted the shades pulled down in her bedroom because she heard bears looked in and scared her at night... they didn’t have hair on their heads... She was staring out the window [and saw] a big round thing... She asked if people came from the sky.

Anomalous nosebleeds are another typical benchmark of a UFO abduction experience.

Then, on February 11, 1995, I received a similar letter from another very concerned parent. Its arrival was highly synchronistic. Why? Because the description of her child’s “dreams” provides an even greater parallel to Becky’s bedside visitations! The following are pertinent excerpts. Italics are mine for emphasis.

On February 7, 1995, my five-year-old daughter awoke... with blood at the base of her right nostril. Wiping revealed no cuts, scraps, etcetera. She then proceeded to tell me about a dream she had... “going for a ride on a spaceship in outer space.”... She remembers... one woman... curly hair, green eyes... the same lady... operated on her in a previous dream... sprayed something on the inside of her arm at her elbow... which... had a strange, large red rash on and off for a long time and is still present.

Sound familiar? Becky’s abductors included a human-looking woman with green eyes. Becky was sprayed prior to an operation. She too has a permanent mark resulting from the operation.

I would close my introductory remarks with yet another startling synchronism. It occurred on the very same day that I received the above letter. During my hypnosis session with an adult woman, she, too, relived being taken from her crib as a child, up a beam of light to a craft and
operated upon. Her total experiences will be discussed later as segments are highly pertinent to Part III of this book: "The Extended Family."

Now, it is now time to continue our probe into Becky's childhood encounters with the unknown. Hopefully, the preceding introduction will have primed the reader for the astonishing events yet to be revealed by Becky.

After Becky had relived the second abduction from her crib at about age two and a half, Bob moved her ahead to another childhood event that had been traumatic for Becky. It was during this experience that she encountered the strange lady once again—the woman that she had seen onboard the craft.

**HOME ALONE!**

**Age four—Westminster, Massachusetts (1959)**

**Bob:** I want you to move ahead in time—to the time when you were five years old in Westminster, Massachusetts, and your grandpa was babysitting and for some reason, he had to go out. Who—before he had to go out—who did you see? What was going on?

**Becky:** I—Grandpa's saying, "Becky, Becky!" I'm on the stairs, at the top of the stairs, I'm coming downstairs. I want water to drink. Get some water out in the kitchen and I'm there sitting at the bottom of the stairs. Ringing, ringing noise. Oh, Grandpa answered the phone. I hear Grandpa talking [pause] in the kitchen. He hung up. He's telling me that he'll be right back. [Pause.]

Becky had never been left *home alone* like this before. Initially it was a very frightening experience for her; one that she never forgot. However, she would always remember something else that happened while she was *home alone*. Let us continue.

**Becky:** He's gone. I'm sitting there on the stairs. He's going out the door—"I'll be right back," he's telling me. He had the door open—unlock—open. The door shut—bang, bang. The light is on and I'm all alone in the house. I see me crying. I get up on the couch. I'm there, looking around. [Pause. Becomes alarmed.]

**Bob:** You're all right. You've already been through this and you're quite fine.

**Becky:** Yelling for Mom. [Pause.] I hear the door opening. Maybe it's Mom. [Pause.] *There's that woman!* She's coming over to
I'm crying! I don't know who she is. She's smiling. She's sitting there on the couch. She's coming down close to my face. "It's all right," she's saying, "It's all right." She's holding me. I don't feel as scared. I told her that Grandpa went out, he'll be right back. Her name—I asked her who she is—her name is Iska? Iska, Iska. She's holding me. Rocking back and forth. Back and forth. I ask her where mummy is. "She's okay, she'll be back."
Bob: What did this nice lady look like?

Becky: She's tall. She has pretty brown wavy red, brown-red hair. White skin. She's soft. Pretty eyes [Figure 13]. Calmness. Calm. She’s watching me, watching over me. She’s in green, green clothing. She’s walking into the living room to where the window is—back down to the kitchen door—back and forth and holding me. She’s watching over me. I hear a car. I hear someone coming. Ishka, Iska sits me down [Figure 14]. No more crying. They’re home. Mom’s home. Voices. Walking. I hear Mom—Mom comes over to me. Picks me up. Ish, Ishka, Iska’s gone. Mom is picking me up—asking me where Grandpa is.

Betty told me that she was so upset with her father that she never let him babysit for the children again.

During Becky’s next encounter with Ishka, the woman was not sent to comfort Becky. She came to perform some type of operation involving Becky’s finger.

THE ROCK

Age six—Westminster, Massachusetts (1961)

Bob: Okay, relax. Just relax now. I’d like for you to think of another time in Westminster when you were at the big rock. I’d like you to think in detail and tell me what experience at that big rock stands out in your mind.

Becky: The big rock is fun. There’s a crack in the back of the rock where you can sit inside of it. . . . It’s quiet, you can hear birds, smell the woods. I’m up here with kitty-cats all around. . . . I sneak Bonnie all the time up there. The name, I hear my name almost all of the time when I’m up here. She’s calling. It’s a lady in green, Ish, Iska. The cats like her. She’s walking around the rock coming from the woods over near where my pond is. It’s warm. I can hear the kids splashing in water down at the house [in wading pool]. I’m sitting there. Coming closer. She says, “Hi, Becky.” Stand up. My foot slips over near the rock. Oh well, just move it over. I stand up. There’s [pause] There’s about eight kitty-cats up there now. I’m looking at her and wondering why she’s there [Figure 15]. She lifts my hand up. Smiles and looks at my hand. My, my left hand.
Becky was startled to see a bright light suddenly appear on her finger, and wondered what it was.

She says it's the sun. The sun is on my finger... Not to be afraid. She's going to go. She's touching my head—hurts me. She's going into the woods. The cats are following her. I get to keep two cats!
I'm going over the hill, stone wall, down the hill. The kids are in the pool—boys in the pool and I'm going to go swimming.

Betty wondered if the two cats that Becky mentioned were the two stray cats they adopted around that time. She told me that she could not remember the circumstances behind the cats' arrival or their later disappearance one day. She told me,
I cannot remember how or where we got those two full-grown cats, nor what happened to them. They both had unusual feet, like a freak of nature. *Single Paws* had extra toes and *Double Paw* had double paws. Becky loved those cats and they were always with her until we moved to South Ashburnham. Becky claims they went back to the *Lady in Green*.

Becky had mentioned that she had often heard her name being called while playing at the rock. Bob inquired further about this.

**Bob:** Were there any other times that you saw that lady at the rock or was that the only time that she came to the rock?

**Becky:** Yup, I seen her all the time when I was going to the rock.

**Bob:** Did she always bring the cats with her?

**Becky:** Yeah, the cats are all over.

**Bob:** Did they always leave when she left?

**Becky:** Sometimes they left. Always left with her, some cats.

**Bob:** Could you tell me what the lady looked like? How tall, how she was dressed, what color her hair, eyes, and so forth?

**Becky:** She was taller than mummy. She had a dark green nightgown on. Pretty round face. Big brown eyes. Smiling all the time. Thick hair—brown, light in it, like shiny—reddish brown—more brown.

**Bob:** Did she have anything on her like jewelry or a wristwatch or a necklace?

**Becky:** *Pause.* No earrings. Her pointy finger has something. Her pointy finger has something on it.

**Bob:** Can you see what it looks like?

**Becky:** It’s *pause* It’s round. It’s like a ring. It’s round and it’s all colors and clear too. It’s on her pointy finger.

Later, Becky explained that this ringlike object contained a light at its center. It is assumed that this instrument was the source of the light that was shined on Becky’s finger.

In another year, another operation would be performed on Becky’s finger. However, this time it would be accomplished by a remote-control device which little Becky would call a *bubble*.
THE BUBBLE

Age seven—Westminster, Massachusetts (1962)

BOB: I'd like you to go back now to an incident that you are already familiar with. It was at the pond and you were about seven years old. The pond and the blue light stand out in your recollection. I'd like you to go back to that time and tell me what you see. What's going on?

BECKY: It's a nice day out. I went out playing. I'm going to the ah, pine trees, up a little hill and over and down the hill like. Out to the pond. I can smell the pine needles here. The birds are singing. I can hear the kids out playing. I'm walking through the pines. I'm going down to the pond. I went up to the pond. Sitting down near the edge. Taking my shoes off. Socks off. The water's cool. Putting feet in the water. I can hear "Becky... Becky." [Pause.] The voice sounds familiar.

The voice sounded similar to that of Iska, but Becky could not see her or anyone in the area. When the voice stopped calling, her attention returned to the minnows swimming around her toes.

BECKY: Sitting there looking around. A little—little fish are at my feet. And the water's cool. Tickling my toes in there. Little, little fish. Misty. Right over the water. Very thin mist. A voice sounding—called "Becky" again. It's a woman's voice. It sounds like a woman's voice. I don't see anyone.

Suddenly a small circle of blue light struck the surface of the pond. Becky gazed at it in utter bewilderment.

Right above the water in the mist there's a blue circle about the size of, about the size of a golf ball. It's blue and it's spreading light out. I'm sitting there looking at it. [Figure 16]. And up, up, comes out—a bubble and it's a bluish color and it looks like bubble gum. . . . And it's floating over on the mist, slowly. . . . It's coming closer. It's not scary. I reach out my hand to touch it and it feels like bubble gum.

Becky's reverie was suddenly fractured by the sound of a voice that seemed to emanate from the floating object.
Ohh! I jump back 'cause I hear "Becky," and it sounds like it's coming from the bubble-gum ball! It's floating around down in the water around in the mist. It's floating in and out of there and my feet are out of the water and up on the side. Looking at it just moving around.

The bubble seemed alive. More curious than frightened, Becky in fun began to motion for it to come to her.
Trying to make it come back over near me. It's just slowly floating on the water. It's coming over toward me again. I'm reaching out for it. I grab it. My finger's squeezing into it. And there's something inside of it. It feels like, ah, like, um, sand or something thick and moving around inside of it.

Suddenly it was not fun anymore. Becky felt a sharp stabbing pain in her little finger. Panicking, she tried to shake the object off her finger but it held on tightly. A painful tingling sensation coursed through her finger. In a desperate attempt to get the thing off, she plunged her hand into the water.

Oh! I hurt my finger. I'm trying to shake it off a little bit, off me, letting go of it and it's holding onto my hand! It hurts! My little finger—it hurts! It's like tingling. And it's—I put my hand in the water and it slips right off. I pull my hand out. I'm standing back just looking. The blue light is gone away. It's gone away and the mist is thinning and thinning. And I'm looking at my hand and, and my little finger is bleeding. . . . I wiped it off.

That was quite enough for Becky. She grabbed her shoes and socks and took off like a scared rabbit for home. But, instead of going home, for some reason unknown to her, she ran to a familiar tree in a field. She did not go home until her finger stopped bleeding.

I grabbed my shoes and socks and I'm running back through the pines. But instead of going over the little hill to the house, I'm running over to the field toward the boys playing. And I'm going up toward the stone wall. I'm sitting up near a big huge tree near the stone wall. Huge tree. I can see the whole field and the house and the kids—boys playing around—Army or something—running around the bushes shooting each other. . . . I look at my finger. I've got a bump on my little finger. It looks like a blister or bubble or something but it's not bleeding no more. I'm just sitting here watching them play.

Determined to probe other anomalous events in Becky's life, Bob pressed onward. The next episode that Becky had mentioned involved a terrifying encounter with a blue beam and a beastlike creature.
RESCUED?

Age seven—Westminster, Massachusetts (1962)

**BOB:** Okay, I want you to relax. Relax. Relax. I'd like you to go ahead to the time when you were about seven years old in Westminster. There was a beam of light that came into your bedroom. The blue light that you have memories of. I'd like you to review those memories. Just tell us what you see. What were they about?

**BECKY:** The light, the beam of light woke me up in my room. I got up and looked out the window—looked down. Huge sun on the ground. Turned around and a being was coming in. [Sounds scared.]

**BOB:** Just relax. Just relax. Okay, please continue with what you saw.

**BECKY:** Turned around, the beam was standing there—it's golden color. It's alive—saw through it. My hair is floating up the beam and when I look I have no shadow [Figure 17]. The beam stopped me at the door. I'm looking out and I see a new beam. It's alive, live light. I'm turning over to the door. Boy, I can hear that growling over in the corner of my room. There's something in the corner of the room!
Becky glanced over and saw a frightening doglike creature in the corner of the room growling at her (Figure 18). Simultaneously, she heard a voice commanding her to stay within the confines of the blue beam of light.

**Becky:** “Stay in the beam!” I can hear a voice. The beam is going through me—all through me. Making no shadow. Strange.

**Bob:** Does it have any feeling to it?
BECKY: No. It's warm and it's—My hair is floating toward the beam and there's specks all through it. Like it's alive or energy, energized. Alive. It's [pause] it's energizing, it's, it's energizing. Protecting. Shielding. “Go down.” I'm going downstairs. Walking through it. My body, oh, my body is golden like it's glowing. It's from the beam... I'm going downstairs, turning, going to the living room into the kitchen... over to the door. Jiggle the handle... The light is touching the door. Opening. When I look out the big sun is a little sun—little. And in the middle is a blue circle. It's getting smaller and smaller and now it's just a golden glow around the blue, all that stuff. Ohh... It's cold outside. I shut the door and the beam is gone. The light around me is gone.

Becky up to that point seemed to be under the control of an outside source. Suddenly, like a switch being turned off, she found herself alone downstairs in the dark and in a state of panic.

Scared being downstairs with no light around me! I'm running back—I bump my leg on the stair. I'm yelling for Mommy! Going upstairs. Yelling for Mommy. Hope that thing ain't in my room! Mommy! Mom’s waking up. She's getting up. And she's getting out of bed saying, “What, Becky?” Mom’s with me. The light’s on. She's looking in the room. There's nothing in the room. Ohh, feels better! Sitting on the bed. I was scared, I told her. Mom's sitting on the edge of the bed. I'm going to go to sleep.

Becky abruptly calmed down as she relived falling asleep with Betty on the bed comforting her. Bob gave her some additional time to relax, and then slowly brought her out of hypnosis.

Two more hypnosis sessions followed on November 13 and 27, 1993. During the latter session, Bob again probed for further childhood encounters involving Becky. He moved her back in time to the night that Betty was abducted from their home in South Ashburnham on January 25, 1967. After Betty left, one gray alien entity was left behind. Apparently, he was there to watch over her family who remained in a state of suspended animation.

Prior to leaving with the others, Betty had shown great concern for her family, who seemed frozen in time. The alien leader named Qozogan demonstrated that they were all right by allowing Becky to come back to normal temporarily. She was shocked to see what she called “little clay men” with her mother (Figure 19). However, after the other aliens had
left with Betty, the remaining entity again took Becky out of suspended animation.

It is important to note here that it was in 1967 that Becky began scribbling strange hieroglyphics. As time progressed, she was able to dash off this script effortlessly. Later, we would find out where she may have learned these provocative symbols.

During our initial investigation of Betty’s 1967 abduction, Becky too
had been placed under hypnosis. She told us that the entity’s name was Jessup. He communicated to her by telepathy and had Becky give him a tour of the bedrooms. Then he proceeded to amuse her with a stick and a ball of light. We wanted to know more about this strange alien antic. So, Bob asked Becky to describe this in more detail for us.

**TIC-TAC-TOE**

*Age eleven—South Ashburnham, Massachusetts (1967)*

**BOB:** I want you to go back with your mind’s eye to a time in 1967 in South Ashburnham, Massachusetts. Something unusual was going on in the house and you were observing it. I would like you to tell me what you saw and what happened.

**BECKY:** I’m in the living room, and beings are there. I’m looking around with my eyes. I’m not moving my head. I’m turning around. [Pause.] It’s quiet. Things are happening, and there’s a being in back of me. I turn around and look. When I go to talk, my words sound funny in the air.

Becky was startled to find that when she tried to talk, her words became garbled. However, she found that Jessup knew what she was trying to say.

Stopping. I’m talking through my mind. It’s Jessup and he’s looking right at me with a light stick and a ball. I’m not—It’s funny, I’m not afraid. It’s dim in the room. He’s showing, telling me how to play games. Hold the light stick out. It’s a string and a ball. Don’t—I’m not touching it... to make it move, I’m... going around and round [Figure 20]. I have to try to make it move with my mind. Like speaking with your mind. The ball is—It’s got like electricity or something in it. It’s squiggly. It’s laying still. I’m watching me moving it slowly, slowly up. ... It’s going up and around slowly, slowly. ... A little quicker. It’s going around and around upward. Around and around. Stopped. Go back around and around. Side to side and straight up and around and around. The. . . [Pause.] Up, up in the air. Light stick. It looks like a tic-tac-toe game, but place, place the markings correctly. This is all in light. This looks like it’s all in light. The lines and things is done in light. Playing tic-tac-toe. Lining, lining things up. Another one is lines, parallel, up and down, side by side, turning the little ball in the air. Turning things and making them level. That’s hard. Doing it. It’s hard to do. That’s good, Jessup.
Those are gone. The light's gone. Jessup is teaching, teaching things. Teaching lights, level, even, direction, straight.

When the other entities returned with Betty, the children formed a line behind an entity holding a ball of light. Then, like zombies, they marched upstairs to bed followed by their parents and grandparents.
BECKY: Ohh, following Jessup. Ball of light. I'm upstairs. Kids are sleeping round the room. Jessup is good. He's gone.

Bob used the remaining time to discover if Becky had any further childhood confrontations with the unknown at South Ashburnham.

BEDROOM VISITATION

Age twelve—South Ashburnham, Massachusetts (1968)

BOB: Relax, relax. I would like you to look ahead with your mind's eye to the next time that you might have seen Jessup or anything that dealt with them.

BECKY: [Pause.] The window's opening. It's shaking. There's light in the room.

BOB: Where are you?

BECKY: I'm in my room. I hear Toddy.

BOB: Okay.

BECKY: He's calling my name. . . . And there's a being near the open door between my bed and the door in the boys' room. I hear the bunk bed moving. The window's stopped. It's. The lights on. He keeps saying, "Becky!" I tell him that I'm here and I'm getting out of bed and I look over and I see it move to the boys' room toward the hallway. And it's sitting on the bunk bed with Toddy. I'm watching the door and I don't see nothing else. Toddy's scared.

BOB: How old are you now?

BECKY: Twelve. It's gone.

Betty had told us that lots of other strange things had happened in the South Ashburnham home, so Bob decided to probe Becky's mind for such other incidents.

BUMPS IN THE NIGHT!

Age twelve—South Ashburnham, Massachusetts (1968)

BOB: Okay, let's relax again. Deeper and deeper. Clear your mind. Just relax. . . . I'd like you to go back in your mind before and after that time at that house in South Ashburnham and let me know if you had any other experiences that you might consider unusual while you were living there.
BECKY: Ohh! Joanne’s [a friend] sitting there talking... We’re supposed to be sleeping. It’s late. And the attic opens and it closes—creaking noise—like it needs to be oiled. Joanne screamed and covered up her head. And I heard my name. I covered up my head. We’re both scared. We’re both wide awake, listening. Joanne’s very scared. She’s not sleeping over my house no more! The door stopped creaking. I tried to tell her it’s 'cause the attic’s hot and opening up. She says, “Who’s that? Who’s calling you?” I told her that it was one of the boys but I’m really scared of it. The window’s rattling. It’s quiet. And I hear Brownie’s foot steps coming over to the girls’ room. I’m uncovering my head. I’m looking at Brownie down there at the bed. I feel better now. I pat him and look out to my door, and the attic door is open. Me and Joanne just covered our heads and went back to sleep. [Pause.]

Three days later, I woke up hearing my name. I didn’t see nothing or hear nothing else... I was scared and went in bed with Bonnie and Cindy. I’m going to sleep—falling asleep again. Ohh! My arm is over the bed and there’s something furry there!... I pull it back real quick—push Bonnie over and went under the covers. Jeepers! She’s just crying, whining, pushing me. That thing is down there under the bed... I don’t know what to do. I don’t want to get out of bed and yell. Ohh! I’m looking out from the blankets around the room. It’s a little bit lit. I hear moving, scurrying on the wood floor. I just, I just go to sleep. It’s still, still. It’s going in the hall. I hear it on the floor. It sounds like it’s got claws, not like Brownie. Bonnie pushed me over more but she’s, she’s like waking up. Shh, shh, shh. Boy, I hear Toddy yell, “Ma, Ma!”—“I hear you, Toddy.” He’s getting up, coming in my room. I’m getting up. I’m in the girls’ room. I’m getting up. He comes over to me. He said, “What was that noise?” I told him that there was something in that—Upstairs, here, that’s furry. He says, “It’s Brownie.” “Brownie ain’t got long fur like that!” I put on my light. We’re in my room looking around. There’s nothing there....

I went in the bathroom and put on the bathroom light. I left that on the rest of the night. Toddy is in bed. I went back to bed—in the girls’ bed with the bathroom light on. I wondered what it was—I couldn’t see it all the way. I’m going to sleep. “Mom! My window’s shaking!” I’m yelling for Mom. There’s a creaking noise around me. There’s a breathing. I’m yelling and screaming for Mom. She hears me. She’s getting up. She’s coming upstairs. I told her I heard the creaking noises and my window was rattling. She’s going in the other
room—the big purple room—she’s laying down, going to sleep. The window’s rattling again. There’s a white light on the floor. Little speckles all over. I hear that creaking again. “Mom!” Mom’s asleep. She can’t hear it. I’m just going over closer to her and go to sleep.

**BOB:** Anything else that may have happened that you may recall?

**BECKY:** Um.

**BOB:** Would you like to explain it to me?

**BECKY:** I’m in my room. My window is open. There’s a ball in the corner of my room. It’s blue. It’s moving around. It circles. A blue ball. Slowly going down over my bed. What in the world is it? It flew in the window. I pushed my hands up to move it away from me. It was over me—over the bed. It makes like a—in it—it feels like, like a little, like a balloon. My hands just sting—like tingle. And it’s gone out the window. My head’s covered up. My throat is dry. I can’t even, I can’t even talk. I cover my head and, and go to sleep.

The Andreensoons were forced to sell their home at South Ashburnham when Jim was unable to find work. They bought a large van and traveled to California and Florida, then returned home and rented an apartment in Ashby, Massachusetts. Becky recalled that her next experience had occurred in this very apartment.

**VOICE IN THE NIGHT**

**Age fifteen—Ashby, Massachusetts (1970)**

**BOB:** Okay, relax, relax. When’s the next time that something like that incident happens?

**BECKY:** [Pause.] It’s in the blue house. I’m in a room where the ceiling comes down, and we’re all in the room together and it’s a blue light—a blue light comes in the window and it’s over the bed, and it’s coming over to me and it’s a voice, but it isn’t a voice out, talking out loud. It says, “Remember.” It’s just saying, “Remember.”

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** “Remember.” Sixteen, fifteen, fifteen, almost sixteen.

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** I don’t know what I’m supposed to remember.

The next experience that came to Becky’s mind took place in the new house that Jim had built on land given to him by his aunt in Ashburnham.
During the building process, the family slept in different sections of the cellar set off by hanging sheets.

THE GLOWING ENTITY

Age sixteen—Ashburnham, Massachusetts (1971)

**Bob:** That's okay. Relax, relax. Totally relax. Go ahead in your mind's eye to the next thing that you recall.

**Becky:** I'm in the cellar, and there's a huge *being* through the cellar door on the floor. I'm peeping through my blankets, thinking, "Not again!" Everyone's around. I hear rustling, movement, and the being is good. I don't want to get up.

**Bob:** How old are you now?

**Becky:** Sixteen, almost seventeen.

**Bob:** What color is the being?

**Becky:** The being is yellow. [Glowing.]

**Bob:** How did it make you feel?

**Becky:** It's good, but I'm not going to get out of bed!

**Bob:** Okay.

**Becky:** It's just there. Someone else is moving around in the room, but it's dark in there. I can't see. Whoops! It's gone. Oh!

There was still time to ask Becky about her terrifying out-of-body experience. Betty had told me about the incident some time ago. I recorded her conversation, and a transcription follows.

When Becky was in her teens, we were living in Ashburnham Russell Hill Road. It was evening. Everyone was asleep. Beck's bedroom was next to Jim's and mine. I suddenly woke up when I heard a loud swift whirring noise, and then a loud smack as if someone clapped their hands together. Becky screamed, "Ma!" I jumped out of bed and rushed to Becky's side. She was sweating profusely. She told me she saw herself smiling as she rushed toward herself laying in bed. It frightened her, and she entered her body. That must have been what was happening when I heard the loud whirring and the "smack" sound earlier.

Becky described the experience for us herself during the last few minutes of the hypnosis session.
BECKY: I'm seeing me and me. I'm...I've walked into another dimension in time, and I've seen [pause] seen lights—fast—I'm looking at me. Thinking, I'm standing, thinking how I don't know things but that I do. I'm thinking, looking at me, and I woke up. I see me, I see me. I'm startled. I'm coming for me. I hear noise, wind, snap! I'm screaming for Mom. I hear banging. Mom's coming. Hit the light and I'm sitting there sweating. I'm hot and know I've seen me.

Later, Betty and I discussed how her home at South Ashburnham had more than its share of the paranormal. During our conversation, she added a few other strange happenings that occurred there. I recorded the following remarks for posterity.

Once, a couple of the children got up to go to the bathroom downstairs one night and saw ball of swirling multicolored lights (like a mirrored ball in a dance hall) up in the corner of the ceiling in the living room where we had cut open a hole for heat to rise to the upstairs bedroom.

Becky's friend Joanne May said once when we all went away on a vacation, some of the neighborhood kids were in our yard, saw the attic light go on, and a shadow move back and forth in front of the window. Joanne would not sleep over because of the weird things that happened to us.

I was out in the yard with a bunch of the kids when one rode in and jumped off his bike to lay it down. But, instead, the bike took off with no one on it! It suddenly wheeled away in a balanced fashion across the lawn all by itself, over the dirt driveway, over the sidewalk, bounced off the curb onto the road, went across the road on to Fagan's lawn (across the street) rolled down the hill for quite a distance, up to the brook, and suddenly stopped and leaned against a tree! Everyone watched in amazement! You don't think that scared every kid in the yard?!

Betty's comments provide a fitting end to our discussion of the unearthly childhood confrontations experienced by Becky Andreasson. However, these astonishing episodes were just a prelude to what lay ahead for her as an adult.
3.
Continuing Confrontations

During Betty's 1989 OBE abduction from the trailer in Higganum, she was brought to see Becky operating a console on board a craft. At the time, Becky was completely unaware of Betty because her OBE rendered her invisible.

We wondered how Becky had arrived there and what she was doing at the console. At times, a screen displayed hieroglyphic-like writing similar to what Becky had scribbled since age eleven. We speculate that her compositions were bleed-through memories of alien script from her subconscious mind. Samples of these enigmatic symbols can be found in the appendices.

Before we delve into this incident, let us briefly examine several paranormal incidents that preceded it.

When we last left Becky, she was still living with her parents in the house they were building at Ashburnham. She was sweet sixteen, dating a local boy named Rick, whom she married at age seventeen. Becky, Rick, and their first child lived in an apartment in Ashburnham, where the next encounter took place. Rick was not home at the time.

NOCTURNAL INTRUDER

Age twenty—Ashburnham, Massachusetts (1975)

**Bob:** Okay. That's fine. Okay, just relax again. I'd like you to go ahead in your mind's eye once more and recall comfortably the next event that took place.

**Becky:** I'm in a brick building. Upstairs apartment. I put Niccie to sleep. And I'm laying on the bed. And all of a sudden, there's twinkling, like, sparks, twinkle, lights over near the TV. It's coming
over toward me. Blue. Ohhh! Open up and there’s a being. It’s not Jessup. It’s not Quazgah.

**Bob:** What does he look like?

**Becky:** He looks like Jessup, but he’s a little bit bigger.

**Bob:** What is this being wearing?

**Becky:** He’s wearing a skin outfit. Ah, like a, like a diver’s suit, and it’s, it’s a... I don’t know what color that is. It’s a dark color. I can’t move on the bed. I’m just looking. I can’t move my arms.

**Bob:** Okay, just relax. I’m going to stop him right there and you can take your time and look him all over good and describe any outstanding features that you see, anything on the clothing, anything on the being, and he will stand still so you can look him over real good.

**Becky:** He’s, he’s got a ski suit on. He’s a little taller than Jessup. He’s skinnier than Jessup, just a little bit. The ski suit looks like a cranberry color, but it’s real dark. There’s, there’s a symbol on him like a V.

**Bob:** Where is this?

**Becky:** On his arm. It’s on his arm.

**Bob:** Which arm?

**Becky:** His, his... my right, his left.

**Bob:** Okay. What color is this symbol?

**Becky:** The symbol is raised. It looks almost like it’s—I don’t know—it’s like a charcoal color? A charcoal? It looks almost like two worms. Charcoal-colored in a V-form.

**Bob:** Okay, is there anything else?

**Becky:** I can’t move my arms!

Bob relieved Becky’s trauma and moved on to her next experience. Becky was now living in an apartment at Gardner, Massachusetts, the scene of a number of strange occurrences.

**ABORTED ABDUCTION?**

*Age twenty-four—Gardner, Massachusetts (1979)*

**Bob:** Okay, we’ll let you move ahead in time. Look ahead and comfortably recall the next incident that you would like to recall.

**Becky:** I’m down in Gardner. I’m upstairs on the top floor. The kids are gone to bed and I’m up in the living room. I get up to go to bed around into the kitchen to my room off the kitchen. I’m in
bed and I hear a buzzing noise. Sounds almost like bees. I get up, and I’m looking around. I can still hear a faint buzzing noise. I go back in the room and it gets louder, louder and I . . . [Pause.] There’s light in the room. A beam of light again in the room. The buzzing is coming from the beam. My bed is shaking!

Becky began to cough violently and gasped for breath. Bob moved quickly to her aid.

**Bob:** You are in control. You are doing this as an observer.

**Becky:** I don’t want to get off the bed and go into the beam!

**Bob:** Okay.

**Becky:** I jump off, and I’m over against the wall. The bed is still jiggling, shaking, and the beam is still there. I’m supposed to walk into the beam. And I don’t want to.

**Bob:** Okay.

**Becky:** I won’t move from the wall. I’m saying, “Jesus, Jesus,” in my mind and the beam is pulling up—pulls back. Then I’m running out of my room into the girls’ room and I get the girls with me, covering up with me, watching the window. I’m crying and saying Jesus’ name over and over again ’til I fall asleep.

When her husband joined the military, Becky and Niccie moved back with her parents at Ashburnham. The inside of the house was still unfinished. The family lived in various sections as each room was being completed. At the time of Becky’s next paranormal encounter, a temporary kitchen had been built in the cellar. I had heard about Becky’s next paranormal incident from Betty initially, and recorded the following conversation.

On Russell Hill Road, Becky was married and had Niccie. Her husband was in the military, so she was living with us. One night she got up to warm the baby’s bottle in the cellar kitchen. So Becky went downstairs, put the gas on to heat the bottle in a pan of water, and suddenly raced upstairs screaming, leaving the gas still burning. She said something with red glowing eyes was looking in at her from the cellar window. Jim went all around the house outdoors, but didn’t see anything.

Becky was asked to tell us about this particular experience during hypnosis sessions conducted by Bob on November 13 and 27, 1993. During
these sessions, Becky continued to describe her weird experiences in chronological order.

GLOWING EYES

Age twenty-nine—Ashburnham, Massachusetts (1984)

**BOB:** Okay, relax. You’re very comfortable and very relaxed. You can move ahead with your mind’s eye again to the next event comfortably. You’re in control.

**BECKY:** I’m down cellar. Getting milk. And I hear, “scratch!” I look up. Ohhh, there’s red, huge red eyes. [outside, looking in window.] I look and screamed and went upstairs telling Mom there’s something outside, there’s something outside. I wouldn’t go back downstairs.

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** There’s dark, dark around the red eyes. They’re moving, opening and closing side to side. Like elevator doors. That’s how the eyes are moving.

**BOB:** Uh-huh.

**BECKY:** I’m, I’m upstairs. I’m not going back there.

In 1989, Becky and her family were living in an old farmhouse in Hayes, Virginia. During my preparation of this book, Becky sent me photos and diagrams of the mini-farm and her animals. The white, two-story frame house was set back about two hundred feet from the main road. A dirt road paralleled their property and a huge marsh. The marsh lay directly in back of their yard and stretched outward to woods. The nearest dwelling was a trailer on the adjoining property, which was occupied by an old man.

Becky and her husband had followed the Andreason tradition of self-reliance. A barn provided space for two pigs and a chicken coop. An old smokehouse sheltered geese and baby chicks. In good weather, the pigs roamed about a large pen, and the chickens and geese pranced freely about the yard.

Becky had already related a number of odd things that she remembered happening at the house. Our main purpose now was to discover if Becky would remember the circumstances surrounding Betty’s report of seeing Becky operating a console on board a craft. How did Becky get aboard the craft? What was she doing at the console? Would she verify Betty’s report from her own vantage point? Bob wasted no time. He immediately
moved Becky ahead in time to the farmhouse in Virginia, and began the
interrogation.

FARMHOUSE PHENOMENA

Age thirty-four—Hayes, Virginia (1989)

BOB: Okay, relax. Relax. I want you to move ahead in time to a
point when you were living in a farmhouse in Virginia, and you’ve
already told us much about what happened there. Maybe you can
tell us about some of the things that we haven’t looked at yet. Just
briefly, what you recall that was unusual. When you were at the
farmhouse in Virginia.

BECKY: I’m downstairs. I went to bed about eleven-thirty or so.
And I’m sleeping in bed. And Rick said, “Becky, Becky, they’re in
the room at the bottom of the bed!” (sleepily) “Yeah Rick, yeah. It’s
all right. Just go to sleep, they won’t bother you.” He’s still looking.
I look down and they are in the room!

BOB: Who are they?

BECKY: It’s Jessup and Quazgah. I can see ‘em clear. But they’re
not bothering us. They’re moving down at the bottom of the bed
round and round. Rick’s gone to sleep. They’re coming around the
bottom of the bed. They pull my leg out. They’re holding my leg.
“What you doin’?” They’re putting a . . . a—drawing. It feels like
they’re drawing on my leg. The inside of my leg. Ohhh, it’s hot.
They’re drawing a line up from my foot up to my knee on the inside
of my leg. Something white. It looks like string. It’s on my foot. It’s
going up my leg. Now it’s cold. There’s a—it looks like a egg-shaped
thing. Quazgah’s got it. He’s putting it up and down my leg. It’s
tingly—it’s cool. That line burns on my leg. It hurts! They’re going
over it back and forth. I can’t move!

Becky grimaced as she relived the searing pain that she had experienced
in the past. Bob stepped in immediately to relieve her suffering.

BOB: You can move away from it. You don’t have to feel any
pain or discomfort. View it as an observer.

BECKY: Now they’re putting that egg-shaped thing up and down
on my leg. And it feels better. Jessup is turning to me. “You’re fine,
Becky.” “What are you doing?” Putting it up my left leg—markings.
[Pause.] They’re turning around. Quazgah is going first. Jessup is
following him. Right out through the window! Ohh! Tired. They're
gone. I want to stand up and get out of bed and look out the window.
My foot feels like—my whole leg feels like it's prickly and falling
asleep and it's wet! I'm just climbing in bed. I put it back up in bed,
cuddling up to Rick and going to sleep.

As fascinating as this experience was, we still fell short of our main goal.
Becky made no mention of an abduction or viewing screens on a console.
Determined, Bob continued to probe Becky's memories.

**Bob:** Okay. Do you have any other recollections at that place?
Anything else you consider unusual?

**Becky:** There's a bang on the girls' room. Niccie comes running
downstairs. It's late at night. It sounded like something jumped on
the side of our house and clung its claws into it and dragged—it was
going down slowly, all the way down the wall. Niccie was scared.
She wanted to stay with me. I went upstairs to make sure they were
all right. I couldn't hear nothing or see nothing. I heard the claw
noise from downstairs and a thump. I don't know what that was.

The experience we urged Becky to recall still remained elusive. How-
ever, there was one _wild card_ yet to be played—_word association_. We have
found that just the mention of a relevant word many times causes a dom-
ino effect to memories hidden in the subconscious mind. Bob decided to
use the word _screens_ hoping that it would accomplish this very thing. It
worked!

**THE LEARNING CENTER**

Age thirty-four—Hayes, Virginia (1989)

**Bob:** I would like you to move up to a more recent memory
somewhere in 1989 at the farmhouse. Is there anything familiar
about _screens_ or sitting in front of _screens_ in that time period?

**Becky:** Um.

**Bob:** Could you tell me about it?

**Becky:** I hear a roar. I'm upstairs. I hear a roar. I was fast asleep.
I'm getting out of bed and I'm sitting in a chair next to the window
looking out. There's a huge marsh out in the back of our house. I'm
watching out there, and there is a reddish orange light up there, a
glow. I'm going to wake Rick up but I, I don't want to look away,
it will be gone. The glow is way out in the marsh. [Gasp.] Down the stairs I'm going! Out the door toward the back down a long dirt road with Jessup—over the marsh—I'm going over the marsh. I'm not walking, but I'm going over [floating] the marsh toward the reddish glow. [Pause.] It's just a reddish glow, I don't see anything there but a glow. I'm going in the glow—bright—and Jessup is right next to me—going into a glow and the next thing I know, it's dim, everything, it gets dim, a dim grayish color. It's like some filtered light. ... It's gray and I'm in front of these gadgets, buttons—and Jessup says, I know what to do—I know what he's talking about. It's their language, and I'm learning it all my life—I'm sitting there [Figure 21].

It was apparent that Becky had been before the alien consoles many times in the past. She immediately sat down and began to operate the console. She began talking to herself off and on as she did. It was hard to visualize what she described as her self-conversation was disjointed; and, of course, we were not privy to understanding what she was doing. Bob let her go on like this for a while before interrupting and asking her to describe her surroundings.

**Becky:** My hands are on buttons, and they're just going right through—touching buttons—lifting up my hands... There's some sounds or music sounds coming from some of the buttons, and then I reach up and a light, the light—sources, the sources of light, different measures for different things and measurement of light in controlling the measurement of light. The correct wording or correct writing. Even sides, even. I'm trying to even things out to make things whole. To be able to draw it when needed. First you have to learn on these things like a textbook, like a textbook in school. You learn some things in a book, and then when it comes up in real life, you know how to handle situations. This is just what I'm doing on these machines, these books. This is a way that they teach you drawing from light, the source, putting it into words. Even balance both sides to make it whole. Time, they teach you time—slow—fast—how much light, how little. Different specks, different colors, the correct—synchronizing the correct wording with the correct act. Hard to do but—using more, use one side and the other and then together. Tone. Tone is needed for some things, not everything, but for some things. Tone is very important... Concentrate... [Long pause.] It's like light going, drawing from, going through me, coming out
the other side. Energies. Knowing how much to draw, how much not to draw. How much to write, how much not to write. Balance, full circle—stages. . . . [Long pause.] Concentrate—go from this way to that way to even things. If they're not even, they will not be. Right tone, word.

**Bob:** Relax. Relax. Do you have an opportunity to look around and see what's around you while you are doing this? Is anyone there? Is there certain color or shape in the area you are in?
**THE ANDREASSON LEGACY**

**BECKY:** The ceiling is slanted. Jessup is looking through the window to my right. In the back of me, if I turn around, I'm in a chair over. There's one chair to the right, over to the left there's another. It's like, um, it's like a room but it's like ah, it's got little compartments in it that are open. They're like indented. Go from one place here, it's like a little indent, partitioned off, just a little of each one as you walk up further. I see, if I turn around my chair, something, darkness, to the learning center and look straight over, there's a round cylinder there.

Becky had passed by this cylinder on the way to the console. It was emitting layers of swirling mist which made a strange whooshing sound. Sparks of light erupted when the layers periodically intersected one another. Neither Betty nor I have any idea what it was. Later, with Becky's direction, Betty made a sketch of the cylinder (Figure 22). Follow-up sketches of Becky's visit to "the learning center" greatly helped to visualize what she was relating to us.

**BECKY:** It's round. It sounds like air or something is in it. It's round, like a—*whishew, whishew* sound. And it's darker down to the right of me and to the left of me over, in the back and to the left of me are the little compartments and then the next compartment over, or opening, is where there's a window. And, if you go around, keep on going around the room, there's a door and it's a little bit darker down toward the other side.

Bob continued our exploration of Betty's hidden memories at a later date.

**BOB:** Okay. I want you to relax. Relax. The next time that I see you, you will be able to come back to this particular spot and comfortably recall everything else that happened during this particular incident. And now, I'm going to count to three, and when I reach three, you will be wide awake, quite comfortable, and feel rested as though you had a comfortable nap. Also, during the coming weeks, these memories will gradually start to come back to you in a very comfortable, easy fashion. And it will become easier and easier for you to recall these incidents. One, you're starting to feel more alert. Your body feels more alert, more awake, you feel energy returning to you. You are not quite as relaxed as you were. Two, your body is becoming more and more alert. Almost to the waking stage. A
nice smile comes across your face, you’re feeling very comfortable, very pleasant, and three! Awake.

Betty and Bob revisited Becky on November 27, 1993. Bob again placed Becky under hypnosis and brought her back to her abduction experience involving the alien *learning center*. The session was videotaped. Pertinent excerpts follow.
**BOB:** You're at the farm in Virginia. You have a visitor. You are taken by that visitor to a craft that's nearby. What do you see from the time you are in the craft? Review it in your mind in detail, remembering that you are in control.

Becky recounted how she was escorted to the first console located in what she called the *learning center.* This is where Betty, in an OBE state
of being, had seen Becky when she was abducted in 1989 from the trailer at Higgenum.

**BECKY:** I'm in the craft and at the learning—what I call the *learning center*. There's colors of light and there's sound and there's words in motion. And, I'm learning to blend these things together
in order for the correct situation, correction situations to be made right [Figure 23]

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** I'm concentrating. [Pause.] The hardest part to concentrate is to not let my emotions be mixed up with the correct sequence. Measuring, measuring of amounts of the light, sound, motion—concentrating on that. When they're right, it says they're right and when it's not right, you have to go over it and over until you get it right—no mistakes. After the learning center, you go over to another center which is skinnier, tall, cone at the bottom [Figure 24]—step in—hold up your hands—place hands on it—lights coming on—hands and feet tingle—energy fluid—that, that is measuring what you've learned. [Pause.] There's a, there's a, um, sound there too. The sound sounds like a high pitch—like the wind chimes sounds but it's not wind chimes, it's like a bunch of sounds all together... like ten wind chimes, like a bunch of sounds... And I feel tingly and I feel moisture and it stops. I step back out.

**BOB:** Is anyone there with you?

**BECKY:** Jessup to the right and back of me a little. I step up—turn around and I'm—He's talking: "I'm doing, I'm doing good." Ah... [pause] I have to stop—my, my emotions—human emotions—have to be still when you want to connect things together and move them in a circle. Human emotions have to be still to make a circle. [Pause.] But not gone, but just be still.

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** I can't see, I'm trying to see where I hear wind. I'm over further. It's a grayish color in there. There's lit areas and dark areas. I'm going with Jessup. There's a doorway that's opened—going through it... There's another room. There's a, it looks like a panel. And there's a—From the top of the ceiling to the bottom of the floor, there's clear tubes that you could fit your whole person in. There's one, two, three, four of them [Figure 25] It's opened toward another door and there's another door that goes out into like a little hall, a little room. It looks like it's circled around though instead of going in a straight line. It's all curved. And I'm standing on an area that is—kinda like moving slowly around.

Becky was standing on a round black disk that moved her along a curving track toward a shiny round, mirrorlike opening in the floor (Figure 26).
The floor's moving slowly around. It's moving down. Down to an opening which is funny angles. It looks like it's, um, shiny, mirror-like—a round, mirrory-shiny. There's light around—oh, my hands are tingling.

Abruptly the disk dropped smoothly through the opening and outside the craft. Becky found herself being slowly lowered toward the ground in a beam of light. Somehow, Jessup suddenly appeared beside her. During her descent and the ensuing ride to the farmhouse, strange sensations coursed through her body.

**Becky:** I'm coming down where I'm seeing outside. [Pause.] I'm going outside with Jessup—I'm standing on a disk! It's a round thing but it looks black. It looks like it's black instead of gray. It's like black—almost like um, like glass, black glass and it's round and I'm going over—It's, it's . . . I can hear water and I feel wet—the brightness around me, it was like dim, like it got dim. My hands are tingling and the top of my head is tingling—the back of my neck is tingling like if you fell asleep, like if something fell asleep and you hit it and it tingles, it pricks and tingles.
BOB: Okay.

BECKY: I'm, moving over, over toward the farm and there's a strong wind. It's ah, it's a real strong, strong wind. It's slowly building up. And I'm we're moving further where I'm coming to the dirt road—coming in—open, I open the door. It's halfway open. The door's like, like someone didn't shut the door. I'm going in—around the corner—up—toward the living room—going upstairs... The glass [disk] isn't on my feet—I'm in—I don't know where the glass went to! And I'm going up in the room to bed, I'm getting in bed.

BOB: Is anyone there?

BECKY: Jessup is there—and I'm laying in bed. I'm wet, sweaty—like wet—I'm tired.

BOB: Relax.

BECKY: I'm looking, looking at my hand and my hands are white, like, ah, like if you've been in water for a long, long time—wrinkly and white—and Jessup is putting—has a, has a, um, a round-type disk that looks like a round ball cut in half and it's, um, like light there's inside of it but it's not shining everywhere—and he's putting it over my head, down over my face, down on my neck, around my neck—on my heart [Figure 27].

BOB: Is there any sensation associated with this?

BECKY: It it's tingling a little bit and I'm a little bit afraid of, um, it hurting.

BOB: You can back away from it if you're not comfortable.

BECKY: It's round and it's light but not shiny light. It's a ball. It's the size of a golf ball cut in half. It's on my heart, on the top of my heart—chest area—and he's putting it on there and I feel tingling—and a poke—and I want to move and I can't move! And I got shivers and I'm asking, "What is the matter? What is going on?" [Pause.] He says they're measuring, they're measuring the body. When I'm, when I'm asking body—but what? [Becky repeats Jessup's response.] The, the light of the spirit changes. The soul or the essence goes back and forth and the body changes constantly. The body changes, the bones change, your tissue changes, your skin changes, your hair changes, the whole matter of the body is constantly changing. Different parts, different amounts of time. Within one year, your whole body is a new, a new and different body. Ah, minerals, minerals have to vitalize. [Pause.] He's, he's taking it off—stings a little. I asked, I, "How come you're doing that?" He's, he's telling me everything changes, constantly it changes—the light of the spirit, the body—matter, physical
matter, constantly changes—everything—skin, muscles, intestines, stomach, heart, lungs, brain, hair—everything changes—this, this essence, the soul—higher and lower, back and forth.

**Bob:** Okay.

**Becky:** He, this is all measurement and change that has to be kept up with. [Pause.] He's leaving.

**Bob:** Okay, relax, relax.
The "strong wind" reported by Becky was probably a disturbance related to the round floating platform that carried her home. If so, it certainly left its calling cards behind in the form of berries from the marsh. They were found plastered against the house and a neighbor's trailer on the following morning. Bob queried Becky about the wind and the berries.

**Bob:** Could you tell me in detail what you remember about the berries?

**Becky:** I was coming back from my lessons. I was coming back and the wind was blowing. I go in the house, through the house, upstairs.

After Jessup had left, Becky got out of bed to look at a bright light shining through the window. It came from a bright glowing object hovering over the marsh. It must have been the craft that she had just left.

**Becky:** I'm standing at the window. The light is leaving and the wind is like a whirlwind. I can hear the speckling all over. The wind is—the force of the wind is shaking the berries off the bushes and the trees. They're, they're cedar berries and blueberries, raspberries—I mean blackberries... they're pinging the whole house... Sounds like hail. The light's going up—up. It's gone!

**Bob:** If you'll back up for just a second—can you see any shape to that light? When you look at it?

**Becky:** Yeah, the light is long. And it's thicker at the bottom than its top and it's whirling round and round.

**Bob:** Do you notice what color it is?

**Becky:** The light has yellow, red, pink, and it looks like blue electricity.

**Bob:** Okay. Do you notice [the berries] the next day?

**Becky:** The next day we get up in the morning and go outside. ... The berries were all on the barn wall, the house wall, one side of the tree and ... the whole front of the station wagon on the window and on top of it was covered with smashed berries.

**Bob:** Did anyone see them besides you?

**Becky:** Rick did. The kids did. The neighbors' kids did. John [pseudonym] did. They all seen.

**Bob:** Okay, just relax. Did anybody comment as to how the berries might have got there? Did anyone think it was unusual?
BECKY: I did. I said, "What was this from?" Janice [pseudonym for a friend] was scared. Jack [pseudonym for an elderly neighbor] thought it was strange. He wiped the berries off the car. Some was on his trailer.

Having solved the berry mystery, Bob brought Becky back to the learning center once again for further questioning. It was important to obtain as much detail as possible about the layout of the area for possible future reference.

BOB: Relax. You're looking back. You're at a time when you were at a learning center. If you would, I'd like you to go back to the learning center and describe to me what is in the room—what is around there—what some of the symbols or letters on the learning center look like—what you are seeing them on—whether it is a screen or wall. Just kind of let me know the details of what you experienced in the learning center.

BECKY: I see my lesson—that, you, you stand and study your lesson. That's in one area.

BOB: Was the area light or dark?

BECKY: It's shadow. The area is partial light and shadows off to the side so nothing can, nothing can make you take your mind off of it so you are looking. There's things all in the room.

BOB: Okay, what is right in front of you?

BECKY: Right in front of me?

BOB: Um-hum.

BECKY: The center. The learning center. First, first there is your lesson, standing. Then the light goes off and you're moved to another dimmer light and it's dark around. There you practice until you get things right.

Becky then proceeded to describe yet another console that she trained on.

BOB: What, what do you have to do to practice?

BECKY: I hit my hand and touch the circle of light.

BOB: Where's the circle?

BECKY: On the screen in front of me there is light, circles of light. There's words on the other side.

BOB: What kind of words?

BECKY: The language, the written language. I touch the light. I
touch the language forming tone in between. The light is strong, different colors are used with the words [Figure 28].

**BOB:** Do you hear these tones?

**BECKY:** Yes, the tones are when you correctly get the light, the correct light—correct light with the correct word.

**BOB:** Okay.

**BECKY:** To—go back from the lesson board. The lesson on the board I can’t understand: “Tol-ace-ah, tol-ace-ah, oh-lace-ip, ko-tay, tol-ace-ah, kore-tay... tol-ace-ah, ko-tay... Kol-ace-ah, ko-tay?

Becky’s unintelligible words sounded similar to the phenomena of glossalalia, or *speaking in tongues*, as she attempted to articulate her lesson.

**BOB:** Okay, just relax, you don’t have to understand. What happens from that point?

**BECKY:** Tired. I’m tired. I’m tired and my hands are tired and the light, I move the light. The light is dim. I move to the *measuring center*. The cone opens. Stepping. My hands are up straight in front of me. I put my hands in—feels tingly—like you’re falling asleep. It tingles and moist, warm. The lights are going on.

**BOB:** Are the lights the same color or different colors?

**BECKY:** Lights are—red light, blue light, green and yellow, bluish color. Red light, white light. There’s music. There’s noise like... ah, those glass chimes. Many of them.

**BOB:** Do you find this pleasant?

**BECKY:** It, it’s a little loud. It’s, um, kinda like a rush of noise and it’s a little bit loud and my body is tingling and my hands hurt a little.

**BOB:** Do you know what the purpose of this *measuring center* is?

**BECKY:** Ah... measure light and matter of knowledge. How, how light—how heavy, how deep. Almost like your molecules, almost like molecules. What gathers together here, what gathered together there. What needs to be strengthened here, what didn’t need to be strengthened there. Somewhere in the *aura* and your body, vibrations, all mixture of that, I step back out. Jessup, Jessup...

**BOB:** Okay, I want you to *stop* Jessup and tell me—how is he dressed? What does he look like?

**BECKY:** Jessup is gray. He’s blue. Gray and blue he has on. He shut off the light and went around.
Becky continued like a human tape recorder. She again described her movements and exit from the craft. Later on, with Betty’s help, an attempt was made to sketch a layout based upon Becky’s tour (Figure 29).

**Becky:** He’s going to another room. There’s a long panel-type thing there and tubes, four tubes—clear tubes. I’m going around to
a little area that's moving, that's why it ... into another little area and it's moving.

**Bob:** Is he explaining any of this to you? What this stuff is for, what it does, what its purpose is?

**Becky:** No. The, the tubes? I don't know. The panel and four tubes that I walk by into a little room that is going—like—round. Like it's, like a merry-go-round. It's circling around.
BOB: Let's, let's back up a little bit where these tubes are. How tall are these tubes? Are they bigger than you—smaller than you?
BECKY: The tubes, from the floor to the ceiling, are six feet.
BOB: Okay, and what does it look like they're made of?
BECKY: Glass.
BOB: Okay and how big around are they?
BECKY: Um, probably three feet 'round.
BOB: Okay, are they just—empty—or...?
BECKY: They're empty.
BOB: Okay, okay, I want you to relax, relax. I'm going to count from one to three. When I count to three you'll be back here on the couch. One, you're starting to feel more alert. Feelings coming back to your arms and legs. Two, you're becoming even more alert. You can move your legs and arms if you wish. You're feeling more and more alert. More awake. Very comfortable as if you've had a nice pleasant nap. You're starting to feel a smile coming across your face as you become more and more alert. Feeling very good, very rested. And—three—you're back here with us.

During the debriefing session, Betty reminded Becky that she had once phoned her about the condition of her hands. Becky woke up one morning and found the skin white and flaking from them. I remember that Betty had then called to tell me about this. However, at the time I took little notice. I had no reason to connect this with the UFO phenomenon. Now it seems as if there was a direct connection.

Both Betty and Bob had undergone similar learning processes during their abduction experiences. Is it possible that such subliminal training is being accomplished in other abductees? Are some or even all abductees being covertly trained for some future purpose? I explored this possibility in *Watchers II*. It will be addressed again in Part IV.

As I bring this chapter to a close, I make note that *continuing confrontations* have and are being experienced by Becky and her family. Sometimes visiting friends have been witnesses or victims in Becky's home. In either case, I have tried to obtain confirmatory signed statements and releases from them. Examples follow.

The first of several ongoing incidents are recorded because they occurred in Becky's house. The events demonstrate the bizarre phenomena that affects the Andreasson family. They also attest to the validity of Becky's experiences, which occur wherever she resides.

Linda Jean Hume often visits Becky from time to time and place to place. She was kind enough to record the following experiences and sign
a release for their use in this book. The ages noted below refer to Becky. Excerpts from her statements follow.

HAUNTED HOUSE GUEST

Age thirty-one—Gardner, Massachusetts (1986)

I was living with Becky in December of 1986, and was in my room getting dressed looking in a big mirror. I was trying to decide what shoes to wear. I seen a shadow move across the living room. I didn’t pay too much attention to it, but then I seen it again! I looked around the house and sat in the living room saying out loud, “Just don’t scare me!” I felt someone or something was in the house. There I sat till Becky got home.

Linda also mentioned that a similar shadowy figure had frightened her during another visit in 1988 when Becky lived in Athol, Massachusetts. During this same visit, it would appear that the ethereal entity had a sense of humor. Linda, however, did not think it funny at all. She was terrified.

UNINVITED VALET SERVICE

Age thirty-three—Athol, Massachusetts (1988)

I was sleeping in the back bedroom upstairs. I woke up in the middle of the night, cold, reaching for my blankets. I had one sheet and two blankets that I was covered with. I looked around and there to my surprise, about six feet across the room were my sheet and blankets woven in a perfectly round ball!

A HOODED ENTITY

Age thirty-seven—Cooksville, Tennessee (1992)

Becky’s next encounter with the unknown took place in a motel on March 9, 1992. The trio was driving to give a lecture in San Diego, California. She, Betty, and Bob were sleeping in the same room. In the middle of the night, Becky woke up screaming for help. Betty told me,
When I heard the scream, I leaped out of bed to her side. She was flailing her arms and said, “You’re coming out of your body.” But, what it was, I had leaped in front of a huge, tall black hooded thing that Becky said was staring at her. She had closed and opened her eyes thinking that it would disappear but it didn’t. I did not see it in the darkened room. When I leaped in front of it, it slowly descended downward in a weaving manner. Becky was disoriented from it and thought I was coming out of my body. I grabbed her arms and Becky settled down. I got her a glass of water and put the light on to show Becky that whatever it was, it was gone. Becky was sweating from the ordeal.

The next morning when we woke up, Bob said that he saw a jet-black mass come out from under our bed and float over the table and chairs by the curtains and out the window.

The Lucas never made it to California due to car trouble. This was a blessing in disguise. They found out later that the route that they would have traveled had been hit by tornadoes.

DOUBLE TALK

Age thirty-eight—Winchendon, Massachusetts (1993)

This phenomena was identical to what Becky had experienced with the entity Jessup during her mother’s 1967 abduction experience. The signed statement is from a friend named Dee that Becky was visiting, who does not want her last name used. Dee stated the following.

Becky and I were sitting talking out on the front porch and as we were talking, it seemed like Becky was double-talking. It sounded like two voices speaking the same words at the same time. I asked Becky, “Are you double-talking? And she said, “What?” She didn’t realize that she was doing it. But, people have said she’s done that before.

She described the latest series of incidents with me in recent letters. They took place at another house they had moved to in Hayes, Virginia. I’ll let her tell what happened in her own words.
ANOMALOUS VOICES

Age thirty-nine—Hayes, Virginia (1994)

It was Tuesday, November 1, 1994. Rick went off to work... My
daughter Christie arrived and off we went, picked up my sister Bon-
nie, and on to Cindy's for a visit... The day was long and busy for
everyone.

Rick came home from work, made his supper, ate, and went into
the living room to relax on the couch where he ended up falling
asleep. He woke to the sound of a man and a woman talking. He
looked at the clock in the living room. It was quarter of seven. He
sat there on the couch trying to make out what these two were talking
about. The voices were coming from the front porch.

Our dog Sheba was in the living room showing no concern, no
barking, which was very odd because she barks at any noises outside.
Rick got up and looked out the window of the front door. He could
see nothing yet the voices were still there. He went to the side door
in the kitchen and stepped out on to the porch. The voices were
faint.

Slowly, he walked outside and around to the front of the house.
No more voices. He stopped and listened and looked around. He
realized that there was no one home at our neighbors’ houses. Both
were in full view.

Rick then went around the house to check everything out. It was
all quiet. He went back in and heard no more voices.

A PEEPING TOM

Age thirty-nine—Hayes, Virginia (1994)

The following encounter occurred at the same house. Although witnessed
by her friend, it certainly involved Becky as well.

This happened Wednesday, November 1994 in the early evening.
Rick and James went off to the store and Linda stayed to visit with
me. It was ten past five. We sat in the living room gabbing. The
weather was warm and I had my front door open. The screen door
was shut.
I sat in a chair with my back to the door. Linda sat on the couch facing the door. There we sat drinking coffee and gabbing away.

As Linda was talking to me she all of a sudden, in the middle of her sentence, stopped. She was staring at my front door. She squinted and then her eyes became wide as quarters! She turned pale white. I said, “Linda, Linda, what’s the matter? What is it?” She looked scared to death.

I jumped up and turned to see what she was looking at. As I did she said “Becky! What do you see?” I am now opening the screen door looking out on the small open porch. I didn’t see anything. I turned around. She was scared to death. I said, “Tell me what you saw.” She said she’d seen an egg-shaped face peeking sideways in the doorway through the screen. It was dark beige in color, had a bald head, and its two eyes were looking at her as we were talking. Then, the head turned upright. When it moved, still staring at her, it scared her half to death.

She was so scared that I had to escort her to my bathroom and stand guard at the door. Now Linda will not stay alone or go into the other rooms unless the house is lit by the light of day or someone is with her at night.

I did take her and my dog Sheba outside and looked around the bushes and yard. We didn’t find anything. She told Rick and James as soon as they came in the door. We all joked about it for awhile, then left it as another strange experience at Becky’s house!

AN ENTITY IN GNAT’S CLOTHING?

Age thirty-nine—Hayes, Virginia (1994)

It was Thursday, November 3, 1994. Rick and I were talking in our living room. It was quarter to eight. The TV was on. Rick was on the couch and I was across the room in a chair.

While we were talking a gnat flew in front of me. Annoyed, I got up to get my flyswatter. Returning from the kitchen, flyswatter in hand, I then couldn’t find the gnat.

Rick and I continued to gab about the day’s events. About a minute went by and there was that gnat again, a foot in front of me, moving toward the TV. I thought to myself, “I’ll get him this time!” So, I leaped out of my chair and swung at the gnat in front of the TV. But, to my surprise, I hit not only the gnat but something else!
Upon my strike we heard a voice cry, “Ooooo!” and then a sound like a whining tape going fast forward on a tape recorder.

Rick and I instantly looked at each other. Our mouths were wide open as were our eyes. Together we said, “What was that?” We couldn’t get over what we had heard. . . . It was a strange experience, one of many my husband and I won’t forget!

This incident brings our discussion of Becky’s UFO and paranormal experiences to an end. I am convinced that much more lies buried in her unconscious. However, difficulties finding mutually agreeable time, schedule, and location arrangements prohibit further hypnosis sessions.

The following chapters deal with similar encounters that have been reported by the rest of the Andreasson family. I sometimes feel mentally and emotionally drained by the sheer bulk of such experiences. They truly present an embarrassment of riches!
We now move on to document examples of the voluminous paranormal phenomena that have been experienced by the rest of the Andreasson family. It would take more than one chapter to record all that I've been told. Their experiences truly represent *an embarrassment of riches*!

In the prologue, I mentioned a new and still-developing hypothesis. Researchers of the paranormal have begun to suspect that UFO and psychic manifestations may actually be individual threads from a common metaphysical cloth. I explained that such a suspicion stems from the fact that many UFO experiences are accompanied by other types of paranormal phenomena.

Usually, the type, number, and circumstances of such associated phenomena differ from one UFO witness to another. One witness might report poltergeist events and another might relate an out-of-body experience. This inconsistency causes investigators to isolate and treat psychic phenomena independently of the UFO experience.

But, what if one produced UFO case studies that contained most or all types of psychic events? It would appear that such synchronistic manifestations would be more than coincidental. It is my contention that such case studies would support the newly advanced hypothesis that both UFO and psychic experiences are manifestations of one underlying phenomenon. The reported UFO and psychic events experienced within the context of both the Andreasson and Fowler families provide textbook examples of such case studies.

This chapter will document that the Andreasson family has been subjected to a host of paranormal phenomena in tandem with their UFO experiences. We will now summarize examples of the many different types of psychic events that plague this haunted family. We turn first to a number of events that suggest psychic contact from beyond the grave!
The first incident of this kind concerns Betty's youngest daughter, Cindy. At the time she was living in her new home in Connecticut where Betty and Bob had moved after their marriage. I asked Cindy to write out for me what happened one evening around midnight.

FRANKY

In 1979, I, Cindy Dawn Andreasson, was fifteen years old and lived at 99 Draper Avenue, Meriden, Connecticut. In earlier years, I lived in Massachusetts and went to school at J. R. Briggs Elementary and Oakmont High.

When I was in Oakmont, I had a friend named Frank Sullivan. . . . In seventh grade we rode the same school bus; that's when we became friends . . . .

We used to sit together and a few times we even held hands. Before we moved to Meriden, I remember telling Franky I was moving. First he looked sad, then he acted mad. He barely spoke to me the rest of the time I lived in Ashburnham—except the last day before our move, he sat with me on the bus. We talked and joked around. When it was his stop, he looked at me and his eyes welled up and he kissed me on the cheek and quickly got off the bus.

After our move to Meriden, I received an extremely peculiar phone call. My sister Bonnie and I had our own bedrooms on the second floor in the house at 99 Draper Avenue. My parent's room was across the hall. There was a telephone in the hallway specifically for Bonnie and I.

One evening around 12:00 A.M., the telephone rang (the hallway phone). I woke up and went out to answer it. I said, "Hello." The voice on the other end said, Hi, Cindy, how are you?" I said, "Who is this?" in an irritated tone. He said, "You know who this is." I said, "No, I don't, who is this?" He said, "Yes you do." I said, "Vinnie?" (My boyfriend at the time). He said, "No." I said, "Well, who is it?" He said, "It's Franky." I said, "Franky? Franky who?" He said, "Franky Sullivan. I just wanted to say hi and see how you are doing." I said, "This isn't funny, who is this?" He said, "I told you, Franky.""

I got scared and hung up the phone. I ran into my room and covered my head with the blanket. The following morning I told my mother what had happened. She thought it was very odd and asked
why I didn't wake her. I guess I was just too scared. Normally I would wake my mother if I was frightened but this time I didn't.

Frank Sullivan had died in a vehicle accident a year or so before I received that call. No one in Meriden, my friends in school, neighborhood kids, et cetera, knew anything about Franky.

I was saddened to hear of Franky's death, but it wasn't traumatic for me. Yet for some reason I truly believe that call was Franky. His voice sounded the same and was a happy, peaceful tone. I don't think it was a crank call—no one knew of him nor would have any reason to do that. It's odd, but I guess Franky needed to contact me. That hasn't ever occurred since that one call. To be honest, it frightened me quite a bit, and I hope it doesn't happen again.

Betty's second daughter, Bonnie, and later Betty and Bob themselves, were witnesses to another presumed communication from the dead. It occurred not long after the family moved to a larger house in Cheshire, Connecticut. Circumstances surrounding the event were the death of Bob's mother and his concern for her whereabouts after she died.

The following is a transcript of my recorded telephone conversation with Betty about this inexplicable happening.

**HONK IF YOU'RE IN HEAVEN!**

The night before this happened, Bob had prayed for a sign from God that his mother was all right. ... After he prayed that night about his mother, he dreamed that she called him on the phone and said, "It took me three days to get here, but I finally made it and it's beautiful!"

The dream was very realistic and did give Bob some comfort. However, it was a dream and nagging doubts about his mother's condition still plagued his mind. Betty continued:

When Bob's mom died, he towed her car over to our home and parked it in front of the garage. She loved that car and went everywhere in it until she had a fire that burned all the wires real bad. So they were pulled apart, broken and stripped. ...  

Bonnie was home alone when she heard someone tooting a horn out front in the driveway but she couldn't see any car there. This toot-tooting of a horn continued at length. It would stop and toot again like a Morse code signal.
When we came home and while Bonnie was telling us, someone kept tooting a horn out in the yard. We heard a horn toot. All three of us went outdoors and while we were standing there by Mom's car, the horn began again to toot in a broken toot almost like Morse code.

Bob lifted the hood in shock, for all the wires were burned and broken, yet the horn was still working with no one touching it. Being a master technician, Bob said it was physically impossible for it to be doing what was happening. It then stopped.

Bob then realized, beside the dream about his mother, it was a sign from God that she was fine.

This was not the last of the spooky events related to Bob's deceased mother. The next incident is the first to be discussed under the heading ghosts. Betty wrote out the following account for me.

**Ghosts**

Bob inherited his mother's apartment house [two floors] after she died. A year later we went in and refurbished the lower apartment and put it up for rent. A couple with a young boy came to look at it. It was summer.

After showing the empty rooms, Bob stood outside talking with the couple. The young boy, who was rambunctious, started to run through the rooms at play. He then came out to his mother and said he was talking to the lady inside and explained what she looked like.

Needless to say, there was no one physically there. Bob said that the child's description sounded like his mother who had since passed away. The couple decided not to rent the apartment!

During our conversation, Betty related several other episodes of this nature experienced by other members of her family. One concerned her own mother.

Eva Aho was devastated when her husband Waino died. Later, she moved in with Betty's family. While alone grieving in her own house, she was the recipient of two mystical experiences. These were of great comfort to her. Betty related to me:

My mother said my deceased father had talked to her on the phone. He told her that she would be all right and he was watching
over her. He also appeared beside her bed telling her not to worry—that she would be okay.

Another strange event was experienced by Betty’s father. Waino had a very unnerving experience shortly after his mother died. His mother often wore a pair of slippers that made a loud scuffing sound when she moved about. At the time the event happened, Betty’s father was at his workshop in the cellar. He was making a cross for his mother’s grave because he could not afford a headstone. As he was working, he suddenly heard the familiar scuffing of his mother’s feet in the kitchen above just as he had heard it so many times before. He rushed upstairs and looked in the kitchen, but no one was there and the scuffing sound ceased.

One of the most incredible events reported to me by Betty concerned her third son, Scott. He had never gotten over the tragic death of his two brothers Jim and Todd. They were never far from his mind. However, something that took place several years after their death will be imprinted on his mind for life. This incredible event has been a great source of comfort to him. The reader will also find it unbelievable, but Scott swears that it actually happened.

Scott travels all over the country installing skylight windows for high-rise buildings. He was working in New Jersey in the fall of 1985 when the incident occurred. One evening, he stepped into a restaurant lounge and got into an argument with three men. Trying to avoid a physical confrontation, he turned his back on the men and walked out of the building. Scott has declined to discuss what happened with me personally. It is so bizarre that he only feels comfortable discussing it with family members. I had Becky sit down with Scott and take notes as he related his experience to her. I also talked to Betty at length about the incident. The following are quoted excerpts from Becky’s written notes and a recorded conversation with Betty about the otherworldly incident that saved Scott’s life.

Scotty went to leave the restaurant and when he did they followed him outdoors and into the back alley where he was walking to his hotel room. And they pulled a knife on him. They stabbed him in the lower back, threw him in a dumpster and left him there, probably thinking that he would die.

Some time later, Scott came to and found himself lying on the cold tar about twenty yards from the dumpster. Evidently he must have climbed out, stumbled a ways and passed out. It was early in the morning, around three or four o’clock.

As he lay there he felt someone grab him around the waist and
lift him up. He heard someone say, “You’ll be all right, Scott.” Then, as Scott turned around he was shocked to see his brother Jimmy, who had been dead for eight years. Jimmy said again, “You’ll be all right, Scott.” Scott grabbed his brother’s shoulders and said, “Take the knife out!” Jimmy did so, and Scott suddenly felt relaxed.

Scott was holding Jimmy’s shoulder and Jimmy was holding him as they walked from the dark alley to a lit street. Scott said that he felt stronger as he walked with his brother to a hospital.

When they arrived and walked into the hospital, Jimmy looked down at him and said, “Scott, you did well walking into the hospital.” Someone then hollered, “I need a doctor!” A doctor arrived and Jimmy swung Scott to the left as the doctor pulled his eyelid up, checking his eyes. Nurses came running and put Scott on a gurney. And Jim kept on telling him that he was going to be fine and that everything was going to be all right and that Scotty was strong and that he would make it. And Scott watched Jim turn around and leave as they wheeled him away on the gurney to the emergency room. There he had three interior and four exterior stitches because of the knife wound. He never saw his brother again. He still has the scars from the knife wound.

Betty also told me that her sister Shirley had similar experiences with ghosts. After her estranged husband was killed in an automobile accident, he appeared to her one night as she lay in bed. Shirley blurted out, “What are you doing here, you’re dead!” After her frightened outburst, he just faded away.

Yet another ghostly experience involved Shirley’s cousin, Connie Morrill. Shirley and Connie were very close childhood friends. Shirley told Betty the following account for my use in the book. The following is extracted from Betty’s notes.

Connie was playing outside when she had an accident. A sharp stick went up her nose and into her sinuses. She was brought to the hospital but later died from blood poisoning. One night, Shirley was lying in bed when she felt someone beside her. She turned and saw Connie there face-to-face. Connie began to smile at her. Shirley smiled back. The more Shirley smiled, the wider Connie’s smile grew. This scared Shirley. She ducked her head under the covers and felt Connie slip away.
The next several incidents (for lack of a more definitive description) will be treated as poltergeist phenomena.

**Poltergeists**

The following are brief descriptive excerpts from Betty’s written notes and recorded conversations. The following incidents took place at the family home at South Ashburnham.

My father was a born-again Christian, loved Jesus with all his heart. One day, he was thrown up and pinned against the wall and held there by an unseen force. He prayed to God and was released.

When we lived in South Ashburnham, Becky would often wake up crying and call for me, saying something was in her room bothering her. Jim used to get furious because I would rush to her side to comfort her. He thought she was making it up. I would lay down beside Becky and could hear something close by breathing heavily (although unseen) or would hear something like the creaking of a rocking chair or a rocking ship.

The phenomena followed the family wherever they moved. Doorbells would ring but no one would be at the door. Louvers would move up and down. Shrubs would move as if someone were walking through them. Even visitors were subjected to the eerie happenings. Betty related the following about her husband Jim’s father, who came to live with them temporarily at their Ashburnham home.

On Russell Hill Road, Jim’s Dad, Selfred Andreasson, came to live with us after he had a stroke, and slept in Jimmy Jr.’s room, who was then in the Navy. Jimmy’s room was the third door down the hall across from the cellar door and stairway. One day Dad told me that he was awakened at night by someone tapping and shaking his shoulder but when he turned around there was no one there.

The phenomena followed Betty’s children after they got married and left home. The following incident took place at Cindy’s apartment during a visit by Betty and Bob.

When we went to visit, everyone was in the kitchen and living room. I was in the bedroom doing something with Candy (Cindy’s
daughter). While we were talking, we both stopped because we heard someone in the hallway saying, “psst, psst,” as if they wanted to get our attention. Candy got up, went to the door, looked out and said, “What?” Then, seeing no one was there, she ran down the hall and asked everyone who called us just now. Of course, no one did.

**OBEs**

We have already learned that Betty, Bob, and Becky have all undergone “out-of-body experiences.” Betty experienced this state of being during abductions in 1950, 1978, and 1989. Bob had been taken in this same way with Betty during the 1978 abduction. Becky also described a frightening OBE while being questioned under hypnosis.

**Apparitions**

This type of psychic phenomenon should perhaps fall under the category of ghosts. However, because the identities of the apparitions were unknown to the percipients, I have listed them as a separate element.

Encounters with apparitions were not confined to those witnessed by Becky. Her brothers and sisters had similar experiences. Betty related to me:

In the Russell Hill residence, a couple of the children got up to go to the bathroom (We were living in the cellar while building the upper part of the house. I had sheets separating and sectioning off the rooms.) In the area where the television was located, they saw a man’s shadowy form sitting on the chair in front of the TV with its feet on the footstool. At first they thought it was their father sitting in the dark but it was not—Jim was in bed.

Another time, Cindy got up to use the bathroom. When she came downstairs in the semi-darkness, she saw in the shadows the lower half of a man dressed in jeans and sneakers and thought it was Bob, but it was not. (Bob was in bed asleep!)

I found several other instances of reported apparitions being seen by Betty’s children. Bonnie once went to get something in this same cellar at their Ashburnham home and saw a shadowy form of a person sitting on
the cellar stairs. However, the personage had disappeared by the time the cellar was checked by others.

Another incident involving Bonnie occurred in the family house at Cheshire. She had just returned home from serving with the Air Force. During the night she woke up and saw an incredible sight in the large bedroom mirror. There, half in and half out of the mirror, was Betty, swaying back and forth. Her mother's arms were extended to her. She screamed and the real Betty responded from her bedroom. Again, the apparition just vanished into nothingness.

Mark's confrontation with the otherworldly took place outside of their home. When visiting Bonnie he shared an inexplicable event with her. Mark said that he was sitting at a bar when the most beautiful woman he had ever seen came in and walked over to him. She was petite with smooth white skin, large eyes, and silky, long black hair. She began talking to Mark about the family and the books that I had written on their UFO experiences. Mark wondered who she was and how she knew who he was. He briefly turned away and when he turned back, she was gone. It was as if she just disappeared into thin air.

Bonnie had a similar experience with a very strange looking man. The weird episode occurred in Wallingford, Connecticut. Bonnie was working at a Mr. Donut shop tending the counter. She had turned her back to the counter momentarily. When she swung around again she was shocked to see a man sitting at the counter. She hadn't seen or heard anyone enter the premises. His skin was a sickly pale color and he was dressed in a black suit and off-black hat. She turned away again for a moment. When she glanced back, the man in black was no longer there. Again, she didn't see or hear him leave.

I should note here that this appariition's description is identical to the strange "men in black" (MIB) reported by UFO witnesses. Although not always apparitional, they nonetheless appear macabre, and say and do strange things. Such MIBs have been seen by members of the Andreasson family.

The first MIB encounter occurred at the family home at Ashburnham. It involved both Betty and Bonnie. The following is a synopsis of the event by Betty.

Bonnie was home with me when two men stopped their car at the beginning of the driveway off Russell Hill Road and stood there looking at the house. One appeared to be a normal-sized man wearing a trench-like coat, and had brownish hair. The other tall man
looked unnatural and stiff. He had a high forehead with black hair and a beard and pale skin and dressed in a white shirt, black tie, wrinkle-free black suit. Bonnie and I watched them from the window. They did not enter the grounds. A car went by and they moved out of the driveway up on the bank near the stone-wall amongst the trees and continued to stare at the house. The odd tall fellow raised his arm in a stiff straight manner and pointed toward the house. Then they left.

The second example involved Betty’s mother and her sister Shirley. The incident is especially intriguing because of what this man in black said to them. Again, Betty recounts the strange event for us.

My sister Shirley, an ordained minister at the time, had a little Mission in Fitchburg and was preaching the Word of God. A man with pale skin and white hair, wearing a black suit and black hat came in, sat at the back, and listened intently to Shirley’s scriptural message. Afterwards, when almost everyone left and my mother and Shirley remained, he was one of the last to leave. They spoke and Shirley asked where he was from. He said, “Not of this world.” He then got up and left. Both Shirley and my mother believe it was an angel. He seemed very mysterious.

We’ll end our discussion of apparitions with a recent confrontation with an otherworld specter by Betty herself. It occurred on July 17, 1993. Betty wrote and told me the following.

Bob was in the bathroom with the door closed. I was sitting on the couch doing line drawings of my 1989 encounter when I saw someone standing a foot away from me! Whoever it was, was tall. I lifted my eyes from the paper and looked from the bottom. By the time I lifted my head upward and back to see the whole form, it was gone. It was as if the person tried to blot its presence out of my mind. But, because it happened so fast, it couldn’t—at least not all of it.

I can’t remember exactly what it was dressed in, but I know it wasn’t normal pants and shoes. The bottom was a navy blue color and seemed long like a dress. I didn’t see feet, possibly because it was so close to me. I sensed its head was bowed toward me watching what I was drawing. When I caught it standing there, it just quickly disappeared!
The proper meaning of the word *psychokinesis* refers to the power of the mind to move inanimate objects. However, for want of a better term, I am expanding its usage to include the power of the mind to affect or change the nature of things in one’s immediate environment.

The first incident involved Becky when she was visiting her cousin Kim Miganowicz at Gardner in 1976. Kim is the daughter of Betty’s sister Carol. During the night, Becky got up to go to the bathroom when suddenly the house was filled with the sound of rushing water and opening doors. Becky screamed and was so frightened that she wet her pants! A check with Kim confirmed the incident. She sent a signed statement and release for use in this book.

Approximately three A.M I awoke to Becky’s screaming and urinating across my kitchen floor because she was going to the bathroom and all the water in house came on and all the doors flung open.

The first such incident to be discussed concerns psychic effects upon a key—Betty’s car key.

I THAW A KEY

On December 1, 1992, I received a phone call from one very excited Betty Andreasson. When I calmed her down, I found that she had just had a very bizarre experience involving her car key.

**Betty:** The reason I called was, a weird thing happened when I was coming home from food shopping and I stopped around ten-fifteen for gas. And, ah, I put the key into the, ah, side of the car, you know, to open the door like? It [the key] just melted like butter . . . I pulled it out and I just touched it with my index finger and smoothed it out . . . I put it in again and tried again and it acted just like butter. Ah, then I got afraid that I might not get home so I pulled it out and smoothed it out.

I tried to unlock the door because I had locked it to go in and pay for gas and I couldn’t unlock the door cause it was just like butter—melting and so, anyway, I finally used my left hand after I straightened it out and it opened perfectly. It got as hard as nails again using my left hand and I put the key into the ignition with my
left hand and I was fine. But you can see with the key now—it's all bent and, you know. It's very strange.

**RAY:** Are there any droplets on it like metal melting?

**BETTY:** Ah, no it's just all—it's thinner in that section now. It wasn't before and it's like twisted and, ah, you know.

**RAY:** I was going to say, if you had an extra key, we could have it analyzed or something.

**BETTY:** Yeah, I did call Bob and, ah, he told me where an extra key was at home so I have that one and I have the other one that acted up so—it's strange.

**RAY:** If you want to part with it I could see if I could have someone at MUFON look at it.

**BETTY:** Sure, that would be fine. I mean, it's cold out. It shouldn't have, you know, it's a strong sturdy key, you know, it just melted like butter and my, my index finger and my thumb were extremely hot for some reason. All the way home, the rest of my hands were cool and I could touch my other, my left hand with it, with my index finger and my thumb, and it was like burning.

**RAY:** None of the metal adhered to your finger at all?

**BETTY:** No, it was just like slippery and I just slid my fingers without any effort and it straightened right out. When I put it back into the lock, it just became like butter again.

**RAY:** So, when it came out of the lock, it was still twisted, fairly twisted?

**BETTY:** Yeah . . . and each time I would run my right index finger and thumb over it . . . it smoothed it out . . . When I put it back in again, it did the same thing until I switched which hand it was in.

Incredulously, I asked Betty if she had tried to duplicate her melting of the key. During the course of her answer, she reminded me of two other psychokinetic events that she had told me about in the past.

**RAY:** You haven't tried to melt it some more have you?

**BETTY:** No, I was worried about the house key—that it might have done that somehow.

It, it seems like it's spontaneous. It happens and then it's gone, like what happened to that spoon while I was stirring the coffee and it just broke in two, you know, and the bowl of the spoon fell to the table and then when I was in the car that time and the knob of the radio zipped off like a bullet, you know, and bounced all over the
place... As soon as I got home I thought I’d give you a call 'cause it was so weird what took place, you know?

We then discussed Betty’s state of mind prior to her “thawing” the key. A number of psychokinetic events often are reported in conjunction with the poltergeist phenomenon. Often, investigators presume that the catalyst for the happenings are the product of a mind under great tension.

**Betty:** It, it’s strange because early in the morning I was a little bit frustrated 'cause we stopped at the bank and I was driving Bob to work and I was in the driver’s seat and we stopped at the bank window for the ATM and I always goof them up so it makes me very nervous, you know, doing them. So I punched in Bob’s number for him and got some cash out, but I was frustrated over it because I had to put his check in it too. And I was worried that I was going to goof it up or something because I always goof machines up for some reason.

**Ray:** Poltergeist phenomena is usually caused by something like that, but usually by kids coming into puberty—but you reached that a long time ago!

Later I secured and examined the key. It seemed perfectly normal to me. Requests for MUFON to analyze it were ignored. I placed it in a safe place for possible analysis later on. Unfortunately, after much searching, I have never rediscovered the safe place! For all intents and purposes, the key is gone.

**Spoon-Bending?**

A similar event happened years later. Betty and Bob were having lunch with an engineer and his wife who were interested in the UFO phenomenon. After lunch, the Lucas left the couple chatting at the table. The engineer happened to be looking at the silverware beside Betty’s plate and was astounded to see her spoon slowly bend and twist before his very eyes! He tucked the spoon in his pocket and telephoned Betty about the eerie event as soon as he got home. Betty in turn called me and I arranged to have the engineer mail the spoon to me.

This time I took immediate measures to safeguard it prior to an analysis performed by an engineer who worked at a nearby research laboratory. In summary, his report stated that the microstructures and hardness at the
bend and at the spoon ends were indistinguishable. The bend was not caused by heat.

The next paranormal phenomena for our discussion involves the apparent ability for the mind to interfere with electricity and/or electrical apparatus. Parapsychologists refer to persons causing this as “electric sensitivities.”

I have received many letters from alleged UFO abductees who claim to have experienced this phenomenon. The most commonly reported event is that an abductee drives down a street and watches the streetlights go off and on as their car passes under them.

Betty described several similar events to me, which I have transcribed as follows.

ELECTRIC SENSITIVE PHENOMENA

When Becky was a youngster, she and I went shopping for her school clothes. We stopped at Stewarts in Fitchburg. As soon as we entered the large department store, all the lights went out. They could not find out what caused it or get the lights back on. None of the other stores in the L-shaped line of buildings, including Landolfs’s large food store at the end, went out.

We then drove across town to the John Fitch Highway and entered the large Kings Department store. Immediately, as we went in the door, all the lights failed and again no reason was found for the odd power failure.

In Cheshire, Cindy had a curfew on dating and was always very responsible. She had gone with her boyfriend David and returned home. They were sitting in the car in the driveway talking for a while when the outside garage light flashed off and on a couple times. Both David and Cindy saw it. Cindy thought it was me signaling her that it was time for her to come in. But, when she got in, she realized Bob and I were in bed and never touched the lights.

This happened to Bonnie and Cindy in Meriden. The Nyman children next door were over at the house with the girls when the lights kept blinking on and off with no one touching them.

Two other curious events of this nature happened while we were on a national tour for Prentice-Hall promoting my books. Both episodes concerned a cassette tape on which I had dubbed a portion of Betty’s 1967 abduction experience. It was designed to help radio/TV audiences relive Betty’s physical examination by her alien abductors.
On one occasion, a radio station's engineer attempted to play the tape a number of times. He told us that the tape was blank. However, when we left the station, it played perfectly.

When Betty and I taped the *Tom Larson Show* in Boston, this same cassette tape was also played. Later, both of us were called back to retape the show. The videotaped segment covering our interview was blank. We were told that the videotaping equipment had malfunctioned only during our segment when the tape was played. The TV programs taped prior to and after our taping had no problems! Later in the book, I will discuss similar events that have occurred when only I was present.

The next and last example of *psychokinesis* involves a phenomenon so strange that I am at a loss for words to describe it. It seems to be a combination of a trance state, electric sensitive phenomenon, and transitory manipulation of time.

Bob told me that Betty had gone into a trancelike state a few times. During her daze, strange things happened to their television set and programming. Betty called me shortly after one of these weird events. Pertinent excerpts from my conversation with her and Bob provide a firsthand description of this inexplicable phenomenon, which also appeared to affect their cat.

**EFFECTS OF ENTRANCEMENT**

**Betty:** For two or three nights we have been really restless and unable to sleep. The cat won’t come in the trailer. The TV screen will go blank or else we will have a replay. Like there will be five or ten minutes where you’ll see the movie and then it will go right back to the very beginning and you’ll see the movie again. This has happened a number of times and Bob says that I go blank. He says that he can talk to me and I don’t even acknowledge that he’s here and I’m looking at the television.

**Ray:** How long does that last?

**Betty:** [Asks Bob.] Here, why don’t you talk to Bob?

**Bob:** Hi, Ray. On several occasions it’s been anywhere between fifteen to twenty seconds or almost two full minutes. She just goes totally blank. I can talk to her. I can move my hands in front of her eyes. She doesn’t blink or anything. The television screen is totally blank... There’s no sound, no picture.

**Ray:** This always happens when she’s watching TV and the TV cuts out at the same time?

**Bob:** No, there’s no pattern to it, but when the TV screen goes
blank, she just goes, almost like she's hypnotized—like you're in a trance?

RAY: When she comes back, she has no recollection of what happened?

BOB: None whatsoever.

The above phenomenon raises all sorts of questions. Does the trance affect the TV or does whatever is affecting the TV cause Betty’s trance? Just as inscrutable is what seems to be a backup in time. This causes what appears to be a replay of past TV programming. Some might theorize that Betty’s cataleptic state is a symptom of schizophrenia. However, the results of two past psychiatric interviews and a recent battery of psychiatric tests demonstrate that Betty is mentally stable. Also, such a theory, even if true, would not account for the effects on TV. I will not dwell on this strange phenomena further. I’ll leave it for parapsychologists to ponder.

The next strange event involved an anomalous knock and voice at the door of Betty's cottage in Florida. Betty's mother was in the cottage. Betty and Bob were sitting in his trailer, reading. Betty wrote me:

Bonnie and Cindy were over in the park and Bob and I were sitting in the trailer parked in the driveway reading. Someone knocked at the door. My mother asked, “Who is it?” (No one answered.) I looked out and couldn't see anyone at the door but both Bob and I heard it. Then, it happened again. My mother said again, “Who is it?” I came out of the trailer because I heard it too. I walked over to the front door but no one was there. Then another knock came as I was standing at the door. My mother opened the door and said, “Oh, it's you, Betty.”

We now move on in our discussion to the next type of paranormal phenomena that has been experienced by Betty's family:

**Anomalous Floating Objects**

**BALLS OF LIGHT**

We have already discussed a number of times where members of the Andreasson family have been accosted by mysterious floating glowing balls. These included Betty's two childhood visits by a buzzing, marble-sized glowing ball of light that affixed itself between her eyes. Becky too
had a childhood encounter with a blue golf ball-sized light that took a biopsy from her finger. One time a blue ball of light entered and left her bedroom through a window. Also, several of Betty's children had witnessed swirling multicolored lights like mirrored balls. One evening Betty and all of her children witnessed a big roaring ball of light zip in and out of a window where they all were sleeping.

The above are representative of a number of other incidents involving balls of light witnessed by Betty and members of her family. Betty's son Mark was not exempt from dealing with this type of phenomenon.

One night while lying in bed in his apartment, he found himself suddenly being attacked by a blazing ball of light. For some unknown reason, he had a strong premonition that the circling glowing sphere was a precursor to his death. Betty related what Mark had told her about the terrifying incident.

Mark said that there was a menacing ball of red light that zipped into his room. Somehow Mark knew he had to fight it off by holding his arms up to keep it away. After a long period of time, he grew very tired and said he felt if he let his arms down, the red ball of light would get him and he would die. Mark was about to let his arms down and give up from exhaustion when suddenly a friend entered the room. The light disappeared.

Mysterious lights have also visited Betty's grandchildren, adding yet another generation to the strange happenings within the Andreasson family.

One evening, Cindy was putting the girls to sleep and lay down with them. There was noise downstairs in the apartment and Candy said to Cindy, "Mommy, my friends are downstairs." This made Cindy nervous. She said, "There's no one downstairs. Be quiet, close your eyes and go to sleep." The bedroom window was open with a screen in it. When Candy said again, "Mommy, there's my friends, look!" she pointed in the air. Cindy looked up in the darkened room and saw three fireflies flying around in the room and thought they got in through the window somehow. She told Candy they were just fireflies and to close her eyes and go to sleep.

Cindy said she watched the tiny lights in the room and that they suddenly formed a perfect triangle. She thought it was strange and got a little scared, but soon fell asleep.
And, such phenomena have not been limited to Betty’s immediate family. A few years ago, I talked with Betty’s sister and her sister’s daughter about their frightening encounter with a big ball of light. The event occurred in the driveway of Betty’s home in Ashburnham, Massachusetts. During the conversation she also mentioned other UFO events. The following are pertinent excerpts from my recorded interview on April 23, 1993, with Betty’s sister Carol and her daughter Kathy, who also witnessed the strange phenomenon.

Carol

RAY: Do you remember about what year that was?
CAROL: I can’t remember the year. Maybe fourteen years ago or so.
RAY: So, you’re driving up her driveway?
CAROL: No, we were leaving her house and I got in my car and I started it and then I seen that thing [ball of light] coming right at us.
RAY: Okay, where did it come from?
CAROL: It came from around the back of the house.
RAY: Okay, and how fast was it coming?
CAROL: Fast. We ran when we seen it coming. My daughter noticed it too. We ran.
RAY: So, you weren’t in the car.
CAROL: No. I left it running, left the doors open and everything, and ran right in the house.
RAY: How old was your daughter at the time?
CAROL: She’s twenty-nine, so she must have been about fifteen. Maybe fifteen or sixteen.
RAY: Okay, and it was, ah, about the size of a child’s ball, you say?
CAROL: Yeah.
RAY: And what color?
CAROL: It was kind of orangish white, you know?
RAY: Did you get to the door before it got to you or did it go by you?
CAROL: No, I got to the door and then I don’t know what happened to it.
RAY: And so you waited for a while before you went out and shut off the car.
CAROL: Yeah. Betty went out and shut it off. I didn’t dare go.
And then we stayed there that night because I was really kind of afraid, you know?

**RAY:** Is this the first time you saw anything like that?

**CAROL:** Well, I seen a light something like that when I lived in Leominster.... I remember one time my son and I were driving home from Betty's and all of a sudden I see this light bouncing along the, ah, what do you call it—the telephone wires? My son saw it too....

**RAY:** Was that the same kind of a ball of light—smaller or bigger or—?

**CAROL:** Sort of about the same size. It looked like it was bouncing along the wires behind us, you know?

**RAY:** Was there a thunder-and-lightning storm then?

**CAROL:** No, I don't think there was. No, no.

**RAY:** Any other strange things happen?

**CAROL:** One time my kids said to me that I was driving to Gardner from Leominster. And my kids suddenly asked me where I was going since I took some back road. And I said, “I'm following the lavender light.” But, I don’t remember anything else about that. They said that I said that but I don’t know what that was about.

**RAY:** Did they see anything?

**CAROL:** No, I don’t think so but I don’t know what made me say that... I took the back road. I don’t usually. I usually always take the highway. That’s why they said, “Why are you going this way, Ma?” And I said, “I’m following the lavender light.”...

**RAY:** I might give your daughter a ring and see if I can get any more information. She might remember a little more about this ball of light.

**Kathy (Carol's daughter)**

**RAY:** You’d left Betty's house and you got in the car with your mother and you looked back and you saw?

**KATHY:** I just automatically looked up and it was just really bright orange. It looked like a ball of fire.

**RAY:** And then what did you and your mother do?

**KATHY:** We ran inside the house and she tried to get me to lay down. I just fell asleep, I think.

**RAY:** I see. So you didn’t go home after all.

**KATHY:** No.

**RAY:** Okay, thank you very much.
I will end Carol and Kathy's accounts with a humorous touch. Betty was approached by the current owner of this same house at Ashburnham years later after she had given a lecture at a nearby town. She called to tell me about it on May 21, 1993. The following is a recording of our telephone conversation.

**Betty:** She says, “I'm in the kitchen, and this big ball of light comes racing through the kitchen window and whizzed through the living room and out that window.” And she was just flabbergasted. . . . She thought “Maybe I'm just dreaming this.” And so, a few days went by and again, a ball of light entered the hall and zipped out. . . . So, then she found out about me living there and she went to every library and got every book and cut out every newspaper clipping about me and went through the books over and over again and she found where I said that they [the entities] were following me. So she was so shook up by this whole thing she made a huge poster and put my address on it and wrote, “Betty Andreasson Luca has moved from this house to Connecticut!” And then put this huge poster on her refrigerator and kept it there for months. [Laughs.]

This was both amusing and very intriguing to me. I phoned the present owner of the house to confirm Betty’s amusing story. She laughingly and a bit nervously confirmed the above details!

The mysterious floating objects witnessed by the Andreasson family have not been limited to glowing balls of light. A number of other configurations have been observed. Several examples follow as related to me by Betty. The first occurred when the family lived in Cheshire. Betty forgot to record the exact date.

**MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS**

Bonnie was driving home to Cheshire from Wallingford's Mr. Donut, when a football-like thing flew in front of her car and lights but that's all she could remember. The next encounter with a floating object took place on May 19, 1990, in the trailer at Higganum. Betty sent me her written notes about the strange observation.

I awoke early to the sounds of popping, snapping, or clicking at the left side of my bed . . . I glanced to where I was hearing the noise (It was level to the bed) and up toward the window. Suddenly a solid brown rectangular box, about two feet by ten inches, and approxi-
mately an inch and a half to two inches thick, moved through the window and rested its side against the miniblinds [Figure 30].

There were things underneath it. The looked like half balls or bubbles and other things. I watched it for a brief moment. The next think I knew, it was gone. I sat up, leaned over, and looked at the clock. It was either 2:28 or 3:28. I lay back down and wondered what it was that I had seen.

The latest two incidents of this nature came to my notice by a phone call and letter from Betty. During a phone call on December 5, 1992, Betty described her encounter with a ball that floated through her bedroom window. Although not glowing, its size and behavior were identical to balls of light she and her family had witnessed in the past.

The following was transcribed from a recording of our conversation. The scene opens with Betty awakening suddenly from a dream and feeling a presence by the window.

I looked over by the window. There's a ball about the size of an orange or a very small grapefruit, and it ... was just a gray ball ... it just zigzagged and went out of the window through the miniblind. Well, you know, Bob has that recorder on all the time? Well, when
we played it back there’s like a ping. Like something snapped the
miniblind.

The most recent incident of this kind took place in their trailer home
at Higganum, Connecticut. It was related to me in a letter dated the same
day it happened—January 13, 1994. The following was excerpted from
Betty’s letter.

I was sitting on the couch when I saw two golden colored (looked
like metal) balls the size of a marble in a semicircle about four feet
from the floor. They were side by side, one foot apart and three feet
in front of me, and zipped toward the large window and disappeared.

We now turn to a prophetic phenomena experienced by persons who
somehow have foreknowledge of events that will occur in the future.

Precognition

Betty’s major experience with precognition involved the greatest tragedy
of her life. Her foreknowledge of the impending death of her two sons was
intimately connected with two other paranormal events: strange buzzing
voices during a phone call with Bob, and visitation by a gray UFO entity.

The next phenomena for discussion may possibly be related to a quirk
of the unconscious rather than the effects of an outside personality. None-
theless, this is an applicable subject to our discussion.

Channeling

Several times during a hypnosis session, it appeared that Betty lost control
of her own thoughts and voice. It seemed as if someone was actually
talking through her to us. The first time this occurred was during the initial
enquiry into her 1967 abduction. I watched and listened in utter amazes-
ment as Betty’s face became contorted. It looked as if she were struggling
against someone or something that was taking control of her speech fa-
cilities. At one point she was able to blurt out, “I don’t like them con-
trolling my words!”

It is interesting to note that other members of Betty’s family besides
Becky have also been witnesses to UFO sightings.
I remember how excited Betty and Bob were during their initial telephone call about the following UFO sighting. Recently I asked her to describe it again to me in writing.

Cindy (as a teenager) was with Bob and I, riding from Massachusetts to Connecticut on Route 84 when we spotted three triangular huge crafts lit with white and red lights drifting silently over the treetops and busy highway. A multicolored ball of light was way above the three craft. We stopped on the side of the highway, and got out to listen but they made no noise. Bob followed them as they flew over a more wooded area. Cindy was scared stiff, and hid in the back seat.

We stopped in the wooded area, and watched them fly over a farmhouse and field. Bob took out his light and tried to blink a signal hoping to catch their attention. I heard beeping noises.

When they were out of sight, we headed back to the highway and came up to Red Art's Garage which parallels the highway. There were men standing outside talking excitedly and pointing toward the sky. They must have seen the three craft and orb that we saw. To my knowledge, this was Cindy's first UFO sighting, and she was petrified over it.

Becky reported that when she lived in Gardner, she and her aunt Carol had been frightened by a low-flying UFO shaped like a cylinder. Carol wrote up the following brief account of the incident for the record.

My niece Becky and I were coming home from Bingo. We were walking up the steps to where we lived at Old English Village. Above one of the houses was this cigar-shaped thing. It was real quiet. Just a little whoosh sound. We were real scared. We ran toward my building.

As the object moved between two apartment buildings, lights in the area blinked off and then on again.

Another incident involving one of Betty's other children and a granddaughter also hints at more than meets the eye. Betty told me,

Another time, Cindy was driving home with the girls in the back seat of the car. The girls had fallen asleep. Her youngest daughter
Missy woke up crying in hysterics. She kept sobbing that she didn’t want the little ant people coming to the house anymore. Cindy comforted her and said it was just a dream and not to worry or be afraid.

Who were these ant people visiting their house? Was Missy dreaming about prior bedroom visitations by alien beings?

It would take many more hours of investigation and hypnotic regression sessions to document all that happened to Betty and her family. The ongoing Andreasson affair is certainly a never-ending story—an embarrassment of riches!

Apparitions, voices, and other supernaturallike happenings within the framework of one’s religious beliefs are termed “religious experiences.” The question is whether or not they should be treated separately from similar paranormal occurrences that occur outside the context of a given religion. They may very well be the same phenomena in religious clothing. This could be accomplished by the phenomena itself or by the superimposition of one’s religious belief system over the phenomena. In any event, the Andreasson family members have had so-called religious experiences.

**Religious Experiences**

The following experiences are considered by Betty and her family as supernatural expressions of their particular Christian belief system. She and some of her children have experienced what some Christians call being born-again, being filled with the Holy Spirit and the phenomenon of glossalalia, or “speaking in tongues.” Again, whether such events are labeled supernatural or psychic depends upon one’s belief system. Whichever the case may be, they appear to be paranormal in nature.

The concluding subject of this chapter is of the greatest significance to the study of UFOs and paranormal phenomena. Meaningful coincidences, dubbed “synchronisms,” brought the right people together at the right time to document the phenomena which undergird the rich legacy of the Andreasson affair.

**Synchronisms**

The first such coincidence relates to why Betty and I were brought together. When I first heard of Betty’s UFO experience, I was content to let others probe her 1967 experience. My initial plan was to oversee but
not be personally involved in the enquiry. A deeply personal reason for eventually joining the MUFON team of investigators was that Betty and I shared a common faith.

I was most interested in discovering how she, as a devout Christian, integrated such a bizarre event into her world view. After having met, another amazing synchronism began to unfold. We discovered that our two families’ UFO and paranormal experiences were remarkable mirror images of one another. These parallel experiences will be the subject of Part II of this book.

The next crowning synchronism completed the initial groundwork for establishing the rich legacy of the Andreasson affair. It was the uncanny way that she and abductee Bob Luca were led to meet each other. Having met, the synchronisms continued. They discovered that each had childhood UFO encounters in 1944 and adult UFO abduction experiences in 1967, and that both their families have been haunted by UFO and psychic events!

Together, Bob and Betty began to share a series of ongoing personal and family encounters with UFO and paranormal phenomena. Many of their experiences have been documented in my previous books, and have been mentioned in the introduction to this section. The following chapter deals with new revelations about Bob and his own family. They will provide a fitting conclusion to our discussion of the Andreasson family’s encounters with the unknown. It is time to explore the other half of the Andreasson family—Betty’s haunted husband.
Some readers may be unfamiliar with the UFO experiences of Bob Luca. Thus a synopsis of his past encounters with UFOs and my investigations follows.

I first met Bob Luca on October 21, 1976. He had driven Betty, Bonnie, and Cindy to my house to discuss Betty’s portent of tragedy concerning her sons. He was a likable person from the start. I must admit that I was a bit protective about Betty meeting and marrying someone so quickly.

Bob asked me to arrange for a hypnosis session to explore a missing time experience that he had while driving to a beach in the summer of 1967. On the way to the beach, he had stopped to watch two silver cigar-shaped objects with others. Each had dispatched a smaller, disk-shaped object and then flown away. I assigned investigators to meet with Bob and the local MUFON hypnotist on December 3, 1976.

Under hypnosis, Bob recalled getting back in his car and again heading for the beach. Suddenly, a domed, disk-shaped object appeared, fluttering down toward the car like a falling leaf. A red beam of light emanated from the object. The next thing Bob knew, he was inside a room with a small gray-skinned being wearing a red coverall garment. He soon came face-to-face with others just like it. What he described was the typical UFO entity with the oversized bald head; large, slanted, almond-shaped eyes; diminutive nose and ears; and a slit for a mouth.

Bob was completely under their control. He was made to undress, and placed upon a table where he was examined and operated on. The entities flexed his arms and legs and took skin scrapings and sperm. He was also scanned by an instrument that descended from the ceiling. Then, he was allowed to dress, and transported back to his car without any conscious memory of what had happened.

During this harrowing experience, Bob became terrified when he saw
one of the aliens suddenly transformed into a "being of light." For some reason, this scared him so much that he refused to undergo further hypnosis sessions for several years.

Betty’s separation from her husband and move to Florida had interrupted our initial investigation into her UFO experiences. During her 1967 abduction, she had recalled that the alien entities had removed a BB-shaped whiskered object from her nose. This indicated that she had been abducted prior to 1967. I was intensely interested in pursuing this possibility in the future.

Betty returned from Florida and married Bob on August 21, 1978. However, it wasn’t until two years later that I was able to coordinate a Phase II investigation into Betty’s experiences. This resulted in her hypnotic recall of a number of childhood UFO experiences. During the Phase II investigation, Bob reluctantly agreed to undergo further hypnosis in March and April of 1980.

When asked by the hypnotist to relate his first UFO experience, we all thought that he would go back to his 1967 abduction. Instead, Bob related a UFO encounter that dated back to 1944, when he was only five years old. A glowing domed disc containing two gray entities floated down to him as he sat in a swing near some woods behind his house. He became paralyzed when a beam of light shot out from the craft and hit him between the eyes. Then he received a telepathic message from the aliens. Among other things, he was told that he was chosen to do something that would be good for humankind.

The Phase II investigation came to a halt because of a painful block placed upon Betty’s memory by her captors. Each time we tried to probe for experiences beyond 1967, Betty would start to relate an experience in her bedroom in 1973. Then she would feel terrible pain and would progress no further. The investigation was terminated. I documented what we had learned in another book, entitled The Andreasson Affair—Phase Two.

It wasn’t until 1987 that a Phase III investigation was launched. Betty had begun to telephone me about experiencing a number of mental flashbacks. She kept seeing a woman’s face that expressed terror. She did not recognize the woman and wondered where the memory of her originated. It was only when finding the answer to this became an obsession that she agreed to undergo hypnosis once again.

We soon found out that the painful mental block had dissipated. Betty again returned to the year 1973 and relived being abducted from the house at Ashburnham. She was taken to the side of the very woman whose
face had been troubling her. The woman was lying on a table. The aliens asked Betty to comfort her while they removed two fetuses from the terrified but semiparalyzed woman.

The Phase III investigation took place between in 1987 and 1988. During the enquiry we uncovered a number of UFO-related encounters and abductions experienced by Betty and Bob that took place between 1973 and 1988. It was during this investigation that I decided to document my own UFO and paranormal experiences and those of my own family. The results of the Phase III investigation were documented in another book, entitled *The Watchers*.

I had just begun to explore the *paraphysical* side of the UFO phenomenon with readers in *The Watchers*. Also, during the Phase III enquiry, it was quite apparent that the Lucas' UFO and psychic experiences were continuing unabated. However, even as *The Watchers* was being readied for publication, I was already deeply engrossed in the investigation of another case. It involved four campers being abducted from a canoe on the Allagash Waterway in northern Maine. Again, as in the Andreasson affair, our investigation uncovered earlier abductions of the witnesses that dated from childhood. The investigation was documented by a 702-page report, and a book entitled *The Allagash Abductions* in 1993. However, even prior to its publication, I had again opened yet another enquiry into the neverending story of the Andreasson affair.

The Phase IV investigation was conducted between 1992 and 1994. It dealt primarily with the paraphysical side of the UFO phenomenon and its implications. Bob agreed to undergo further hypnosis. Betty had been the main focus of the Phase III enquiry. There were many events and memory flashbacks in Bob's life that remained to be explored. Betty, for example, had relived a shared OBE abduction with Bob in 1978 during the Phase III hypnosis sessions. During the Phase IV sessions, Bob relived a complementary and confirmatory account of the same experience from his vantage point.

However, several curious events and memories of Bob Luca still remained a mystery at the close of the Phase IV enquiry. These were addressed during a supplemental Phase V enquiry conducted between 1994 and 1995. Most are documented in the following pages of this chapter. But a specific experience pertinent to Part III of this book will be covered later.

One of the childhood memories that had puzzled Bob was that of being high in the air looking down at houses, land, hills, and puffy clouds far below. His best memory of the event placed it sometime during grammar
school. This incident would be the subject of our first enquiry during a hypnotic regression session conducted on November 5, 1994, at the home of MUFON hypnosis consultant Tony Constantino.

ENQUIRY 1

Tony spent time getting acquainted with the Lucases and looking over a list of items that we wanted to explore. Then, he slowly placed Bob into a hypnotic trance.

TONY: I'm going to talk to you about something that occurred in grammar school in grade six through nine. You lived on South Avenue, Meriden, Connecticut. Do you recall that? How old were you when you were in grade six?

BOB: Eleven or twelve.

TONY: I think that grade six was one of my favorite grades. Do you remember grade six at all?

BOB: Um.

TONY: Do you remember one significant thing?

BOB: Mr. Resnick was our teacher.

TONY: What did he teach? Everything or one particular class?

BOB: Everything.

TONY: Did you enjoy grade six?

BOB: Yeah but I fooled around too much in class.

TONY: I think we all did. That was a good grade. You mentioned something in the letter about being way up in the sky. Looking down. Do you recall that incident?

It was amazing. Prior to being placed under hypnosis, Bob had tried his utmost to remember the details of this incident. Now his mind suddenly shot 44 years backward in time to the year 1950!

BOB: I'm home in bed. And I have a cold. And there's this buzzing noise. All of a sudden I'm not home. And I'm very comfortable and it's not dark anymore. And I'm looking down and it's like I'm way, way up in the air and there's—way, way down below there's little, little cotton puffs, lots of little, little cotton puffs [clouds]. And over, over on that side there on the right, there's some hills, mountains maybe, are light on top and the bottoms are dark, and I don't know how I got here.

TONY: You don't know how you got there?
Bob: There where I am. Way, way up looking down.

Tony: Don't look down—look up and tell us what you see.

Bob: [Pause.] Looks like, um ... [pause], looks like gray stuff, um, it's like I'm underneath this, underneath something and it's gray and it's got all lines and, um, indentations and like a—almost like a maze a little bit and, but, that's above and there's nothing, just this thing above me.

Tony: You said that it was light?

Bob: It's, it's light outside but it was dark in my bed at home.

Tony: Where is the light coming from now?

Bob: The sky.

Tony: Look to your right and tell us what you see.

Bob: It's like, um ... [pause] a wall? It's like a curved wall? And, there's a, a—it's hard to describe. It's like a curved wall and an opening and the opening is real wide. It goes from here to the right. It goes way, way over to here to the left. And it's all open. It's like, like an outdoor movie screen but only, like only the height of the screen is what it normally is. And it goes from one side to the other there. And that's all open in the front. But I don't see—there's no glass or anything. It seems like it's all open.

Tony: Okay, look over to your left and tell us what you see.

Bob: There's a corner there—the same kind of wall and a little to the left of where the corner is and where the glass should be there's a red, ah—canister? Red, I don't know. Looks like a big soda can. No, no, nothing. Just plain red. I don't know what that is.

Bob seemed to be describing a closed interior of some sort. Tony decided to ease him into a deeper state of hypnosis before questioning him further.

Tony: Just relax, just relax. [Tony brings Bob deeper into hypnosis.] Look down at your feet and tell us what you see.

Bob: I don't know. Nothing under me. [Pause.] It's like ... laying on glass or something. There's nothing there. I can just see way, way down. Those light puffy things...

Tony: Just relax, just relax. [Continues to put Bob into a deeper state of hypnosis.] How did you get so high up?

Bob: I don't know. I was lying in my bed and I heard, ah, a humming, humming buzzing and all of a sudden it got light.

Tony: Where did it get light?

Bob: After I left my bed, I guess.
TONY: Do you know how you left your bed?
BOB: No. . .
TONY: Do you remember being back in bed?
BOB: Yeah. And it's sweaty.
TONY: Do you know how you got back in bed?
BOB: I don't know. I don't know how I got back or how I left. *After I was back, the buzzing noise is gone.* It was only making that noise while I was—after I left the bed. It's in that place it's making that noise. Then it was gone.

Now that Bob was in a deeper trance, we decided to start all over again, step by step, in an attempt to find out how he left his bed.

TONY: You were not feeling well that day, and so that's why you were in bed? Is that correct?
BOB: I had a cold.
TONY: Can you see yourself getting into bed?
BOB: Yeah.
TONY: Do you have on pajamas or a nightgown of some kind?
BOB: No, I have shorts and a tee shirt.
TONY: Does your bed have a pillow?
BOB: Yeah.
TONY: Does it have covers that you can pull down?
BOB: Yeah.
TONY: You see yourself getting into bed, kinda settle down into the mattress.
BOB: Yeah, it's comfortable and warm. . .
TONY: Then what happens?
BOB: I lay back, and I'm pushing my head into the pillow and I pull the covers way up on my shoulders. It's warm and comfortable. [Pause.]

TONY: Let's pretend something. Okay? Let's pretend there's a video camera, just as we have a video camera now. I know that they didn't exist then, but let me just ask you to pretend that they existed then. There's one set up in your room. It's aimed at your bed. . . . Let's just pretend that this video camera's running from the time you take your clothes off. You see yourself getting into bed. Let's say that that video camera runs for twenty-four hours. I'm not asking you to tell us what happened. I'm asking you to tell us what did the video camera record. So let's say it's the next morning, you take that tape
out and you put it into a VCR. What is that tape show us? Starting
with you taking your clothes off to get into bed.
   BOB: I'm in bed. I'm comfortable and warm. I hear this buzzing
noise.
   TONY: When you do hear this, what does the camera show us?
   BOB: [Pause.] I'm not sure. I think somebody is in the room.
   TONY: Why did you think? What does the video tape show?
   BOB: [Gasps. Pause.]
   TONY: Why do you think that someone is in the room?
   BOB: There's someone on the right-hand side of my bed.
   TONY: Look to the right. Tell us what the video camera, tell us
what the video camera records.
   BOB: There's a strange little person there... He's scary.
   TONY: Why is he scary?
   BOB: He's a little person... by my bed. [Becomes panicky.]
   TONY: Just relax, just relax. [Tony calms him down.] Why is that
person so strange-looking?...
   BOB: He's got a big head—and he's got big eyes... Big, like a
cat. He's got big eyes....
   TONY: Come down from below the eyes and tell us what you see.
Tell us what the camera recorded....
   BOB: He doesn't have a nose like me... he's got a little one. He's
got a little thin mouth—thin, thin lips.
   TONY: Come down further and tell us what you see?
   BOB: He's got red clothes on.
   TONY: What kind of clothes?...
   BOB: He's got a red tight shirt on... He's got a, a belt, a yellow
belt. I don't know. The shirt-sleeves come down and are tight—no
cuffs. No cuffs on it....
   TONY: What do you see past the sleeves? There are no cuffs.
   BOB: He's doesn't have fingers like I do.
   TONY: How do they differ?
   BOB: There's only three of them. They're fat.
   TONY: Now this video camera has been recording this. You're
playing it back on the VCR. What happens next?
   BOB: He's taking me with him.
   TONY: How?
   BOB: We're just going up, right up out through my window. The
right-hand side of my bedroom—the window.
   TONY: How does he do that?
BOB: I don’t know, but I don’t think I like it.
TONY: Why don’t you?
BOB: Cause we’re going way up. I can see the houses down there and I’m scared.
TONY: How does he get you up there? What does he do? . . .
BOB: He’s got my arm. He’s got my arm and we just float right up.
TONY: Up where?
BOB: Way up in the air.
TONY: Why?
BOB: And this round thing opens. It’s a big—something over there and we go right up inside. The round thing opens and we go inside it.
TONY: And what does that round thing look like?
BOB: I don’t know. One minute it’s there and then it’s not. It’s just, like a hole in the bottom of this.
TONY: And then what happens?
BOB: We’re inside something. He walks and is holding my right arm. He walks me up to this big window and then leaves and I’m there all alone. And it’s scary. And it’s light and that's when I see that stuff down there. . . . I stand there and I look down and I see so far all—this stuff and land. I don’t really know, I just watch.
TONY: Are you alone for long up there?
BOB: I don’t know. No one seems to come back.
TONY: And then what happened?
BOB: I see the hills down there. I guess we go back, back to my bed. I’m up in the air.
TONY: Do you know how you got back?
BOB: The same way we got up there in that beam.
TONY: Just relax, just relax. [Places Bob deeper under hypnosis.]

Unfortunately, the audio portion of the camcorder was blank for a six-minute period between 10:56 and 11:12 A.M. This was the exact time frame in which Bob described in detail how he was floated out of the window.

Bob described a beam of light coming through the window and a buzzing sound. Both he and the small entity floated up the beam of light into a large object through a round opening at its base.

What is of particular interest is that I asked Tony to have Bob look back at his bed and tell us what he saw. Bob was confused because he saw
himself lying in bed as he and the entity floated out the window. It was just as I had suspected. Here we had yet another example of an abduction in an out-of-body state of being!

Two questions remained unanswered. We were unable to find out why Bob was taken to the craft. We also could not figure out why both the camcorder tape and my audio recording tape were blank only for this segment of the session.

ENQUIRY II

When Bob became aware of being a UFO abductee, he became even more curious about another childhood memory and something that his mother had once said. The vague memory was being with his mother and father in a tunnel of some kind. He now wondered if this memory was connected with a startling statement by his mother. She told both Bob and Betty that she once saw a strange craft on the ground and remembered being inside. But, she was adamant about not being hypnotized. She did not want to know anything more about the incident.

Bob’s mother had also told them of another time she saw a UFO. She, her sister-in-law Lena, and her friend Gladys were in her car at the time. They were headed toward her house when they saw a huge UFO over the white church and steeple very close to South Avenue, Meriden, where she resided at the time. No sooner had they spotted it when it suddenly just disappeared.

Tony again honed in on Bob’s childhood memories. Regretfully, the first minutes of the enquiry were not recorded. The tape was still blank at this point. Nonetheless, Bob again was brought back to a time when he was in his bedroom. He relived saying good night to his parents and going to bed. While still awake, he heard his parents shut off the TV and go to bed. The next thing he remembered was being in a “strange lighted place” with his mother and father. The transcript below begins where the blank portion of the tape ended.

**TONY:** What’s in the place?

**BOB:** It’s an empty room and my father is over there. He’s quiet now.

Prior to this, Bob had recounted that his father was extremely upset. The alien entities placed him against a polelike device which calmed him down.
**Bob:** It's just like—I don't know, like he's sleeping.

**Tony:** Are his eyes open or closed?

**Bob:** They're closed now.

**Tony:** Look up, look up and tell us what you see.

**Bob:** It's just a very smooth, smooth, round light brown ceiling.

**Tony:** Look down and tell us what you see.

**Bob:** A smooth gray-black—I guess gray, um, floor... Just a dark, gray floor... It looks like a smooth floor.

**Tony:** As much as you can, look to your left and look to your right and if you can, look behind you. Tell us everything that you see.

**Bob:** Okay, my dad's over here on the right. He's still against that thing [pole]. That other little guy there is by my dad. And over there is my mom and that little guy also next to her. I don't know where the other one went. [Originally there were three entities with them.] I don't know where he went.

**Ray:** Could you describe the "little guy's" face? ...

**Bob:** His head is big and his skin is dark—like a dark brown.

**Ray:** What color are his eyes?

**Bob:** His eyes are dark, dark. Almost like a cat.

**Tony:** Describe his nose.

**Bob:** He's got just a very, very little nose. His chin is kinda... not really pointy but narrow.

**Ray:** How wide does he open his mouth?

**Bob:** I never see it.

**Ray:** What does his mouth look like?

**Bob:** Like skinny lips, skinny... .

**Ray:** Does he cover his ears?

**Bob:** He doesn't have any... Just like a little, like a hole. I don't see any ears.

We at once wondered whether these entities were the same kind that Bob had seen during his earlier OBE abduction. Tony employed a clever procedure to find out.

**Tony:** Just relax, just relax, you're doing very well. Can you see a movie screen in your mind? ...

**Bob:** I can.

**Tony:** I'm going to ask you to draw a line down the middle from the top to the bottom down the middle. Can you do that, please?
Bob: Yeah.
Tony: On the left-hand side, I want you to put the face of this being that you just described. Can you do that?
Bob: Yeah.
Tony: And on the right-hand side of the screen, I would like you to put the face of the being that you saw in your bedroom when you were in the sixth grade. And can you just compare and contrast them for us? How do they look alike and how do they look different?
Bob: Well, they look an awful lot alike, except the one on the left is darker. The one on the right is like, ah, grayish, either bluish-grayish or grayish color. But the one on the left is considerably darker, but its eyes are the same. His nose and mouth are the same. His head's the same shape.
Tony: How about their ears?
Bob: Much darker. There's no difference between the ears and... nose but the, the one on the left is darker in color.
Tony: What do the three do to you and your mother and father?
Bob: Well, after my father acts up, they stick him over there against that thing and he just stays there and his eyes are closed. Before that he was all—his face was red and his veins were, ah, popping out in his neck and he was really, really irritated. And after they put him over there, it was like he calmed down like he can't, couldn't do anything at all... My mom is over there and that little guy is talking to her and she's just—Her eyes are wide open but almost like she's frozen right there.
Tony: And then what happens?
Bob: One of the guys, little guys seems to disappear... [Pause.] Oh, they're taking my mom's left arm—they're scraping something from my mom's left arm... ah, the upper part of her, ah, forearm, I guess. Her upper wrist... .
Tony: What is he using to scrape?
Bob: It doesn't look like a knife but it's, maybe like... if you took a butter knife and shrunk it down real small. It looks like something that's rounded on the end...
Tony: Do you see his hands?
Bob: Yeah.
Tony: What do they look like?
Bob: He's got three fat fingers on it, not long. Not like our hands, my hand.
Tony: Did you see his hands bare or is he wearing gloves?
BOB: I think it's bare 'cause it's the same color as his face.
TONY: Now look down where he's standing with your mother and describe his feet.
BOB: They're just part of that same dark clothes. Looks like his clothes go all the way from his neck to his feet there and they're—where it's a little darker....
TONY: Can you tell if there are any fingernails?
BOB: It's hard to see from where I am. I think so.
TONY: And then what happens? After he scrapes your mother's hand?
BOB: He goes over there to the left. He's talking to the other one there, the one near my dad. [Pause.] They take my dad, one on each side, and they pull him away from that thing and one of these little guys gets in front of him and they put my mom in back there behind and we go back up that hall.
TONY: What hall is that?
BOB: The hall we came in—looks like, ah, I don't know, it looks like brown dirt only it's smooth.
TONY: And where does it lead to?
BOB: [Pause.] I hope they're bringing us back home. I don't like it here.
TONY: Why don't you like it there?
BOB: It's all closed in and no windows, there's no—It's just all closed in.
TONY: Keep walking down the tunnel. Your father is first, your mother is second, and you are third. Is that correct?
BOB: Yeah.
TONY: How far do you walk? What is it that you come to? What do you reach?
BOB: [Pause.]
TONY: Where does the tunnel lead?
BOB: We go back home. I don't know. We go down that tunnel [pause] and I'm back in my house, in my bed. I get up in the morning and I think I'm dreaming, that I dreamed this. It was weird, but I know my father is real upset.
TONY: The next morning?
BOB: No, with those little people there.
TONY: Well, how did he behave the next morning?
BOB: I didn't see him. He went to work, I guess.
TONY: Did he ever mention this to you?
BOB: No.
TONY: How did your mother react the next morning?
BOB: She never said anything.
TONY: Did you notice her arm?
BOB: No.
TONY: How is that tunnel lighted?
BOB: I don’t know. There’s no lights.
TONY: But you could see.
BOB: Yeah. It was just brown and smooth. But I don’t see any lights.
TONY: What did they do to you?...
BOB: I just watched and kept quiet. ... It was scary ’cause to see my father go quiet in back and my mom just [sighs] frozen. I didn’t know what I should do, so I just keep quiet....
TONY: Did you ever tell your parents about this dream? Or, what you think is a dream?
BOB: No, it would get them all upset.
RAY: Did you see any instruments or strange things? You didn’t see furniture in there. Did you see anything there other than a tunnel and the instrument that the man was holding—that did he get that from?
BOB: I don’t know if he had pockets or anything but I didn’t see anything.
RAY: Did they walk?
BOB: Kind of, but not really, they, they all walked like on roller skates or ice skates or something. They didn’t walk—and we didn’t have to put much effort in walking. It seemed real easy, like sliding....
RAY: Did your legs move?
BOB: [Pause.] I don’t feel them moving, but they must have, ’cause we’re moving.
RAY: Did their legs move?
BOB: [Pause.] I don’t see them move. But they must ’cause we’re moving.

We again tried to find out how Bob and his parents left the house and entered the craft. This type of memory blank about entering the craft is common to many abduction reports. It has been dubbed *doorway amnesia.*

RAY: How did you get in the tunnel?
BOB: I don’t know. I went to bed and it was late. It was dark.
My mom and dad had gone to bed. All the lights were out. And all of a sudden, this tunnel and the little people.

**RAY:** Did you hear anything?

**BOB:** No.

**RAY:** In the bedroom?

**BOB:** Nope.

**RAY:** Did you smell anything?

**BOB:** [Pause.] Just damp, maybe.

**RAY:** Did you feel anything in the bedroom before you went in the tunnel?

**BOB:** No.

**TONY:** Let’s go back to that tunnel where that being is scraping your mother’s forearm. Do you see that?

**BOB:** Yeah, it was over there.

**TONY:** What is she wearing?

**BOB:** Like a nightgown.

**TONY:** Do you see your father against the pole, immobile, immobilized? . . .

**BOB:** Yeah.

**TONY:** What is he wearing?

**BOB:** It’s like boxer shorts.

**TONY:** What are you wearing?

**BOB:** I’ve got my shorts on.

**TONY:** Just relax, you’re doing very well. Just relax. Why would they take the three of you to that tunnel?

**BOB:** I don’t know.

**TONY:** Let’s go back in time. Can you see yourself getting ready for bed when this happened?

**BOB:** Yeah.

**TONY:** Do you see yourself getting into bed?

**BOB:** I say good night. I come in my room. It’s on the front of the house on the side over there, and I get the light. It’s down on the foot of the bed on the left hand side and I get undressed. I shut off the light. . . . I crawl in bed.

**TONY:** . . . Were you aware when your parents went to bed that night?

**BOB:** I remember them shutting off the television.

**TONY:** And that signaled that they were ready to go to bed?

**BOB:** Yeah.

**TONY:** And then what happened?
BOB: I went back to sleep and then when I woke we were in that tunnel with those little people.
TONY: Why did you wake up?
BOB: I don’t know. I was sleeping and then all of a sudden I was in that place.
RAY: How old were you?
BOB: Thirteen.
TONY: Had you ever seen those darker beings before or after?
BOB: [Pause.] No.
TONY: Do you recall seeing them again after this incident?
BOB: No. [Pause.] I don’t think so.

I decided to test whether Bob would recall seeing similar entities during his OBE, while on a swing as a child, and later during his 1967 abduction as an adult.

RAY: Do you recall seeing anything like them before or after this incident? Maybe different or . . . ?
BOB: Well, there were those other ones with the much lighter skin. I saw them before.
RAY: Before when? Before this—before the tunnel?
BOB: Yeah.
RAY: When was that? How old were you?
BOB: It was when I went up in that thing and when I was on my swing set they looked like that.
RAY: Okay, how about after the tunnel incident?
BOB: After the tunnel, I saw them while I was driving to the beach. Then I saw them again with Betty.

At this point, Betty chimed in. She remembered Bob telling her about seeing some strange entities from a car window when he was a child.

BETTY: Were they the same as the little black-silhouette ones that you saw and told your parents about?
BOB: [Gets very agitated.] I don’t like them!
TONY: Why not?
BOB: ’Cause they’re scary. . .
RAY: When did you see those?
BOB: When I was going with my mother and father back to Meriden.
RAY: How old were you?

BOB: [Pause.] I don’t know. I was kinda small ’cause I was standing up in the back of the car.

RAY: Was it before the swing incident or after the swing incident?

BOB: It was after that.

RAY: What happened?

BOB: We were coming down the road there right at the lake and there was a little house there on the right and these two people, little people came out and they were all jet black... They were just black forms.

RAY: How tall were they?

BOB: I don’t know. We weren’t close to them. It’s hard to tell.

TONY: What happened?

BOB: We just drove by... and I saw them. And they kinda turned toward my way and it just felt like, ahh, it’s scary-like. I didn’t like them. I asked my mom and dad—“Did you see those black people there?”—and neither of them saw them.

RAY: Did you ever see them again or before?

BOB: No.

We had gotten off track at this point, so Tony continued to question Bob about the abduction with his mother and father.

TONY: So, did you go down this dark tunnel, brown tunnel, it’s lighted, there’s no furniture and the next thing that you remember is you woke up. Is that true?

BOB: Yeah, after they brought us back they got skin from my Mom’s arm. They had something that looked, something that looked like a tiny bow and arrow and they were a dark color, blackish color... They had it in their hand for a while.

TONY: Do they do anything with it?

BOB: No. I don’t think so. I don’t see them using them. When my dad acted up, when they put him over there, I think they put them down because I didn’t see it in their hands anymore.

Bob just kept repeating what he had described before. Time was running out, so we briefly probed other unusual memories that Bob had mentioned to us. Most were uneventful. However, one incident was interesting. It concerned something his doctor had told him during an examination of Bob’s nose. He had asked Bob about scar tissue inside his nose
that appeared to be from an operation. But Bob never had an operation on his nose!

ENQUIRY III

TONY: Tell us something about the nasal scar tissue.

BOB: I went to the doctor.

TONY: Hold on a minute, when did you go?

BOB: Last year [1993]. And the doctor was a surgeon and I was telling him how I sometimes have trouble breathing through my nose. And that I would like to have him take a look at that. And he said that he couldn’t because I was there on a workman’s comp claim but I would have to make a separate claim. So I did and I came in and he examined me and he said that I had a deviated septum that needed to be opened up inside my nasal passage. But he also asked me when I had broken my nose because there was a lot of... scar tissue. And I told him that I had never broken my nose that I was aware of, but first he thought that I had some kind of surgery. And then he said if not then I had probably broken my nose. I told him that I didn’t remember breaking my nose and I know that I never had any surgery... He said, “Well, the scar tissue is there.” I don’t know what happened.

TONY: Did he take any X rays?

BOB: No, I’m supposed to go back to have the surgery done but my allergies got so bad I had to put off the surgery. Then I found out that this type of surgery can be done with a laser at the New Haven Hospital and it’s much less painful... so I made an appointment to go there and have it done there.

RAY: How did those scars get there?

BOB: I don’t know.

At this date, Bob still has not gone for surgery. I recently reminded him to obtain a doctor’s medical report that documented the apparent nose surgery. He did not remember anything that would have caused it while under hypnosis. However, other abductees, including Betty, have had objects inserted and removed from their noses. There may be a possible connection if the scar tissue is truly anomalous.

ENQUIRY IV

The next incident concerned a small object that Bob had removed from his ear. It seemed strange to Bob, so he examined and photographed it
under a microscope. He still could not identify it, so he sent it on to me in the event it might be connected to the UFO phenomenon. Some abductees report objects being stuck up their nose, ear or behind their eye. I'll let Bob describe what he found, and then discuss the disposition of the object.

**TONY:** What was it?

**BOB:** It was small like, whitish thing that—I thought it was curious because it seemed very hard. I put it under a magnifying glass and it looked like it had little hairs in there or something or fuzz.... I went upstairs to get a lighted microscope and I put it under the lighted microscope and I could see clearly inside this thing where it had black, red, and white filaments or wires or something. I thought that was curious so I photographed it as best I could through the microscope and I called Mr. Fowler... and mailed it to him to have it examined because it didn't look like anything normal. Since I lost it, those headaches are gone that I used to get on the right side of my head.... I had them off and on for years.

**TONY:** You have pictures of this, you say?

**BOB:**... No, Mr. Fowler gave it to Dr. Pritchard at MIT to study.

Dr. Dave Pritchard performed an analysis of Bob’s artifact in tandem with a curious object from another abductee named. Dave wrote in an advance copy of his final report:

Normally I would have declined to examine an artifact with such a tenuous connection to the abduction phenomenon, but it bore a striking resemblance to Price’s artifact. In particular it had roughly the same overall dimensions and color, and had appendages with similar length, diameter, and color (including one red one) as had Price’s. There even seemed to be some structure at the ends of a couple of appendages.\(^1\)

However, both artifacts were evaluated as having a probable biological origin.

If you look at the research here, a prosaic biological origin is strongly suggested.\(^2\)

Nonetheless, Dave did admit that
It is possible that the aliens are so clever that they can make devices
that serve their purposes yet appear to have a prosaic origin as nat-
ural products of the human body. As I have argued elsewhere in
these proceedings, investigations like this one only set a lower bound
on alien cleverness.  

Dr. Pritchard's complete report was published in the proceedings of the
Abduction Study Conference that was held June 13–17, 1992, at MIT,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ENQUIRY V

Tony continued to place Bob in a deeper state of hypnosis, and then went
on to the next enquiry which concerned data retrieved in early sessions.
It concerned Bob being shown a child that appeared to have both alien
and human features. Bob was led to believe that he was the father. This
upset him very much, and he hoped that it was a dream so he asked us
to inquire further into this experience to find out more.

TONY: You mentioned a little child—a crossbreed. Can you tell
us about that?

BOB: I was taken to this place—kind of a darkened room. In
back, um, maybe to the right of center, there is a large hallway. They
brought out this little person. [Bob becomes very emotional.] I got
the feeling that that little person is part of me!

TONY: Why would you believe that?

BOB: [Begins to display deep emotions.]

TONY: Okay, just relax. You're doing fine.

BOB: It's a little person like, ah, almost like those gray beings but
. . . [starts to cry] It's got blue eyes!

TONY: Just relax. Just relax. Just relax. Betty's here, Ray's here,
and I'm here. Just relax. Everything's okay.

I have transcribed the above experience for introductory purposes only,
since it is directly pertinent to another section of this book. The rest of
what Bob related will be recorded then. Bob became extremely emotional
about this particular event, and it took Tony some time to calm him down.

We ended the session with a special procedure designed to confirm what
Bob had related to us and perhaps elicit new information from him to
probe at a future session. In order to facilitate this procedure, Tony had
to place Bob in an extremely deep state of hypnosis.
TONY: I’m going to ask that you relax in an especially deep sleep. Are you willing to do that?

BOB: Yeah.

TONY: Okay. All it entails is my counting back to twenty... As I count, you can imagine yourself again going down an escalator, you can imagine yourself in an elevator going down, walking down stairs, walking down a path. Anything that suggests going down, down, down, down, down, et cetera, et cetera... Don’t be surprised if you are unable to move or speak because the relaxation affects all the muscles, affects all the nerves, affects all the tissues... deeper, deeper, et cetera, et cetera...

Tony continued for quite a while until Bob was in a very deep state of relaxation. Then he performed a technique that elicited yes or no answers from Bob’s unconscious mind. This involved taking much time to train Bob’s right index finger to pop up to answer yes to questions and his left index finger to pop up to answer no to questions. Bob, in the meantime, was asked to concurrently mentally count down from 200 by sevens. The questions and answers follow.

TONY: When you and your parents were in the underground area, were you abducted by aliens?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: When you were taken out the window by an alien, as a child, was this a dream?

BOB: No.

TONY: Did you ever break your nose?

BOB: No.

TONY: Was there anything placed in your nose?

BOB: No.

TONY: Did you feel as if you were being watched?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: Were you ever abducted by an alien?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: When you were in the sixth grade, there was a being in your room—you saw yourself lying in bed. Was that an abduction?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: Did you ever break your nose?

BOB: No.

TONY: Was anything placed in your nose?

BOB: No.
TONY: You had terrible headaches. Did they stop after the thing came out of your ear?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: Did you have an abduction experience during the last year?

BOB: Yes. [Documented in *Watchers II.*]

TONY: Did you have an abduction experience during the last two years?

BOB: Yes. [Documented in *Watchers II.*]

TONY: Did you have an abduction experience during the last three years?

BOB: No.

TONY: When you were in the sixth grade, was that your first abduction experience?

BOB: No.

TONY: Did you have an abduction experience before that?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: Do you recall the first abduction experience?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: Do you remember how old you were? Were you one year old?

BOB: No.

TONY: Were you two years old?

BOB: No.

TONY: Were you three years old?

BOB: No.

TONY: Were you four years old?

BOB: No.

TONY: Were you five years old?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: Were you five years old when you had your first abduction experience?

BOB: Yes.

TONY: What answer are you at when you subtract?

BOB: Seven.

TONY: Excellent.

Tony then gently eased Bob out of the hypnotic state. The following day, November 6, 1994, Tony wrote up a report on his evaluation of the session. Excerpts from the report follow.
Bob was an excellent subject going easily into a deep state of relaxation (hypnosis). His depth was indicated by the fact that he recounted his experiences in the present tense (except near the end of the session when he spoke of the “little child... nasal scar tissue... implant in the ear”). Because of the emotional nature of the “little child” incident, I thought it best to let him speak of it in the past tense. Also, when I asked him to look, in his mind’s eye, to the right or left or at his feet, his head actually moved in those directions.

His idéo-motor finger responses (right index for “yes,” and left index for “no”) were impressive. His emotional reaction to the “little child/crossbreed” touched me deeply, as it obviously touched him. The emotional content of the memory was so strong that it took some effort to calm him down.

Needless to say, I also was pleased with how the session went. Its content provided three valuable types of data: first, it brought Bob’s experiences up to date for the record; second, his testimony provided valuable additional data to the overall UFO and paranormal experiences of the Andreasson family; and third, it revealed that the UFO phenomenon was also a family affair on his side of the Andreasson family.

In closing, I would note that evidence indicates that Bob’s relatives whose names and relationship must remain anonymous have had UFO experiences as well. As mentioned earlier, during Betty and Bob’s shared OBE abduction they observed Bonnie, Cindy, and a relative of Bob’s on tables being operated on by gray entities. Neither Bonnie, Cindy, or Bob’s relative seen on the table with them want to be hypnotized.

Bob’s daughter, whose name must also be kept anonymous, may have had an experience with a UFO. Until recently, she had very little contact with Bob since his divorce from her mother. During a conversation with Betty, Bob’s daughter recalled what she thought had been a dream. Betty wrote to tell me what she had related to her about the incident.

After she had gone to college, grown up, and got away from her mother’s control, she and Bob made up. She came over for dinner and we were sitting outside at the picnic table talking about a few of the odd things that happened to me. I asked her if she ever experienced anything unusual. She said only once, some ten years or more ago, but she thought it was a dream. She thinks it happened at her greenhouse in Wallingford. She was in bed, got up, and went to her window. She looked out and saw a UFO pass by. She suddenly woke up and found herself standing before her bedroom window that
had been shut but now was open, and did not know how she got there.

Another interesting tidbit concerns Bob's son Tony. The following event is suspiciously similar to the circumstances of one of Becky's childhood abductions from her crib. If you recall, she was not returned to the crib. The alien entity returned her just outside the house early in the morning. A neighbor notified Betty about Becky being outside playing in the nude. Until Becky's hypnosis session, Betty, could not figure how Becky got outside. Betty recounted the following account to me about Tony.

In the first few years of marriage, Bob, his wife, and baby were living in the downstairs apartment of his mother's home. Their son Tony was between one and one and a half years old and somehow got out of the house. It was early morning when Tony was found walking around naked and alone one block away from the apartment near a local variety store. Neighborhood people recognizing him as Anne's grandson brought him to her. Bob could not figure out how he could possibly have gotten out of the house, for both doors were securely locked and he was in a big crib with high sides. The night before he had been clothed in a diaper.

Sound familiar? One wonders just how many generations of the Andreasson/Luca families have been involved with UFOs and paranormal phenomena. In the case of the Fowler family, I have documented what appears to be three generations of such unearthly encounters with the unknown. These and the circumstances that surround them are documented in Part II of The Andreasson Legacy.
PART 2

THE FOWLER FAMILY

Introduction

THE AUTHOR

I was born on November 11, 1933, in Salem, Massachusetts. However, home at that time was in the adjoining town of Danvers. My childhood was very similar to Betty's. I, too, had a number of strange things happen to me as a youngster. At that time I was told by my parents that they were dreams. When I was between five and six years of age (1938–1939), I would wake up to see a hooded figure approaching my bed. Prior to its appearance, I would feel agitated, and a tingling feeling would course through my body. As soon as I saw the approaching figure, I became paralyzed and found that I could not scream for my parents.

After these experiences I would have vague memories of being taken somewhere and returned by a scary figure with slanted eyes, whom I dubbed "the China man."

Another scary experience took place when I slept in another room. This was my bedroom between six and eight years of age (1939–1941). I was sick in bed at the time. My mother brought me up some supper and a bowl of jumket (a custard) to eat. As I was eating the jumket a brilliant ball of light suddenly appeared out of nowhere. It was the size of a marble and hovered only a foot from my face! I screamed for my parents who were eating supper downstairs. This did not faze whatever it was. It just sat there in the air staring me down until my mother finally started up the stairs. At that point it appeared to zip with blinding speed toward an open closet. Of course, my mother looked in the closet and told me that there was nothing there and that I was imagining things.

About a year later, when I was between eight and nine years old (1941–1942), I was sleeping in yet another room which we called the big hall. Sometime in the night I was awakened by a bright light coming through the window. A glowing lady or a man with long hair was beside my bed. The following morning when I got up, I began looking for this person in the attic stairwell across from the head of my bed. I had vague memories of what had happened in the night.
For some reason I got out of bed and got my sister’s Book of Knowledge off the bureau. The entity sat down beside me on the bed, and we looked at my favorite section of the book. It was on astronomy. One of the diagrams showed how long it would take for an airplane to get to the different planets. This diagram had always discouraged me because of the long travel time indicated. There were also some pictures of the planets. My favorite was Saturn.

I had fleeting memories of going through the window and up a beam of light toward some lights in the sky. However, when I became frightened and thought I was going to fall, the entity made me close my eyes. My next memory was coming down by the attic window which was illuminated. The last memory was standing near the bed and the entity telling me that someday I was going to do something very important.

I ran downstairs to tell my mother what had happened. My mother dismissed it as a dream. I went back upstairs and looked for the entity. Then I realized that I could not hold the event in my memory. Everything seemed to be fading away, and I could not keep it in my mind.

I ran downstairs crying, and again tried to tell my mother what happened. She listened patiently, but still told me that it was a dream. She really did not want to hear any more about it. Strangely enough, I somehow equated the entity with the name Amelia Earhart. I remember waiting for my father to come home from work to ask him who she was. Also, the next time that I looked at the black-and-white photo of Saturn in my sister’s book, I felt that I had somehow seen it in color.

Memory flashbacks of the above incident occurred from time to time. Once, I was standing out in the courtyard in front of the house talking to a new boy that had just moved into the neighborhood. I happened to glance up at the window through which I had been taken by a beam of light. The sight of the window at that particular time triggered memories of my bedside visitations. Somehow I knew that I wasn’t supposed to remember or tell anyone about these incidents. A sense of guilt swept over me, and I felt a strong sense of betraying a confidence.

Another memory flashback of these strange episodes was instigated by seeing The Wizard of Oz. When I saw the gowned lady coming toward Dorothy in a flying ball-shaped object, my “big hall” experience flashed through my mind once again. I still thought that it must have been a dream.

Our family was close-knit. I was the oldest of four sons and we all shared an older sister. We enjoyed the simple elements of life such as family drives, picnics, swimming, et cetera. As I grew older, I became very in-
terested in nature. Like Betty, I would roam and explore the woods after school.

It wasn’t until June 24, 1947, that the terms “flying disk” and “flying saucer” became household words. The newspapers were reporting sightings of these strange oval objects all over the country. However, I never equated my childhood experiences with these unidentified oval objects, even when I saw a disk-shaped object on July 4, 1947.

I was a thirteen-year-old working on a nearby farm in Danvers. Something, perhaps the object’s movement, caused me to look up and see it. At first I thought it was a parachute, but as it drew closer there were no shroud lines or person. I watched it slowly flutter down with a falling-leaf motion behind trees. At that time I had no idea that this was one of the typical flight characteristics of a descending UFO.

When I was fourteen or fifteen (1947–1948), I had another unexplainable experience. One day, I took off to the woods after school to explore. I remember soon arriving at a pond not too far into the woods. It was probably around three o’clock. The next thing I knew, I found myself on the ground beside the pond in near darkness. The sun was just setting behind the tree line. It was cold, so it must have been fall. I had only a flannel shirt on.

I was terrified and completely disoriented. I made a bee-line through trees and bushes straight for home. I never stopped running. When I came in the house, my mother was just about to call the police. Everyone had had supper. It was dark out. My mother demanded to know what happened, but I could give no explanation so I told her that I had just lost track of time. For some reason, I was afraid to say that I seemed to have fallen asleep on the ground!

Regarding religion, I attended the Episcopal church and sang in the choir as a youngster. However, by grammar school I rebelled against going to church and was not forced to attend. It wasn’t until my early teens that, like Betty, I really committed myself to the Christian faith. Even this involved aerial phenomena!

My Christian conversion came about after my parents had taken in a young boy named David from a broken family who was a devout Christian. Through his influence, I underwent a life-changing conversion experience while lying in bed one night.

At that moment, I was too shy to tell David who was sharing my room with me. At the time, he was looking out the window from his bed. He was trying to get me to come and see a strange bright light in the sky over the house. At the time, I paid little attention to this because of the ecstasy
that I was experiencing. I seemed to be immersed in a sea of pure unconditional love.

Over twenty years later, David visited me. Now knowing of my interest in UFOs, he reminded me about the strange light in the sky over my house that he saw that night. It was one of the first topics he brought up. Whatever he saw must have impressed him after so many years. Since then, I’ve always wondered what that light was, and if it had any connection with what happened to me the night of May 19, 1950. A check of astronomical records show no natural celestial bright object in the sky.

My later childhood interests included hunting, fishing, hiking, amateur radios, and astronomy. I had become obsessed with flying saucers and collected news clippings and articles on the subject.

As a teen, I won a dog for being the outstanding camper of the year at a State Junior Conversation Camp. My hobbies included building and repairing radios and scanning the skies with a crude telescope mounted on a tripod with broomsticklike legs. Often, my homemade rockets and bombs were ignited from the field behind my house.

In my late teens, I obtained two amateur radio licenses before volunteering for service with the Air Force in 1952. While in the Air Force, I attended general radio and radio intercept schools, and earned yet another radio license.

I served four years in the Air Force as an intercept operator under the auspices of the National Security Agency. My work required both Top Secret and Crypto clearances. In essence, it involved electronic spying on the Russians. I met and married my then English wife, Margaret, while serving overseas in Great Britain.

Upon discharge, I entered college and began studying for the Christian ministry. I earned undergraduate degrees in Bible and New Testament Greek before attending and then dropping out of Divinity School. Although very active as a layperson, I decided that full-time Christian ministry was not really my calling. However, I continued to use my training as a layperson.

One of my part-time ministries was Minister of Youth at the First Baptist Church at Salem, New Hampshire. On June 24, 1961, my wife and I were driving through the countryside on the way to direct the church youth groups. As we passed a large field in Haverhill, Massachusetts, Margaret cried out in alarm: “Ray! What is that thing hovering over the field?” Since she often teased me about flying saucers, I refused to look and quipped: “You can’t fool me, it’s just the sun coming out from behind the clouds!”

Indeed, the sun did present a strange sight suddenly bursting through
the dark clouds of a passing thunderstorm. Then she grabbed me by the shoulder and shouted, "Look now before you miss it! I'm not kidding!" I did, but it was too late. By the time I found a place to turn around and go back to it, the object had disappeared.

Margaret described it as a silver cylinder, like a fat cigar. It was facing sideways to the road and had short stubby, swept-back wings from its side. There was no rudder or vertical stabilizer. We reported it to the Air Force and to NICAP. I am still mentally kicking myself for not looking!

After leaving graduate school, I joined the ranks of GTE. I worked my way up into a management position that dealt with planning the research, development and production of major weapons systems. My civilian job also required Top Secret and Crypto clearances.

I became a UFO investigator for the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) in 1963. By 1964, I had become the director for the NICAP Massachusetts Subcommittee. In 1966, I had another UFO sighting the same evening that police and civilians had seen strange objects a few miles away. It looked like a glowing, red translucent bubble. I managed to get ahead of it with my car and walked into a field adjoining the road as it passed by with a faint humming sound.

In 1967, I was selected as a local Early Warning Coordinator for the Air Force-sponsored UFO Study at the University of Colorado. After the demise of NICAP, I became the Massachusetts State Director for MUFON. Currently I am serving as National Director of Investigations on the MUFON Board of Directors.

My next UFO sighting took place in England while visiting my wife's parents in 1969. From a moving car, I spotted a disk-shaped object that angled down in an arc from a clear blue sky and went behind trees. It came down so fast that I thought there might be an explosion. Unfortunately, my father-in-law, who was driving, said that he did not see it. He was not interested in leaving our route to investigate it.

My last UFO sighting took place in my driveway in 1979. I had just returned home from work at GTE. That day I had bought a TV cart. I went around to the back of the car, took the boxed cart out, and turned around to walk to the house. To my amazement I was forced to duck down and under what looked like a fuzzy black box. It was hovering at eye level and wobbling like a running-down gyroscope. After I ducked under it, I immediately turned around to see what on earth it was, but it had disappeared.

The next time I had a memory flashback to childhood bedside visitations was during my Phase II investigation of the Andreasson affair. These memories came back in force while listening to Betty relive her childhood
encounters with UFOs. This was the first time that I equated these experiences consciously with the UFO phenomenon.

Those who have read *The Watchers* are already familiar with the personal experiences just summarized. They are also aware of the strange *scoop* of flesh removed from above my right ankle after an abduction *dream*. This and a number of other personal experiences will be discussed later on in the book.

We move next to biographical sketches of my mother and father, who both had UFO experiences.

FAMILY PHENOMENA

Author’s Parents

My mother, Doris Eveleth, was of English descent. She was born in Bar Harbor, Maine. Bar Harbor is situated on beautiful Mount Desert Island. Her parents and neighbors resided in simple wood frame houses that formed the core of the year-round population of the island. Bar Harbor was a summer resort for some of the wealthiest people in the United States. Huge mansions, yachts, and horse-drawn carriages reflected the lifestyles of the Rockefellers, Pulitzers, Astors, Morgans, and McCleans. Automobiles were few, and the sighting of an airplane was a rare event.

My mother’s first encounter with a UFO took place around 1916 or 1917. Flying saucers or UFOs were unheard of in those early days. At the time of the event she was between twelve and thirteen years of age. It was autumn. Most of the summer folk had returned to their winter homes. The island had returned to normal, and its year-round inhabitants braced themselves for a quiet, lonely winter.

One Sunday evening, my mother and her friends bounded out of the local Episcopal church’s youth group and headed home. The air was cool and the meeting had run overtime, so they decided to take a shortcut to their homes. This consisted of trekking through a field bordering a golf course.

Just prior to her death, Mom confided with me about this and other UFO sightings that she had experienced. She said that she and her friends had just entered a large field when all of a sudden, bright-colored flashing lights erupted from the sky directly above them. Bright reds, blues, greens, and yellows reflected off their startled faces. For a moment, everyone just froze in their tracks and glanced up. There, directly above them, was a huge dark object encircled with brilliant colored lights. Mom said that
they were scared stiff. One girl became hysterical, and they all ran home as fast as they could. When they told their parents what happened, they made light of it and told them not to talk about it to anyone.

My father was of German descent. The original family name was Faul-harbor. He was born in Schenectady, New York, in 1901, orphaned at an early age, and placed in a Catholic orphanage. Later, relatives secured his release and he was placed in homes of relatives and finally sent to live and work on a farm at age nine.

Later, he joined and served in the United States Navy for six years as a radio operator on battleships and the first submarines. He received his training in radio and electronics at a special course taught at Harvard University. During his naval career he served on the Admiral's staff and assisted the civilian inventor Hammond with the development of a novel squirrel cage antenna.

One of Dad's naval assignments was operating a radio compass station perched atop Otter Cliffs on Mount Desert Island. This is where he had his first encounter with a UFO and its entities.

Briefly, Dad was alone in the compass station transmitting directional fixes to ships at sea. A terrible electrical storm erupted. He received orders to cease operations and ground the huge antenna complex.

Just as he pulled the grounding switch, the station was hit by lightning. Instantaneously, an eight-inch ball of lightning emerged from the transmitting key and landed inside his abdomen. His body became translucent and surrounded by a glowing mist. He said that he could actually see the ball glowing and pulsating from within (Figure 31).

As he sat paralyzed in the operator's chair, wondering if he was dead, he saw a soft beam of light coming from above his head. Amazed, he saw that

the ray went through the compass station roof, through the storm and darkness of the night, up to what appeared to be a radiant star... Suddenly the rays expanded about seven feet in all directions. Three distinct flashes of light unfolded into three majestic-looking smiling men in robes of light... These three beings were fine-featured and had light, cream-textured complexions. Their eyes were so bright it was difficult to see the color but I thought they were blue. The brilliant aura surrounding them made it impossible for me to determine the color of their hair... The being on my left pointed his finger at the ball of fire still revolving within me. In a flash of light, it leaped into his open hand. He held it for an instant
during which the ball was reduced to six inches in diameter. Whereupon he threw it to the one on my right who held it and reduced it to two inches. He then threw it to the one on my left who tossed it into the copper mesh screening of the station where it disappeared in a shower of sparks. All three smiled, bowed, and disappeared in three flashes of light. [Figure 32].
Not too long after this bizarre incident, Dad met my mother and began courting her. As in the case of Betty and Bob Luca, two UFO experiencers were drawn together and married.

After Dad was struck by lightning, he began to have periodic out-of-body experiences. During some of these, he was accompanied by the typical robed UFO entities that UFOlogists have nicknamed “Nordics.” They
were identical to the entities experienced by Betty who called themselves “Elders.” He also experienced precognitive dreams and other psychic phenomena. These will be documented later in this book.

My sister was born just prior to Dad’s discharge from the Navy. The family moved to Beverly, Massachusetts, where Dad joined the United Shoe Machine Corporation. Later, they moved to Danvers, Massachusetts, where three other sons and I were born and raised.

Those who have read The Watchers remember that my mother had several UFO experiences during her lifetime. The first took place in the summer of 1945. Mom, age forty, was out riding alone on a bicycle. She was shocked to see an oval gray object suddenly descend out of a cloud, hover, and then back up into the cloud again.

The next event occurred in April of 1966 after Mom and Dad had retired to Surrey, Maine. She was now sixty-one. She and a friend were driving into Surrey when they noticed a huge, round orange glowing object hovering over the bay that adjoined the highway. It seemed to be the size of a full moon. They stopped the car to look. While they watched, an identical object sailed over the bay and pulled up beside it. They became frightened and took off for home. The following day, local newspapers reported a flurry of UFO sightings and concurrent power failures in the area.

The next sighting took place in 1976. Mom was seventy-two years old. They had moved to South Berwick, Maine. One night, Mom noticed a bright light shining through the bathroom window. She looked out and again observed a huge glowing object in back of the house. She watched it float slowly away, seemingly following a set of old railroad tracks. Her last sighting took place not too long after. When driving past Pease Air Force Base, she saw a repeat performance of what she had witnessed back in 1945. A disk-shaped object suddenly descended out of a cloud, hovered momentarily over the base, and then ascended back into the cloud.

My mother’s aunt Lois and one of her sisters, Priscilla, sighted a disk-shaped object encircled with lights. It hovered momentarily just outside their apartment window at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Interestingly enough, it also happened in April of 1966, when UFO sightings were prevalent in the area.

Priscilla had another possible UFO experience while visiting my parents at South Berwick, Maine. She awoke one night to find her room flooded with brilliant light. She thought the house was on fire, but instead of getting out of bed and alerting the family, she went back to sleep. Shortly after, two maple trees just outside the window died and had to be removed by the town.
Another of my mother’s sisters, Margaret, had an overwhelming obsession that somebody had stolen her baby. This, coupled with the fact that she was terrified to stay alone at night when her husband was at work, caused her to be treated at a mental institution. These last two events are characteristic of what some UFO abductees report.

Author’s Siblings

My brothers and now deceased sister have not been exempt from involvement with the UFO phenomenon. A summary of those experiences previously published follows. Follow-up events will be discussed later in this section of the book.

In the summer of 1947, my mother, sister, and three brothers observed a sharply defined, cloudlike cigar-shaped object. It hovered high in the sky over our house for hours on a clear, windless day, and disappeared when we went inside for lunch. Later on, in the fall of 1947, one of my brothers sighted a formation of white cigarette-shaped objects in the sky.

I published two of my brother Dick’s UFO experiences in The Watchers. One was his sighting of a flying disc passing over the research facility that he worked at as an engineer. He carefully noted its elevation, angular size, and speed. It passed under a cloud. A check was made for cloud heights with the U.S. Weather Service. Dick estimated that the UFO was about 25 feet in diameter and flying 300 miles per hour at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

In August of 1968, Dick left the night shift at the same research facility and headed across the parking lot. Something caused him to glance up. He sighted a red light descending out of the sky. At the same time he had a very strong feeling that he was being watched. His last memory of the object was watching it descend behind trees toward a river. It now appeared as a cluster of red lights. Later on, I received an anonymous call from a person who lived on the river. She reported seeing a silent dark object carrying red lights fly by as she sat on her porch. Dick also has detailed precognitive dreams that frighten him when played back in real life. We will hear more about Dick’s UFO experiences later on in this section.

Author’s Children

My oldest daughter Sharon sighted two silver rectangular craft from an aircraft over the Atlantic Ocean. Other passengers on her side of the plane were also observing them. I was on the other side of the aircraft. Just as
I was getting up to go over to the other side of the aisle to look, the pilot ordered everyone to stay in their seats. He told us to fasten our safety belts, as we might experience turbulence. The pilot never mentioned the objects, which clove under the plane and out of sight. Later, a pilot told me that such a warning is a standard operating procedure when UFOs come close to a commercial aircraft.

David, my youngest son, sighted a typical domed disk hovering over a lake in broad daylight. Wallace Lake is on the Vermont-Canada border. He thought it was the Goodyear Blimp. However, his drawing was of the typical domed disk. He said that it hovered and then ascended very fast in a steplike motion.

I trust that this introduction to the Fowler family has set the stage for what is to follow. We shall see that their experiences, like those of the Andreasson family, demonstrate two vital characteristics of the UFO phenomenon. First, the UFO abduction phenomenon is often a family affair. Secondly, the multiple types of psychic events that accompany UFO abductees and members of their families hint strongly at the existence of one causal underlying phenomena. The first member of my family to be discussed will be my father. As we shall see, my father's box contained more than its share of UFOs and the paranormal!
6.

My Father's Box

After his discharge from the Navy in 1924, Dad worked for the United Shoe Machine Corporation at Beverly, Massachusetts, for nearly forty years. He retired as assistant to the business manager in 1964.

Prior to retirement, he lived in Danvers, Massachusetts, where he served as a town meeting member for twenty years. My father was a member of the local Episcopal Church, the Masons, the Eastern Star, the Odd Fellows, and the Rebectas. He retired to Surrey, Maine, where he served as a radio operator for Civil Defense and operated his ham station. In later years, he moved back to Massachusetts, and lived in a nursing home until age ninety-two.

I mention these details to establish the outward stability and credibility of my father. However, there was another side of my father that only a few know about. My father's Otter Cliffs experience turned out to be just the beginning of a lifetime of paranormal experiences. The few that he shared with the family in the past were still as vivid in his mind as they were decades ago. Shamefully, members of the family including myself scoffed at such accounts. At that time, I never would have believed that I would be publishing such bizarre things in a book!

Dad sought explanations for these OBE events from ministers, priests, and friends, but was constantly rebuffed. So, he began a lifetime search for answers himself. He began studying various religions, and became involved in a number of esoteric cults such as the I Am, the Rosicrucians, Spiritualism, the Order of the Essenes, and later in life, a number of flying-saucer cults.

Other than some high school and Navy radio schools, he had little knowledge of the scientific disciplines necessary to make critical judgments regarding truth and error within the teachings of these groups. Toward
the end of his life, he found a sounding board for recording some of his experiences in a group called the Awareness Foundation.

This group welcomed him with open arms, and he became one of its chief gurus. They exalted him to the position of a "Lord." He soon became immersed in the organization's pretty wild subjective beliefs about UFOs.

The redeeming factor in all of this was that the group did put his experiences in print. He carefully stored these accounts in a box which he gave to one of my brothers to keep secret until after his death. He did not want any publicity that would embarrass the family or affect his job.

When my mother passed away in 1988, my father came to live with us. Deteriorating health forced him into a nearby nursing home in February of 1993. While in the nursing home and during one of his weaker moments, Dad told me that I could have the box.

I obtained the cardboard box from my brother and began reading over the many accounts of his otherworldly experiences. Most he had interpreted as being of a religious or metaphysical nature. He believed that the three entities and the glowing object encountered at Otter Cliffs in 1923 were the three wise men and the Star of Bethlehem.

Other experiences were interpreted within the context of a hodgepodge of belief systems that he had studied in the past. But some I recognized as being the same stories that I had heard as a child. They seemed to be less corrupted than those written during his later forays into the UFO cults. Examples of these provide the foundation for this chapter. Let us now begin to examine the contents of my father's box.

**Out-of-body Experiences (OBEs)**

An early and consistent claim was that he had many out-of-body experiences. During these experiences, he would sometimes be accompanied by tall, white-robed entities with blue eyes. The first of his many OBEs occurred, strangely enough, years later when he returned to visit Mount Desert Island to visit my grandparents in 1932, just one year before I was born. He wrote:

**Return to Mount Desert Island**

In the autumn of 1932, shortly before my thirty-first birthday, we had a three-day Columbus holiday. I'd been doing good with three promotions, a new small car, and a down payment on a home, so I made arrangements to take my family to visit Mount Desert Island
off the coast of Maine. It is a place of beauty and serenity engulfed in a peaceful atmosphere.

We arrived late the night before Columbus Day and after the drive, I was tired and so I tumbled into bed in a room allotted to me alone.

I'd been sleeping but a few hours when I was aware that the bedroom was filled with a beautiful light. I looked at my watch. It was a few minutes before midnight.

Slowly the light changed into a white cloud and I found myself—my spirit—being lifted out of my physical body and being enveloped by this white cloud. The cloud, with me in it, arose in the atmosphere to a height of a thousand feet on the east side of Green Mountain (later called Cadillac Mountain), where it stopped and I was clothed in a simple white robe.

This was the first time... that I had been out of my physical body and the wonderment of it all was marvelous—such a free feeling [Figure 33].

Beneath me lay the island in all of its slumbering beauty, framed by the mountains which girded and encircled it within the reaches of the Atlantic Ocean, sparkling with reflections of the radiance of the stars that shone as jewels of light in the skies above me... For some time I reverently contemplated in silence all of the wonders I could see as I lay in the cloud of light. Below me lay Eagle Lake Road winding its way toward Eagle Lake on the other side of these mountains. I bestirred myself. I would like to see the Lake Jordan's Pond, and everything that was familiar to me on the other side of these mountains.

I no sooner thought this desire than the cloud of light began instantly to move like a little ship of light that would sail wherever I desired on waves of light.

How marvelous was this! The cloud was like a living part of me and away we went to see whatever I wanted to see until some rays of light from afar among the stars stopped it and lifted the cloud and me to the two thousand-foot level above the crest of Green Mountain and stayed there, changing the cloud into a beautiful field of light like a sphere radiating light rays about me... I awoke in my physical body.

During this first OBE, he did not remember seeing any of the white-robed entities. But his experience of floating in a cloud or sphere of light controlled by rays of light from “far among the stars” bears a striking
resemblance to a typical component of UFO abduction reports: the procurement of the abductee by a beam of light. One wonders if he were indeed abducted and typically made to forget that part of this experience by his captors. In fact, his account of being lifted up in a sphere of light is nearly identical to Betty’s 1989 abduction to a craft by a ball of light from outside her trailer. However, in her case, she seems to have been taken in her physical body.
I must admit that I never gave Dad’s tales much credence until Betty and other abductees began reporting OBEs and/or the same type of entities during an abduction. This type of entity that identified itself as one of the Elders to Betty was first seen by her when she was taken to meet the One as a teenager. They were next seen by both Bob and Betty during OBE abductions.

Other past experiences of the Lucas, coupled with the one just mentioned, are intriguing as they parallel some of my Dad’s experiences. Betty, for example, went on a rescue mission with an Elder in an OBE state. This took place during one of her 1989 abduction experiences, and was recorded in Watchers II.

During a hypnosis session, Betty described being shuttled by a small craft to a huge cylindrical mother ship in outer space. She was allowed to experience a number of incredible things.

And he [an Elder] says that I will have to disrobe. Oh, oh! And I’m coming out of myself. I’m coming out of myself. My body is like a robe!

Betty suddenly found herself in some woods where the Elder ministered to some hoboes. Next, they were somehow instantly transferred to a hospital room where the Elder protected a dying man from dark entities who seemed intent on capturing his spirit.

He [Elder] touched my shoulder again and whew! [Pause.] Just bright white light. [Pause.] Ohhh, we’re in another place. It’s like a room. The room is ... like a hospital room or something. There’s a bed there. We’re going over to it. Oh, there’s an elderly man laying in the bed and there’s a black woman, kind of heavyset and she’s sitting next to the bed. She has her head bowed. I don’t know if she’s watching out for this man or what but—Ohhh! Is that weird ...? There’s some black things that are trying to pull ... something out of him... like when I came out of my body.

The black-shaped forms seemingly were attempting to take this man’s essence or soul as he lay dying. However, the Elder took immediate action.

He [Elder] threw those tiny balls of light at them [black forms] and they took off—disappeared.
As I perused Dad’s diarylike accounts in the box, I found that he too had been involved in a similar rescue mission. The story is so unbelievable that if it weren’t for Betty’s equally bizarre experience, I would dare not publicize it. I now realized why such accounts were to be kept in a box until my father’s death! I recognized the story as one that I had heard him tell in my childhood years. It concerned his reported involvement with a robed Elder-like entity. He was called Mac prior to life and death on earth. Dad had allegedly met Mac during his OBE travels which he termed his work. Excerpts from Dad’s rather graphic account follow. I will use his own title.

With Angels in a War Zone

During the course of my work, I met an elderly man of sterling qualities.... He had always wanted to be a doctor—a desire that was not fulfilled in his life on this physical plane.... Mac was lifted up in transition to the seventh plane of life where... his great desire to be a doctor was... granted.

In the course of his studies and training there, he was assigned to one of the many units in life on that plane for duty in the... European War Zone [World War II].... Dr. Mac... descended in lines of light... and he landed at on my bed sitting beside me as I retired for the night about 11:00 P.M.... Much can be said within a few moments in spirit. I accepted Mac’s invitation to join his unit (in spirit) for a brief hour to observe their merciful work. I arose from within my physical body and its rays and within seconds, we had crossed the Atlantic and were with the doctors and the nurses in an underground field hospital near the battlefields where thousands were being killed and wounded.

Mac joined with the doctors who were there in spirit, working among the Army doctors and nurses there in the physical body. They helped them with the operations in surgery being performed upon the constant stream of wounded being delivered to them in field ambulances. As I watched, I was almost overcome in my compassion for those who would be crippled for life... until their physical lives upon this plane would be terminated.

This hospital had been hastily constructed from what used to be a wine cellar of a large chateau, the remains of which above ground were in rubble in the midst of the... surrounding village—all in complete ruins.

As shells burst overhead from time to time, the plaster became
loosened and fell, with the choking dust upon the doctors, nurses, and the wounded as well as upon those bodies . . . which had not survived surgery. These were awaiting a mortuary squad as it made periodic rounds in trucks and ambulances amid the bedlam of the delivery of the wounded to be operated on and those wounded to be dispatched to hospital units far behind the lines of battle.

During the shellings, the field generator which furnished lights and power would go on and off, dimming the lights in which the valiant crew of doctors and nurses had to operate. Sometimes they were so weary that they could hardly stand on their feet. Their robes, splattered with blood of the wounded, were grimy with the dust shaken upon them.

Cries of anguish of the wounded were hushed up by injections of sedation by the hospital corpsmen bringing them in from the battlefield. But, seldom did they have time to sedate all of them.

Some of the wounded were pleading for their mothers and their fathers and other loved ones to be with them. Some were crying out to God, to Jesus, to Mary, to various Saints, and to Angels to protect them . . . Others were cursing everybody for their plight . . .

Sickened by all of this, I arose from the hospital and was in the atmospheres of the nearby battlefields screaming with hatred that life was imposing upon all in that sphere of existence . . .

Angels [like Elders] were laboring the battlefields about me throwing slivers of light around as they lifted up the spirits of the slain. They handed them to other [angels] according to marks made upon their spirits as a result of the life each had lived.

These spirit hosts [angels] delivered them to . . . ships which hovered far above the battlefields to be delivered according to their spirit markings—their destinies which each had made for himself.

This was a difficult task, for many were not aware that they had lost their physical bodies . . . I became weary of this and so started home. As I crossed the Atlantic . . . my thoughts centered on those who had been slaughtered . . . All I could do . . . was to tell what I had seen upon the battlefield with the hope that after considering it, they would destroy their armaments of battle and live in love and peace with each other. Their welfare and the welfare of this planet necessitated it.

Well, Dad soon learned not to tell many about this and other events that he reportedly witnessed during his travels. However, he did find a few who were willing to listen with an open mind. They became his con-
fidantes. One of these was a fellow worker at United Shoe. He and his
wife had become close friends of the family. His first name was Charles.
Knowing of Dad's experiences, he came to him in a half-believing last
resort for help concerning their son Budd.

I remembered this story often being repeated by Dad during my child-
hood, much to my mother's chagrin. Mom admitted that Charles and his
wife confirmed what Dad had reported, but she disliked hearing or think-
ing about such unexplainable things. This was especially true if friends or
relatives were present.

Pertinent excerpts follow from yet another tale from the box!

Comforting Parents

When I arrived at work, a friend of mine of many years, who also
worked at the factory, came to me with tears in his eyes.

"Neither my wife nor myself have been able to eat or sleep pro-
perly for worrying about our youngest son in the Infantry who is
somewhere in the European battlefield."

"I'll see what I can do," I said and tried to comfort him... "I
will ask our Father [i.e., he would pray] tonight if it is His will... and let you know about him first thing in the morning," I said.

When I arrived home that evening, tired, I was told that dinner
would be late, so I dropped onto the couch and said: "Don't disturb
me if I'm asleep when supper is ready," but I decided to go to my
room where I would not be disturbed.

I kicked off my shoes and lay down saying: "Father, if it be Thy
will for me to find this friend's son"—immediately there was a flash
of light and I was in spirit (out of my physical body) and traveling
so fast that it was only a second before I landed upright on my feet
on top of the brow of a hill beside a winding road amid howling
winds and slashing rain in the night... The place was lit up brightly
from time to time by flashes of light from bursting shells and flares
throughout the area.

Beneath the hill and at one of its sides lay a river with gunboats
steaming back and forth upon it, laying down a steady barrage of
shell fire upon sections of a pontoon bridge that American engineers
were vainly trying to set in place for the crossing of the river.

As I waited, wondering whether to descend through the atmos-
pheres into those companies to find my friend's son or to stay where
I was, the call to retreat came and the American engineering units
with their equipment that they could move went by where I stood.
[This equipment] was followed by company after company of the Infantry men whose faces I scanned through the darkness as they went sloshing by me in the ankle-deep mud and water-soaked rod beside me. They were retreating in an orderly manner, and I had plenty of time to check every detail of their units as they went by me.

Finally, there was my friend’s son coming up the road with his unit, walking determinedly with his rifle over one shoulder and of all things, cuddled beneath his freed arm, was a puppy dog under his raincoat, whose little face was sticking out above the coat, his eyes half closed in the rain that was pelting down.

As the boy passed me, last in the file, I could’ve reached out and touched him. From what I saw, he was in good physical condition. What perplexed me was what he, or anyone, would be doing with a dog upon a battlefield!

My mission was completed . . . and with another flash of light, I was back through the atmospheres across the Atlantic and safely deposited again in my physical body as I heard: “Supper’s ready.” . . . I told him in detail about finding his son and the battle he had been in. The question was, where did he get the dog? And why was he allowed to have it?

A couple of weeks later, my friend had the answer in a letter received from his son. He had picked up the dog in the shell-torn rubble of a village which had been deserted. He asked his Captain if he could keep the dog for a company mascot and permission was granted if the youth would personally take care of it and in doing so in no way interfere with any of his duties, otherwise, he and the company would be minus one dog.

A few months prior to Dad’s death, my wife and I picked up Dad (age ninety-two) at the nursing home and brought him to our home for lunch. His mind was still sharp. He loved to play cards and beat my wife at chess! If it were not for crippling arthritis and emphysema, he would have still been living with us.

As a test of his memory, I asked Dad to repeat the account which you have just read. I was particularly interested to see if he still remembered it in detail. I was also interested in obtaining a better description of the entities that sometimes accompanied him during his OBEs.

Amazingly, Dad retold the story accurately, as if he were back there again seeing every detail. He did add more about the dog. He told me that Budd (Charles’s son) was only eighteen and very distraught about the
horrors of war. His captain felt some sympathy about this and told Budd that he could keep the dog and share his rations with it as long as it did not interfere with their mission. He warned Budd that if it did, the dog would have to be killed. In fact, the captain said that he personally would shoot it.

He also told me that when his friend (Charles) found out that Budd’s story matched what Dad had seen, he distanced himself from Dad for some time. This caused Dad to think twice about mentioning such things to friends again.

Aiding Trapped Miners

Another hardly believable experience written up for the box concerned Dad’s desire to help a group of men trapped in a mine. Dad had heard about the mine accident and wanted to help in some way. His desire to help, as in the case just cited, seemed to be the trigger for his OBEs.

Some years ago there was an explosion in a West Virginia coal mine which trapped some of the miners and sealed them off in the area where they had been working. I had a great desire to assist the rescue team of miners working so valiantly in removing the debris so they could free the trapped men.

During the third night of entrapment, the light rays within me expanded about me and in a flash, my spirit body was free of my physical body and sped on its way to the mine. I left my physical body in the hands of the angels who watch over me and sustain me in such ventures.

In a matter of seconds, the light expanded the atomic formations of the mountain, making a tunnel of light as a path for me to go through. I was immediately beside the trapped miners reviving them from the coma... by purifying the... poisoned air they had been inhaling. The rescue team found them alive when they reached the miners a few minutes later, and were very much surprised.

Tears of gratitude from their families greeted them moments later when the trapped miners were brought out of the mine—alive.

Seconds later, back in my own physical body at home, I was greeted with, “Well done, my son. Well done in the use of my light in life before me.”

I would have loved to question Dad about how, in an invisible and untouchable state, he revived the miners. Were their spirits outside their
comatose but still-living physical bodies? If so, did his spirit somehow interface with and assist their spirits until help came? I must sound like some way-out New Age guru to some readers. Believe me, I am skeptical and have always pondered about such bizarre accounts on a “what if” basis.

To be truthful I find it easier to believe the incredible accounts of others than those of my own father. The saying that “a prophet is without honor in his own family” is quite true. Again, if it were not for the thoroughly investigated experiences of the Andreasson family and those of myself and my family, I would never go public with such incredible tales.

Precognition

Performing an out-of-body experience was not the only psychic forte inherited from that fortuitous lightning strike at Otter Cliffs. Dad experienced precognitive dreams and telepathic impressions of future events. I had heard of them during my childhood and regret to say that I have forgotten the details. Also, Dad neglected to record them for the box. Thankfully, both my wife and I were privy to two such precognitive events. This fact helps a bit to establish credibility for others recorded in this chapter.

I have already related how my wife sighted a silver, cigar-shaped object from our car while we were driving to a church in New Hampshire. Two weeks prior to her sighting, Dad had predicted we would see a UFO on June 24, 1961! His prophetic statement was only 50 percent correct, but that was not his fault!

The next event was predicted months before it occurred. For want of any other audience in the family, Dad hounded Margaret and I about a lifelike dream he had. We decided to be polite and listen.

Dad related how he had a dream where he entered a huge empty theater. He sat down and watched as the lights dimmed and curtains on the stage swept back to reveal a huge white screen. Suddenly trumpets sounded and the screen lit up. A calendar date appeared in bold black letters accompanied by a thunderous voice that reverberated through the theater. The voice literally roared: “On this day the Cosmic Age will be ushered in!!!” Then, the screen dimmed, the curtains closed, the lights in the theater came on, and Dad walked out of the theater.

Margaret and I rolled our eyes and mentally sighed, “Here we go again!” However, as a test, I scribbled the date on a scrap of paper and placed it on my bureau for future reference. I thought to myself, with
somewhat devilish glee, that I was going to call his bluff and prove him wrong.

Well, by the time the date arrived, the slip of paper had collected dust and was forgotten until—October 4, 1957! Newspapers all over the world headlined a civilization’s once in a lifetime event. Russia had orbited the first artificial satellite ushering in the Space Age! Even as Sputnik whirled around the earth, I rushed to Dad and showed him the date on the scrap of paper. Can you believe it? He had forgotten all about the dream and did not know what I was talking about. Later on, I will discuss this odd memory loss as it relates to my own psychic experiences.

TELEPATHIC MESSAGES

During Dad’s visit from the nursing home, we continued to talk about UFOs. I decided to question him about two incidents that he had told me about several times before, but which I had arbitrarily dismissed as boastful tales. Now, I am not so sure.

The following two predictions concerned the future appearance of UFOs over specific areas. The first account concerned his allegedly receiving information telepathically about UFOs that would make an appearance over Washington, D.C., in 1952. Dad was so confident of this future event that he reported it to the nearest city newspaper. He said that the entities called the flyover Project Show-me. I recorded our conversation. Pertinent excerpts from transcript follow.

Project Show-me

RAY: You said that you sent a letter to the Salem News about UFOs?
DAD: Yes, I did.
RAY: What was that about?
DAD: I’ve been aboard them things. You wouldn’t believe me. You said I dreamt it all, so let it go at that!
RAY: Yeah, I’m just interested in what happened and what you wrote and why they got so upset.
DAD: And, ah, the guy at the Salem News, the editor or whatever he was, I told him that I’d sent a message to Washington, that I had listened to this [telepathic] message that they were going to send five spaceships over Washington on a goodwill mission that they shouldn’t fire on them or do anything to harm them and I said, I
didn’t get any reply back. I sent it to some senator, I think it was. It wasn’t, I can’t remember his name.

RAY: How did the Salem News get involved?

DAD: Because I told him [in the letter] that I didn’t get any reply from Washington and I thought that it was very important that they didn’t get fired upon because these ships were far superior to anything that they had or had ever seen. And, ah, the editor was mad. He figured I was trying to play some kind of a joke or something on him. That if he published it, he’d be the laughingstock. That’s what I heard from the chief of police. But, anyway, the editor—I had put in the letter—“If this is not acceptable by the Salem News or you for the Salem News, enclosed is a self-addressed envelope to be returned to me”—which was the usual thing.

Well, he didn’t do it. And, I’m eating my supper and a policeman comes to the door and your mother answers the door. And he says, “Is Mr. Fowler at home?” And she says, “Yes.” He says, “Tell him I want to see him. The chief wants to see him right away.” Well, she says, “He’s eating his supper. Can you wait until after he’s through eating?” And he said, “No, it’s very important. The chief told me not to wait for anything. He wants to get this cleared up.” So, he says, “I’m to take him to the police station.”

RAY: Mom must have wondered what was going on.

DAD: I thought to myself, all I’ve done for the town and everything else. They’re going to take me like a common criminal and drag me away from supper. I get to the chief of police. He says, “You know, Mr. Fowler,” he says, “the whole department is upset and I’m upset too.” He says, “But they told me that was my orders. I have your letter here and so forth and so on, something about spaceships. We know that you are in your right mind. You’ve always got a raise for us and the fire department. You’ve always voted in the warrant for us and you’ve taken good care of us. He says, “But I have to follow orders.”

RAY: Who gave him the orders? The Salem News?

DAD: No . . . they got the letter from the postmaster. Anyway, he says, “We have your letter here.” And he read it off. I says, “You notice I sent a self-addressed envelope and advised him to send it back if not interested.” “Yes,” he says, “we know that now. We didn’t take that into consideration until you mentioned it.” He says, “They should have returned it to you.” He says, “It’s a misdemeanor,” or something. He says, “You can go home and finish your supper now.”
I was in the Air Force when the above incident allegedly occurred. Therefore, I cannot vouch for its authenticity other than taking my father’s word and memory to be true. However, he did make an offhand statement that did seem to place the incident shortly before the Washington sightings.

**DAD:** Shortly after, a few days after I told them to be on the lookout—what happened? They were seen over Salem Willows.

**RAY:** Salem Willows? Right over the power plant?

**DAD:** Yeah, power plant over there.

The sighting that Dad refers to above was local headline news. It involved UFOs sighted and photographed by the Coast Guard on July 16, 1952. The Washington sightings had taken place on July 19 and 26.

Of course, Dad told me later that UFOs really were spotted over Washington. I was well aware of what had occurred. It caused headlines and the largest press conference since World War II. In fact, much later I was able to talk to Harry Barnes, who was the chief radar operator at Washington National Airport during the radar/visual sightings. Harry told me that Air Force officers were in the control tower with them helping to direct fighter aircraft to intercept the UFOs. He said that as the fighters approached the objects they would outdistance them or bring them down to a low altitude where the jets could not follow.

Dad was not the only one who predicted the Washington, D.C., sighting. Another person based his prediction on highly classified intelligence data concerning UFO activity. The account was related by former USAF UFO Project chief Edward J. Ruppelt after his discharge. Ruppelt wrote the following concerning this significant incident.

No flying-saucer report in the history of the UFO ever won more world acclaim that the Washington National sightings.... A few days prior to the incident a scientist, from an agency that I can’t name, and I were talking about the buildup of reports along the East Coast of the United States. We talked for about two hours, and I was ready to leave when he said that he had one last comment to make—a prediction.... “Within the next few days,” he told me, and I remember that he punctuated his slow, deliberate remarks by hitting the desk with his fist, “they’re going to blow up and you’re going to have the granddaddy of all UFO sightings. The sightings will be in Washington or New York,” he predicted, “probably Washington.”
Return to Cadillac Mountain

When Dad retired from United Shoe, he and my mother moved back to Maine. They purchased an old farmhouse in Surrey not too far from Mom’s childhood home of Bar Harbor on Mount Desert Island, where Mom and her teenage friends had (at least) a close encounter of the first kind in 1916 or 1917. Dad, of course, had a close encounter of the third kind when lightning struck the Otter Cliffs Navy Radio Station in 1923 on Mount Desert Island. I’ve dubbed this next account “Return to Cadillac Mountain” because it took place where Dad had his first UFO and out-of-body experiences. The following was transcribed from my recorded conversation with Dad.

DAD: Buddy [my cousin] was on a visit and while he was there, I said to him, “I will take you up to Cadillac Mountain and possibly you will be able to see some ships from other planets.” And I says, “Don’t laugh, I’m telling you the truth.” Well, lo and behold we went up and I says, “Don’t you see the rays of light?” I says, “You’ve got to see the rays of light first,” he says. Oh no, nobody sees any rays of light. I was nuts. I says, “Okay, you have it your way.” I says, “I think if I were you, I’d read the Ellsworth American this coming week and I’d also read the Bangor News.” The Bangor News comes out every day. I says, “I’d get it for tomorrow or within a couple days and they’ll have the story that I’m after for you to read.” Well, that sounded foolish to him too. I tried to get people interested, you see, and not get involved too much.

So, this guy’s going from Ellsworth at night to Bangor and he’s being chased by a ship. A strange ship is chasing him. He has a revolver and he fires a revolver at it. He was some kind of a courier or something. For a bank or something. And the shells don’t have any effect.

RAY: Yeah, I’ve got the newspaper article [about that] upstairs.

DAD: Well, you’re ahead of me, then.

I laughed to myself. I was way ahead of him in more ways than one. This was the very same evening that my mother and her friend were frightened by two huge, orange-glowing objects over the bay near her home.

RAY: That was the same night that Mom and Mrs. Dow [neighbor] saw one over the bay and they saw another one come and join
it and Mrs. Dow got scared and didn’t want to stay [to watch] any longer and insisted they get out of there and get in the house. Same night. And it also caused power cuts in the area. It was big news up there. In fact, the mayor of Brewer built this big giant billboard welcoming the flying saucers and offering them landing space. [Laughs.]

Mom never told him about it. In fact, she never told Dad about any of her UFO experiences. She told me that she did not want to add fuel to the fire of his unsettling bizarre stories. Later on, I decided to break the news to Dad. Mom had passed on and I felt that it would no longer be betraying her confidence. He was shocked to hear about Mom’s experiences, and became a bit despondent that she had not shared them with him.

**UFO Sightings**

In addition to his reported experiences with the robed entities and UFO experience at Otter Cliffs, Dad claimed that he had sighted UFOs in the sky from time to time. I wish that I had recorded these events now. I can only remember one occasion when he told me that he had watched two silver disks maneuvering wildly out over the ocean like they were in aerial combat. He was reluctant to talk about the craft themselves except for a cryptic remark about having been aboard one. I believe that these alleged events only took place while he was in an OBE state of being.

In any event, one of the last stories he told me that afternoon was quite amusing in a way. I had remembered him telling me about this particular incident when my wife and I lived with Mom and Dad for a while after my discharge from the Air Force in 1956. In fact, just a few weeks ago, my brother Dick had laughingly reminded me of the incident. He was still living with Mom and Dad on Cardinal Road in Danvers, Massachusetts, when the incident occurred. I was serving in the Air Force in England at the time. The event evoked a most drastic reaction by my parents’ neighbor, who on occasion had seen strange lights and glowing objects over the Fowler house! I’ll let Dad tell the story as I recorded it.

**DAD:** There was a neighbor that lived on the next street over. He bought a house there. Roman Road. And, he had retired from the United Shoe. And it scared him.
RAY: What did he say it looked like?
DAD: All he saw was light, big rays of light coming down over Cardinal Road.
RAY: One time you said, there was something that was over the house, I thought, that moved from the house over to Folly Hill. A ball of fire or something.
DAD: *That* scared hell out of him. He and his wife got scared and they sold out and moved away. I told him they didn’t have to move. Nothing was going to hurt them. They [UFOs] were there to help them.

**THE ROBED ENTITIES**

My father told me that he never had come in contact with the typical small gray entities usually associated with the UFO abduction experience. He also claimed that he never had been abducted or taken from his bedroom physically. When he was taken, it was always in an OBE state of being, and only involved robed entities.

It is perhaps significant that Betty and Bob only interfaced with the robed Elders during an OBE abduction. I wondered if Dad’s robed entities and Betty and Bob’s *Elders* were one and the same type of beings. Time was fleeting, and we had to get Dad back to the nursing home. He could not stay off an oxygen machine for more than several hours. I decided to show him Betty’s drawings of the Elders to see if he recognized them as being the same as the entities that he had seen. Excerpts from our recorded conversation follow.

RAY: These entities you say that you met—what did they look like?
DAD: They were beautiful. Noble looking.
RAY: What did they wear?
DAD: Robes in golden-white rays of light.
RAY: What color were their eyes?
DAD: Mostly beautiful blue eyes.
RAY: What color was their hair?
DAD: Some are blond and some are white, almost white.
RAY: What did they wear on their feet?
DAD: Some had bare feet and others had sandals. But they radiate so much light, that it’s—you can be with them for quite a while before you get accustomed to the light they’re in.
At this juncture, I showed Dad the sketches that Betty had drawn of the Elders and asked for his comments.

**RAY:** Did they look anything like those tall beings there?
**DAD:** Just like these.
**RAY:** Just like those? Were they dressed the same?
**DAD:** Yeah, they generally wore a robed affair.

Dad examined many drawings that Betty had made of the Elders and seemed to be convinced that they were the same entities that had been taking him from his bedroom during an OBE. We took him back to the nursing home.

This was the last time that I had an opportunity to record further conversations with him. Not too long after, he contracted pneumonia and passed on. It was quite apparent that his precognitive abilities and his OBE association with the robed entities revealed a synchronistic connection with the Andrecasson family experiences. This connection will become even more apparent as we continue to probe the UFO and paranormal experiences of the Fowler family.
7.

Family Phenomena

In focusing on the gynecological and reproductive procedures that have been performed on abductees, I have come to firmly believe there is some type of ongoing genetic manipulation that is occurring within various family generations.

One of the chapters in my earlier book *The Watchers* was entitled "The Family Closet." In it, I revealed and chronicled the UFO and paranormal experiences of my mother, father, wife, two brothers, daughter, and son. I also began to go public with my own weird experiences that began in childhood. This chapter reopens the *family closet* and records startling items discovered within its confines after the publication of *The Watchers*. The next two chapters will provide an update on my own experiences with this provocative phenomenon.

UFO Experiences

Our first topic for discussion will deal with UFO and UFO-related experiences reported by members of my family. Many of these have already been discussed, and others follow.

UFO SIGHTINGS

The introduction to Part II summarized UFO sightings by my mother, wife, sister, brother, son, and daughter. I described my father's UFO experiences in the last chapter. However, two more UFO sightings should be added to my own family's embarrassment of riches. These involve two of my brothers.
The first brother (who wishes to remain anonymous) told me about several strange experiences that had occurred many years ago. One was a UFO sighting. Although aware of my interest in UFOs, he had kept his experiences confidential until I decided to go public with my own in *The Watchers*.

Some of his experiences appear under other headings in this chapter. The following is an account of his UFO sighting—a close encounter of the first kind.

Looking back in retrospect, he felt that he had behaved totally out of character during this event. It was early in the morning and still dark when he left his house for work. As he walked across a parking lot, something made him look up. Hovering directly above him was a dark spherical object carrying lights! Our recorded conversation follows.

**Brother:** I just had this feeling and I looked up and it was something, like it was floating. . . And I said [to himself], "Well, it must have been a balloon or something hanging." It was just like, over the parking lot. And I remember standing there staring at it for a while and then getting in the car and going to [work].

**Ray:** And you got to [work] on time?

**Brother:** As far as I know, I did.

**Ray:** Did it have any lights on it or just one light?

**Brother:** It looked like an outline of something, like it might have been the size of a balloon [blimp]. That one light that I know of was below it.

**Ray:** But you could see a round outline?

**Brother:** Yeah, it looked like it might have been . . . some sort of balloon [blimp] out of the Willows [Coast Guard Station] or something.

The next family UFO sighting involved my brother Richard. On November 22, 1993, our two families enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner together. Afterward, I found an opportunity to talk privately to Richard. He had experienced both UFO sightings and paranormal phenomena which I had already recorded in *The Watchers*. I was interested in finding out if he had remembered anything else unusual since our last discussion about such things. He had! For some unknown reason, it took my question to trigger a memory of yet another UFO sighting experience.

The daytime sighting occurred in a clear blue sky in June 1966. Richard and a friend were driving in upstate New York. At the time his friend was fast asleep. Suddenly, something in the sky attracted his attention. As the
car drew closer, it took on the shape of a sharply defined, gray diamond-shaped object. Although puzzled by its unconventional configuration, he decided not to stop. He did not want to wake his friend in the back seat.

When he first saw the object, he believed that it was a kite. However, it always maintained the same distance from the car. He could not catch up with it. At one point, he took his eyes off it and when he looked back it was gone.

He now feels that his behavior was not normal. Under normal circumstances, he would have awakened his friend to see it. Also, he had easy access to both a loaded camera and binoculars, but did not use either. He told me that he had a strong intuitive feeling that whatever he was watching did not want him to stop and take a picture!

ANOMALOUS SCARS

One of the physical traces left behind from a UFO abduction experience is the appearance of scars on the abductee’s body. A typical scar is often found on the thigh or just above the ankle. UFO researchers refer to this type as a “scoop mark” because it looks as if a small round plug of flesh has been removed from the abductee. Samples of this type of scar are found in the photographic section of the book.

I found one of these just above my right ankle after dreaming that I had been operated on during an abduction. My doctor could not explain its sudden appearance and referred me to a dermatologist. The dermatologist insisted that I must have had a punch biopsy. I assured him that I hadn’t. He insisted that it looked like one and that it was healing. A photograph of my scoop mark published in *The Watchers* elicited astonishing revelations from other members of the Fowler family.

The first involved the same brother who told me of his UFO sighting over a parking lot. *The Watchers* had also prompted him to tell me about a number of other bizarre experiences that he had kept to himself for years.

Several weeks after he had read *The Watchers*, I received a strange phone call from my brother on February 2, 1991. He rarely called, and sounded extremely nervous. He said that he had read the book and saw the photograph of the scoop mark above my ankle. He blurted out that he had the same kind of mark on his leg. He also told me that we had better get together and talk. There were some things that had happened to him that I really should know about. I immediately set up an appointment to see him.

When he arrived, the first thing I did was examine his scar. A chill
Raymond Fowler

went through me as I saw a nearly exact replica of my scoop mark on his leg. He thought that its appearance took place in the same time frame as a vivid, lifelike dream he had experienced. Coincidentally, the dream occurred while sleeping alone in a motel at none other than one of the towns that Betty and Bob had experienced UFO encounters: Meriden, Connecticut!

During a business trip, he was midway to one of his destinations and had stopped over at a motel. The following are excerpts from our taped conversation.

**RAY:** Now, this thing [scoop mark] on your leg. When did you first notice that?

**BROTHER:** It was around the time that I was going to Meriden. I was going to Meriden every week. I would stay in that motel there in Meriden.

**RAY:** So, would that be around the same time as that incident?

**BROTHER:** [Shakes head yes.]

**RAY:** What did you think it was when you saw it at first?

**BROTHER:** I thought it was just maybe I banged myself. I was wondering how it was cut in like that without bleeding.

**RAY:** Interesting.

**BROTHER:** But, I never thought too much about it [but] I remember reading your book about that feeling [a tingling feeling when an entity would appear in my bedroom]. I said, I know that feeling. And, actually, right after I read the book I remembered that dream.

**RAY:** What year was that, about?

**BROTHER:** Ah, going back... eighteen years ago [1973].

**RAY:** You were in Meriden, in a motel.

**BROTHER:** Yeah, it was during the summer. I remember going back to my room that night. I took a walk a half mile or so and go back to the room and sleep. I remember waking and recalling this dream. It was almost real. Somebody was telling me that it was a dream. And they were standing behind me. And I remember that, that feeling you said in the book about being—like I was paralyzed. My wrists. They were locked and I couldn’t move my arms or anything else.

**RAY:** How about the rest of your body?

**BROTHER:** I remember that I couldn’t move and I tried to pull myself away. I just remember saying, “Okay, okay, all right. Leave me alone, knock it off.” I [was] frantically trying to get away. [Then] somebody had their hand on my head and when that happened, I
sort of calmed down for a minute—I was probably saying every swear word I knew. And I remember saying that I was going to smash you all into little pieces. My wrists were locked, everything was locked. I got up and I was wringing wet like—it was an air-conditioned room. I was wet, soaked. I remember getting up right away thinking that someone was in the room. I even checked the bathroom and went out in the hall, and looked outside of the door. I could swear that there was someone standing behind me telling me that this was all a dream.

I remember getting up and looking around and saying, “This is unbelievable! I took a shower and decided that I was going to get out of there to go to Middletown. There was like a little truck stop. I was going back there [to] sleep, and when they opened, have breakfast. I remember driving down East Main Street and up on Route 66 and I come to this area on the road. It turns. There’s a road going up there. And this voice says to me, “You were here last night in your dream.” It was like a pond or a lake on one side that was blocking the road and all of a sudden, something come back to me. It was a weird feeling, like I really was there but how? This was six or seven miles from the motel. I could never walk down here. I actually heard a voice when I came to this area that said, “This is where you were in you dream last night.” I’m like, “Why am I hearing this?” And that’s always stuck in my mind. And I remember that feeling—being like I couldn’t move. I remember swearing and cursing at something, saying that if they didn’t let me go I was going to smash their little heads up or something. I remember saying this. And then all of a sudden, this person, whoever it was that was behind me, all of a sudden was telling me that it was okay. “It’s just a dream. It’s okay, it’s just a dream.”

RAY: Did you go down to the pond at all to see what it looked like?

BROTHER: No, I almost stopped the truck. They said, “This was where you were in your dream—up that road.”

I doubt very much that this was a dream. What he described had all the earmarks of a "bedside visitation" UFO abduction experience. I have asked several times whether he would like to explore his dream further, but he has declined. He said that he really did not want to know what happened that night. What he could remember troubled him enough. A picture of his scoop mark appears in the photograph section.

Adding to this incredible discovery was what the same brother related
to me during another phone call on March 3, 1991. One of his sons returned home from the Navy. He saw my book, picked it up, and thumbed through it. When he came to the page depicting the photograph of the scoop mark on my ankle, he became unnerved. He, too, had similar anomalous scars above both his ankles! He had no idea how he acquired them. He thought that they had existed since his early youth.

As soon as I found this out, arrangements were made for me to question him and photograph the marks. He visited me on April 25, 1991. A picture of his scoop marks can be found in the photograph section.

As on other occasions, the sight of these punch biopsy–like marks evoked powerful personal emotions. I would again experience these same emotions sooner than I thought for the very same reason. I found out quite accidentally that yet another family member had the identical type of mark on his leg!

As mentioned earlier, my father came to live with my wife and me after my mother passed away in 1988. On the evening of December 19, 1992, Dad became sick. While bathing his left ankle, I was astonished to see the typical scoop mark just above his anklebone! I put my finger on it and could still feel a slight indentation. Although faded, it was the real thing. I have seen and collected quite a few photographs of these scars for comparative analysis.

I showed him photographs of my scoop mark and those of my brother and his son. I also showed him similar photographs of this type of scar and explained their relation to UFO abduction experiences. Then I encircled the scar with a black pen to better delineate its location and photographed it. This picture can be found in the photograph section.

I asked Dad if he remembered when he had received the scar. He said that he could not remember anything about it. He was unaware that it was there. He then again emphasized to me that he had never seen any of the small gray creatures that others have reported. He insisted that his experiences always involved tall, human-looking entities that wore robes.

My everlasting regret is that I did not listen to his accounts earlier in life when his health and memory were good. Also, I wish that I had known about abduction experiences years ago so I could have investigated other members of my family more closely. It would have been interesting to examine my mother, aunts, grandmother, grandfather, et cetera, for such similar marks. This is now impossible, as they all have passed on.
Contact with the Dead

The first incidents that I will relate contain both ghost and poltergeist phenomena. These happenings seem so interrelated that I am forced to document them together in the following accounts. The first concerns my unnamed brother again.

GHOSTS/POLTERGEISTS

After listening to my brother’s UFO experiences and taking photographs of his scoop mark, I wondered if he had experienced any other benchmarks of an abduction experience. He had! I sat dumbfounded as I listened to him nervously confess a number of paranormal events that hitherto he dared not talk about. One such event concerned the dual manifestation of a ghostlike entity and poltergeist phenomena in his house. Excerpts from my recorded conversation with him are as follows.

RAY: And when did this “thing” appear?
BROTHER: Ah, this is in my house that I live in now. We’ve seen this thing maybe four times.
RAY: What does it look like?
BROTHER: Just like an image of a light that moves across the room, you see something, you know, it’s there. A couple times I’ve walked into the kitchen and I felt like that there was something in there with me.
RAY: Has it a shape, a form—a blob or …?
BROTHER: Well, it actually could be as high as a human being. It floats. [Demonstrates just above the floor.]
RAY: Do you see any arms, legs or anything?
BROTHER: No, just the light. About a month ago I was cooking breakfast and I had this feeling that there was somebody in here. I was laughing to myself about it.
RAY: Yeah.
BROTHER: On the top of my stove there’s a big platter. And that came down and smashed right behind me. It startled [his wife]. She was sitting on the couch and said, “What happened?” And I said, “I don’t know. The platter’s all smashed on the floor behind me,” and I was still thinking to myself, “You don’t scare me, idiot!” [to the unseen entity] and I’m laughing to myself and the cupboard opened up and the canned goods began falling out! This is true!
RAY: Did you feel anything like the house was settling?
BROTHER: No. When I walked into the kitchen, I had this feeling like that thing is here today, you know?
RAY: So, so the cupboard opened up and some canned goods fell out.
BROTHER: Canned goods fell out.

More recently, I had an opportunity to question my brother's wife, son, and daughter-in-law about their phantom resident. All claimed to have seen the wisp of a light move around the house. His daughter-in-law saw a bit more than she bargained for while staying overnight. She woke up, screamed, and ran from her room in sheer terror when she saw a wispy, humanlike form hovering directly over her bed!

A similar interrelated ghost/poltergeist event was related to me by my sister. It occurred during her visit to my cousin Betty, who apparently experienced the ghostly presence of her father from time to time. This episode was so unusual that I wrote it up in report form on February 15, 1972. I sent copies of it to a number of my peers because it contained a prediction of a death in the family. I felt that if such a death occurred, it would be valuable to have independent confirmation from others that it had been forecast in advance.

I had forgotten about this strange event until I came across a copy of the report in my files when doing research for this book. Excerpts from the report follow.

On January 14, 1972, my sister was visiting my cousin Betty at her home with several other cousins [Betty's brothers].

It is significant to mention that one of these cousins experienced a tragedy in the summer of 1971 as their teenage son Peter was killed in an automobile accident.

During my sister's visit on January 14, Betty was showing off some expensive china that she collects as a hobby. One large china plate was hung on the wall by a clasp which hung over the head of a screw. Betty mentioned that she had taken precautions to see that it was securely fastened as it was her most cherished piece of that type of china. On a table parallel to the wall and perhaps one and a half feet from the wall, was another piece of china—two boy figurines.

Sometime between 11:00 p.m. and midnight, the china plate somehow fell from the wall and smashed the two boys [china figurines]. My sister caught a glimpse of the dish falling, but cannot remember how it fell as it happened so quickly. It was at this time she realized how superstitious our cousin Betty was, for Betty ex-
claimed—"Two boys! I wonder which two boys!"—as if the event portrayed some future tragedy. No one could understand how the clasp should have moved up and over the three-eightieth-inch screw head to fall. Both the clasp and the screw remained intact!

However, this event merely set the stage for the even more incredible things that were to follow.

Later on, about 1:00 A.M. (now January 15), sounds like glasses moving came from the kitchen. My sister could see movement of dishes on the shelves and asked Betty what was going on. Betty explained that "strange things sometimes happen" when members of the family get together. She attributed such events to the ghost of her father who I knew as Charlie in my preteens.

My sister spent the night at Betty’s home and most of the following day. The telephone rang. The time was about 4:15 P.M. The telephone call was from Peter, Betty’s son, who was calling from a restaurant in an adjoining town. My sister heard the conversation.

Peter’s first question was, “What did Grandpa look like?” When Betty asked why, Peter stated that he and a friend were seated together eating when they saw a man enter the restaurant and approach them. The man called Peter by his first name and referred to Peter as his “golden boy” and his “Peter Rabbit” and told Peter that soon Peter would “come to live with him.”

Peter was annoyed and told the man that he did not know him and asked him where he lived if, indeed, he was going to “live with him.” Whereupon the man said, “I live with Jesus.”

Although the man did not appear drunk, Peter thought something must be wrong with him, and being upset by the way he talked, he told the man to go away and leave him alone.

The man turned around and headed for the door and as he went, Peter yelled out, “Who are you anyway?” The man turned about and said to Peter, “My name is Charlie and you’re coming to live with me in six months!” With that, the man opened the door and walked out.

Peter was shaken and asked the man serving them if he had ever seen that man before. But, he never remembered seeing him around before.

It was about a half hour after this incident that Peter called his mother [Betty] to ask what his grandfather [Charles] looked like. The man fitted Charlie’s description!
Due to family pressure, the writer [author] has made no attempt to investigate the matter further. It is hoped that these events are a series of unrelated coincidences but in the event that they are not, I am asking those in receipt of this report to sign, date, and return this document to the writer.

According to my sister, Betty took much time to mend the china figurines of two boys, thinking that it would avert the death of Peter. Peter did not die within six months, but his brother Paul died several years later at a young age. It is interesting to note that not only did the strange man resemble Peter's grandfather, but that he used the same pet names for Peter that his grandfather used! This raises a very intriguing question: How would a total stranger know these things?

More recently, Betty visited and brought a Christmas gift to my father, who was living with us at the time. I tried to persuade her to tell me more about this and other ghostly episodes that she experienced with her father. She just laughed at my request and I gave her a copy of *The Watchers*. I hoped that seeing other family members going public would influence her to do the same. This had worked with my brother, and I hoped that I would hear from her later. I didn't. She died of a heart attack a month or so later. Her husband found her in bed. She had been reading a book. I often wonder if that book was *The Watchers*.

I then tried to find and interrogate Peter, but failed. When I tracked down Betty's brother, he told me that Peter had certain problems, and no one knew in the family now knew where he was.

**GHOSTLY VISITATION RIGHTS**

The next family incident of contact with the dead was reported to me by my mother. My mother was a very determined and outspoken person in every way but one. She was very private about her strange experiences until the very last days of her life. Mom followed my association with the UFO phenomenon with great pride. She read my books, watched me on TV programs, and encouraged her friends to do the same. Apparently I was the only one she confided with about her UFO and paranormal experiences.

This particular incident was told to me from her hospital bed where she lay in intensive care recuperating from a heart attack. I took notes of our conversation, as we weren't sure that she was going to live. Mom related how her mother (deceased) suddenly appeared and just stood there by her bed and smiled at her. I said, "What did she look like?" She replied
that, "It looked like my mother, but yet you could see—it was gray—but you could see right through her. But you could see that her face was smiling."

**A CORPSE IN A CAR**

The following fantastic ghost story was told me by my wife's cousin while visiting us from England. I will state at the offset that she is a solid, stable individual who never would concoct the following story, incredible as it seems. What she witnessed was terrifying for her, because it was outside her concept of reality.

She told me that an elderly couple who lived a few houses down the road from them owned a car which the husband kept in immaculate condition. Although too elderly to drive any distance, he often would back it out of his garage, drive up the street, turn around, and then return the car to his garage. She and her husband were used to either seeing or hearing him do this periodically.

Later, the old couple died and the house remained vacant for some time. During this period, Carolyn told me that she was doing some work in her garden when she heard a familiar sound. It sounded like the old gentleman backing his car out of his garage. She felt a bit apprehensive as she knew that he was dead and the house was vacant.

As she pondered what else the sound could be, she heard the familiar noise of his car coming down the street. That was quite enough to further pique her growing curiosity. She rushed over to the fence and peered over and up the road. A cold chill coursed through her body. Shocked to the core and disbelieving her own eyes she saw the old man drive his car down the street right in front of her! Terrified, she ran inside her house to tell her husband. When he came out, nothing could be seen or heard!

The last two incidents are significant because they are so similar to Cindy Andreasson's telephone call from her deceased friend *Franky*.

**DEAD AT THE DOOR**

During my conversation with my unnamed brother, he continued to confess to a number of strange events that he and his wife had experienced at their house. Our recorded conversation follows.

**RAY:** Any other strange things happen like that?

**BROTHER:** One thing that happened to her [his wife] was really eerie. After her grandmother died, the intercom rang.
RAY: The intercom?
BROTHER: Yeah. Downstairs, a bell that rings inside the apartment.
RAY: Yeah.
BROTHER: And she swears it was her grandmother's voice that said, "_______," "_______" [repeated his wife's name]. And she came out, pure white, and she said, "My grandmother's calling me on the intercom!"
RAY: So she went down?
BROTHER: There was nobody there.
RAY: That happened to our cousin Betty, too.

Indeed it had. A similar episode involving cousin Betty was often told among family members. I remember it well from childhood. Several years ago, I was able to confirm this memory when it was repeated by relatives during a get-together after my mother's burial service. It was Betty's first of many such unearthly experiences with her father Charlie.

Betty's retired father Charlie had a habit of visiting Betty at her home periodically about the same time of day. One day, unknown to Betty, he was rushed to the hospital, where he died. Before the hospital notified the family, Charlie beat them to the punch!

Betty was doing housework at the time Charlie died at the hospital. It was then that she heard her father's familiar knock at the door and his voice calling, "Betty." She walked over and opened the door, but no one was there. Puzzled, she went back to work. Shortly afterward, the hospital telephoned Betty to inform her of her father's death!

On several occasions, I myself have seen human beings that looked just as physical as you and I just disappear into nothingness. I recorded these instances in The Watchers and will summarize them later for the benefit of those who have not read that book. However, it is now time to examine yet another type of psychic phenomenon from the Fowler family closet.

**Precognitive Dreams**

As mentioned in The Watchers, my brother Richard from time to time had experienced vivid dreams of future happenings. His engineering background and scientific mind rebels against these weird events. The dreams are unnerving to him because he cannot explain, nor does he want to accept, the possibility of seeing future events. And yet, he told me that
when the dreamed events begin to take place, he knows exactly what is going to happen next.

When he first related this phenomenon to me, he said that he would rather not discuss the content of the few dreams that he still remembered. Recently, I asked him again to discuss the content of these dreams. He replied that he has now forgotten them. In fact, he said that when they do occur, he makes a mental note to write them down because they drift rapidly from his memory. But, he added, he even forgets to write them down. I urged him to write them down immediately the next time they occur.

On the other hand, my unnamed brother confided with me that he also has had dramatic precognitive dreams and strong psychic impressions of future happenings. He will never forget two of them, which I now put on record. First, the dream.

**BROTHER:** Bill ... and his wife got into a motorcycle accident. I dreamt about that almost two nights before it happened or maybe the night that it happened. ... I felt like I was there when it happened.

**RAY:** This was two days before that?

**BROTHER:** Maybe the night before it happened. I went to work the next day and _______ told me that they were both in the hospital dying at the time. They both recovered. _______ had every bone in her body broken.... The motorcycle had just tipped over and they left the motorcycle and hit a pole. I was dreaming that.

The next incident will always weigh heavily on my brother’s mind. It involved foreseeing a terrible tragedy that he might have prevented. I’ll let him tell the story as we continue our recorded conversation.

**BROTHER:** And another time this kid that was down the Park Hotel in Beverly: I had this feeling that—some ways it just come to my mind—that he was going to get his head shot off. And I was going to tell him. I was sitting there and I said [to myself], “You’d better go tell him to stay away from anyone who had a gun.” I was just sitting there drinking a beer. Then I said [to myself], “No, that’s crazy.” So, about a week later I’m in Connecticut and I heard that someone in Salem had got shot with a shotgun. His head was decapitated. It was him! He was working in a junkyard in Salem and he went into this kid’s room that worked, that lived there, there, the son of the owner, to wake him up. And the kid had a gun in bed
and woke up startled and shot him and blew his head off. And I remember sitting there thinking about this, and saying, "Go and say this" [i.e., warn him]. But, I didn't know him that well. But I envisioned that he was going to get his head blown off. And it didn't come back to me until I heard it on the radio and I said [to myself], "This is crazy!"

And even my mother was not exempt from at least one precognitive daydream. It occurred shortly before her heart attack. At the time, she was working in the garden. She told me that just before she had her heart attack and was rushed to the hospital that she saw everything happening in a visionlike daydream before it happened. She said she actually saw herself having the heart attack and the ambulance arriving to take her to the hospital!

I, too, have had precognitive dreams and impressions. These, along with a number of personally experienced UFO and paranormal events, will be the subject of the new few chapters. As this chapter comes to an end, we again note the amazing metaphysical parallels that exist between the Andresson and Fowler families. Again, I raise the question: Are we dealing with different isolated types of phenomena that have no relationship to each other? Or are we dealing with different manifestations of one common but unknown "meta-phenomenon"? These are the questions to keep in mind as we continue this synchronistic tale of two families.
8.

Retrospection

For years, UFO researchers have been aware of what is popularly called "paranormal fallout." Often a person who has interacted with a UFO will experience psychic events for years to come, apparently as an indirect outcome of his experience. ... Other witnesses seem to have a lifetime history of psychic abilities.

This chapter provides an overview of the events leading up to my diary of seemingly anomalous events that continue to haunt my life. More often than not, UFO witnesses, especially those who have experienced close encounters or abductions, are literally besieged by a variety of paranormal phenomena. The preceding chapters concerning the experiences of the Andreasson and Fowler families have certainly attested to this baffling truth. The next three chapters will document my own encounters with the unknown.

Thus far, I have only alluded to or summarized some of my past UFO experiences. Most were covered in more detail within The Watchers. But, I also made mention of a number of other paranormal experiences. These, plus several others not mentioned in that book, will be first on our agenda for discussion for the benefit of the new reader. Each experience will be recorded within the framework of my age at the time they occurred.

AGE TWENTY (1953)

Traits of an Abduction

When stationed in England in the Air Force, I stayed overnight in a boarding house in Hampstead, a suburb of London. That night I had the same tingling sensation that I now recognize as presaging a bedside visitation.
In addition, I had an acute feeling that someone else was in the room with me. For some reason, I took my pajamas off and lay nude on the bed. I was so afraid that I kept the lights on all night. I felt totally helpless and could hardly wait for morning to come.

AGE TWENTY-TWO (1955)

Precognition

I married an English girl, Margaret, while stationed in Bedford, England. In December of 1955, I received my orders to go back to the United States for honorable discharge. At the time we were renting an apartment off base. Notice was given to our landlord, who immediately made arrangements for new tenants. We packed the few belongings we had and prepared to fly home together.

However, for several nights in a row prior to my officially signing out on base, I had the same vivid dream. In the dream, I arrived at my parents’ house and was welcomed heartily. But then everyone looked past me and asked, “Where is Margaret?” Surprised at their question, I turned around and glanced behind me. A cold chill came over me. Margaret was not there! I then woke up feeling very anxious. I told Margaret about the dreams, but we shrugged them off as being caused by the stress of last-minute packing and saying good-bye to her parents and friends.

In any event, the day came for me to officially clear base. My first stop was the first sergeant’s office. When I entered, he told me that I was to proceed to another sergeant’s office for a briefing. As I walked outside and headed across the walk to his office, I heard an inaudible but clear, voice-like thought say, “Prepare yourself for a shock—Margaret is not going with you.” When I entered the sergeant’s office, he said my orders had been changed. There was no room on the plane for enlisted men’s wives. My wife would have to travel later by ship.

AGE TWENTY-FOUR (?) (1957)

Apparition

I was driving very slowly through a section of Danvers, Massachusetts. It was foggy, and visibility was limited to about twenty feet in front of the car. Suddenly an old woman glided, not walked, directly in front of my car. She appeared to be floating in a straight line a few inches above the ground. It happened so fast that I did not even have time to brake. She
appeared to my left, passed within a few feet of my hood, and disappeared in the fog to my left. One critic suggested that I had seen a wisp of fog blow by and imagined the form of a woman. I disagree. She came close enough to for me to see real, sharply defined physical features.

AGE FORTY-SIX (1980)

Future Dopplegänger?

The door to our cellar leads to a room with a low ceiling. One spring day, I ducked as I entered the half cellar and glanced to the full cellar just ahead of me. I was shocked to see what seemed to be someone coming out from behind our furnace where our upright freezer stands. The person had black pants and a white shirt on. My vantage point in the half cellar did not allow me to see the person’s head.

For a moment I just froze in my tracks and watched the figure come around the furnace, turn to his left toward the cellar stairs, and disappear from sight. I then rushed into the full cellar and to the stairs. No one was there, nor had I heard the upstairs cellar door open and close. Thinking that it must somehow have been my wife, I yelled and asked if she had just been down cellar. She had not, and was not wearing black pants and a white shirt. Since I recorded this strange happening in The Watchers, I am able to report a new twist to this event.

Last year (1994), I went down cellar to get some food from the freezer. I felt a weird sensation when I realized what I was wearing. Memory of the above event shot back from the past. I was wearing a pair of black dress pants and white shirt! What had I seen back in 1980—a ghost? Or, did I see myself in the future? I was wearing the same color clothes and took the exact same path that the mysterious person had taken fourteen years ago!

AGE FORTY-SEVEN (1981)

Men in Black—(MIB)

My daughter and I were enjoying cross-country skiing on a nearby golf course. The snow was deep and untouched by others. As we skied along, we noticed a tall man standing beside a tree watching us. We remarked how strangely he was dressed. His trousers, long overcoat, and old-fashioned hat were all black. From time to time we glanced curiously in his direction and wondered why someone would be up here in the deep
snow. But our last glance revealed that the person was no longer there, nor was he anywhere in sight!

Puzzled, we decided to ski over to where the figure had been standing. When we arrived there, we were astounded. The snow lay undisturbed. There were no footprints, and the person was nowhere to be seen as we gazed around the wide open spaces of the golf course! Since then, I have been told by others of similar experiences with a disappearing person of this same description.

Later on during this same year, our family vacationed at Canaan, Vermont, on Lake Wallace, which borders Québec, Canada. One evening, at dusk, my wife and I went for a walk to and from the public landing on the lake. Our route took us along a country road that led to a sparsely populated area. On our way back to the cottage, I saw a short, stout woman shuffling down our side of the road toward us. A heavy shawl was pulled around her head like a huge kerchief, and she carried a huge covered wicker basket. She approached and passed within several feet to my left. I wondered where she could be going in that direction as it was starting to get dark. Her strange, old-fashioned clothing also puzzled me. I commented on these things to my wife. She gave me a puzzled look and asked, “What lady?” I was shocked that she had not seen this obvious sight. I was even more shocked when we turned around to see her. The old lady was nowhere in sight! There was no way she could have moved out of sight so fast.

AGE FORTY-EIGHT (1982)

Unseen Hands

One Sunday morning a group of retarded children in Scout uniforms visited our Baptist Church at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts. I soon found out that even the church was not exempt from weird experiences.

After the service, church members were greeting them in the foyer. While I stood watching, one of the little girls came up to me. She looked up, smiled, and puckered her lips, making a kissing sound. Obviously, she wanted me to bend over and kiss her. As I stood smiling back down at her wondering if I should, something completely incomprehensible happened. Two strong hands grasped each of my shoulders from behind. They applied a firm downward pressure. I thought that it was her Scout Leader encouraging me to kiss her.

I bent down with the hands still pressing down on my shoulders and kissed the little girl on the cheek. I felt the hands release my shoulders.
When I straightened up and turned to see who had touched me, there was no one there! In fact, my back was only a foot from a wall. There was absolutely no room for a person to stand behind me!

**AGE FIFTY-FIVE (1988)**

**Synchronisms**

During the writing of *The Watchers* I was bombarded with synchronisms. One day I was working on a chapter alluding to the Frank Baum story *The Wizard of Oz*. The telephone rang. It was from an abductee whose last name was *Baum*, who made an appointment to talk to me about her experience.

She did visit me on September 12—a red-letter day for synchronisms. Her abduction had occurred while working a few miles from my home. Not only that, but it took place in field along a deserted dirt road which is one of my favorite places to walk and cross-country ski!

In the evening, my wife asked me to take her to a movie. We found that the movie was playing at the Cabot Theater. This was the same theater that I had imagined being in during the hypnotic induction process with *Tony Constantin*. Then, as she was looking up the theater’s number in the phone book, she came across the name *Laurie Cabot*. Laurie had been proclaimed the official Witch of Salem by Massachusetts Governor *Dukakis*.

When she mentioned Laurie’s name, I laughed and said something like, “That’s all I need after what’s been going on today—a telephone call from the Salem Witch!” About a half hour later, we received a phone call. It was Laurie Cabot who had called to report a UFO sighting!

Another inexplicable event took place less than a month later. While working on *The Watchers*, I was fascinated by Betty and Bob’s interface with tall, humanlike beings. In particular, I was intrigued by a similar being reported by abductee *Travis Walton*. Travis described him as having long blond hair, wearing a one-piece jumpsuit and a transparent helmet. When Travis attempted to talk to him, he merely responded with a smile in a tolerant sort of way. For some reason, that scenario stuck in my mind.

On Sunday, October 2, while driving with my wife and visiting mother-in-law to church, I may have found out *why* this smiling entity was on my mind so much. As I slowed and took a sharp right turn onto a minor road, I gasped in amazement at the personified synchronism that confronted us. There, standing just around the corner to our right, on the side of the road, was a very tall, exceptionally fair-complexioned man. He
half stepped onto the road as if he were going to thumb for a ride, but he didn’t. He was wearing an unfamiliar baggy one-piece jumpsuit. For a moment, it seemed as if time stood still as he stared in the car window at me with a kind, almost childlike smile.

The synchronicity was incredible as I instinctively sped up with the afterimage of that strange smile and piercing stare still embedded in my mind’s eye. I casually remarked to the others that the man looked completely out of place in that strange outfit. It reminded me of a NASA flight suit without the helmet!

The strange synchronisms continued in full strength and only lessened after I finished the book. But, synchronisms make up only a small portion of the weird paranormal events I continued to experience, especially during and after writing *The Watchers*. I now find it easier to accept them as really happening, and no longer dismiss them as just being *dreams* or my imagination playing tricks on me. But, this was not always so. The seeds of change started with my investigation of Betty and her family.

During the years that I dealt with the Andreasson affair, I often found it hard to believe that so many different experiences could happen to one family. I felt the same about my own family members, especially my father. Over time, I had built up a reputation among my peers and readers as being a thoroughly objective, respectable UFO investigator. Reports of UFO and psychic phenomena from within the ranks of my own family were a source of discomfort, even embarrassment, to me. I hesitated to give them personal credence by publishing them.

Concurrently, from time to time I experienced strange, lifelike UFO dreams and seeming psychic phenomena along with several UFO sightings. Unusual as some of these were, I quickly rationalized them away and forgot them.

For many years, my memories of childhood bedside visitations and dreams of floating out a window with an entity were not equated with the UFO phenomenon at all. Their recognition as possible abduction experiences did not come to realization until my investigation of Betty and Bob (Andreasson) Luca’s childhood experiences in the spring of 1980.

Nonetheless, I did not pursue these thoughts further. I felt that mentioning or publishing such subjective possibilities would damage my reputation as an investigator. This tide of thought turned during the research for and the writing of *The Watchers*.

It started with an overwhelming obsession that it was now time to probe these childhood experiences under hypnosis. Even though I had advocated hypnotic regression for others, up to that time I was reluctant to be hypnotized myself. But the compulsion was so great that I looked up a num-
ber of hypnotists in the phone book and asked if they would be willing to become MUFON hypnosis consultants. When Tony Constantino replied in the affirmative, I immediately began to plan for a personal hypnosis session.

My next step was to contact a trusted associate named David Webb. He already was an acknowledged expert on abduction cases, lived locally, and had scientific credentials as a solar physicist. I asked David to be both confidante and observer at personal hypnosis sessions with Tony.

My wife strenuously objected to my plan. She feared hypnosis, and felt it was some kind of mind control that would harm me. However, my compulsion to follow through with hypnosis was so strong that I ignored her objections. It was completely out of character for me to do this, as she was terribly upset to the point of tears.

During the first session, I was able to begin reliving the early experiences. The terror I felt watching a dark hooded entity approach my bed was bonechilling. I actually slammed the large chair that I was sitting in against the wall as in my mind’s eye my back pressed against the bars at the head of my bed. The feeling of being floated out the window was so realistic that I relived the terror of falling to the ground.

The reality of my childhood experiences was greatly strengthened by the results of this first hypnosis session, but I still had doubts. It was easier to accept the reality of other people’s experiences than it was to accept my own! Such happenings seemed completely outside my personal concept of reality and Christian belief system.

The final turning point that led me to accept these memories as real events came in the form of synchronistic anomalous scars. When I returned home from vacation, Betty phoned me the next day (Monday, August 14, 1988) to tell me that she awoke to find three of the typical *scoop marks* on her arm. I instructed Bob to take photographs and send them to me right away.

The rest of Monday and Tuesday passed uneventfully as I worked hard to put my huge vegetable garden back in shape after a two-week absence. But the results of the hypnosis session and the continuing doubts that followed were continually on my mind. I wanted more proof before my mind could accept that I had been abducted by UFO entities.

On Wednesday morning, I received an incredible answer to my doubting mind. It was totally unexpected. It was difficult to accept But there it was. I could see it. I could touch it. It was real!

When taking my morning shower, there as plain as could be was a freshly cut *scoop mark* just above my right ankle! Then Betty’s photographs came. They showed three identical marks on her arm. We were both
branded by alien entities within a few days of each other. To top it off, my scar appeared the morning after I had dreamed of someone operating on my leg. To me, this was the confirmation I had desired. An eerie synchronism had once again affirmed the metaphysical link between the Andreasson and Fowler families.

The extraordinary contents of the Andreasson and Fowler family closets, coupled with identical scoop marks on four generations of Fowlers, provide confirming evidence that the UFO abduction phenomenon is a family affair! It was time to take such events seriously, and I began to meticulously record them for future analysis by myself and fellow researchers. A decision was made to record anything out of the ordinary in a diary in the event that it might be related to the UFO abduction phenomenon.

In the past, such things would have been dismissed and forgotten. Now, like so many other abductees, I found myself wondering about all sorts of seemingly strange things in my life. Was it a manifestation of paranoia or of paranormal phenomena? Selections from my diary are recorded in the next three chapters with a minimum of personal comment. I will let the reader be the judge.
9.

Paranoia or Paranormal?

UFO encounters frequently take place within a personal context that is already or soon becomes rich with other anomalous events. . . . The UFO encounter . . . appears to be part of a large pattern of unusual experiences of a psychic nature.1

For years, I ignored and forgot seemingly anomalous events that occurred in my life. As my work on The Watchers ended, I decided to keep a diary of anything out of the ordinary, no matter how ridiculous it seemed. Some events may have perfectly rational explanations. Others may not. I will let both lay readers and researchers be the judges.

I have summarized and transformed the diary entries to a narrative format because of space restrictions. Highlighted entry dates have been retained to maintain some semblance of a diary format. I hope that these next two chapters will encourage those who have had similar experiences to share them with me. At the least, they will reveal what goes on in the daily life of an abductee. At most, they will provide further documentation for the parallel UFO and paranormal experiences of the Fowler and Andreasson families.

Diary (1990)

January's only entry recorded a frightening, uncontrollable experience I had while watching TV. I suddenly felt another person's mind literally take over my thought processes. It was like being captive to a mental movie. The thoughts were related to an attempted coup against Mikhail Gorbachev just mentioned on the news. It lasted several minutes.

Thus began a series of weird happenings in 1990. Many occurred at night and were prefaced by the same tingling sensation I experienced
during childhood abduction experiences. This often coincided with sensing an unknown presence in the room.

Some of my experiences involved awakening, glancing at the clock, using the bathroom, and returning to bed when the clock read a later time. I usually couldn't remember what happened during the missing time. But sometimes, I remembered events which I believe were not dreams. One such event took place in November. (Note the similarities to my brother's motel experience.)

During the early hours of November 8, I dreamed that I was in a laboratory with a familiar man. I can't remember who he was. When I stared at his eyes, I felt the familiar tingling sensation and the dream seemed to end. Instantly, pressure enveloped my body. I felt myself rising vertically for a while, and then horizontally. I couldn't open my eyes. I felt exhilarated—weightless. Inexplicably, I said to myself, "I'm going with them. I want to go with them but I want to come back." Then I stopped moving.

I could see a bright patch of light through my eyelids. Someone was touching and holding me. I felt a euphoric feeling of love and asked, "Is that you, Mommy?" I thought I had died and was being touched by my deceased mother.

Then I was lifted up, floated horizontally—stopped—descended—stopped. I instantly felt an awareness of my weight and bodily sensations. I was completely paralyzed. The tingling rippled through my body. I was back in bed.

I tried to move, but was stiff as a board. Somehow I realized it was my mind saying I couldn't move. I felt that I would be able to open my eyes and move my limbs if I exerted enough mental effort.

I strained to do this, and finally was able to open my eyes and glance up, down, and sideways around the room. I was on my back. My legs were tightly crossed at the ankles, and my wrists were tightly crossed over my chest. Abruptly, an inaudible voice said, "You can move now if you want to." At this point, I was able to move my arms and legs. My arms fell as if they were floating off my chest.

Then, for some reason, I placed my legs and wrists back into the folded position and closed my eyes. Remnants of the tingling remained. I mentally said, "I want to go with you again. I want to see you. I want to come back though." I felt part of me trying to rise vertically again, but I could not go. I opened my eyes again, and was either not able or not willing to move. I was enjoying the tingling feeling. Then I found myself slowly raising my limbs from their unaccustomed positions. They were moving in slow motion, as if time itself had slowed down. The tingling dissipated.
I told myself that I must remember this amazing experience. It was now 2:23 A.M. I must have opened my eyes at 2:22. As we shall see later, the line-up of identical numbers on the clock at this juncture may be significant.

One of my many synchronistic events took place on the heels of the above episode. Such synchronisms seem to help me accept the reality of my experiences. Sometimes I wonder if they have been designed to do so!

On November 23, I received a letter from someone who also described being paralyzed in bed and floated out of her body to a craft with her eyes closed. Like me, she was not allowed to see her captors. Moreover, she also mentioned experiencing a nosebleed. This made me wonder about what I had thought was a pimple inside my right nostril. It appeared during the week of the strange happenings. When I checked with a mirror, I discovered that it was not a pimple, but a large clot of dried blood!

I was shocked, and remembered that I had found blood on my pillow at times before—including just four days prior to receiving the letter! Checking my diary, I found that on March 11 I had awoken to find a blood spot on my pillow with a trail of blood stemming from its right side. There was dried blood behind my right ear. Then, on November 19, I awoke with a scab of blood below my scoop mark.

What was going on? Was the blood related to my experiences? This wasn’t too hard to believe when I looked at the scoop mark on my ankle that appeared in 1988 after a similar experience. Was I dealing with the paranormal or paranoia?

During these same period I recorded two other strange occurrences. The first was on November 12 when I awoke several times with the familiar tingling feeling. Perhaps significantly, Margaret had dreamed about UFOs but did not remember details. Then, on November 16, I awoke to find my pajama top unbuttoned!

Gazing hypnotic eyes, paralysis, floating, inaudible voices, blood, unbuttoned pajamas, and mental conversations with supposed aliens—there seemed to be too many coincidences associated with the weird tingling sensation for these experiences to be dreams. All these are benchmarks of UFO abduction experiences—and there was more.

Looking back in my diary, I found another event linked to UFOs—interference with electrical equipment. Was this a coincidence or a connection? On July 27, I awoke remembering that I had experienced the familiar tingling during the night. My blinking clock indicated that there had been a power failure.
These experiences seemed to be a catalyst for a flood of memory flashbacks. These included dreams of flying, an eyeballike machine above my body; being paralyzed while a needle was inserted into my head, causing excruciating pain; and of a black-robed entity trying to enter my body and awakening with pressure on my chest. I also remembered that my wife and I had spent an anxious night feeling a presence in a vacation cabin, and I had felt the tingling sensation and heavy pressure on my chest.

One flashback was of my son awakening quite excited. He dreamed that he was in the horse paddock next door in his pajamas with a landed UFO, but he now has no recollection of it.

My last entry for 1990 concerned a relative. When she saw a drawing of aliens removing a fetus from a woman, she began sobbing violently and saying, “They aren’t going to take my baby! I know who they are!” Strangely, she had no recollection of this shortly afterward. She had once miscarried after three months of pregnancy, and although there may be no connection, I felt the incident worthy of mention because of its nature.

Diary (1991)

My flashbacks continued into 1991. The first diary entry reminisced about two UFO sightings that occurred during a trip to England, as recorded in The Watchers. The event most pertinent to this chapter is summarized as follows.

We were driving to a beach. My father-in-law was driving, and I was in the front passenger seat. The rest of the family were in the back. We were in open country. Suddenly I saw a shiny disk descend at great speed with an eyeballike motion behind the tree line in front of us. I expected a crash and explosion. I exclaimed, “Did you see that?” Everyone replied in the negative.

Years later, under hypnosis, I used the plural “we” when I described who saw the UFO. This and two other factors perplexed me. My father-in-law should have seen the object, as it was in plain sight. I also think we got to the beach much later than we should have. I think my wife’s father was very puzzled about this, as we had planned a longer stay. In fact, we had so little time that we repeated the trip a few days later. Did something else happen that day? My family would think it preposterous to even suggest this, and I would be inclined to agree with their consensus. Yet this question of paranoia or paranormal has nagged me for years.

The rest of January was quiet. I had doubts about the reality of what
I recorded in 1990. But an event in February indicated that I was not yet off the hook!

On February 9, I dreamed that Betty Luca and I were with someone I can’t remember. We were followed by tiny glowing balls. There was a blinding flash, and the tingling sensation as I became paralyzed. I awoke, feeling myself coming out of paralysis but still tingling all over.

Following this sketchy dream, March was uneventful. I was tempted to dismiss the dream as a vivid nightmare, but I guess someone read my mind. I would not only remember the next dream in graphic detail, but possible physical evidence would be left behind in its wake. March may have come in like a lamb, but it certainly went out like a lion!

On March 29, I awoke from a very realistic dream. I was lying paralyzed on a table in a misty, bright room with three entities. One looked human and was bending over me. The others were typical grays, and one was shorter than the other. Both grays were dressed in white coveralls. The small one was reassuring me that I would be okay. The taller one just stared.

I knew them, but did not like the tall gray. What woke me up (in the dream) was something touching my right nostril. I opened my eyes (in the dream) to see a gray holding a needle that ended with a right angle-like hook. Something went into my nostril and pried it open. It was painful at first, but then became numb. I felt blood flow out. I felt helpless, and prepared myself for the worst. The instrument was removed from my nose, and I could move my right hand. I cupped it over my nostril and felt blood coming out.

Then I remember being alone with the small gray, who kept reassuring me. For some reason, I wasn’t frightened. The tall gray reentered, and was angry with the small gray. I recognized his voice in my head from somewhere. It was stern, uncaring, and businesslike. I was thirsty and asked for water. The tall gray just gazed at me and said no very sternly. I then awoke at home to find spots of blood on the pillow! Yet my nose had no signs of bleeding.

When I shared this experience with my pastor, repressed emotions burst from deep within my psyche. I began three times before I could get the words out. Never as an adult have I felt so emotional that I couldn’t speak.

This was not the last time I would awake to find blood on my pillow. On April 15, I found two streaks of blood, and the inside of my right nostril was sore.

On May 16 I found blood on the pillow again. It came from a scab on my left cheek next to a pock mark I’ve had since my teens. Sometimes when I see it in the mirror, I get the impression of a needle pricking me at that spot. It moves with a circular motion as my skin is sucked into it.
The mark was once larger and deeper, and is a smaller version of the *scoop mark* on my leg. Perhaps significantly, it seems to fade and then reappear again periodically.

Looking ahead in my 1991 diary, I found a clot of blood in my left nostril and blood on the pillow on **November 13**. These strange episodes involving blood, scabs, and scars continued off and on throughout the year.

On **October 21**, I awoke with a fresh scab on my neck near the base of my head. These small punctures have appeared in the past. They always occur in the *same place* above the cervical region where the brain and spinal chord join.

What makes this occurrence interesting is what happened on the night it appeared. I went to the bathroom at 1:05 A.M. When I returned, it was 1:26 A.M. I shouldn’t have taken that long! It was another instance of *missing time* between my bedroom and bathroom.

Two new wounds appeared in the same area on **November 2**. They healed again, but on **December 15** another appeared in the same locale. Perhaps significantly, my wife had strange marks appear at the same time.

On the morning of **December 19**, my wife told me that she had woken up several days before with a sharp pain on the *inside of her right thigh*. Here she found a heavily bruised area that hurt badly and caused her to limp. When she had gone to bed that evening, there was no pain and no bruise. The injury occurred during the *same time frame* when my neck scab reappeared. My wife showed me two irregular fading bruise marks an inch apart, red and yellowish in color, an inch and a half in length, and about one inch in width.

The next diary entry demonstrated that even houseguests are affected by the uncanny events in the Fowler house. On **May 24** a guest awoke with her pillow completely soaked with blood. It was her first nosebleed since childhood.

These seemingly paranormal incidents increased as the year progressed. The eerie nightly episodes and *tingling* phenomenon continued. I was now remembering more of their associated *dreams*.

On **May 23**, I awoke from a lifelike dream. I dreamed that I entered a round, white, misty area. I felt a euphoric sensation of *love*. I went toward an opening in the wall where I met a thin nonhuman being. I said to myself, “This time I am not going to be afraid.” The being had a round head and big eyes, and it led me to other entities. I don’t remember what they looked like. We sat at a table and talked. I was sent back, but didn’t want to leave.

During the wee hours of **November 6**, I awoke periodically with *tingling* sensation. At 4:00 A.M. I began saying to myself, “Come and get
me if you want, but this time let me see you and help me not to be afraid.” Then I fell asleep.

In the early morning hours of November 18 I again awoke with the tingling feeling. I tossed restlessly and mentally asked, “If you are coming for me, come now and get it over with. Let me see you and not be afraid.” I found myself crossing my arms at the wrists on my chest and my legs at the ankles and mentally saying, “I’ll go!” I slept and dreamed about seeing a doctor.

I only remembered bits of a dream I had on the night of December 3: something about the dead contacting the living, speaking through someone; climbing stairs; entering a room filled with light; and hearing weird music. I felt a terrifying chill, and was enveloped by light before awakening to a beeping sound.

This sound has also coincided with a weird synchronistic phenomenon. Sometimes when I hear this sound, I awaken and glance at the digital clock, which shows all the same numbers lined up. Sometimes I am awakened by a voice calling “Ray” or “Ray, look at the clock.”

When this happens, the clock will read 1:11, 2:22, 3:33, 4:44, and 5:55 A.M. I often awaken to one or several of these times on the same night. A few times I awoke to each of these times on the same night! I have plotted these occurrences on a chart in the appendices, entitled “Clock Phenomena.”

While these strange events are occurring, flashbacks repeat or enhance memories of similar experiences in the past. I remember seeing the attic window at my childhood home up close from the outside. This window and the side of the house are bathed with light. This is consistent with my memory of floating up a beam of light with an entity from my bedroom window located below the attic window.

I have also dreamed that I saw a bright oval object that zigzagged and took right-angle turns over the area where my teenage “missing time” experience occurred.

As December came to an end, another event added fuel to the fires of my overworked imagination.

On December 24 I awoke with pain from a five-inch-long, fresh hairline horizontal scar on my back. It was five inches below my right armpit and wrapped around my back. These wounds had not been there when I went to bed!

UFO researchers will recognize numerous benchmarks characteristic of abduction experiences within my diary entries. For the benefit of UFO neophytes, I have listed some examples of these below, which may be used for a comparative analysis of entries in this and the following chapter.
1. Bedroom visitations by entities during childhood.
2. Nightmares of UFOs and/or alien entities.
3. Sleep disorders.
4. Waking up with strange bodily sensations.
5. Unusual light or balls of light in bedroom.
6. A beam of light engulfing the subject.
7. Inability to account for periods of missing time.
8. Feeling of being watched or sensing an unseen presence.
9. Memory flashbacks of being in a strange room or craft.
10. Having a fear or obsessive curiosity about UFOs.
11. Feeling of flying or being levitated.
12. Sudden appearance of anomalous marks or scars on body.
13. History of family UFO experiences.
14. Unexplainable nosebleeds and nose or sinus problems.
15. Anomalous healing of ailments or afflictions.

My diary entries for 1990 and 1991 record many of these benchmarks which continued in the following years.

The *clock phenomena* continued without interruption. At times, the stimuli wakened me with bumps, bangs, buzzes, and even *voices* in the night. Sometimes, numerical lineups coincided with *missing time* and mysterious marks on my body. Dried blood and a sore nose coincided with abduction *dreams*, and some included paralysis or a feeling of being levitated.

The following years brought other anomalous phenomena into my life. I experienced psychokinesis, apparitions, seeming object *materialization*, and unnatural effects upon soil and trees on my property. Even my computer equipment became *haunted* at times. Once, a UFO followed my car! These experiences continued to be the catalyst for memory *flashbacks*.

**Diary (1992)**

Early in 1992, the first inexplicable event started the paranormal ball rolling again. The *clock phenomena* occurred on an almost nightly basis. No sooner had my scars from December healed than I awoke with more strange wounds.

On **January 13**, I noticed pain behind my left shoulder. I was amazed to find deep gouges and scratches which had mysteriously appeared overnight. A few weeks later, my right nostril became painfully sore. Again, it was filled with caked blood and sinus discharge, and I did not have a cold.
Nighttime episodes associated with the clock phenomenon, missing time, and the eerie tingling sensation continued.

On June 9, I awoke at 3:33 A.M. and went to the bathroom. When I returned to bed at 3:38 A.M., I suddenly experienced the familiar tingling. At that point, I closed my eyes.

I dreamed that I was in a doctor’s office. Two persons behind me were testing my blood pressure with a small black capsule attached to a black cord. The capsule was held behind the left ear flap against the side of my head. After the exam, I was asked if I worked fast when awake. I answered yes. Then, as if no time had passed, I opened my eyes. The clock read 4:57 A.M. I was lying on my back in the same strange position with legs and wrists tightly crossed at the ankles and chest. This time, I was not paralyzed.

A similar event occurred on September 23. I woke up again feeling tingling and restless. I kept glancing at the clock. Then, although I had no need, I got up to use the bathroom. As in the past, I thought, “I hope they let me see them this time.” I think I went to the bathroom and returned to bed, but my memory is vague. The tingling remained when I awoke, and I lay in bed not wanting to move for a while.

I didn’t experience this tingling again until November 7. This time it began in the afternoon, and lasted into the night. My wife and I were exceptionally tired the following morning.

Sometimes the tingling and dreams were prefaced by other sensations and phenomena. For example, on November 17, I went to bed feeling anxious that something unusual was going to happen. I kept dozing and waking to feel a presence in the room. Finally, I awoke, tingling, at 3:33 A.M. and fell back asleep.

In the morning, my wife said she dreamed that two fierce wolves looked through the window, and that I got up and brought them in. I told her not to be afraid and that I could tame them, but she was terrified.

Was this a screen memory of aliens coming into the house? Other abduction cases involving wolf, deer, and owl screen memories are later exposed as such through hypnosis or flashbacks. Ten days later, another clock phenomenon wake-up call prefaced the following dream.

I awoke at 4:44 A.M. on November 27, and drifted back to sleep. I dreamed that I was at my childhood home with my parents and a doctor I recognized in my dream but cannot identify now. We were examining a scoop mark on my ankle. The doctor used a knife with a tubular silver handle to cut out another plug of flesh.

This was yet another dream about a doctor that I knew in the dream but couldn’t remember when I awoke. It may be a flashback to when I
received the scoop marks. Strangely, when I woke up, the area below my current scoop mark was itching.

Sometimes there is no dream, just the clock phenomenon and missing time. If these incidents reflect reality, something often cuts me off at the pass between bed and bathroom!

Such an event occurred again on September 27. I awoke at 2:22 A.M. and headed for the bathroom. The bathroom clock read 3:02 A.M.! I thought the clocks were off, so I rechecked the bedroom clock. It read 3:04 A.M.! What happened between these times?

The last such episode in 1992 took place on November 27. I awoke at 1:00 A.M. with the familiar tingling. I felt restless and got up to go to the bathroom. On the way, I stopped and looked out a picture window and mentally said, “Okay, come and get me. I’m ready. Let me see you. Help me not to be afraid. Let me remember and not be afraid.”

When I returned to bed, it was 1:54 A.M. and I wondered if I would be abducted. The next thing I remembered was waking with a strong tingling sensation at 3:33. What happened between 1:54 and 3:33 A.M.? Paranoia or paranormal? You be the judge. In case the reader is wondering, I do not wear glasses, and recently passed a complete eye exam with flying colors. I feel sure that I can read the large glowing hands of my clocks!

The more I accepted the reality of these bizarre episodes, the more they increased in intensity and variety. It was as if I was being conditioned to accept them as such. In any event, whatever was behind them decided to do its thing on inanimate objects as well. My computer, monitor, and two printers—the first to be affected—are wired to come on together when I push in the computer switch.

On July 8 at 6:16 P.M. I was in a bathroom adjacent to my classroom. Suddenly the computer, monitor, and printers began turning on and off! I pulled the plug. No other electrical equipment was affected, and the computer switch was off. The equipment is protected by a surge arrester. It was unaffected, and I was puzzled.

Weeks went by without further incident, but on September 14 the same experience happened again. When I shut my computer off, both printers remained on! I turned the computer on and off again, and the printers remained on when the computer was off. So I turned the switches off on the computer and printers. Then, the circuit breaker in my surge arrester opened and closed rapidly for about a minute and stopped. When I turned on the switches to the computer and printers again, they came on and everything worked normally.
Everything seemed normal until October 28, when one of my printers came on by itself three times during the day! On October 31, a printer came on and off! Once the monitor lit up briefly, and the breaker clicked off and on.

When November arrived, whatever or whoever was affecting my equipment was still on a roll! On November 18 I was sitting by the computer when suddenly the computer and printers came on for a moment and then shut down.

I found that proximity to the computer was not a prerequisite for the paranormal! On November 26 my wife and I were sitting in a room directly below the computer. We heard the printers, computer, and monitor coming on and off so fast that the pilot lights never went completely out. The breaker for the surge arrestor was steadily clicking. When it stopped, I turned the computer on, and all the equipment came on normally. But when I switched it off, the phenomenon continued! I pulled the plug, and later, everything worked normally. On December 4, the powers that be startled my wife when she passed my computer and one of the printers came on and off!

I was in a state of denial. At first I thought these events were caused by carpenters using electrical equipment across the street, but they continued when the workers weren’t there. It was hard to accept that this was caused by something other than a quirk of natural electrical phenomena. I then suspected the surge arrestor sold to me by Tandy Company, but could not explain how surges could cause what was happening. Tandy assured me that the surge arrestor had no history of technical problems, and that what I described should not be happening.

Moreover, the poltergeist-like force was not restricted to computer equipment. On the evening of September 23 a haze suddenly enveloped the floor lamp beside me. It tipped 10 degrees on its pedestal and rotated smoothly in a perfect circle! At the same time, I felt a strong presence in the room. This spooky experience was much on my mind as I turned into bed and anxiously lay awake wondering what might happen next.

As the year drew to a close, the strange events continued. On October 11, I noticed another scab behind my neck. October 20 brought a vivid dream of being with a group of nude human male children about two to three years old. One had long, unkempt shoulder-length hair. By December 18, the scab on my neck had healed, but when I awoke at 5:55 A.M. it had been replaced by a fresh one.

December 19 delivered additional evidence that supported my father’s claims of involvement with alien entities. Dad, age ninety-one, became
sick. As I tended to him, I was shocked to find the typical scoop mark just above his right ankle! When I told him of its significance, he allowed me to photograph it.

I kept receiving flashbacks of strange past events. One involved my vegetable garden. A few years back, I found several perfectly round holes about one inch in diameter and two inches into the soil where I had fertilized and planted my garden. It looked like someone had taken a cookie cutter and removed soil from the ground. Inexplicably, I quickly covered them without telling my wife or photographing them. No animal could have made such perfect holes, and the garden is fenced in.

Flashbacks occurred on May 17 while watching the TV miniseries The Intruders during a scene when an abductee was frightened by a helicopter. I recalled a childhood event when an autogyro circled the neighborhood. I ran inside to watch it from the attic stairs. I was scared, and told my mother "they" were coming to get me! Significantly, the stairs were beside a window I went through when taken up in a beam of light by an entity.

Another segment reminded me of the tingling that occurred when an abductee was awakened by lights shining through the window. She knew that something was about to occur, just as I do when I get the tingling sensation.

I also associated the bright light that illuminated her room with a light I had seen in my bedroom as a child. It was so bright that I saw dust particles floating within it. I called it "love-light" because I felt love when I saw it.

Another flashback occurred when the abductee awoke and glanced out her bedroom window to see a utility truck outside with flashing lights. Hypnosis revealed a screen memory of a landed UFO. I remembered periodically waking to a humming sound outside my bedroom window in the early morning hours. It should have been dark outside, but I noticed light behind the closed venetian blinds. Strangely, instead of looking out the window, I fell asleep, dismissing the sound as an oil truck filling a neighbor's tank!

Another flashback, unrelated to The Intruders, involved coming to bed one night when Margaret was asleep. Thinking that nothing strange had happened lately, I wondered when something would. Just then, I crossed my ankles and the next thing I knew it was 12:30 A.M. I didn't think I'd fallen asleep—I was wide awake and not tired. I had noted that the clock read 10:30 P.M., looked away, looked back, and it was 12:30 A.M.

Throughout 1992, I had continuous flashbacks to childhood events that paralleled my adult experiences. I remembered finding a scoop mark on
my ankle in grade school. I thought it was caused by my boot buckles. But the boot flaps protected the skin and could not have made a scoop mark in my leg!

A thought—perhaps from an unconscious memory—centered on the clock phenomena. I wondered if the clock was used as a posthypnotic-type gimmick to help erase experiences from my memory. Perhaps I was told, “when you awake and see the clock read 1:11, 2:22, et cetera, you will forget what has happened,” or, “You will go back to sleep.” I wonder if others have experienced this synchronism. So, at this time I invite readers to write me about these experiences. In the meantime, this same phenomenon, along with many other unearthly events, continued unabated in 1993.

Diary (1993)

My first entry for the year recorded the uncontrollable effects of an electrical poltergeist on my computer equipment and television set.

While I was sitting placidly by my computer on January 4, I was jolted from my reverie by both printers coming to life momentarily. This was repeated in the evening. Later, while watching a TV program, the TV set shut itself off! This was a primer for the remainder of the year.

On March 31, my computer again came to life. The surge arrestor’s breaker began clicking like a drumming woodpecker! I disconnected it, and later it performed normally.

I was in the room below the computer on April 3 when my printers began turning on and off. When I dashed upstairs to check, they stopped. When I started downstairs, they started. I disconnected them, and later everything operated normally.

The same scenario occurred on April 12 and on April 19 as I opened a letter from Betty Luca. On May 9, it began as I listened to a telephone message from abductee Jack Weiner. This time, the house lights dimmed at the same time. They dimmed again on the morning of May 21, when the computer, monitor and printers came on and off. This time, the circuit breaker remained tripped and had to be reset. The last such incident in 1993 happened on the morning of June 30, when all the computer equipment came on and off for a few seconds. But let’s return to January’s entries again.

Just over a week into the new year, I had a scary and uncontrollable memory recall. It stemmed from the missing time I experienced as a teenager while hiking in what was called the Burley Woods. This flashback
erupted January 8 while hiking in local woods with my wife. Suddenly, without warning, the same image began to play over and over again in my mind for at least fifteen minutes!

I kept visualizing myself descending from a height of about 50 feet to my body, lying on the ground in the Burley Woods. I could see my long curly hair, my facial features, flannel shirt, and dungarees in vivid detail as if watching a movie. I was powerless to stop it. I found it almost impossible to concentrate on conversation with my wife. I dared not mention it to her, as she becomes emotionally upset about such things. When the flashback finally dissipated, I wondered if I had been abducted in an OBE state of being during the missing hours of that enigmatic day so long ago.

About a week after this mental ordeal, I was confronted with a series of other inexplicable occurrences. On the morning of January 14, I awoke at 3:33 and 5:55 A.M., and felt pain from three gouges covered by bloody scabs behind my left shoulder—just as I had a year ago.

On January 30, I awoke with pain above my left breast where I found a round wound of raw flesh and blood. Several days later, on February 2, I found two stains soaked into my pillow approximating the distance between my nostrils. One spot was bloody, the other a grayish substance. My nose showed no signs of bleeding, but I periodically awoke with pain inside my right nostril.

The pattern of unexplained wounds and bloodstains repeated itself in late spring and summer. On May 13, I discovered blood on my pillow in a pattern similar to that found in the past.

July 18 ushered in more bloodstains. Their discovery coincided with the now familiar clock phenomena—trip to the bathroom scenario. I didn’t recall a dream, but I discovered deep, painful scratches and punctures on my right buttock, bloodstains on my underwear matching the scars, and bloodstains on the toilet seat where I sat at 2:22 A.M.!

The lifelike dreams began again on the night of March 16. I remembered trying to move a cylinder attached to something that was putting pressure on my chest. I was in pain and moaning.

On March 29, I awoke and went to the bathroom at 1:41 A.M. I returned to bed without missing time. But as soon as my head hit the pillow, a strange dream began. I remember only the first part, when I was confronted by a tall familiar figure.

For some reason, I remembered this tall entity taking a brother somewhere in the past. I don’t remember which brother. When he looked at me with his eyes, I suddenly blanked out. Later, when I awoke, I was totally paralyzed and couldn’t open my eyes. I felt as if I had been somewhere and returned.
I tried not to panic, and wondered how I would get out of this strange state. After what seemed a long few minutes, I felt my body again. My eyes fluttered open, and I glanced at the clock. It was exactly an hour since I had returned from the bathroom, but it seemed as if no time had elapsed.

On May 1, I awoke at 3:33 A.M. I went back to sleep and dreamed about deer. One deer stuck its big head through the bedroom window, looking at me and my wife with its big eyes. Then a baby deer came through the window and wandered around the bedroom. It was friendly, and I didn’t want it to leave. Later, I woke up extremely tired.

I wondered if the deer were screen memories of alien visitations. I equated the large and small deer with the tall, stern gray and the shorter, friendly gray that I had encountered in a past abduction dream.

May 3 brought feelings of déjà vu when I entered my vegetable garden in the morning. On the previous day, I had graded my raised beds level and clear of stones. But on this morning, I found strange impressions in two of the beds that formed three-by-six-inch rectangles. Within each half of each rectangle were four round depressions, totaling eight altogether.

This startling discovery reminded me of the odd marks discovered in these same beds several years ago after I had graded them.

Curiously, an apple tree located behind the garden later dried up and died for no apparent reason. It had blossomed on May 9, along with other apple trees. All had developed small apples. The tree in question had been vigorous and healthy.

I mention this incident because two healthy trees outside my parents’ house dried up and died in a similar way. Just before this happened, my aunt had slept in a room beside these trees. She told me that she awoke with the room filled with a blazing light from a source outside. She thought the house was on fire, but strangely, just went back to sleep! Soon after, both trees dried up and died. I wondered if my dead apple tree had anything to do with the marks in my garden, and whether the bright light shining through the window where my aunt was sleeping had anything to do with the trees dying. Were UFOs involved in these events?

Thus far, UFOs—if responsible for my nighttime ordeals—had managed to keep out of sight. This changed dramatically on Sunday, October 3. As Margaret and I were driving an elderly friend home from church, she suddenly shouted from the back seat: “There’s an airship!” Unconcerned, I replied, “The Goodyear blimp?” (It was in the area several weeks prior before.) My mind went to red alert when she replied that it looked something like a blimp!

Neither of us were in a position to see it, so I quickly found a driveway
and swung the car around to look. But it was gone. Blimps are slow. We should have easily spotted it, but the sky was empty.

Furthermore, the woman refused to buy my blimp theory. She insisted the craft was shaped more like a fat, silver-gray sausage with no markings. It had a protrusion on the bottom at the trailing end, but had no wings, fins, or tail. It was flying parallel to our car. It had disappeared when she turned to tell us to look.

Intrigued, I phoned the FAA at nearby Beverly Airport where visiting blimps are moored. I was told that no blimps had flown in the area for several weeks. I was even more intrigued when the woman reported what she had seen in the early morning hours on Saturday. She had been terribly frightened by a beach ball–sized “orange ball of light” that zipped through her window as she watched television. She said it moved around the bedroom as she sat, terrified, watching it from her bed. It then swished away so fast that she wasn’t sure where it exited.

A similar cylindrical object was reported by separate parties during the following month. Abductees Betty and Bob Luca sighted a cigar-shaped object alternately rising and descending above the tree line paralleling their automobile on November 13. Then, eight days later, a suspected abductee sighted a cigar-shaped object hovering high in the sky over her home at Gloucester, Massachusetts, on November 21.

November held more significant experiences for me. The month’s two entries introduced two phenomena new to my diary’s already formidable record of eerie happenings.

The first event took place on the night of November 12. I had just finished working on Watchers II and entered the dark bedroom where Margaret had already fallen asleep. As I reached under the pillow for my pajamas, I felt a presence behind me. Startled, I turned to see a tall, luminous personage. We faced each other for a split second before it and the creepy feeling faded away.

The second incident happened on the night of November 22 while I worked on Watchers II. Twice, I saw a small gray object floating to my right out of the corner of my eye. Each time I turned, it was gone. Later, during a phone call with Betty Luca about Watchers II, I felt a presence behind me and felt a poke in my back. When I turned around to look, no one was there! Other than clock phenomena, nothing out of the ordinary occurred for the rest of 1993. During such quiet times, I was tempted to believe that perhaps whatever or whoever had finally completed its mission. As the reader shall soon see, this was not the case. The drumbeat of the paranormal picked up and continued to play into 1994 and beyond.
10.

And the Beat Goes On!

Bizarre dreams, missing time, anomalous wounds, nosebleeds, and synchronisms continued unabated throughout 1994 and into 1995. The clock phenomena often occurred almost nightly, causing me to feel tired during the day.

While reading *Taken*, by Karla Turner, I noted something that shed possible light on this puzzling phenomena. Dr. Turner wrote:

Anxiety very often causes disruptions of the abductee’s sleep patterns, usually occurring nightly at approximately the same times. This stress response . . . shows up in cases where an actual traumatic event has occurred.

It may be that abductees continue to wake up at a certain time . . . because a traumatic event had occurred previously at that time, as if a preventative warning, a wake-up-and-protect yourself alarm, is sounding subconsciously.¹

Is this why I wake up at these precise times? Do such traumatic events happen to me secretly during the night? Are they only remembered as dreams and vague memory flashbacks? What do the different times signify? Are some related to the beginning and ending of such suspected events?

Dr. Turner continued, stating:

The ongoing feelings of fear and intrusion are fostered not only by the consciously recalled encounters but also by situations in which external evidence points to unremembered events.²

Could these wounds, nosebleeds, and missing time coinciding with my dreams constitute external evidence for unremembered events?
Dr. Turner’s statements were much on my mind as I braced myself for what lay ahead in the new year. I didn’t have long to wait. The clock phenomena struck at 5:55 A.M. on January 2 and January 4. And something bushwhacked me the night of January 14. I awoke in the morning feeling a sharp pain in my right buttock. Upon checking, I found a two-to three-inch circle of small scabs. My wife examined them with a magnifying glass and said it looked like I had been slashed.

Identical marks appeared on my buttocks on September 6. In fact, my buttocks seemed to be a prime target for some denizen of the night! On February 2, I was awakened by two very hard blows to my buttocks at exactly 3:33 A.M. I woke again at 5:55! To top it off, the familiar wound appeared again on the upper back of my neck!

These events were merely a prelude for stranger phenomena waiting just around the corner. On February 7, the familiar back-to-the-bathroom scenario struck again. I recalled waking up at 2:26 A.M., but things after this were hazy. It seemed that when I came out of the bathroom the study clock read 3:33 A.M.—a full hour later!

On February 9, I awoke, went to the bathroom, and returned to the bedroom at 2:22. During the night, I was in a peculiar, lethargic, half-asleep/half-awake state until about 5:30 A.M. Then I experienced a weird sensation. It felt like a more-alert me suddenly slipped into my body through my head like a hand being thrust into a glove. It was like part of me was returning from somewhere else!

As if to reinforce this concept, a nearly identical episode occurred on March 11. I awoke at 4:44 to find myself in an odd, half-asleep/half-awake state. At 5:51 A.M., I experienced the same sensation—like a more-alert me was suddenly thrust into my body through my head. My head snapped back so violently that it caused whiplash. I dozed a few minutes, woke again at 5:55 A.M., and fell into a deep sleep. I had to wear a neck collar for several days.

Back in February, a number of noteworthy events occurred. On February 12, I awoke to find that four spots of blood had dripped across my pillow. During the night, I awakened at 4:44 and 5:55 A.M. My right nostril was lined with dried mucous but no dried blood. Two similar incidents occurred later in the year.

While vacationing with my son in Florida, I awoke to find spots of blood on my pillow on October 6 and 7, which appeared to have come from my nose. A week later, after returning home, I woke up on October 14 to find blood on my pillow again. This time, there was neither blood nor
soreness in my nose. Sometimes I find a small sore bump within my right nostril, the one usually affected.

We had vacationed earlier in New Hampshire and Mount Desert Island, where my parents met after their UFO experiences.

I was given my first clue that other abductees might be experiencing the clock phenomena while visiting a New Hampshire MUFON Section Director and friends at her home at Colebrook on July 19. The clue also hinted that it might be related to the onset or termination of OBEs!

One woman named Robin told me of a recurring experience of leaving her body and floating through the wall to a light outside. I was amazed when she told me she awoke often when identical numbers on her clock were all lined up! Was there a connection between the two phenomena?

Further evidence of this happened during the camping trip at Mount Desert Island, Maine, the following month. In the wee hours of August 8, I awoke in the tent from a vivid dream at 3:33 A.M. In the dream, I was showing a friend a sculpture of an alien head and demonstrated how I could levitate and float around the room. Then the dream suddenly changed. I was inside the tent and found myself floating out through the zipper tent flap.

That's all I could remember of the dream. I cannot help but wonder if the onset of an OBE caused my dream. Am I, like Becky, my father, and perhaps many others, being taken somewhere for some purpose while my body lies in bed? Do the clock phenomena play an integral part in cloaking such episodes?

Later in the year, a UFO researcher visited me on November 18. He told me that he, too, had experienced the clock phenomena! Usually I awake to these synchronized numbers for no apparent reason. But at times there are definite causal stimuli involved. Some examples follow.

On January 4 it was my wife bumping me in bed. On March 3 wind chime-like sounds woke me at 3:33 and 5:55. Pain from a numb arm woke me on March 8 at 1:11. My wife jolting upright in bed was the stimulus at 3:33 A.M. on October 28 and at 4:44 A.M. on December 20. The town's fire whistle woke me at 11:11 on December 9. On that night I dreamed of flying over a battlefield.

Sometimes I questioned whether this phenomenon was really caused by unconscious traumatic memories or if it was just natural coincidence. I thought that one way to get an answer was if the phenomenon woke me up at all possible lined-up clock settings on the same night. As if in response, the powers that be accommodated me on March 10.

On that night, a bell woke me up at 1:11 A.M. I awoke again at 2:22 and 3:33 A.M. A buzzing sound woke me up at 4:44 A.M. The phenomenon
was out to prove its anomalous nature, because I woke with a start at 5:55 A.M. after completing the entire gamut! The next incident of this kind took place later in the year.

On September 12, I was awakened by a whistling, hissing sound at 12:12 A.M. It came from outside my window and lasted about twenty to thirty seconds. Later in the day, this event took on a synchronistic twist!

During lunch, abductee Charlie Foltz told me that he was doing photography in a remote area earlier that morning. He, too, was startled by a whistling sound for about thirty seconds! One can only speculate as to what lies behind such coincidences.

Turning back to March again, like last year, it went out like the proverbial lion. On March 20, I awoke at 4:44, slept, and awoke paralyzed with legs and wrists crossed tightly again. I had dreamed of flying over buildings and streetlights at night and a desert at day.

March 27 featured another bathroom episode. I awoke at 3:10 A.M., made the usual trip, and got back into bed at 3:12 A.M. Just as I lay down, something told me to look at the clock again. It now read 4:22 A.M. I feel sure that I had not fallen asleep. I hadn’t even pulled the blankets over me.

My last entry of the month was on March 29, when I recorded finding the familiar new scab of dried blood on the back of my neck. I wondered if it had anything to do with the possible “missing time” episode above. My diary mentions this neck scab so often that I have bypassed some entries. Other types of scars are certainly worthy of mention, including the ones that follow.

On May 14, while undressing, I discovered two marks on my body. One was an elliptical patch of darker skin just under the scoop mark on my right ankle. It looked like a sunburn and was peeling at its edges. The other was a healing, flaking hairline scar about an inch long above the inside of my left shin.

On November 4, I found a triangular pattern of red spots below my upper right shoulder while washing. I remembered seeing this pattern on my body before. I also discovered what looked like claw marks just behind the shoulder blades. Similar marks have appeared in the same place in the past.

Back in the month of May, a poltergeist repeated a past trick. On May 30 I awoke at 3:33 A.M. Later in the evening, while watching TV, I heard a loud snap from the floor lamp, which suddenly began swaying back and forth. A similar event had happened earlier concerning this same lamp.

Later in the year, the trickster struck again during one of my evening classes on UFO abductions. On November 10 I tried to show a video
segment to illustrate abductee procurement by a beam of light. When the video player reached that segment, it stopped and rewound, no matter how many times I tried. We examined the tape, and it seemed normal. Other tapes worked. But after the class left, the segment was not affected at all!

On **November 19** I awoke to a pain in the crotch, as if something had scraped the area under and behind my testicles. I could see no scrapes. The soreness was concentrated in one tiny area that had a different skin texture, similar to a scab. I had experienced this before.

Later that same day, I glanced out a window and saw strange imprints in three of my raised beds again. Each were three-by-six-inch rectangles containing four round depressions. These could be made by pressing a rectangular instrument with four prongs into the soil.

Weird happenings continued into the next month. On **December 15**, I awoke from a deep sleep at 3:33 A.M. and thought, “*They floated me back to bed.*” Later I awoke at 4:44 and 5:55 A.M.

On **December 21**, I awoke from a realistic dream that someone was sticking a pencil in my ear. I could actually feel it probing inside my ear. I then used the bathroom and returned to bed at 4:42 A.M., but felt that I must stay awake until the numbers changed to 4:44 A.M. On **December 22** I awoke at 3:33 A.M. and fell asleep dreaming of a TV screen. I remember only the numbers 4:44!

My 1994 diary ended with an entry describing another **flying** dream on **December 26**. As I awoke, I thought, “I’ve been with *those people again*. I must not forget this.” I slept and awoke again at 5:55 A.M. In the morning there was a scab of fresh blood on my forehead and two spots of blood on the pillow. I think that a similar wound appeared in this area before, but was ignored.

Did the onset of an OBE cause the dream about *floating*? Did my impression of being *with those people* and not wanting to *forget*, reflect my return from an OBE? These and other questions remained as I faced the blank pages of the diary for 1995.

**Diary 1995**

We spent a quiet New Year’s Eve at home and retired before the new year was ushered in. The powers that be apparently could not wait to continue their past escapades. I awoke at 1:11 and 5:55 A.M., and later discovered a bruise and straight hairline scab inside my right thigh which took over a month to heal.

The **clock phenomena** picked up in intensity on the following morning.
I woke up with a start at 1:11, 3:33, 4:44, and 5:52 A.M., but felt as if I had to keep glancing at the clock until it read 5:55. I had a dream that left a fleeting impression that people could be taken and experimented upon by entities without their knowledge.

On January 7 I again woke at 5:52 and felt that I should watch the clock until 5:55 A.M. I had dreamed that I was filling out a form. One choice read “Cosmic Experiences.” The other was unreadable. I wouldn’t check off what I couldn’t read, so I checked “Cosmic Experiences.” This may be from a subconscious feeling that I have no choice regarding these experiences.

The bathroom episodes started again on January 18. I went to the bathroom at 1:30 A.M. By now, I was very time conscious. I returned to the bedroom at 1:31 A.M., covered up, and glanced at the clock once more. I was shocked. It now read 2:31 A.M.—exactly an hour later! Did I fall asleep and wake up? I felt wide awake. Later, I awoke again at 5:55 A.M.

I experienced a déjà vu experience on January 19. I awoke to a pain in the area under and behind my testicles again in the same place that it had occurred in November.

This time I used a magnifying mirror to examine myself. I found a small, 1/8- to 1/4-inch slit of exposed hardened flesh with no signs of bleeding under the testicles, intersecting the cordlike structure that runs between them. It hurt for a few days and then began to itch. By January 23, the itching stopped and the slit was covered by a white flaky scab. My last entries for the month were on January 27 and 28, when I was awakened by a beeping sound.

February’s first entry recorded a weird and novel kind of dream which briefly broke up the monotony of former repeated yet unsettling incidents. In a dream on February 3 a hand guided mine to write that my dad had been struck by lightning twice; Betty Luca’s father had been hit by lightning; Bob Luca had been struck by lightning; and Bob’s cousin had been killed by lightning. I received an impression that I was supposed to put this in the new book.

I awoke at 4:44 A.M. on the morning of February 9. Later, while glancing in a mirror, I was shocked to see a gash just under my left kneecap. I ran my finger in it. It was deep, as if it had gone into the bone. It was dry, with no blood, and a bit crusty inside, but had no scab. I had never noticed it before. Without a mirror, it would only be noticeable to someone else, and only under the right lighting. Under magnification, there appeared to be a scoop mark within it.

Thinking that it might be a crease from lying against something in bed, I rubbed around it, but it remained rigid. On the following day, I mea-
sured the gash. It was about 3/4-inch long, an estimated 1/64-inch deep, and 1/3-inch wide. I shaved around it and examined it again under magnification. It looked like an elongated scoop mark. I took pictures of it, using a mirror. When I showed it to my wife, she had what she called a mini-panic attack and would not discuss it.

My entry on February 12 records what still seems impossible to me—that the scar had disappeared. There was just a tiny faded scoop mark where the deep scar was!

On February 22 I awoke at 5:55 with what sounded like my wife’s alarm clock ringing. But her clock wasn’t wound, and the alarm was set for 7:20 A.M. I awoke at 2:22 and 4:44 A.M. on February 23. Later, I was awakened again by a sound like the inactive alarm clock. These events, however odd, were merely a prelude for a synchronistic event of the strangest kind.

Later in the morning, my mind was on the cut behind my testicles. I was planning to call Walt Andrus to get the name of a consultant M.D. to see if the cut was significant. The powers that be must have read my mind. The following synchronism gave me the answer that I was seeking!

Midmorning, I went downstairs and watched TV during a coffee break. The Phil Donahue show was on, and the topic was fertility problems. One woman had been inseminated by her dead husband’s sperm, removed prior to his death. Another woman had had her eggs fertilized outside the womb and frozen for future use.

I was just about to shut off the TV when I seemingly received a strong mental suggestion to stay tuned because the answer to my question about the location of my cut would be resolved! I laughed to myself and sat back to see what would happen next.

The next guest was paralyzed from the waist up. He was unable to ejaculate and father a baby. This was overcome by the use of an electric prod to stimulate the nerves that produced ejaculation. Sperm was obtained, and the couple were able to have a baby.

At this point I thought that my premonition was imaginary and felt silly for continuing to watch. I almost shut off the TV. However, when Donahue mentioned that he was going to interview the doctor who used the electric prod, I felt compelled to stay tuned. I got a mental impression to be “patient and stick around to see what’s coming next!” So I did.

The doctor described the methodology. Then he described a new procedure being used to procure sperm from men who were unable to ejaculate. He stated that sperm was removed directly from the male’s epididymis.

I went back to my study and looked up epididymis in a book entitled

The tail of the epididymis and the ductus deferens store the sperm that is to be discharged during ejaculation.¹

I looked up the function of the ductus deferens. The book stated:

Sympathetic nerves from the pelvic plexus serve the ductus deferens. Stimulation of these nerves causes peristaltic contractions of the muscular layer, which forcefully ejects the stored sperm toward the ejaculatory duct.²

Next, I read about the location of the ductus deferens:

Much of the ductus deferens is located within a structure known as the spermatic cord.³

I then located the spermatic cord on a diagram of the male sex organ. It showed the exterior, cordlike structure which was called "external spermatic fascia." This was the exact location where my painful slit was located!

Perhaps this is coincidental. Perhaps I am overimaginative about the strange things happening to me. Nonetheless, the position of the cut was an appropriate place to insert a probe to extract sperm from that segment of the spermatic cord. It is located just above where it divides and supplies sperm to each side of the testes! This method was exactly what the doctor on the Phil Donahue show was describing!

I must admit to having chills go up and down my spine when I read and examined the diagrams in the textbook. At one point a wave of depression brought me nearly to the point of tears. Was this reaction caused by memories within my unconscious mind associated with the cut? Or was it the result of paranoia?

I have noted that the number of such synchronisms increases when I am concentrating on researching and writing a book. I am currently writing another book, and have recorded several of these synchronisms in my diary for March.

On March 1, I received a letter from old church friends. They sent me a letter written by an aunt who was an abductee. She had been hypnotized by MUFON Director of Abduction Research John Carpenter. This interesting coincidence continued into the next day.
I awoke at 4:44 and 5:55 A.M. on March 2. I decided to write John Carpenter to query him about my friend’s abductee aunt, but could not find his address. I was in the process of calling MUFON to obtain John’s address when the telephone rang. It was John Carpenter’s associate! She had just read my Watchers II manuscript for John. She gave me John’s address and then asked if I had Jacques Vallee’s new telephone number. Someone had given it to me two days ago!

March 4 brought another example of experiences that happen so often I forget to record most of them. I was working at the computer on this very book. To my left, two of my grandchildren were watching a Disney video movie entitled It’s Rough to a Bird. I had headphones on and was transcribing a hypnosis session. I could not hear the TV, but I had an inclination to glance over at the TV screen. There, to my surprise, was a cartoon of the Phoenix. I watched it—as Betty had in 1967—burn down to ashes and rise again!

On March 6 I was again working on this book and sorting letters from an abductee. The phone rang. It was the abductee! March held more than synchronisms for me.

On March 9, I woke up feeling the typical tingling sensation. I was restless and felt a terrible itch on my foot. I finally got back to sleep, but a loud electronic beep jolted me out of my reverie at 6:29 A.M.! When I examined my foot, I found that the itching was from a tiny, scooped-out area below my right ankle. The itching lasted through the next day. It was located over the talus, “a tarsal bone that articulates with the tibia to form the ankle joint.”

Two weeks later, on March 22, I awoke at 3:33 A.M. and again felt myself floating down and entering my body in bed. Later I woke abruptly and almost said aloud: “This is confirmatory that OBEs and the clock phenomena are related.” I glanced at the clock, which read 4:44 A.M.!

Glancing ahead, on September 25 I was awakened from a flying dream by a bell and a voice that said: “You were between the then and now.” I was awakened by a similar bell on October 4.

My diary for March 1995 ended, like its predecessors, by reporting a wound. On March 29, I awoke at 5:55 A.M. with pain in the area of the external spermatic fascia again. I took a cursory look and saw no marks. I intended to use a magnifying mirror later, but forgot. But my March 30 entry recorded that I examined the area with a magnifying mirror that day. I saw two small scabs about a half inch apart. One was old and not sore. The other was new and painful to the touch. By April 3, itching had replaced pain during the healing process that followed.

On the following day, the powers may have played a belated April
Fools' joke on me. Margaret got up early to go swimming. I talked to her briefly as she sat on the bed and slept after she left. An hour later, I woke up to see her still sitting on the bed, but she did not respond to me. Bewildered, I put out my hand to touch her and she disappeared!

Was this a waking dream, a naturally induced afterimage, or something anomalous? I can remember a similar event at GTE. I saw my boss sitting in the office. Much later, I looked back and he was still sitting there, but then faded away. Again, was this a natural afterimage, or did I see a past event which was still happening? Is time an illusion?

April 15 and May 18 brought forth two more examples of unexplained blood on my pillow. April 29 told of a restless night due to the *tingling* sensation and recorded that I awoke at 5:55 A.M.

On May 1 the area around my right eye was painful. My vision was fine, but the soreness lasted a few days. Synchronisms persisted in my life. On May 2 I was talking on the phone about *ticks* causing Lyme disease. I hung up and picked a piece of cardboard off the floor to put in a wastebasket. There was a tick on it!

On May 4, a precognitive thought saved me from serious injury. I was riding a bicycle at rapid speed and approaching a steep hill which has a sharp left turn near the bottom. Suddenly, I mentally pictured a truck in a driveway that would back out in front of me when I turned that corner. I turned the corner going like blazes, but was prepared as a large truck backed out of a driveway, blocking the road! The driver noticed me coming right at him. I swerved to the right, and he moved forward just in time to avoid a collision.

On May 6 I awoke from a dream at 3:33 A.M., only remembering *floating* in a blimp. I remembered more detail from a dream on May 8. In that dream I saw two faceless personages advancing down a corridor toward me. Each pushed a rectangular machine on a cart. Each machine had two extensions on their upper front surface, like projector lenses.

I was wearing only a white gurney and was retreating from the entities. I ducked into a room, but they followed and forced me to lie down on a bed. I was embarrassed, as I was nearly naked and thought they wanted to take my picture. I awoke with a start from this vivid dream at 4:44 A.M.

I awoke on May 12 and 13 to find that my surge arrestor had shut down the computer. Strange power cuts had caused electric clocks to blink until reset. Every other clock showed the normal time. On the morning of May 30, I awoke at 1:11, and later felt once again that I had slipped into myself through my head as if returning from an OBE!

On June 11, Margaret awoke from a scary dream about being taken
away by someone, but could not remember further details. The poltergeist was back again on June 29. I awoke that morning at 5:55 A.M. During the past two days I had looked for my scissors everywhere without success. But that morning I was shocked to find them precariously balanced, sticking outward in plain sight beside the computer I used daily.

On our vacation from July 22 to August 5, I probably missed the clock phenomena. Our vacation clock wasn’t an LCD type and it did not glow like the one at home. However, not long after returning home, things continued to happen.

On August 16, I awoke at 4:43 and 5:55 A.M. I think that I watched the numbers move to 4:44 and 5:55 and fell asleep. In the morning, there was blood on my pillow that seemed to be from my nose, but it was okay. In addition to the bloodstains (1) my right thigh had a cluster of three small bruises; (2) I had pain under my testicles in the same place again—there was no visible cut, just a tiny sore spot with flaky skin; (3) there were three punctures on my right shoulder.

On August 24, my son was awakened by a whirring over his house around midnight. He thought it was a helicopter, yet this would be very unusual for his location and the late hour.

The next entry was made while vacationing in Germany and England from August 30 to September 28. Whoever called my name in the night came along for the ride! On September 7, I woke from a voice that said, “Hey Ray!” Later, I noted the usual scab on the back of my neck. Also, I could see and feel a tiny scab in the flaky area of my external spermatic fascia!

A bell was the device used to wake me up twice on September 9. The first bell sounded just after midnight. The second sounded around 6:40 A.M. It was a female calling “Ray” again that woke me on September 10. Later that same day, another synchronism occurred. I entered a room where others watched TV. I sat with The Holographic Universe in one hand and a yellow marker in the other. I glanced at the TV and saw a man holding a book in one hand and a yellow marker in the other! Also, I had read about synchronisms at that very moment!

Another incident occurred on September 13 during a hike across farmland. I wondered aloud to my wife why we hadn’t seen pheasants in such a likely habitat. On the way back to her mother’s house, I accidentally stepped on a dead pheasant hidden in the grass!

The synchronisms continued. When I paid the milk bill on September 14, it came to 5 pounds, 55 pence: 5-5-5 again! Later, I turned on the TV to watch Vanished Without a Trace. As I did, it displayed a scene of a mother yelling at her child “Five-five-five, just cool it!”
An incident on September 15 kept the ball rolling. I'd just read about "Phantoms of the Past" in The Holographic Universe, which examined the viewing of past events in the present. Later I watched Strange But True on TV, which featured an example of this very phenomenon!

A bell woke me on the morning of September 16. Later, I put away The Holographic Universe to watch TV. When I turned it on, a man was describing the wave-particle phenomenon of light. This was what I'd just been reading about in The Holographic Universe.

On September 22, we vacationed at a bed-and-breakfast establishment. One day we hiked to a village to find a place to eat with friends that evening. We found one called the Bowling Green. Later, we were amazed when they told us they had brought us to the same restaurant years ago when passing through the area.

And finally another synchronism occurred while traveling to the airport. On September 29, both our subway fare and lunch bill came to exactly 6 pounds, 20 pence.

This is a good place to mention two curious statements made by my wife's mother, who knows little about UFOs. One night, while closing the curtains in her bedroom, she said quite seriously that she did this so that the "little men" could not get in.

On another occasion, in front of company, she suddenly blurted out, "Do the little men come and get you?" Later, she had no recollection of these statements. She had no inkling of my experiences. Why did she make these statements, and why did she forget them soon after?

We had only been home from England several days when things began again on this side of the Atlantic.

I have a small scoop mark on my cheek which fades and reappears. Periodically, I wake up to find a swelling under it, which I drain. This occurred again on October 1. It healed in a few days and left yet another scoop mark. Like its mate, it slowly disappeared over time.

On October 20 I had a bout with the tingling sensation. It was unusual because it started in the afternoon rather than at night. It was accompanied by a sense of foreboding that got worse as I got into bed. I found it hard to sleep and I kept waking up and looking at the clock. My heart was racing. I don't remember anything strange occurring. When I awoke at 4:00 A.M., the tingling had disappeared and my heart rate was normal. But when I got up later, I felt completely exhausted.

I experienced a bathroom-trip episode on November 4. I awoke at 1:06 A.M., and on my way to the bathroom I suddenly thought about how some abductees are procured by a blue beam of light. I passed the classroom clock, which also read 1:06. But when I returned to the bedroom,
the clock read 1:58. Did I misread a 5 for a 0 twice, or was there missing time? The numbers on these clocks are very large, glowing, and easy to read.

When I got up later, there was a deep, scabbed hairline incision behind my right shoulder, yet there was no blood on my undershirt. I also found a small hairline scar on my left thigh and bruise marks on the inside of both thighs.

The next incident made me think that any abductee survival kit should contain a spray can of Off! On the night of November 6, I awoke from a vivid dream. Most of the details slipped into the unconscious, but what I remembered was fascinating.

I was floating just above the ground with a gray entity on each side holding me under my arms. I was not frightened. I felt that it was just another experience of many that I had to undergo. We seemed to be waiting for something.

It was a summer night, and I was being bitten by mosquitoes. I asked them to go up higher so I wouldn’t get bitten. They accommodated me and we rose up higher and waited.

Then, instantly, we were in a bright room. There were more grays and a human woman in the room. She had blond hair and wore coveralls. She stayed near me as the grays examined and prodded me with instruments from a console in the wall. I didn’t resist. I think at one point they drew blood from my finger.

The woman told the grays that she wanted some time with me. They seemed reluctant, but allowed her to bring me to a table. We sat and talked. I asked all kinds of questions and got answers, but I cannot remember my questions or her answers. I only remember begging them to let me remember this time. The next thing I remembered was waking up in bed. Was this dream related to an abduction in the past, or was it just a dream? It could not have happened in November, because of the cold and mosquitoes.

My November 10 entry recorded that I had had a small puncture on my thigh for a few weeks. It itched and bled when disturbed. When I mentioned it to my wife, she showed me the same mark on her thigh. She said it had itched for a few weeks and had become filled with pus. Biting insects other than spiders were long gone. Were the punctures coincidental spider bites or were they caused by something else?

I recorded another bout with paralysis on November 14. That morning I awoke at 2:22 A.M. Later, I woke with the tingling sensation at 3:33 A.M. I became anxious and went to the bathroom. Upon returning to bed, I slept restlessly. When I awoke later, my wife had gone swimming.
I tried to get up, but each time I tried to move, an equal and opposite tingly force prevented me from doing so. My will was also affected. Each time I desired to move, a desire not to move counteracted it. It took fifteen minutes for this phenomenon to subside. Later, I noticed the familiar scab on the upper part of my neck.

A curious incident happened on November 17 during my morning jog along an isolated canal in the Great Wenham Swamp. I kept strict time for each leg of the trip as I tried to better my time. It always took between twenty-six and twenty-seven minutes each way.

On this particular morning, while jogging back, I started to think about how aliens return abductees back in exactly the same place and circumstance. Before this thought, I'd glanced at my watch, but when I glanced again I was shocked to see that it had advanced thirteen minutes. The journey back had taken almost forty minutes!

It is curious that in these last two cases of possible missing time, I was thinking about being procured by aliens just prior to the missing time. Is this a connection? Did I somehow sense that something was about to happen? Phenomenon or paranoia?

On November 18, a series of incidents began involving unexplained marks on my body. I awoke as the clock flicked from 4:43 to 4:44 A.M. and then went back to sleep. I awoke again at 5:55 A.M. When I arose, my forefinger sported a painful, thin, scabbed-over half-inch hairline scar.

On November 27, I awoke to find my pillowcase stained with a dark, sooty material. The scab on the back of my neck was larger. I discovered round scabs below my right shoulder again, which disappeared by November 29. A magnifying mirror revealed three tiny pinholes in their place.

On December 10 another synchronism occurred. A TV news commentator said the same five or six words that I was typing.

I woke up at 4:44 and 5:55 A.M. on December 17. Later, I talked on the phone with Dr. Roger Leir, who had surgically removed anomalous objects from UFO abductees. During our conversation, I mentioned that I had dedicated Watchers II to Kenneth Ring. Dr. Leir informed me that Dr. Ring was his first cousin!

I received a shock while shoveling snow on December 20. I glanced up and saw the side of what appeared to be a large van sitting lengthwise on the road in front of me. It was constructed of rusted or pitted metal. Suddenly, it just blinked out of sight! I assume it was like a waking dream. I have had several experiences similar to this that lasted longer.

Another possible “missing time” event took place on December 28.
1995. I awoke at 2:22 A.M. and fell back asleep. Later, I woke up at 4:42. I felt that I must watch the clock until it turned to 4:44 A.M. I did, put my head on the pillow, closed my eyes, and then glanced at the clock again. It was 6:30 A.M.! It seemed as if no time had passed. Later I found out that the Wenham Police had received an anonymous phone call at 1:45 A.M. The caller reported that a lighted object the size of a football field was hovering over Wenham Lake. The object was gone by the time the police investigated. Wenham Lake is just around the corner from my home! Connection or coincidence?

December 30 marked the third time in 1995 that I was awakened by a female voice calling, “Ray.”

This was my last recorded entry for 1995. My diary for 1996 ended in June with submission of this book’s manuscript to my agent to seek its publication.

Diary 1996

New Year’s Day was quiet, but the following two days brought on two possible cases of what UFO researchers call “electrical sensitivity.” This term applies to cases where electrical equipment is affected by the presence of an abductee. I often wondered if this was the cause of my computer equipment starting and stopping by itself.

On January 2, I passed my telephone answering machine. It read 0 messages but as I glanced at it there was an abrupt click, and it flicked to 7 messages. When I moved away, it flicked back to 0 again. Fascinated, I moved close again, and it flicked back to 7. After this, it refused to cooperate.

Curious, I checked the message tape. It was correctly rewound to 0 messages! January 3 brought a repeat performance. As I wandered by the phone, it read 0 messages. I thought to myself, “What happened last night probably won’t again.” Instantly it flicked from 0 to 7, and then back to 0. I felt a ringing sound in my left ear which stopped a few minutes after the event.

The female voice calling “Ray” woke me in the wee hours of January 5, April 2, and April 17, when she also said something about “the other side.” When I awoke, the room was lit up with a dim soft light which cast no shadows. I was again experiencing the tingling effect.

I sat upright and looked around, feeling an invisible presence in the room. I remembered saying in my mind, “Will you show yourselves this time, please?” and that “I was ready to see them,” but no one appeared. Then I went to sleep.
Whoever or whatever it was, used the bell to wake me up on January 7 and on April 3, 4, and 5. On January 17, I awoke feeling that I had been dropped into the bed. That morning I again felt soreness under my testicles and found a scab in the sore area. I also discovered two identical fresh straight-line scares—one behind each shoulder. There were also two shallow round indentations beside the scar on my left shoulder. On January 26 I awoke with a thin cut under my right earlobe, which was painful to the touch.

On February 3, noise from a snowplow woke me up at 4:44 A.M. When I got up later, there was a large dark blob of hardened blood soaked into the pillowcase with three small drops of blood directly under it.

On April 25 and June 19, I awoke again to find blood on my pillow. On the later date, I awoke highly elated and almost said aloud: “I can hardly wait for my soul to come home.” Three drops of blood were on my pillow.

On February 10, I found a deep, painful, razor-thin cut on the top of my right thumb. It was identical to one found on my forefinger in November. On February 19, I woke up to use the bathroom. Uncharacteristically, I did not remember looking at the clocks. I returned to bed and slept, but later awoke with the tingling feeling. I became very anxious and restless before falling back asleep and having a terrifying dream.

In the nightmare I saw a familiar man. I couldn’t see complete facial features. I could only recall his round, pupil-less, nonblinking, pitch-black eyes staring at me. As soon as I saw him, I knew he was going to accost me. I tried to get away, but I could feel him coming up behind. I swung around and hit him in the stomach with all my might. I immediately awoke to find that I had flipped around in bed and had punched my pillow, waking my wife up in the process. The tingling sensation was still strong. As in past events, my legs were crossed tightly at my ankles.

In the morning there was a new hairline cut above the bone of my left shoulder and two tiny puncture marks below the left shoulder. There was no blood on the sheets or the pillow.

Four days later, on February 23, I awoke from another scary dream. Its details faded as I struggled to retain them. But all I could remember was standing in a misty room. I was facing a door from which a diffuse light shone. Suddenly, four to five figures came through the door. I could only make out their silhouettes. But I recognized them as typical gray UFO entities because they were short with spindly arms and legs and large heads.

An interesting synchronism occurred on March 8. While half dozing before a nap, I began thinking about the glowing entity I encountered
during my childhood "little hall" experience. I wondered why I equated her with Amelia Earhart, and if I had seen what others described as a guardian angel. When I awoke, my wife brought me the mail. I had received a letter from a female abductee who mentioned that as a child she had encountered an angelic-like being that she called "Air-hart!"

My "lady of the night" increased her vocabulary on March 19. I awoke when she mentally shouted in my ear: "You woke up at quarter to five!" Earlier, I had woken up at this very time. On March 21, a buzzing sound woke me up at this same time! On May 4, I awoke to a male voice that simply said, "Sir?" as the clock changed from 4:44 to 4:45.

On the evening of April 10, I telephoned Betty Luca to tell her of a painting in a magazine that depicted angels holding hands and dancing in a circle. It was analogous to her OBE experience of dancing and holding hands with "light beings" in 1978. The painting was by the Renaissance painter Fra Angelico.

Unbeknownst to me, my wife downstairs had just picked up a book from a pile we planned to sell to a dealer. It was entitled *Roses in Bloom*, by Louisa May Alcott.

She was browsing through it when I came downstairs after the phone call. I casually mentioned talking with Betty about Fra Angelico's painting. Her jaw dropped in amazement. Several pages back, she had just read a reference to Fra Angelico at the same time I told Betty about the painting. She turned back to the reference and read the following to me: "Have you given up your painting?" she asked rather abruptly, turning to a gilded Fra Angelico angel which leaned on the sofa cover."

What lies behind these serendipitous happenings? Carl Jung once defined "synchronism" as "a meaningful coincidence." But to make meaning from their sometimes seeming madness still appears to be beyond the pale of human intellect!

Many will find it hard to believe that the events recorded in these past two chapters could happen with such frequency to one person over the course of several years. I felt the same way when I heard abductee after abductee tell me of similar happenings. I can only assure the reader that I am an honest person, and that the events recorded in my diary happened just as described to the best of my memory.
PART 3

THE EXTENDED FAMILY

Introduction

ANATOMY OF AN ABDUCTION

As we begin this section of The Andreasson Legacy, it is incumbent upon me to provide a brief overview of the typical abduction experience. For some readers, this may be the first book read about the UFO abduction phenomenon. One should be familiar with the overall mechanics of these experiences prior to reading about "the extended family"!

The UFO abduction phenomenon is called a "close encounter of the fourth kind" (GEIV). The first case of this nature to receive wide publicity concerned the abduction of Barney and Betty Hill. They were reportedly abducted from their automobile in New Hampshire on September 19, 1961.

Since then, hundreds of similar cases have come to light and have been investigated. These enquiries reveal that many persons have been abducted and examined from childhood into adulthood. One study conducted by MUFON consultant and gynecologist Dr. Richard Neal reveals that most initial abductions occur when the abductee is between the ages of five and twenty for specific and early genetic studies. Then, follow-up studies are continued during adulthood.

In 1987, Dr. Thomas Bullard wrote his doctoral thesis, which contained a detailed comparative study of several hundred abduction reports. Bullard's analysis revealed that specific repetitive patterns existed in these reports. Most commonly these include: capture, examination, return, and aftermath. A few chosen individuals also experience a tour of the craft, an otherworldly visit, and a theophany (encounter with a divine-like being). A correlation between the abduction experiences of Becky, Jean, and Bob and the Bullard study will appear later in the book. At that time, the Bullard study will be discussed in more detail.

During capture, a light beam procures the abductee. Then, the entities exert physical and mental controls on the abductee. These include a memory lapse when entering the UFO, which is called "doorway amnesia."

The next stage of the abduction experience is an examination of the
abductee. This may include manual, instrumental, reproductive, neurological, and behavioral tests and operations. At that time, biological samples are often removed from the abductee. Sometimes a needle is inserted into a nostril with a tiny, BB-like implant on its end.

Usually return is a mirror image of capture. Abductees are commanded not to remember what happened.

Immediate effects of aftermath are physical marks on the abductee’s body. A common intermediate effect is a recurring nightmare about the abduction. Long-term effects of aftermath are paranormal phenomena, personality changes, and follow-up encounters with alien entities.

THE CRAFT AND ENTITIES

Most abductees describe the craft used to abduct them as being discoidal or oval in shape, sometimes with an upper central dome. The most common type of entity reported is a gray-complexioned humanoid with a large hairless head.

The eyes are large, slanted, and almond-shaped. The nose and ears are barely noticeable. The mouth is an immobile slit. The entities’ bodies are short with long arms. Digits on the hand can vary between three and five. Clothing usually consists of a skintight coverall.

The alien abductors display different roles and duties. Usually the leader is taller than his helpers. He is usually the only entity that communicates with the abductee.

Other types of entities reported by abductees are similar in stature but are reptilian or insectlike in appearance. The tall humanoid, Nordic-like “Elders” reported by Betty have also been seen by other abductees. Sometimes they are seen during OBE abductions. From Betty and Bob’s perspective, they seemed to be the entities in charge.

THE PURPOSE

Overwhelming circumstantial evidence indicates that some female abductees are artificially inseminated and become temporary surrogate mothers for hybrid babies for about eight weeks. At that time, they are abducted and the fetuses are removed. Later, these same women report yet another abduction where they are shown the hybrid children and told that these are their children.

A similar scenario involves male abductees. Sperm is removed and perhaps years later the male, like the female, is shown hybrid children and is told that he is their father.
Parts I and II have brought my research and documentation of the UFO and paranormal events experienced by the Andreasson and Fowler families almost up to date. Later, an analysis of their legacy will provide evidence that such events may be manifestations of a strange overruling meta-phenomenon. They also provide overwhelming evidence that UFO and accompanying psychic events are often a family affair.

This section of the book will also demonstrate that the family of abductees extends far beyond the confines of household, country, or planet in the form of their hybrid children. The following chapters will recount two recent examples of this bizarre component of the UFO phenomenon.

The first example of this nature involves a woman abductee chosen from the thousands of letters I receive from apparent abductees. It turned out to be a textbook example of this type of case.

The second documents the abduction of a male abductee who again is a textbook example of this component of the UFO abduction experience. This person, however, will be no stranger to the readers of this book. He is none other than Bob Luca. His hybrid child is living somewhere in the depths of outer space and is an extended member of the Andreasson family!
A woman gets into bed and drifts off into sleep. In the night she turns over and lies on her back. She is awakened by a light [and] a small man with a bald head and huge black eyes. She is terrified... cannot speak. The man looks deeply into her eyes... She is calmer and she knows that the man is not going to hurt her. This is a typical beginning of an abduction.

Week by week I receive letters and phone calls from people who believe that they have had an abduction experience. When time permits, I send a reply with a form letter with the name, address, and phone number of the local MUFON State Director for referral.

For those who telephone, I try to be a good listener. I do not refer callers unless they request it in writing. Behind me are five huge boxes filled with letters that I have answered in this way.

In September 1993, I received a typical call from a woman in an adjoining state. She was very upset and wanted to talk to me about weird experiences that she could remember since childhood. Until recently, she had only confided to her husband about them. He had dismissed them as dreams but was curious about anomalous wounds on her body. Finally, she told one of her sisters about them.

The sister had some knowledge of UFOs and had seen TV shows on the subject. She told her that the experiences sounded like what was called UFO abductions. Neither had any literature or books on the subject, so they went to the local library and found my book *The Watchers*. After thumbing through it, both became convinced that they should contact me about the experiences. My address and phone number were in the book and the woman, now very upset, phoned me.

As usual, I listened to what she had to say without commenting much.
She felt relieved just to have someone listen to what she had to say. What she described certainly was interesting and fell within the context of the typical benchmarks of an abduction experience.

Typically, I tried to talk her out of looking into her experiences further. I usually tell people who phone that if they can live with what they can remember, it would be better not to open Pandora's box. However, if they feel that the desire to know what happened is disrupting their life, I refer them to someone for help.

She insisted that she wanted to know. So, I asked her to write me a letter documenting what she could remember from a journal that she had begun to keep. She did and I sent her a letter referring her to the MUFON Director for her state. She attempted without success to contact him and phoned again for help. I checked with MUFON headquarters and found that the State Director was away for the winter.

I was extremely busy at the time. I was teaching a UFO course and working on my book Watchers II. The last thing I wanted to do was to get involved with another abductee. However, she sounded so desperate for help that I decided to look into the matter personally.

I must say that prior to continuing that this person insisted that anything that happened at hypnosis sessions must be kept completely confidential. She, myself, and the hypnotist signed an agreement to do so prior to the first session. However, her case, on the surface, appeared to be a textbook example of a female abduction experience. I felt that it would fit perfectly into this section of the book. So, with much persuasion, I asked her to let me use material from the sessions for this book.

She finally agreed, but insisted that her name and location must not be revealed. Again, we signed an agreement to that effect. Because of these limitations, I have not been able to conduct a character reference check or do the things usually done in checking out the credibility of the witness and their account.

Thus, the reader must consider the material used as raw data. At the same time, I would add that both the hypnotist and I have a strong impression that the woman is honest and sincere. She does not want any publicity, and traveled two hours each way for hypnosis sessions. However, a researcher must be very careful in situations like this. I know of one case in which an investigator was tricked by someone pretending to be an abductee, and then exposed later by the person as being incompetent!

The first hypnosis session was set up for November 19, 1994. To maintain confidentiality, I have elected to call the alleged abductee Jean and her husband Dick. I asked Jean to bring along a trusted confidante if possible. In this way, she would not be alone with strangers, and would
have a friend to monitor everything that took place. Jean brought her sister with her. I’ll give her the alias of Jane.

The hypnosis session took place at the home of MUFON hypnosis consultant Anthony “Tony” Constantino. Jean’s letters giving rough dates for her experiences were used as starting points during the session. Excerpts from the session are as follows.

**THE ABORTED ABDUCTION**

(July 1993)

**TONY:** Let’s start at the night of July, 1993. You mentioned bright lights in the room. And you can start by you getting ready for bed. Putting on whatever you put on. Pajamas, nightgown, whatever. Do you remember doing that?

**JEAN:** Um-hum.

**TONY:** And then what happened?

**JEAN:** I was reading in bed and it was late, and I got tired of reading so I turned off the light and went to bed.

**TONY:** And then what happened?

**JEAN:** I woke up because there was a light in the window.

**TONY:** What color?

**JEAN:** Ah, like a yellow light, really bright.

**TONY:** And then what happened? . . .

**JEAN:** I’m trying to figure out how the light is in my window ’cause I’m high and it’s not the streetlight. The streetlight is deeper yellow. It’s not the same, it’s not that bright. It’s right in my room.

**TONY:** And then what happened?

**JEAN:** I’m, I’m lifted off the bed. [Deep sigh.]

**TONY:** And then what happened?

**JEAN:** I don’t understand how I’m coming off the bed but I feel myself coming off the bed. . . .

**TONY:** How are you coming off the bed?

**JEAN:** My whole body is just lifting off the bed.

**TONY:** And then what happened?

**JEAN:** I can’t move! I’m trying to turn my head and look at Dick, but I can’t move and I start screaming for Dick to wake up ’cause I’m moving off the bed.

**TONY:** Are you screaming out loud?

**JEAN:** [No response.]

**TONY:** That’s okay, that’s all right. That’s okay. That’s okay. Just relax.
JEAN: [Sounds terrified.] I feel like I'm going to fall!

TONY: You're okay. You're all right. You're safe. Ray's here. Jane's here. I'm here. I'm just going to touch your shoulder. I'm just going to touch your shoulder. It's okay. It's okay. Whenever I touch your shoulder, that makes you relax. It makes you relax. That's okay. If you were watching a movie of this, if you were watching a play, sitting in an audience watching a play, based on what happened to you, if you were watching a TV, a program based on what happened to you—you can tell us what you're seeing. 'Cause Jane's here and you're safe. Ray's here and you're safe, and I'm here and you are safe with us. Every time I touch your shoulder, be aware of that safety and you will relax more and more deeply. It's okay. It's okay. You have risen off the bed, and tell us what happened.

JEAN: I'm screaming. I can't talk but I'm screaming for Dick— "Wake up!" Why, why can't he wake up? But—I can't talk but it's in my mind. I'm yelling in my mind and then I stop. I'm stopped.

TONY: You are stopped?

JEAN: Stopped. And I'm just hovering in the air. I can feel underneath me. There's nothing under me. And now there's somebody there.

TONY: How do you know?

JEAN: I see them.

TONY: How many?

JEAN: Two.


JEAN: They're ugly!

TONY: That's okay, that's okay, that's okay.

JEAN: [Sobbing.] They have big heads.

TONY: That's okay.

JEAN: Big eyes, like bugs!

TONY: That's okay, that's okay.

JEAN: And they're—they have big heads. I don't know if they have a mouth or a nose, I can't see anything....

TONY: How tall are they?

JEAN: They're not tall, they're maybe four feet? And they're skinny. Their arms are longer, I can't see their feet. They're near my bed.

TONY: Can you see their fingers?
JEAN: They're long.
TONY: How many do you see?
JEAN: Four.
TONY: Okay, okay.
JEAN: Their skin, there's—smooth and it's like green but not, not deep, just like gray or something with a green tint.
TONY: Okay.
RAY: What are they wearing?
JEAN: Nothing.
TONY: . . . Just relax, just relax, because Jane is here. Ray's here and I'm here and you're safe. It's okay. Now can you tell us what happened?
JEAN: They're talking.
TONY: Do you see their mouths moving?
JEAN: I don't . . . I don't see a mouth. I don't want to look at them. So I don't look at them. But I, I can tell they're talking.
TONY: What are they saying? . . .
JEAN: [Pause.] I don't know. They're telling each other.
TONY: What are they telling each other?
JEAN: I have to go.
TONY: Where do you have to go?
JEAN: I don't know, I just keep screaming. I don't wanna look at them. I don't wanna pay attention.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: Um, I'm going down.
TONY: To where?
JEAN: They're not gonna take me.
TONY: How do you know that?
JEAN: They don't want to yet.
TONY: How do you know that?
JEAN: They're saying they don't want to yet.
TONY: And you can hear them?
JEAN: I can hear their minds.
TONY: What do you mean by "not yet"?
JEAN: They just aren't taking me yet. I'm scared, I'm screaming so much. I just want Dick to wake up! . . .
RAY: Can you see your bed?
JEAN: I can see the bottom of my bed.
RAY: Who's in the bed?
JEAN: Dick's in bed . . .
RAY: No one else in bed?
JEAN: No. They're on the side of my bed and they're looking at each other. They're, they're talking with their minds. They don't know what to do.

TONY: And then what happens?

JEAN: [Long sigh.] I'm going down slow.

TONY: And then what happens?

JEAN: I'm going down and down and then I go on the bed again.

TONY: And then what happens?

JEAN: All of a sudden, it's real dark. I don't see anything.

TONY: Where are the beings?

JEAN: I don't see them. I think they left.

RAY: Where is the light?

JEAN: It's gone and I can move now.

TONY: Can you wake up Dick?

JEAN: He wakes up 'cause I'm crying and screaming. He wakes up. He's asking me what's wrong. But I can't tell him. [Crying.]

TONY: That's all right. It's okay. Jane's here. She's right beside you holding your hand. You just tell us everything that you want because you're safe here. You're safe here. Relax, just relax....

What else happened that night? Anything to do with this visit?

JEAN: They didn't take me but they're coming back.

TONY: How do you know that?

JEAN: They said they're coming back.

TONY: Did they say when?

JEAN: Soon. They're telling each other, they told each other they're coming back. They're going to come back an get me.

TONY: Just relax....

Tony placed Jean deeper into hypnosis. We decided to attempt to find out how many times she had been abducted.

TONY: Answer me quickly. Is this the first time they visited you?

JEAN: No.

TONY: Do you know when they first visited you?

JEAN: I don't know exactly. I was little.

TONY: Okay, okay, that's good, that's good. How many times in the past do you think that they have visited you? Was it just once?

JEAN: No.

TONY: More than once?

JEAN: [No response.]

TONY: Okay, just relax, just relax. I'm going to count from ten
to one again. On each count, you just go back into that chair more deeply. . . .

Tony again placed Jean deeper into hypnosis before asking her questions about her memory of being on a table and being probed with a needle.

THE SILVER NEEDLE

(September 1993)

TONY: And you can answer us again in a normal voice. Jane's here holding your hand. Occasionally I will touch your shoulder; that will help you to relax and just to reassure you that I'm here and Ray's sitting beside you. Tell us something about the long, silver needle-type things that were inserted. Tell us anything that you want about that.

JEAN: It was... shiny. It was thick. It was long. It didn't have a point, but I knew it was a needle. I was scared because I knew that they were going to put it in. [Anxious voice.]

TONY: And did they?

JEAN: Yeah.

TONY: Now, when they inserted the needle, did the needle—did they leave the needle inside you?

JEAN: No, just for a few seconds.

TONY: Why would, why did they do that?

JEAN: I don't know. They don't talk. They didn't talk. I told them, "Don't hurt me!" because it's so thick it's going to hurt.

TONY: And did it hurt?

JEAN: No. He said it won't hurt.

TONY: Why did they put those needles inside you?

JEAN: I don't know.

TONY: Where are you when they do this?

JEAN: I'm in a room. A bright room. And I'm on a table. There's, they're in there with me.

TONY: How many?

JEAN: Four.

TONY: Describe them.

JEAN: They're the same ones that were there before. They're ugly but they're nice. They're nice to me this time.

RAY: Are they wearing anything?
JEAN: No. But they're nice. They're comforting me 'cause I'm scared. I don't know where I am. [Trembling.]
TONY: How did you get there?
JEAN: I went outside.
TONY: Outside where?
JEAN: In my yard.
RAY: Why?
JEAN: I don't know. I just woke up and went outside.
TONY: Woke up from where? Were you lying on the couch?
JEAN: I was in bed. I went to bed. I woke up and I went outside.

And then I'm on this table and it's cold.
TONY: Are you clothed or have they disrobed you?
JEAN: I don't think that I have anything on.
RAY: What did you see when you went outside?
JEAN: My mother's house. My car.
RAY: Did you see anything unusual?
JEAN: No. But it was very still and very quiet.

This *quietness* is a typical facet of abduction accounts. Abductees report that during their initial encounter with alien entities, all sounds cease in their vicinity. Researchers call this “the *Oz Factor.*”

JEAN: And I was wondering, “Where's the traffic? Why is it so quiet? Nothing's moving. And my dog, where is my dog?”
TONY: And then what happened?
JEAN: I was on the table.
TONY: Where were you before you were on the table?
JEAN: In a light.
TONY: What kind of a light?
JEAN: A bright light. A yellow light from the sky.
TONY: So, you're in your yard, outside your house?
JEAN: I, no, the light isn't in my yard, it's—I went out the gate.

It's at the gate.
TONY: Where is that light coming from?
JEAN: The sky....
TONY: And then what happened?
JEAN: [Long sigh.]
TONY: That's all right. It's okay.
JEAN: There's something there.
TONY: That's all right. It's okay.
JEAN: There's something big but—I don't know—I don't want to look.

TONY: Big where?

JEAN: Up in the sky....

TONY: That's okay. You just relax because you're doing very well. You just relax, you just relax. You're doing very, very well. You're doing very, very well....

JEAN: I don't want to look at this.

TONY: And then what happened?

JEAN: I close my eyes.

TONY: And then what happened?

JEAN: Somebody's touching me.

TONY: Who's touching you?

JEAN: I think it's one of them.

TONY: Where is he touching you?

JEAN: His finger's on me. My shoulder.

TONY: Where are you when he's touching you?

JEAN: I'm inside somewhere.

TONY: How do you know you're inside?

JEAN: 'Cause it's not—I can tell, It's bright and the walls, there's like gray walls but there's nothing in there. It's big.

TONY: It's big. Look to your left and tell us what you see.

JEAN: Just a wall.

TONY: Look to your right and tell us what you see.

JEAN: The wall, but then it opens. There's a room. I—I'm going in the room.

TONY: How are you getting there?

JEAN: They're holding my shoulder and walking me there.

RAY: Are your legs moving?

JEAN: [Sigh.] I don’t know.

RAY: Can you feel the floor with your legs? [Floating.]

JEAN: No.

TONY: And then what happens?

JEAN: I'm on a table but I don't know how I got there. [Typically floated onto the table;]

TONY: What happened to your nightgown?

JEAN: I don't know. I have something on the top but I don't know—I don't think it's mine.

TONY: What is it?

JEAN: Something's on me, but I don't know.
TONY: What's the material?
JEAN: It's white, white, um, thin but it's not like a gown or anything, it's like a shirt. I don't—There's nothing in the back. [Typical white Johnny described by abductees.]
TONY: Can you describe the table you're on?
JEAN: It's, it's a metal table and it's really cold and I just want to go home. [Sobbing.] I ask them, "Take me home!"
TONY: And what do they say?
JEAN: They don't answer me.
TONY: But they try to comfort you, you said earlier.
JEAN: The one, the one with the needle, he's nice.
RAY: How does he look compared with the others?
JEAN: He looks the same.
RAY: Same height?
JEAN: Um, he might be a little taller, but I don't look at the other ones. The one next to him I can see. He's shorter. The ones on my right I don't look at. I don't want to look at them.
TONY: Do they all look the same?
JEAN: Yes, they're all the same.
TONY: And what do they do?
JEAN: I ask them why are they doing this, but they're not answering me.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I'm crying because the table is cold and I—I see the needle and my legs, I think they're up. My legs are up. [Typical of genealogical procedure reported by other abductees.]
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: The other ones are down near my legs and the one with the needle is holding my leg near my knee. And he lifts up the needle and that's when I tell him, "Don't hurt me!" And he says he won't hurt me. "I'm not going to hurt you. It won't hurt." But I don't believe him. It's so thick.
TONY: Does it hurt?
JEAN: No.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: And then he puts it in and he puts it in a lot! He puts it in! [Blowing out air.]
RAY: Puts it in where?
JEAN: He puts it in my leg, my left leg. It doesn't hurt but it— it's so thick and I can see it going in and it's going all the way in.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I, I don’t feel anything and I’m happy.
TONY: Why are you happy?
JEAN: ’Cause it didn’t hurt. I can’t imagine that going in somebody. There’s no point either, it just goes in [Crying.]
TONY: Does he withdraw it?
JEAN: Yeah, he takes it out then.
TONY: And then what does he do?
JEAN: He leaves.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I don’t know. I close my eyes. I don’t know. I’m in bed again.
TONY: How did you get there? . . .
JEAN: I went the same way I came, I went down that—that room, that hall thing, that gray place.
TONY: And then what happened?
JEAN: I feel sick to my stomach. [Symptom often reported by abductees when descending in beam of light.]
TONY: And then what happened?
JEAN: I come into the house. I come in the door.
TONY: The front door?
JEAN: No, the back door.
TONY: Is that how you left?
JEAN: Yeah. And I’m really tired and I go up to bed.
RAY: Who’s in bed?
JEAN: Dick is in bed.
TONY: Anyone else?
JEAN: No. There’s a noise, though.
TONY: Where?
JEAN: Outside.
TONY: What kind of a noise?
JEAN: Like something electric. Like, um, I don’t know. It’s electric. [UFOs are often reported as making an electrical humming sound.]
TONY: How did you get back down to your house?
JEAN: I think I came in the light.
TONY: How could you come in the light?
JEAN: I don’t know. There was a light at the end of the hall. That hall thing. And I just stepped into the light. I think I came down. That’s why I’m sick.
TONY: Why?
JEAN: It’s too fast.
TONY: The incident of July 1993 and the incident with the silver
needle—how much time elapsed between July and the needle incident?

JEAN: I don’t know, I don’t know. I know that it was the summer. I don’t know. Maybe a couple of months.

TONY: Okay. Just relax, just relax. You’re doing very, very well.

Tony placed Jean deeper into hypnosis and we moved her to the next memory on our agenda: an entity wearing a white smock.

THE BEING IN THE WHITE SMOCK

(October 1993)

TONY: Let’s talk about October 16. “The being in the white smock.”

JEAN: I don’t like him.

TONY: Why not . . .

JEAN: I don’t know, I just don’t like him. I’m mad at him, I hate him!

TONY: Why are you mad at him?

JEAN: He, he can’t just do this! I don’t want to go. I just don’t like him!

TONY: Can you describe him to us?

JEAN: He looks the same but he, he’s got something white on.

TONY: Why does he have that white thing on?

JEAN: . . . He, he’s, he’s the, I don’t know, he’s like the boss. He’s higher than them.

TONY: How do you know that?

JEAN: I don’t know. I just know it.

TONY: Does he say anything to you?

JEAN: He doesn’t want me to know things.

TONY: What does he not want you to know?

JEAN: When I ask them why are they doing this to me.

TONY: What does he say?

JEAN: “It’s not time to know.”

TONY: Did he indicate when it would be time to know?

JEAN: No. He, he won’t talk to me.

TONY: How did you get there?

JEAN: [Pause.] I went—in a light.

TONY: What light?
JEAN: I don’t want to go. I stop. I’m not going!
TONY: Where are you when you see the light?
JEAN: I’m at the back door.
TONY: What were you doing before you went to the back door?
JEAN: Sleeping.
TONY: . . . Do you have on a nightgown or pajamas or something?
JEAN: Um-hum.
TONY: You were dressed for bed, is that correct?
JEAN: Um-hum.
TONY: Okay, what happened? You were at the back door. Now what happens?
JEAN: He wants me to go. I don’t wanna go!
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I tell him I’m not going.
TONY: What does he say?
JEAN: He doesn’t say anything, but I start going.
TONY: How do you start going?
JEAN: . . . I think they’re making me go. I just, I just feel like I can’t move, but I’m going.
TONY: When they make you go—go where?
JEAN: With them.
TONY: Where?
JEAN: To the ship.
TONY: What ship?
JEAN: The one outside.
TONY: Where is it outside? Do you see it?
JEAN: It’s on top of the light.
TONY: Describe it for us.
JEAN: [Deep sigh.] It’s so big, but it’s gray, but there’s black underneath.
TONY: What else do you see?
JEAN: There’s a light, but it’s black. I don’t—I don’t understand that.
TONY: There’s a light, but it’s black. The light is black?
JEAN: The light is yellow, but under the ship it’s black, so how is the light coming from black?
RAY: Is it hollow light?
JEAN: No, I don’t think so. It just looks like a beam of light. Like a beam.
RAY: When you look up inside the light, what does it look like?
JEAN: It's just light. I can't see anything. It's just yellow light—
bright—but it doesn't hurt my eyes.
RAY: What's black?
JEAN: The bottom of the whatever that is—ship.
RAY: Um-hum.
JEAN: But the light's coming from it.
RAY: Does the ship have any windows, doors?
JEAN: I think at the top but not, not around the bottom, but it's,
it's higher at the top. I don't look at it.
TONY: What is the shape?
JEAN: I can just see the bottom. The bottom is round, but I think
it goes up a little bit like—kinda like a triangle or—I can't see the
top of it.
RAY: How high is it off the ground? Higher than your house?
JEAN: Yes. That's why I can't see the top 'cause I can't see it.
They don't—I can't stay there and look at it. They don't want me
to.
RAY: Do you hear anything?
JEAN: No, it's just so quiet. [Oz Factor again.] Nobody's out.
RAY: Do you smell anything?
JEAN: [Pauses and sniffs.] I smell [Sniffs again.] something.
RAY: What does it smell like?
JEAN: It's not a lot, it's like rubber burning or something like
that—electric.
RAY: Have you ever been near an electric train and smelled that
... smell around an electric train?
JEAN: Yes! But not that much. Just a faint smell of it.
RAY: Did you feel anything?
JEAN: I feel a humming or something. I feel, I don't hear it, I feel
something, maybe a vibration, not very big. But it's quiet.
RAY: What happens next?
JEAN: I'm walking in the tunnel. . . .
TONY: Where's the tunnel?
JEAN: Inside.
TONY: Is there anybody with you?
JEAN: That one.
TONY: Where is he taking you? Where does he take you?
JEAN: To a room.
TONY: Describe the room. Just tell us what you see.
JEAN: There's nothing in the room. It's very bright. There's noth-
ing in there. And, I’m at the entrance but it’s not a door. It’s an entrance.

TONY: What do you mean—an entrance?
JEAN: I’m just looking in the room.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: There’s something in there.
TONY: Say that again, please.
JEAN: There’s something in the room.

What Jean described next was fascinating to say the least. She saw a rabbit in the middle of the floor. For a moment, it seemed like an extraterrestrial replay of Alice in Wonderland and the white rabbit! However, the logic of the situation quickly came to the fore. In any event, the rabbit was black and white!

TONY: What’s in there?
JEAN: A rabbit.
TONY: Why is there a rabbit in the room?
JEAN: I don’t know, but he’s cute.
RAY: How big is it?
JEAN: He’s a regular full-grown rabbit.
RAY: Is he on the floor?
JEAN: Yeah. He’s in the middle of the room on the floor. . . .
TONY: What color is it?
JEAN: Black and white.
TONY: What color is the floor?
JEAN: Brown.
TONY: What color are the walls?
JEAN: They’re bright. I don’t know. They’re like very bright.
RAY: Are they straight walls?
JEAN: Yes, but the room is round. The room is a round room, and the rabbit’s on the floor in the middle of the room.

TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: The one stays at the entrance and I walk in the room and I bend down to the rabbit. He’s really cute.
TONY: Do you touch the rabbit?
JEAN: Yeah. I’m petting the rabbit. His ears are cute. They go down.
RAY: Why do you do this?
JEAN: Because I think he’s cute. . . .
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I'm talking to the rabbit. He's cute. He's really cute.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: Then I look up and there's—I see these eyes. The bug eyes. The black eyes. But they're...short. They're not—They're kids! Little, little kid's eyes!
TONY: And where do they come from?
JEAN: From the wall. Out of the light. They came out of the light.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: They look scared. They're—Ohhh, they're so strange-looking!
TONY: Why?
JEAN: They look like they have—They look like the same ones,
but they're really short. But they have nose and mouth like ours—like a human's—like ours.

RAY: How tall are they?
JEAN: Oh, they're only two feet maybe, not even three.
RAY: What are they wearing?
JEAN: Nothing [Figure 34].
RAY: Can you see their fingers?
JEAN: Yeah.
RAY: How many fingers do they have?
JEAN: Four.
RAY: What do you see at the end of the fingers? Do they have fingernails? No fingernails?
JEAN: [Sighs]. They do but they're not like ours. They're, they're kinda like, um, almost fingernails. They're not fully grown or something. They're not fully in.
RAY: Do they have hair?
JEAN: No.
RAY: Can you see their feet?
JEAN: No. I don't look at their feet.
RAY: You say they're wearing clothes?
JEAN: No.
RAY: Do they have a nose?
JEAN: Yeah, but it's—it looks like it's supposed to be like ours' but it isn't too much.
RAY: What do the ears look like?
JEAN: I don't see any....
RAY: How about the mouth?
JEAN: Small, but it's—The lips are more puckered and the mouth isn't as wide as my mouth, but it's smaller and puckered. But they're cute anyway!
RAY: What happens next?
JEAN: I smile at them.
RAY: Aren't you afraid?
JEAN: No.
RAY: Why?
JEAN: I'm glad to see them again.
RAY: Again?
JEAN: Um-hum.
TONY: Why do you say again?
JEAN: [Pause.] I know them.
TONY: How do you know them?
JEAN: 'Cause they're mine!
TONY: How do you know that they are yours?
JEAN: 'Cause they—I just know. They took 'em!
TONY: When did they take them?
JEAN: I don't know. I just know they're mine.
RAY: How many are there?
JEAN: I think there's four or five. They just—they're happy to see me.
RAY: Are they girls or boys?
JEAN: I don't know.
TONY: They have no sex organs?
JEAN: I don't see any. They're cute.
TONY: You said that they appeared frightened?
JEAN: They were scared at first, but when I smiled at them they smiled back, and then they all rushed around me.
TONY: And what do they do when they rush around you?
JEAN: I was hugging them.
TONY: Were they hugging you back?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: Do they say anything to you?
JEAN: No.
TONY: Do they hold you?
JEAN: Yeah. They love me.
TONY: And you love them, don't you?
JEAN: Yeah. [Sighs.]
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I show them the rabbit. We play with the rabbit for a while.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: And then that one wants me to go.
TONY: Do you want to go?
JEAN: No.
TONY: Why not?
JEAN: I wanna stay with them.
TONY: With whom?
JEAN: Those little ones.
TONY: Why do you want to stay?
JEAN: 'Cause I like to be with them. . . . [Sighs.] They shouldn't have taken them. They were mine!

We wondered if the aliens planned to use Jean as a surrogate mother in the future.
Jean: They didn’t want to do it when I was too young, and I think, I don’t think they’re going to do it anymore. I think they have the ones they want, but they want me to be a part of that.

Ray: How?

Jean: I don’t know yet.

Ray: Did they say that you would see these children again—these four children?

Jean: I think they’re letting me see them because I—I’m so mad at them and I can’t um, like, I think they—It makes me happy so they want me to calm down and that’s what does it. They just want me not to be so mad and afraid and everything.

Tony: Why are they so concerned about you being angry?

Jean: Because I told that one that I hate him! And I don’t want them to do it to the other people and every day I think about it and I just don’t do this anymore and they, I get mad at them and I sometimes say they’re terrible and yell at ’em, and you know.

Tony: Are you going to see them again?

Jean: Um-hum.

Tony: How do you know?

Jean: I don’t know. I just do. Sometimes I know when they’re coming before even I go to bed.

Tony: How can you tell?

Jean: I don’t know. I just start crying and I shake and I’m really scared ’cause I know they’re coming and they do.

Ray: Do you feel anything unusual that you don’t feel at any other time when you know they’re coming?

Jean: Just like um, like, like a, a knowing. Like I feel—like butterflies in my stomach and like I’ll be doing something else and I will stop and I’ll know they’re coming and the butterflies will be in my stomach, and it’s like a sense that I know when they’re coming.

Ray: Can you feel them before you see them?

Jean: Ah, sometimes I—I can. Sometimes I open my eyes in bed and I’m facing the other way and I know they’re there or I know they’re coming in that minute or I know that they’ll be there.

Thus far, Jean had relived a typical female UFO abduction scenario. From my perspective, it was either real or rehearsed from a deep study of UFO literature. However, Jean would have had to been an actress of great prowess for the latter! She was not just recounting—she was actually reliving her experiences with emotion, complementary body movement,
and facial expressions. Tony had performed tests that indicated that she was under hypnosis and not pretending.

The experience that Jean relived has been described time and again by women to UFO researchers while under hypnosis. Many, like Jean, can often remember bits and pieces of the experience. Such memories are triggered by a drawing, a movie, a book, a scent, or an innocent remark. Others surface in nightmares. As many as 30 percent of all abductees can remember most or all of their experience without the use of hypnosis.

This chapter ends with Jean having been brought to show affection to her hybrid children. UFO researchers have dubbed this particular segment of an abduction as "the Presentation." However, our objective with Jean was to obtain a chronological overview of her experiences with alien entities over a period of time. Our next step was to find out when and how Jean had been impregnated, and when the fetuses were removed. This will be covered in the next chapter.
In the last chapter we met Jean and reviewed a segment of a hypnosis session held on November 19, 1994. This chapter will continue with the transcription of this session.

At the time of this writing, Jean is thirty-eight years of age. She is a remarried divorcée with a teenage daughter and son from a former marriage. She has worked as a nurse's aid at a hospital, but now works in day care for children. She has a high-school education and has taken some business-school courses. Reading and music are her hobbies. She has a keen interest in the paranormal because of a number of psychic events experienced during her lifetime. She had very little interest in UFOs prior to coming to me for an investigation of her experiences.

When we left the hypnosis session, Jean had just experienced meeting and interfacing with her hybrid children on an alien craft. Obviously, this Presentation was out of sync with the chronological sequence of events that led to it. We next began to reconstruct the events that led to this strange family reunion.

First, we wanted to find out when the last fetus had been taken from her. Let's continue to monitor this fascinating saga.

**TONY:** When they took them—how long ago had they taken them?

**JEAN:** [Sighs.] I think—I don't know. Towards the, um, the end of—Not in '94. They took them at the end of the year.

**TONY:** Ninety-three?

**JEAN:** Yeah. They took them.

**TONY:** Now, you just relax.

Tony again took some time to place Jean into a deeper state of hypnosis before continuing.
TONY: Just answer me quickly—how did they take those children from you?
JEAN: They just took them out.
TONY: Of where?
JEAN: Me. I was sleeping. They made me go to sleep.
TONY: Where were you when they took them?
JEAN: On the table?
TONY: Where was the table?
JEAN: In a room.
TONY: And they took them out of you all at the same time or at different times?
JEAN: Different.
TONY: How did you get to carry them in the first place?
JEAN: I don’t know. I don’t know how they got there.
TONY: Were you aware when you were carrying them that you were carrying something?
JEAN: I think so. I told my husband that I might be pregnant but we don’t understand it, because I can’t get pregnant anymore, but I felt pregnant a few times and we were worried because we had enough kids. And then it just went away.
RAY: Why couldn’t you be pregnant?
JEAN: ‘Cause I had my tubes tied...
TONY: When you said that you felt pregnant, could, you could you be a little more specific? ... I mean, had you missed a period and that made you think about it, or was there a sensation, a physical sensation?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: More of a physical sensation?
JEAN: Yeah, there was movement like, ah, like a kicking but before that I just—I was just craving things and I was sick to my stomach and I just knew.
TONY: Do you remember ... when was the first time that they took?
JEAN: I don’t know because it was when I couldn’t remember things, and I thought they didn’t want me to remember anything anymore.
TONY: How do you know that they don’t want you to remember?
JEAN: I don’t know. I think they just—I don’t know if they told me, but I just know. They just didn’t want me—they don’t want me to remember. ... I just remember being on the table and they put me to sleep and I knew they were taking it.
TONY: How did they put you to sleep?
JEAN: I don’t know. There was one near my head. He put his hand on my head. The one that I like. That was the one with the needle. He was the one with the needle.
TONY: How, how can you distinguish between the one that you like and the others? Is there a distinguishing feature of some kind?
JEAN: No, he’s just nice.
TONY: Well, how do you know that? How do you know that it is he—that he’s the one?
JEAN: I don’t know. He just, he tells me it’s all right. He’s—he talks to me—with his mind, he talks to me in my mind.
TONY: Now, again, how many have been taken from you?
JEAN: Four.
TONY: How did they get inside you?
JEAN: I don’t know. They don’t want me to see.
TONY: They don’t want you to see what?
JEAN: How they’re doing it. They make me go to sleep. [Pause.] I don’t want to know.
TONY: So, they make you go to sleep when they impregnate you? Is that what you’re saying?
JEAN: And when they took them out—they made me go to sleep too.
TONY: What part of the body did they touch when they impregnated you?
JEAN: I don’t know. I know my feet were up. My stomach—I have a stomachache. My ovary hurts and I think that it’s just something, I don’t know. It hurts on my right side but it’s [Long sigh.]—I don’t know what it is. [Whispers.] I don’t know. They just—[Sighs.] I get mad at them sometimes.
TONY: Why do you get angry?
JEAN: ’Cause they—they just take me! And do this! [Sighs.] It’s just . . .
RAY: How many in your family?
JEAN: Eleven.
RAY: Do you ever see any of your family with you when they take you?
JEAN: No, other people, but I don’t know them.
TONY: What kind of other people?
JEAN: Just people. Just people. No old people and no young people, just like my age—twenties, thirties—they look like.
TONY: What are they doing with these other people?
JEAN: Well, they... there's a girl. Ohhh, I feel so sorry for her!
[Gasps.]
TONY: That's okay, that's okay.
JEAN: [Gasps.] Why don't they just do it to me, not to her. God!
TONY: Just relax. What are they doing to her?
JEAN: They have her on a table. They're doing the same thing!
TONY: What?
JEAN: Her legs are up.
TONY: What are they doing?
JEAN: They're working down in between her legs but—I'm just looking at her face.
TONY: What does her face look like?
JEAN: I thought she was laughing but—when I walked—she's screaming but nothing's coming out! She's so scared. She's terrified. They don't want me to go near her. The on—I hate that one! Ohhh!
RAY: What do you do when they're doing this and where are the others you talked about?
JEAN: The one with the white [smock] is behind me on my left. He's near my shoulder. He's showing me that, but he doesn't let me get up close to her.
TONY: Do you say anything to her?
JEAN: No, and I should have.
TONY: Does she say anything to you?
JEAN: She can't talk. She's screaming because her face looks like it's screaming but there's nothing coming out. And the other ones are working on her.
TONY: How long do they work on her?
JEAN: I'm not there too long, because now they're taking me out.
TONY: Where do they take you?
JEAN: Back down the hall but she's looking at me. Ohhh!
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I am so mad! [Sighs.]
TONY: We can understand. We can understand your anger.
JEAN: [Crying hysterically.]

Tony had to terminate the questioning temporarily. Earlier he had used Jean's love of the beach to calm her. So, he brought her mentally to a beach on a nice warm day. Slowly but surely, Jean began to relax and become calmer.

TONY: That's okay. I'm just going to touch you. It's all right now. It's okay. It's all right. Let's walk on the beach. It's okay, relax. It's
okay, Jean. You're all right. You're a very courageous woman. A very courageous woman. Just relax. It's okay, it's okay. Just imagine that your husband Dick loves you and your five children, Jane's right here, and Ray and I are here. Just relax, just relax. You're absolutely right. They don't have a right. They don't have a right. Just relax, Jean. You're doing very, very well. It's okay. It's okay. Just relax, just relax.

JEAN: That girl! [Sobbing quietly.]

TONY: It's okay, it's okay. Because it's going to come to her—she's going to realize it one day. She has the strength that you do. She has the strength to cope and she'll have the strength to find out and she'll have the strength to do something about it, which you're doing. You have to keep that in mind. The one thing that, that seems that these beings do is underestimate the strength of the human being. The strength, the courage. All I can do is ask you to remember that strength. Remember that love that you have for your husband and your children. Remember God's love for all of us children, and one of these days we'll know what it is all about and it will be okay. It will be okay. But they don't have the right. They don't, and that's why we're asking you questions. They don't have the right, and we want to find out. So Jane's holding your hand. You just take it easy. Just relax for a couple of minutes, okay?

Tony let Jean relax for several minutes without interruption and pushed her ahead into time. Jean and her abductee companions were no longer onboard the craft. They were sitting in a field!

JEAN: We were in like a field or something? . . . We're all just sitting down and staring at the sky. [Sniffs.]

TONY: How many are there?

JEAN: . . . There were a lot of us. Maybe like twenty.

TONY: Where is the field located?

JEAN: I don't know. It was like a baseball field or something, but it couldn't have been . . .

TONY: Why are you looking at the sky?

JEAN: 'Cause they're all flying around in the sky.

TONY: Who's flying around?

JEAN: All the ships.

TONY: All the ships? How many are there?

JEAN: A lot.

TONY: Where is this field located?
JEAN: I don’t know where it is. I don’t think I ever saw it. [Pause.] There’s a building there.

TONY: What kind of a building?

JEAN: Like a—like a cement, um, like a snack place or something? Like, there’s a door, a red door and there’s two windows above it and the field is all dirt.

TONY: What do the ships do?

JEAN: They’re just—they’re just like going slow around and we’re all—We can’t move. Nobody can move. . . .

RAY: Men or women?

JEAN: There’s a man next to me. I thought it was Dick. I was glad, because finally he could see some proof that I’m not dreaming, but it’s not Dick. ‘Cause he has a mustache. And there’s the blonde girl.

TONY: What kind of a girl?

JEAN: Blonde. She had blonde hair and I—we all look so silly just sitting here staring at the sky.

RAY: Do you know anybody?

JEAN: I don’t know them. But I want to talk to them.

TONY: Can you?

JEAN: No.

TONY: What are you sitting on?

JEAN: I’m sitting on a wooden, like, bench and somebody is sitting behind me. I’m in the front row, and there’s two of them standing in front of us.

TONY: Two of what?

JEAN: Things—Those—

TONY: What do they look like?

JEAN: The same things.

TONY: Why are they standing there?

JEAN: I don’t know. They’re like watching over us.

RAY: What are you wearing?

JEAN: My clothes.

RAY: What kind of clothes?

JEAN: I have on a yellow shirt. That’s what I wore to bed. A yellow shirt. A long shirt, but I have pants on, but I don’t know how they got there. . . .

RAY: Are they yours?

JEAN: I don’t think so. I don’t think they’re mine.

RAY: What do you have on your feet?

JEAN: I don’t think I have anything on my feet. . . .
TONY: What do the ships do?
JEAN: Nothing, they're just floating around.
RAY: What do they look like?
JEAN: They just look like lights, but I know they're ships because of the way they're spinning and floating. Because of the time I saw them before.
RAY: What happens next?
JEAN: The two are talking to each other.
TONY: What are they saying?
JEAN: I can't hear them, 'cause they're kinda not near us. They're just standing in the middle of the field.
TONY: How do you know they're talking to each other?
JEAN: . . . They just look like they're talking to each other.
RAY: What are they wearing?
JEAN: Nothing.
TONY: And then what happens? How long do you sit there?
JEAN: We just sit there and look at the sky.

We wanted to know what happened next, so I tried to push Jean ahead chronologically.

RAY: When don't you sit there?
JEAN: When they take me back.
RAY: Where?
JEAN: Home.
TONY: How do they take you back home?
JEAN: [Pause.] I don't know.
TONY: How did you get to the field?
JEAN: I don't know. I—I can't remember. . . . I thought, "How did I get here?"
TONY: Do you know why they brought you to the field?
JEAN: I think they wanted us to see the ships. They wanted us to see the ships but they don't want us to talk to each other . . . at that time.
RAY: . . . What happened after you left the room with the lady . . . on the table? You were going down a hallway. What happened after that?
JEAN: I said, "Why are you doing that to her?" And that one said they have to.
TONY: Did they say what they were doing?
JEAN: I knew what they were doing!
TONY: What were they doing?
JEAN: They were putting it in. Putting the—for the baby—and they were going to take it later. That’s what they did to me. That’s what they did to her.
RAY: Did they say why they were doing this?
JEAN: They have to.
RAY: Did they say why they have to?
JEAN: No, ’cause, ’cause he doesn’t want to talk to me.
RAY: What happened next?
JEAN: They took me back home.
RAY: How?
JEAN: In the light.
RAY: How did you get to the light before you were back home? Where was the light?

Again, we were faced with the familiar “doorway amnesia” effect and tried to break through this recurring mental block.

JEAN: It was, um—I came down in the light.
RAY: Before you came down in the light.
JEAN: I went in that hall and the light was at the end and you step on the light and it goes down fast.
RAY: And where do you end up? What’s at the end of the light?
JEAN: It’s a street. At—at the gate.
RAY: And the gate is near your house?
JEAN: Yeah. I—I—I ended up at the gate. And they took me to the door.
RAY: Do they open the door?
JEAN: Yeah. And I just went in and locked the door.
RAY: What time was that? Did you look at a clock?
JEAN: I looked at the clock when I opened my eyes before.
RAY: What time was that?
JEAN: One twenty-five [A.M.].
RAY: One twenty-five?
JEAN: I think so, but I, I don’t look at the clock [when returned] ’cause I’m too tired.

Now that we discovered how Jean was returned home, we still wanted to know how many times she had visited her children.
Ray: How many times do you see these children?
Jean: Um, just the once but—I don’t know if I saw them before, but I know them.
Ray: Why don’t you know that you saw them before?
Jean: I don’t know. I don’t, don’t know, but that one with the white... wants to see what I do with them.
Tony: And what did he do after you hugged the children and got along with them, and so forth?
Jean: He made me come out of the room but I didn’t want to, because I wanted to stay with them.
Tony: With the children?
Jean: But, then I said, “No, I can’t stay because I want to go home with my kids.”
Ray: What year was that?
Jean: That was 1994.
Ray: What month?
Jean: That was October.
Ray: Do you remember what day?
Jean: Um, no.

I popped the next question, but didn’t get the answer I expected. Jean’s response floored me! It seems as if the aliens were not happy with our extracting some of the data from Jean. They made sure that she would not tell us certain things during the hypnosis session on the following day. This implied that our investigation of Jean was being monitored by her abductors!

Ray: When was the last time you saw those beings?
Jean: Last night.
Ray: Can you tell us about that?
Jean: They were just there.
Ray: Do they know that you’re coming here?
Jean: I think so. I think that’s why they were there.
Ray: Did they mention any names or what to do, what not to do?
Jean: No. They just don’t want me to know too much and they came at quarter to four [3:45 A.M.] ’cause I saw them near my bed.
Ray: Can you start at the very beginning and tell us what happened in detail?
Jean: I just woke up and they were there, and he was sideways, so he was dark, so I didn’t see clear, but I knew it was him.
TONY: Who was sideways?
JEAN: That one.
TONY: Which one?
JEAN: The, the big one [i.e., the one with the white smock].
TONY: The one that you like?
JEAN: No! The one that I don’t like! I just hate him!
TONY: What did he say to you?
JEAN: Um, I think there’s another one and he’s—I don’t see the other one, but he’s sideways talking, and they don’t want me to know so much about them ’cause later I will.
TONY: Later you will what?
JEAN: I’ll know more.
TONY: Did they ever say to you or suggest to you not to remember anything?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: When did they suggest that?
JEAN: Um, the time that I was on the table.
TONY: Was there any special message for you this morning?
JEAN: I think there was, but I don’t remember. I just saw them there, and then I couldn’t go back to sleep.
TONY: Did they stay with you?
JEAN: Um, I, I think maybe ten minutes ’cause I didn’t want to look at them. I just didn’t care anymore.
RAY: What did they say to you?
JEAN: That I can’t tell everything.
TONY: Have you told us everything?
JEAN: Uh-uh. [Negative.]
TONY: Why not?
JEAN: ’Cause I don’t remember it all.
RAY: Why can’t you remember?
JEAN: They don’t want me to, because they said it’s—it’s not yet.
RAY: Do you know when?
JEAN: They said “later.”
TONY: How much later?
JEAN: I don’t know, but I have a feeling it’s [Sighs.] a while later. Not, not right away.
RAY: Did they say anything specifically about you coming here?
JEAN: No. They didn’t care, but they just don’t want me to say some things, but I can’t anyway, ’cause I can’t remember them.
TONY: Well, if you can’t remember specifically, can you remember generally what they don’t want you to talk about?
Jean: Well, like, I don't know if they call it medical, but like medical things and why they're doing it and, you know, um, they know I'm mad at them and everything, but I'll understand later. That's what they say.

Tony: Does Dick own a video camera?

Jean: Uh-uh. [Negative.] He's afraid and he—At first he kept saying that I was having dreams and, and now he believes me because he saw the marks and he saw bloody things and he said, "What happened to you?"

Tony: What bloody things did he see?

Jean: Like, on my leg—I showed him. One day, he said to me, "What happened to your head?"—when I woke up and I said, "What?" And there was a hole in my head and it was really bloody, and then it made a scab and it was there for weeks. I showed Jane one day 'cause it was hurting like there was something in my eye or something. My eye was hurting when I woke up. And—

Ray: Did you go to a doctor about any of these?

Jean: No, because they're not that bad to go to a doctor, but I just—I didn't know what happened that day, but I knew it was them that did it 'cause.

Ray: When you see them again, could you tell them something, if you remember? Maybe Tony can help you to remember?

Jean: Um.

Ray: Ask them if what Tony and I and others are doing is the right thing to do.

Jean: It is the right thing to do but they only let you know what they want me to know.

Ray: Do they say that later on that you will be able to know more?

Jean: Yeah. Later on I will know. They will explain it to me more why I was chosen and why they are doing these things with the babies. They're trying to save what—to mix everything.

Tony: Did they tell you this?

Jean: I think so. I know it.

Ray: Did they say anything was happening to man on this planet that might make them do these things?

Jean: They just said that, um, later, everybody will know and I will be able to tell people, and nobody will probably believe us because they just won't believe it.

Tony: Did they say when you will be able to tell people?

Jean: Just later.
RAY: When did they tell you you were chosen? Were these the actual words they used in your mind?
JEAN: They told me that they were going to tell me why I was chosen.
TONY: Did they use the word *chosen*?
JEAN: Yeah, and the *others* too, 'cause there's others they take.
RAY: When they're told why, will everybody else that wasn't chosen—will they know too, or just the ones that were chosen?
JEAN: They're going to tell me, and I don't know if I'll be able to tell everybody else yet—but someday I will. They're, they're just going to tell the ones they take first and they want me to be with the kids. Something with those kids that are mine, and there's *more* kids, but I didn't see them.
RAY: Does it help the kids for you to be there?
JEAN: They like it when I'm there because I'm—They were really happy to see me, and I feel bad because I don't think anybody really loves them when they're there.
RAY: Do you know what happens to the kids when you're not there? What they do?
JEAN: No, but I, I just felt that they, um, don't have anybody like a mother or father or anything like that... that's why they're glad to see me because I hug them and stuff like that. They're really cute.
RAY: Is there anything else you'd like to tell us?
JEAN: Well... [Pause.] they wanted me to see those lights at the back door and, you know, those colored lights and the ship was there too, but just one.
RAY: What colored lights?
JEAN: Like balls of light?
RAY: What were the balls of light doing, and what color were they?
JEAN: They're all pastel colors—like—green, yellow, pink, blue, and they're really, really pretty.
RAY: What are they doing?
JEAN: They were just floating around and the ship was among them, and the one with the white smock was holding open the door and showing me and the back door, and it was really very, very beautiful, but I was afraid that if he knew what I was thinking that he would take me and keep me there, so I was really mad because I couldn't stop looking at the lights, but I knew that he was very happy that I liked it.
Ray: How big were the lights compared to a basketball or beach ball?
Jean: Some were that big, some were small. Like the beads.
Ray: These were floating?
Jean: Yeah.
Ray: Lots of them, or just a few of them?
Jean: Lots. They were . . . all colors, and they were really very, very beautiful.
Ray: And this was outside the ship?
Jean: This was up in the sky and on the street there were lights like spotlights pointing up to the sky in an arc, and inside each spotlight there were like five lights, and it was very quiet outside.
Ray: No one else in the neighborhood was awake or on the street?
Jean: No and no cars, and I can’t understand that. The trees don’t move. There’s not a sound and it’s just really nice.
Ray: Are the street lights on?
Jean: I don’t, I don’t know because, um, it was so bright out from all the spotlights or whatever they are, and the lights in the sky, and it was unbelievable.
Ray: Did you ever see any glass or plastic on the ship? Outside the ship?
Jean: Um . . . [Pause.] I—I can see some plastic—something see-through like plastic, but it’s not plastic. I don’t know what it is.
Ray: Where is it on the ship?
Jean: I don’t know. It’s on something but I—it’s—it’s like a pointy thing and it’s kinda clouded but it’s not white but see-through, but cloudy. Like ice.
Ray: Like ice?
Jean: Um.
Ray: Does the ship have any—you know, an airplane has landing gear, wheels and things like that? Is there anything like that?
Jean: I didn’t see anything.
Ray: Did the ship carry lights itself or was it always dark black on the bottom?
Jean: The only light that I saw was the light that I went in.
Ray: And what kind of an opening, what shape was the opening that the light came out of on the bottom of the ship?
Jean: It was actually more, um . . . It was kinda on the side and the bottom and it was round—but it might have been square—but the way the light was coming out—the light was like a tube—round.
And I couldn't see, because the light was bright and the ship was
dark, and I can't, can't really see it when I look up. And when I get
close, I don't remember going through the entrance [doorway am-
nesia]—only the one in the ship. Only the hall and the room in the
ship. [Long sigh.]

TONY: Jean, you've done very, very well. I just want you to relax
for a few moments. I'm just going to count from one to ten. When
I reach the count of ten, you can open your eyes. ... We're going
to ask that you allow more and more of these memories to come
forth and keep a pad of paper handy whether you are asleep or
awake or whatever and jot down whatever ideas come to mind—
whatever you remember. Especially that conversation that you heard
when you were seven years old and in one way or another were told
not to remember. So, so please do that for us. Okay?

RAY: And also, if you can draw what you've seen—the entities,
the craft, what you saw inside the craft. Even if you can't draw very
well, do the best you can. Okay?

JEAN: Um.

TONY: Tonight, you'll have an unusually deep and pleasant and
restful sleep as a result of our session here.... I will start counting
with one and take your time coming back.... [Tony brings Jean
slowly, step by step, out of hypnosis.] Eight. You can remember
everything that was said and done. If there are some things you don't
want to remember, you don't have to. Nine ... Getting very good
and open wide on ten. Boy, wasn't that a session?

Jean's eyes opened as she looked straight ahead with a stunned look on
her face. I decided to leave the tape recorder running. A record of her
personal reaction after reliving these experiences would be helpful in an-
alyzing them. It would also be helpful in our planning for the next session.
Several excerpts are as follows.

POST-HYPNOSIS DEBRIEFING

RAY: Now, can you remember what went on?
JEAN: Yeah.
RAY: What do you think?
JEAN: Um ... [pause.] I'm mad. I'm still mad.
TONY: ... Your emotions were certainly, ah, very genuine.
RAY: And the physical marks that you say corresponded to what
you experienced, which is very interesting. Very interesting. It is very
important to continue your journal and take photographs and if you want to continue what we’re doing now—this is kind of an initial thing—that’s, that’s completely up to you—but right now, we just want you to relax and, ah, hope that we haven’t opened Pandora’s box for you.

JEAN: No, I’m glad I did this but, um, it makes me wonder now—where are those kids that are mine? My main concern there was that could they be really actually be doing something like that.

RAY: Someone was sitting there (where you are sitting) a few weeks ago. I won’t say who, but it was a male, and he was presented a child that he felt was his, too. You aren’t the only one. There are others. If you know the literature at all, ah, this is common among female abductees. So, don’t feel that you’re alone. There are others who have had this kind of experience before called “the Presentation.” And if you saw Budd Hopkins’ Intruders or read any of that stuff there, then you would know but—

JEAN: I, um, when I, when I had—I don’t want to call it a dream anymore. But, about the girl on the table. At that time I wasn’t sure what they were doing, but now I know . . .

JEAN: . . . My husband, too. He believes me now because he sees the marks and things like that, but he’s just in denial. He can’t—He just doesn’t know what to say to me about it.

RAY: Well, he may—that’s up to you whether you want to share what came out on the tape.

JEAN: Yeah, he said he might listen to it until he can’t anymore.

RAY: Yeah, I would be very careful to shield your children. I don’t know how old they are.

JEAN: No, I know. I worry about that. Sometimes I wonder if—

RAY: They’ve never come to you with any stories, like something at the window or being taken from bed, or something like that?

JEAN: No. My son one time asked me—but I think it might have been something on TV—and then he came to me one night and he said, “Do you believe in aliens?” And my mother—one day I was taking her shopping and out of the blue she said to me, “Do you believe in UFOs?” And I was on the highway, and I just, you know, I was in shock. I think I told her that anything’s possible, but—

RAY: She doesn’t know anything about this?

JEAN: No, oh no.

RAY: Is your mother still living?

JEAN: Yeah, she lives right next door to me.

RAY: You might surreptitiously sometime get into a discussion
without saying anything about yourself, because this is a family thing
usually. That's why I asked about your children.

JEAN: Is it really?

RAY: Yeah.

TONY: That's one of the questions I wanted to ask, but I let it
go. Do you suspect anyone else in your family?

RAY: It's not usually every member but it, it can go back a gen-
eration. The problem is, people die, so you can't go back and check
them. But if your mother or dad are still living, or your father's—

JEAN: I wouldn't think that they would say anything.

RAY: That's just it, you know. Your mother might say, "Do you
believe in UFOs?" because she's got this on her mind.

JEAN: I thought I had told Jane, "You know, I hope that she didn't
see anything," or, you know, because her—ah, my backyard, I'm on
the corner and she's next door to me and her bedroom faces my
yard and my back door. So I thought maybe she asked, um, maybe
she saw something.

RAY: Maybe she did. And I think it's important somehow to gain
her confidence and, ah, see, why she asked a question like that. She
may have seen something. That would be very interesting. Well.

JEAN: Now, about these beads. Would you tell me?

The "beads" that Jean mentioned were tiny round, glasslike pellets. After
one of her experiences, she found a handful of them in her handbag and
had no idea what they were or where they originated. They looked similar
to what abductees have reported as "implants." (Note: I had them ana-
lyzed. They were made of silicate glass containing trace impurities.)

RAY: I will tell you. I'll give you the complete analysis of the
beads. In fact, I don't have the rest of them. I guess you still have
them somewhere. When you showed them at the house, I grabbed
the paper, but I didn't grab the beads. They are being analyzed by
______, who does this kind of work for ______.

JEAN: Can I ask you one more thing, and you don't have to tell
me, you know, um, if you don't want to, but did what I say sound
like anything like anybody else?

RAY: Yeah, I mean I could sit here and almost know what you
were going to say next. And, I think the thing that really shook me
up was when you got to [age] thirteen, nothing happened.

TONY: That's what I expected.

JANE: Because of her menstrual cycle?
TONY: Yes.
RAY: That usually happened, but then the explanation they gave you was that—How many children have you got?
JEAN: I have two of my own. I have three stepchildren.
RAY: The only thing I can think of—they told you that they were going to wait until you were older before they used you, because you were raising a family and so forth.
JEAN: Yeah, that’s what I got. That’s the feeling I got. When I was telling you that they wanted me to do what I had to do first.

Jean’s abduction experiences typify hundreds of other cases where human females report being used to carry, bear, and give birth to alien-human hybrid children. However, we have not yet completed our overview of this typical female abduction. This alien process begins much earlier in the abductee’s life. Surrogate mothers are chosen at and monitored from childhood. Jean was no exception to this rule. This will be demonstrated explicitly in the following chapter.
13.

A Child's Memories

Most initial abduction experiences occur when the abductee is between the ages of five and twenty. Initial blood samples, bone marrow aspirations and tissue samples are taken. ... This would be the time frame for specific and early genetic studies.¹

Thus far, we had been working backward through time in our probing of Jean’s UFO abduction experiences. However, from time to time she had alluded to childhood experiences. It was now time to delve back into her childhood memories. This is where alien interest in their surrogate mother began.

As Dr. Neal has stated in the above quote, many abduction experiences begin at age five. This may be only a case of when such experiences are remembered. Some persons, like Becky Andreasson, for example — can remember such experiences from an earlier age. It is very probable that some abductees are monitored from their very birth!

The next hypnosis session did not take place until February 11, 1995. During the first segment, we found that Jean had gone through what seemed like a conditioning process conducted by the alien entities. From time to time, an entity would show itself to her, and then disappear. However, it seemed to be dressed in some kind of a costume and mask. Jean later would compare the outfit to that of a clown. It dressed so ridiculously that had Jean reported it, no one would have believed her. Later, this particular entity would abduct her for an operation on her ankle. But now, let us examine this conditioning process. Pertinent excerpts from the session follow. We enter the session as Tony is going through the hypnotic induction process.
TONY: I just want you to relax, Jean. Just relax for a moment. Just think of a beautiful beach. A beach that you go to. Think of Plum Island. A beautiful beach that we have here. I'm going to start counting with one. That's one year old. When I say two, that's two years old. Do you understand what I'll be doing?

JEAN: Um.

TONY: I would like a light to go off in your mind when I reach the age when you first had your first experience with them—these beings. I don't know what age that's going to be. You just tell me when the light goes on. Do you understand, Jean? Okay, one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—

JEAN: Now! It's on [i.e., seven years old].

TONY: Thank you. Just relax. Just relax. You're doing very, very well... What happened to you when you were seven years old, Jean?

JEAN: Um, I'm upstairs, and it was dark, and I was playing hide-and-seek with Vinny and I was looking—and I went up to look for him. And the thing was there at the window.

TONY: And then what happened?

JEAN: I screamed. I started to scream.

TONY: And then what happened?

JEAN: I ran downstairs and my mother and father weren't home because they went out and the older kids were babysitting.

TONY: And then what happened?

JEAN: I told them that I saw something, a monster, I think I told them, and Franky grabbed a broom and he went upstairs to check.

TONY: Who is Franky?

JEAN: My brother. And then Vinny was hiding up there and he came down and they said there was nothing up there.

TONY: Who's Vinny?

JEAN: My brother. 'Cause he was hiding up there. I went to find him.

TONY: Why was it dark when you went upstairs?

JEAN: Ah, I don't know. The lights were all off because Vinny wanted me to find him, and he turned off the hall light so that I couldn't see to find him.
TONY: Why would the hall light be on? Why would the lights be on?
JEAN: Well, it was night, and when you go upstairs you put the hall light on from downstairs.
TONY: Now you said, upstairs. If you went upstairs—Is that the second floor?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: How could you see somebody staring in the window if you’re two stories up?
JEAN: I don’t know, but there was a light at the window and it was at the window.
RAY: What did it look like?
JEAN: It was green and it had slanty eyes, but I don’t think they were black, and it looked like it had like teeth or something like on the sides, but there wasn’t a mouth, but it looked like fangs or something there—something white.
TONY: What is it wearing?
JEAN: There’s something furry brown, but I don’t know what it is ‘cause I didn’t look. As soon as I saw it, I screamed and ran.
RAY: Okay, what happened next after you went downstairs and told everybody and they went up and searched and there was nothing there? What happened next?
JEAN: Then nothing. I just stayed downstairs and was crying and when it was time for bed I was scared, because I thought he was coming back.
RAY: Did he?
JEAN: No. Only the next time, it came back outside.
RAY: Okay, tell us about that.
JEAN: I was coming from my friend’s house and it was dark and I saw it at the window of a neighbor’s house. The same one. But I ran home and I was really scared, but I didn’t tell anybody ‘cause I thought that I was eight years old, and I knew I saw it before, but I thought maybe I was just seeing things or something. . . .
RAY: Were the neighbor’s home in the house?
JEAN: No, it was dark.
RAY: Then how could you see?
JEAN: ‘Cause it was bright where he was. The window was lit up where he was, and he was just watching me all the time. He watches me.
TONY: How old were you again?
JEAN: Eight.
RAT: When was the next time?
JEAN: Um... [pause] I don't know. I saw it before but I don't know, I was still little, but I was a little older. I kept seeing it everywhere.
RAT: In the daytime or just at night?
JEAN: Only at night.
TONY: What did you mean by everywhere?
JEAN: Well, if I was walking, I’d look up and it would be in—always in a window. And I never knew why I would look at these windows, but it just was like something makes me look there and that’s where it is.
TONY: ... What was he doing at the neighbor’s window—looking at the window or he just happened to be there looking at you?
JEAN: Looking at me.
RAT: On the inside or was he outside the window?
JEAN: He was—I think he was inside. But he was short, so I—He couldn’t have been on the roof, so he must have been inside. Every time I saw it I would run, because I'm scared of it.
RAT: When did he first visit you?
JEAN: When I was seven.
TONY: When you saw him when you were seven, can you just see that scene in the room now—can you see it?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: You see him at the window?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: He looks at you?
JEAN: Um.
TONY: Okay. You said you screamed and ran downstairs?
JEAN: Um-hum.
TONY: How much time elapsed between the time you saw him and the time when you screamed and went downstairs?
JEAN: Just a few seconds, ’cause as soon as I saw it, I turned around and ran downstairs.
TONY: Did he say anything to you?
JEAN: No.
TONY: Do you recall the first time that any one of them said anything to you?
JEAN: The only time that I can remember they talked to me was when it happened on—when I was older.
TONY: How much older?
JEAN: Last year [1994]. Yeah, because they just watch me. When I was little, they were just watching me to see.

THE FIRST ABDUCTION

RAY: Did they ever take you anywhere when you were little?
JEAN: I think so, but they made me go asleep. I just remember standing at the window when I was seven, and they took me, but I was sleeping.
TONY: How did they make you sleep?
JEAN: I was standing up near the window, and something was there behind me, and they just touched my head and then—then I just remember going up but that, that's all.
TONY: ... Outside or inside?
JEAN: In. It's in, behind me and he touched my head, and one hand was on my head and one hand was on my left shoulder, and then I must remember like—my hands were at my side and I was just lifted—and I didn't have any slippers on....
RAY: Was it dark at the window?
JEAN: Yeah but not, um ... it was dark outside, but it was a little bit light, like I could see the trees outside and all that. [Sounds anxious.]
TONY: Just relax.
RAY: When, when your eyes were closed—when you felt yourself going up—what else could you feel? You couldn't see, but what else did you feel?
JEAN: Just me like floating up. And then, like halfway I just—don't know. I don't remember. I think I was sleeping.
RAY: Do you remember coming back home?
JEAN: Um, I don't remember—I just remember like waking up in bed, but not really waking up—just opening my eyes and already being awake but—I don't know, I can't explain it. It's—it's like I wasn't sleeping, but my eyes were closed.
RAY: Did you tell your mother or father?
JEAN: No.
RAY: Why not?
JEAN: They don't want me to tell anybody!
RAY: How do you know that?
JEAN: It's a secret.
RAY: How do you know it's a secret?
Jean: They told me it was a secret.
Ray: ... Where did they tell you that?
Jean: ... Um, in the room.
Ray: So, you were in a room and they tell you not to remember, or was it a place or where was it?
Jean: I think it was, um, inside their place.
Ray: Oh, what does their place look like? Is it like a house?
Jean: No, it's very bare. There's nothing in there.
Ray: Your eyes are open? You can see now.
Jean: Yeah, but, it's, it's like, um, I'm really sleepy and just kinda like going to sleep sometimes and sometimes I'm up—just really tired and I just don't see anything there except one of those things. And, I'm going to be leaving soon.
Tony: How do you know that?
Jean: Because that's when they say—we're near the hall, and they say it's a secret.
Ray: What did you do before you went to the hall and before they told you it was a secret?
Jean: ... I—I think, um, they were just like checking me.
Tony: How?
Jean: I don't know. Like, um, a doctor's exam or something. Just, I don't know. I could feel them touching me, but I was sleeping.
Tony: Did you feel, did you feel fingers or did you feel metal when they touched you?
Jean: I felt fingers, like thin bony fingers.
Ray: Where?
Jean: On my arms and my stomach, my legs. They were checking my stomach a lot.

I have dealt with this alien-induced mental block before. It is very hard to break through and often impossible. However, Tony and I decided to give it the proverbial old college try.

Ray: Suppose someone else was there besides you. You were told to keep it secret. But suppose someone else was there and they had a video camera, and they took a video of what was going on, and they weren't told that it was a secret, and they come back and they play the video for us. What did they see?
Jean: They would see me on the table and the, um, guys there checking me.
Ray: And what were you wearing?
JEAN: Pajamas but no slippers. I couldn’t put my slippers on.
RAY: How many were there?
JEAN: Three.
RAY: Can you tell us in detail what they were doing?
JEAN: Just checking my stomach, pressing on it and just—The one at the bottom was checking my legs and the ones, the one on my left was touching my arms and my eyes and my head and the other one was doing my stomach. Just like pressing on it and like that.
RAY: How did you get up on the table? What would the video camera show?
JEAN: [Pause.] I just—no—I just went on. I don’t know, my eyes were closed, and I didn’t climb on, I just was on. I—just like—floated on—now. Something like that.
RAY: What happened after they did the exam?
JEAN: Then I went back.
RAY: Now suppose we had the same video camera and suppose it had a microphone so that everything they said to you through your mind was recorded. Now, they told you not to tell us why they were doing it and when you would know. But this person with the video camera wasn’t told that, and he’s got the video camera on all the time, and he’s also got the microphone there so he can hear their minds all the time. And he’s going to play it back. What would happen? What would we hear?
JEAN: ... Nobody can hear it!
TONY: Can’t hear what?
JEAN: What they’re saying. They don’t want anybody to hear them.
TONY: But, but you understand that if they don’t want anyone to hear them, they must have been talking.
JEAN: Yeah. They were talking but I don’t know what they were saying. They don’t want me to know that.
TONY: They don’t want you to know or they don’t want you to remember?
JEAN: They don’t want me to remember.
TONY: But you heard them.
JEAN: [Pause.]
TONY: It’s just like when I talk to Ray or I talk to your sister Jane. I know you can hear me. I may say it in a whisper, as I don’t want to break your train of thought. But you heard me talking to Ray a while back—didn’t you?
Jean continued to be uncooperative about breaking her confidence with her abductors, so Tony placed her deeper under hypnosis and we tried again to break through the mental block.

**TONY:** You heard them talking? True?
**JEAN:** Um.
**TONY:** Do you know what they said to one another?
**JEAN:** Yeah, but—
**TONY:** And they have this young, innocent seven-year-old girl. They don’t have the right, whether she’s seven or seventeen or thirty-seven or seventy, they don’t have the right. They don’t have the right to do this. What did they say to one another?
**JEAN:** [Long sigh.] They, um, they don’t let me do that?
**TONY:** It’s possible, during a dream, during the day—you may be cooking, you may be doing the dishes. It could be anything. Within the next few days, what they said to one another will pop into your mind and when it does, will you write it down immediately? Will you keep paper and pencil—I don’t know if you have a nightstand—or a bureau—will you keep that handy, and whatever time of the day, whatever time of the night—you were seven, was that right?
**JEAN:** Um.
**TONY:** Seven years old, and they don’t have the right. And it will come to you, and when it does, please jot it down and let Ray know. Let Jane know. Whatever you feel comfortable with, will you do that?
**JEAN:** Um-hum.

For the time being, we gave up trying to get Jean to tell us her secret. We would come back and try again later. At that time we would learn more about her abductions at age seven.

**RAY:** When is the next time—after seven years old—that you have an experience with these beings—where they actually take you somewhere?
**JEAN:** Um, not until—They watch me—but they don’t take me for a long time. They watch me.
**RAY:** When is the next time?
**TONY:** Just relax.
**JEAN:** I don’t know. I—I don’t—
**TONY:** Let me count again and the next time they take you, let
that little light flash in your mind. Okay? So we’ll start with seven—
eight—nine—ten—eleven . . . thirty-five—thirty-six—thirty-seven—

JEAN: Now! The light is there.
RAYS: What year is it?
JEAN: It’s ’93.

The 1993 experiences had already been covered. We decided to let
Jean confide with us about things that she was allowed to tell.

RAYS: Anything else that we haven’t been told that you’d like to
tell us about the entities?
JEAN: They, um, they, they were waiting so that when I get, get
older they can get the babies.
TONY: They were waiting for what?
JEAN: For me to get older.

It was quite apparent that after her abductions as a seven-year-old that
she was merely being monitored periodically. This went on until she had
raised her own family. It was at that point that Jean began being used as
a surrogate mother for hybrid babies.

We also probed her unconscious mind about a typical scar on her ankle
which she received during another abduction at age seven. That particular
segment of the hypnosis session will be covered later during a discussion
of physical evidence for the abduction experience.

However, there was one more task for us to accomplish prior to ending
the hypnosis session. We wanted to explore her adult experiences further
in an attempt to bring her experiences up to date. What she related turned
out to be very intriguing for us, but extremely frustrating for Jean. Excerpts
from the session follow.

WANTED: LIVE-IN NANNY

TONY: Okay, let’s bring you up to date. You were seven years
old when this happened. Let’s bring you up to your adult experience.
Okay? Just come forward in time.
JEAN: [Shakes her head.] No!
TONY: Why not?
JEAN: I—I’m not going to, um . . . [Breathing heavily.]
TONY: Tell us what’s going on. You can share it with us. You
share it with us. That’s all right.
JEAN: I don't wanna go there because it's going to hurt. [Jean fears that she'll be brought back to painful segments of her adult experiences.]

TONY: You don't want to go where?

JEAN: To the ... [Breathing heavily.]

RAY: How about going back to the front gate where there were lights in the sky. That didn't hurt, did it?

JEAN: No. [Breathing out deeply, panting.]

TONY: Okay, just relax. How old were you when that happened? Nineteen ninety-four? Is that right?

JEAN: Yeah. I go down the hallway and with the one that's mean, but he's not mean, but, but he's just, um, he's more. He's not as nice.

RAY: Very stern?

JEAN: Yeah. And we go down the hallway and we go down the back stairs and he holds open the—He opens the kitchen door, and then he opens the other door on the back porch, and then he's holding open the screen door, and that's where I'm standing looking out with him. He's holding open the door.

TONY: Why is he holding it open?

JEAN: So I could see.

TONY: What?

JEAN: Outside.

TONY: What's outside?

JEAN: There's, there's these lights and I see my mother's house and it's very quiet and it's very peaceful outside. And there's lights in the street, and they're like spotlights.

TONY: Close together or—?

JEAN: They're like in a semicircle in the street, and ... But they're very, very bright. And they're pointing up to the sky.

TONY: Are these street lights or something different?

JEAN: No, they're on the street. Like a metal thing and, and it's like an oval on the top and inside they're five lights like spotlights and they're facing up in the sky.

TONY: How big is this metal thing?

JEAN: Well it's big. Like, um, maybe ... [Pause.] I don't know—I can't—

RAY: Is it as big as a car?

JEAN: No. It's like as big as like maybe the tire of a car. It looks like a bread box, but it's big. It's shaped like—flat on the bottom
and then they go around, like a bread box and then there’s five lightbulbs in it, but they’re very bright—spotlights.

RAY: And this is on the street?
JEAN: Yeah. And there’s [starts whispering and counting]—one, two—I don’t know, maybe five and they’re in an arc.

When Jean stepped outside the door of her house, she immediately sensed the typical “Oz Factor.” Everything was deathly quiet. Most likely, this strange phenomenon had literally turned off every living creature in the immediate vicinity except Jean and her alien companion. It was pitch dark outside and electrical power was out on the street.

In the middle of the street sat what seemed to be some sort of alien projector. It projected beautiful balls of light and what appeared as a picture of a galaxy to Jean. A big blue ball of light hovered silently near a huge ship which moved into view. The alien light show had a mesmerizing effect on Jean.

RAY: Um-hum—and what happens next?
JEAN: And he’s looking at me. . . . [Paused.] Ohh! And in the sky. There’s all lights in it! Up in the sky is full of beautiful lights!
RAY: . . . Are they staying still?
JEAN: No, they’re moving. Ohh! There’s a big blue one there. Right near us. Like in the sky, but really close.
TONY: What’s it doing?
JEAN: That one’s not moving.
RAY: What happens next?
JEAN: I—I keep looking at the sky cause it’s so beautiful! I—I just—Ohhh! Ohhh! There’s, there’s a ship! Oh my God!
TONY: What kind?
JEAN: Oh, it’s—[Very excited.] Oh my goodness!
TONY: That’s all right.
JEAN: It’s like a . . . Um, it’s, it’s going slow but it’s spinning slow, too. And it’s like a gray, like a triangle. And he wants to know if I like it.
TONY: And what do you say?
JEAN: I—I’m afraid because—I don’t want to go there because I don’t want to leave my kids.
TONY: Do you tell him that?
JEAN: I—I don’t answer him, but I know he knows I like it be-
cause I'm thinking it's so beautiful. It's so peaceful and I would love to go there.

TONY: How do you know that he knows you're saying—thinking—that?
JEAN: Because that's how, um, that's how they talk. They know what you're thinking. He keeps looking at me and wondering do I like it.

TONY: And so on the one hand you don't want to leave your children and on the other hand, you do want to go?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: Why do you want to go?
JEAN: 'Cause it's very nice there.
TONY: It's very nice where?
JEAN: In that galaxy thing there.
TONY: What galaxy thing?
JEAN: With the lights. That's where they are. With all those lights. It's really pretty. It's very nice . . .
RAY: Where's your husband?
JEAN: Sleeping. Everybody's sleeping.
RAY: Are the lights on in the neighborhood?
JEAN: No. The streetlights aren't on.
RAY: They aren't?
JEAN: No.
RAY: Any house lights on?
JEAN: No. It's really dark out.
RAY: What happens next?
JEAN: I just tell him I can't go.
TONY: And what does he say?
JEAN: He understands.
RAY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I say, "Please don't make me leave my kids."
TONY: And what does he say?
JEAN: He understood.
RAY: What happens next?
JEAN: He just wants me to look for a while and see it all. The ship is still coming. It's coming towards my house. And he just wants me to keep looking at it. And I—I just feel like—I want to cry 'cause I'm afraid he might take me and I'll never get back.
RAY: But you came back before when he took you.
JEAN: I know, but he needs me to be with the children.
TONY: What children?
JEAN: The ones that I saw before.
TONY: Why does he need you to be with them?
JEAN: Well, I don’t know, but I get the feeling that they need me to show them how to be with the children. But, I can’t go. I can’t leave my kids and I don’t wanna go.
RAY: So you think he wants you to go for a long time rather than just a short time?
JEAN: I don’t know. I don’t understand that part.
RAY: So what do you do?
JEAN: I tell him, “Please, I cannot go. I have to stay with my children.”
RAY: So, what happens next?
JEAN: [On the verge of tears.] I’m confused because I—I want to go with the others but I—
TONY: Why do you want to go with the others?
JEAN: Because I like them very much, but I have my own and I have those! And I—I don’t know what to do!
RAY: What do you do?
JEAN: I just say, “No, I can’t.”
RAY: And then what happens?
JEAN: I have good in my heart.
RAY: Who says that?
JEAN: He told me that I have good in my heart. [Sniffs.]
RAY: So, do you go back to bed or still stand there, or what do you do?
JEAN: I stand there for a long time because he wants me to keep looking at it. I can’t move anyway. [Paralyzed.] I just keep staring at it. It’s just so, it’s so wonderful and I would love to go!
RAY: Do you?
JEAN: No, ’cause I don’t think I’ll come back.
TONY: . . . How long does he keep you out there?
JEAN: I don’t know—for a while. And I just keep saying, “I can’t leave my kids”—and then after a while I’m just lying in bed.
TONY: How did you get back to bed?
JEAN: I don’t know.
TONY: When he took you out—where were you standing all this time?
JEAN: At the door, and he was just holding open the door with his left arm and he kept looking at me and looking up in the sky and I know he wanted to see my reaction. I just got the feeling that he wanted to know what I thought and—
RAY: What was he wearing?
JEAN: White, like a white smock. Like a white, plain white, like something.
RAY: Did he have gloves on?
JEAN: I don't know because I—the minute he opened the front door, I could see through the screen door and I saw the, the lights in the street and I, [said,] "What's going on?"
RAY: What happened to the object on the street that had the lights on it? . . . Did you ever see it go away or—
JEAN: No.
RAY: So it was there when you went back to bed?
JEAN: Well, then when I went back, I just—I don't know—I was back in bed.
RAY: Do you know the exact date that that happened?
JEAN: No, I don't think so. I know it was in 1994. Maybe it was in October.
RAY: Did you see them after that again?
JEAN: Yeah.
RAY: When?
JEAN: Well . . . [gasps] well . . . [gasps] when they stuck that thing in my stomach. Like that was before Christmas.
RAY: That's what you told us about before or was this something new?
JEAN: No, I told you before.

Tony brought the session to a close. Jean and Jane were already behind schedule to make the two-hour trek home. Nonetheless, I needed to know just what Jean had meant about her earlier reference to an interest in the paranormal. Apparently, her interest stemmed from personal psychic experience. Was her life following the same pattern as revealed in the Andreasson, Fowler, and other abductee families? We soon got an answer to this very important question. The following is a transcription from our taped debriefing session.

PARADIGM OF A PHENOMENON

RAY: What types of paranormal phenomena have you experienced that you can think of?
JEAN: Well, I would see things and also dream things that would come true. Well, this might sound strange but, um, my father passed
away and a few times I've seen what looked like him, his spirit or whatever you'd call it.

RAY: Did you see him in the daytime or in the evening?

JEAN: Usually in the evening, I think—the times I've seen him. Ah, also, ah, when I was married before and was living in an apartment, um, there was—I hate to call it a ghost, because it sounds ridiculous, but there was a story—a man had killed himself—and I saw him, and I had no prior knowledge of what he looked like and when I—There was a lot going on in that apartment.

RAY: Now, did you see this ghost of this gentleman and your father, um, in bed as you were just waking up or just going to sleep?

JEAN: Well, the one with my father, the main one was when I was going to sleep but I wasn't in bed yet. And the other one, was—I was up. It was night. I was doing dishes and it was behind me. I kind of saw him in the window [i.e., his reflection]. I thought it was someone who had broken into the house.

RAY: You saw him through the window? [His reflection.]

JEAN: Yeah, when I turned around, 'cause my son was a baby then, and he was in his carrier on the table, so I quick turned around and it was gone. And then I seen it, ah, kind of a white, ah, grayish—You saw it too.

JANE: Yeah.

JEAN: She was there one time and she saw it. He used to go into my son’s room a lot. The story was, he committed suicide and my son was three months old at the time and he had a son also at the time, three months old. He went in the cellar and committed suicide, and left his son upstairs. But one time I woke up during the night and it was standing next to me looking down at me.

RAY: Did it have any clothes on?

JEAN: Yeah, it was dressed in, ah, a suit that they wore, kinda back a little ways. It looked kind of an old fashioned suit that you would wear for a wedding now. Like a grayish suit. Kind of—I'm thinking that back maybe in the fifties.

TONY: You saw all the features, evidently.

JEAN: Oh, sure.

RAY: Any communication at all? And how long did the apparition last?

JEAN: Um, well the time at the window, it only lasted when I looked up and I saw it. When I turned around right away, it was gone. The time in my room, it lasted—I would say—maybe a full
minute. And then I pulled the covers over my head! This was the other guy. My father, um, that lasted maybe a minute, too.

**RAY:** How was he dressed?

**JEAN:** Um, I couldn't tell. I could see his head clearly, but the rest of him was just kind of white.

**RAY:** Did it look like he could sense that you were there?

**JEAN:** Oh yeah. The first time it happened, we were in Pennsylvania and, um, I heard my name being called and I looked around the room. I was getting ready for bed. And then I just saw him kind of appear. It's kind of, I can't explain it. His head was definitely really clear, but the rest of him seemed like he was only half, and kind of just appearing misty.

**RAY:** So you heard his voice in your head or an audible voice?

**JEAN:** No, I—I thought it was audible.

**RAY:** How long did that last?

**JEAN:** Um, well, when I heard my voice being called a couple times because I, I was afraid to look at first. I just kind of had a feeling. And, when I did look, I turned away right away, because I was scared, so I would say a few seconds.

**RAY:** So would this be typical of the other times that you saw your father?

**JEAN:** Yes. Um, I saw him again when I told you after—Was it after the first hypnosis session or before?

**JANE:** It was near it.

**JEAN:** Right near it. Um, I was down in my kitchen and he was on the back stairs. I have two stairways. The stairs leading to the kitchen. He was there. I just saw that for a second. Again, I turned, you know, I get scared so I—

**RAY:** So you don't try to communicate at all?

**JEAN:** No.

**RAY:** You might try to some time, and if you can get your gumption up. So those are just the few times that you've seen your dad?

**JEAN:** Um-hum.

**RAY:** Any other types of psychic phenomena other than the precognitive dreams?

**JEAN:** Um, well I don't know if—This has just been happening lately since the last hypnosis session. Every time I go near a TV. It either turns off or it flicks channels by itself! [Laughs.] This is very strange! [Laughs.] My husband keeps telling me, well, somebody in a car must have come by with a cellular phone. It was—The first time it happened, I, it was, ah, you know, a few weeks ago, I was
sitting in my living room and my husband was in the kitchen making breakfast and I had been sick and I had no kids that day [day-care children]. I had the day off. And all of a sudden it got really quiet. I live on a main street, and you can always hear a car during the day, and it just got really quiet and I was watching a talk show, I don’t even know which one, and all of a sudden—the remote control was nowhere near me—and it flicked to another talk show and I said, “What!” And, it flicked to a different show! And then it went back to the original show.

RAY: Is this the first time that this thing has ever happened?

JEAN: I think so. You know, all my life there have been little things like that, but I never—

RAY: Any object move or anything in your presence? Things come flying off walls—anything like that?

JEAN: Well, ah, no recently. But, in that apartment that I was telling you about, um, in my son’s room back then. His toys all came out of the toy box and, you know, there was no way—it wasn’t full, so they would fall. They just flew out all over his room. But, that was way back then. He was only—That was probably in 1979—Maybe 1980, ’81.

RAY: Any other members of your family have experiences like this that you know of?

JEAN: I don’t know, um—well, my younger sister Laura’s having some strange things. The hot water would go on in the bathroom. She’s had some strange things going on.

RAY: Have you ever been hypnotized prior to our first session or since our last session?

JEAN: No.

RAY: Have you had any physical or mental health problems in the past?

JEAN: Well, I was just telling Jane that I’ve got a lot of sinus problems that I’ve never had. I’ve had them maybe for the last year. A lot of sinus pain and a lot of nosebleeds and I’ve never had sinus like that, lately, ‘specially.

RAY: When do these nosebleeds usually occur?

JEAN: Ah, well, this morning I had one. Just, usually, I guess, in the morning or at night. I don’t really notice it during the day.

RAY: Both nostrils or just one?

JEAN: Um, I would say most on the right side.

RAY: Is your right nostril painful after this or—

JEAN: Not really. No. A lot of pain in my eye.
RAY: In which eye?
JEAN: The left eye.
RAY: And have you been to a doctor about any of this?
JEAN: Well, they say it’s sinusitis. And asthma. I just got asthma recently, too, in the summer, which I’ve never had. It’s just—
RAY: Anomalous scars. You’ve mentioned that you’ve had scars other than that scoop mark? Would you make a list of where they were and try to take a picture of them?
JEAN: I did, kind of last night, drew how they looked. Some of them are gone. The only one—I did send those pictures, by the way, and I do have a picture of it. There’s like a triangle-shaped scoop mark. They’re not really, um—they started out as pinholes but now they’re little scoop marks, they look like. They’re there.
RAY: So you’ve taken pictures of them and sent them?
JEAN: Yeah, I did. I did just mail them.
RAY: Okay, how about sleep? Do you sleep well?
JEAN: No. This is a little strange, too. Um, I’ve been waking up almost every night—this is really, really weird, but—I wake up, it’s not even like I wake up, it’s kind of like you’ve had an experience and you’re just awake and right away, I look at the clock and I go right out to sleep.
RAY: Okay, do you notice the time?
JEAN: Yeah, it’s always between, ah, I’d say between 2:45 and 4:00 A.M. Always.
RAY: Do you ever wake up at exactly the same time?
JEAN: Yeah, a few times I have.
RAY: Do you ever sleepwalk?
JEAN: I used to. I think so. As a child. Not, not too much.
RAY: Did they ever find you outside?
JEAN: No. My son though, I did once. My son’s a sleepwalker. And one day when we lived in Bristol, he—There was a knock on the door about three o’clock in the morning. And I lived alone. It was after I got divorced and, um, I was really scared to answer the door. It was three o’clock in the morning and I didn’t know who it was. And when I—I said, “Who is it?” And I heard, “Mom?” And, when I opened the door, it was my son. And he was as white as a ghost and really cold, and I just—He had no idea where he was—he just walked right into his room. He was young. He was about seven or eight.
RAY: Did you ever hear him go out?
JEAN: Yeah, it happened again. I heard him and followed him one time. I caught him. He seemed to know exactly where he was going. In that hallway, it was really dark at night. I can’t understand how he went down all those stairs like he did, ’cause I had a hard time.

RAY: Did he have any dreams about why he went outside at all?

JEAN: No, he says he had no idea. He doesn’t remember anything about it.

RAY: Do you, ah, dream often?

JEAN: Ah, yeah. I used to dream more than I do now.

RAY: Do you remember your dreams often?

JEAN: Sometimes. Very little. If I do remember, they go right away.

RAY: Okay, are you involved with theater or acting in movies, theater, or TV?

JEAN: No.

I listened with great interest. Once again the many of the psychic experiences that haunted the Andreasson, Fowler, and other abductee families were being named one by one: clairvoyance, precognitive dreams, ghosts, voices from the dead, interference with electrical equipment, and poltergeist activity. What intrigued me most, though, was that Jean also experienced something akin to my clock phenomena!

One cannot help but stop and ponder why so many types of psychic experiences manifest themselves to UFO percipients. Again the question must be asked: Are UFO and psychic experiences manifestations of one unknown underlying metaphenomenon? Also, the reported experience of Jean’s young son and her sister Rose hints again that the UFO phenomenon is often an ongoing family affair.

As if to add support to the latter contention, a few days prior to my writing the above, Jean phoned to tell me of a vivid dream that took place at night in her mother’s house. It involved her mother and two sisters, who all live close by. This time, the small gray entities were not the abductors.

The dream involved their encounter with a “Nordic” or “Elder” type of entity. The entity abducted Jean in an OBE state of being. Significantly, the Nordic entity is often reported when a person is abducted while out-of-body.

I hope to inquire further into Jean’s dream at a later date, but now it
is time to move on to cover the final segment of the Andreasson family's experiences recorded in this book. This experience has awaited documentation until this juncture because it pertains to the extended family of Betty and Bob Luca.
This chapter, as mentioned, will deal primarily with Bob Luca's contribution to the alien genetics engineering program. However, Betty, although not a surrogate mother, nevertheless aided and abetted in this process. Her account is complementary to both Jean's and Bob's experiences. They contain a vivid example of "embryo extraction" and provide insight into alien care of hybrid children.

**Embryo Extraction**

In short, Betty was abducted in 1973 from her Ashburnham home to assist a surrogate mother in the birthing process. The scene that she first witnessed was nearly identical to what Jean had witnessed aboard an alien craft: A terrified woman in labor lying on a table surrounded by small gray alien entities!

It all started when Betty began experiencing flashbacks and dreams of a face. With trembling voice, Betty told me that it was the face of a young woman with jet-black hair. What disquieted her so much was the expression of intense fear on the woman's face. The eyes of the woman literally cried out for help.

Betty tried her utmost to remember who it was, because she had an innate feeling of having seen this pleading face somewhere before. The contorted face haunted her so much that she felt compelled to undergo hypnosis to discover the woman's identity.

Under hypnosis, she remembered where she had seen the woman who owned the face. The woman was lying on a table. Aliens were removing two fetuses from the woman. Let's listen in on the hypnosis session.
I'm seeing a woman's face, and she's looking to me for help. And she's trying to say something. Ooooooh! She's on a table and she's being pinned down! You're okay, okay, okay, okay. Shhhhh. You'll be fine, it's all right. ... She seems to be afraid! I'm trying to comfort her. Oh! There are beings working down near her feet. I don't know what to do to help her! She looks so afraid! I'm putting my forehead down near her forehead, ah, to try to make her feel calm or at ease. And I'm just petting her temples and she's starting to relax a little bit. And I'm looking down and—Oh! Boy oh boy! Oh, brother! That's awful! It's awful what they're doing.

The aliens operated on the genital area of one of the fetuses. Surgical cuts were made around its eyes. Something was placed around its mouth and ears. It seemed to be neither male nor female.

Oh no! They're putting something on that baby's mouth! It's so tiny. Oh! One of the beings is saying they have to do it this way. They can't allow the baby to take a breath of air. Oh! Ooooooo! Ooooooooh! Don't do that! They put those long needles right in the soft spot of the baby and in the two ears. And they've got something around its nose and mouth. Ooooh! And they're cutting the eyelids away.

**Alien Incubators**

Betty was then taken into another room where she saw the other fetus lying still in a tank. Its eyes were different. The aliens placed the other fetus into a tank filled with liquid. One can only speculate that the tank was a highly advanced incubator that functioned as an artificial womb for the fetus.

They wouldn't even let it breathe to come alive! They rushed it from one place into that liquid! They said they had to do that!

Betty continued to describe this weird apparatus and repeated what the aliens told her about what was going on.

And there's a thing on the top there. It, ah—One of the beings is taking something over, and it looks like thin strands of stuff with tiny lights or something on it in his hand. And he's bringing it over to
where the baby is. And he’s putting it on top by the thing on the
top there. All these sparkly, tiny, tiny lights. And these hairlike things
on the top. And it looks so weird. And they’re putting it inside that
thing that’s above the head.

And they’re really pleased with, with this little thing because its
eyes are big and black when they cut the lids—like theirs. And they
said that the splicing took good on this one.

They said they utilized the blood and tissue and nutrients that are
there and the form and the fetus for the growth of the new creature.

The Nursery

Later, Betty was taken from the operating room. She was brought along
a corridor and to a door. She and an entity entered the door. Betty was
shocked. It was as if she were walking outside into a forest, but she was
still on the craft. She walked through the craft, and was brought to a door.

We’re moving onward and we’re going through a door. Oh, it’s
beautiful! Oh my word! Oh my word! I’m in the woods. I don’t
know how I got here from there, but I’m in the woods.

Betty then was ushered into what she thought at first was outdoors but
turned out to be a huge biosphere on board the craft which was used as
a nursery for plants, animals, and hybrid babies.

Oh, it’s so green and beautiful. And there’s a pond right there.
... Oh, wow! It’s just loaded with fish... Oh, that door is opening
again and there is light coming in. There’s a—There’s two balls of
light floating in. They look, they’re, they look like the balls of light
that were over that lake... One’s over the pond and the other one
went way, way down there in the woods. Oh, it’s so—it’s just so
beautiful. I can just really breathe so good. Ohh!

Suddenly, a number of smaller colored lights floated into the area and
began circling the larger ball hovering over the pond. Simultaneously, the
pond began to drain.

There’s something opening, and the fish are falling down. Looks
like they’re falling way, way, down. Like, there’s, like there’s water
there, way, way down . . . They said they are just replenishing, just replenishing.

When the beings left Betty alone momentarily, she tried to walk over to the pond, but was suddenly surrounded and held by ribbons of circling light. The aliens reentered the area and had Betty sit down.

The beings are sitting me down. Telling me to sit down. I'm sitting down, and, there are—there are babies here. Little, little tiny babies. . . . And they, they, they're so beautiful. How can they be walking? So tiny? . . . They just look so curious at me.

At this point, one of the aliens told Betty to take a small rodlike instrument from a box he was holding, hold it upright in her right hand, and point it at the tiny balls of light that had been circling the larger ball of light over the pond.

Immediately, the tiny lights were joined by others, and one by one they affixed themselves on each of the babies in the area between their eyes. The babies then all lined up and moved off through a lighted opening in the distance.

They got one of those lights, different colored lights, right in between their eyes. And they're standing in line. And they're moving now . . . Oh, there's a bright white streak of light up ahead there in the woods. . . . That's where they're going.

The combined experiences of Betty and Jean provide an excellent overview of the alien genetic engineering program from the selection of a surrogate mother to the care of her hybrid children. Later, we will discuss their purpose for doing this. But now we turn to the part that human male abductees play in the alien reproductive program. Enter Bob Luca as we now complete our documentation of the UFO and paranormal experiences of the Andreason family.

During the Phase IV investigation, Bob Luca reluctantly agreed to undergo hypnosis again. There were many loose ends to tie up concerning other possible encounters and abductions in his life. However, segments of his abduction experiences held frightening memories. He was very reluctant to probe further for fear of exposing himself to more of these memories. Even when he finally decided to do so, he kept vacillating, and canceled a number of scheduled session.
We finally got Bob into the hypnotist's office, and were able to extract what I called the *rest of the story* from Bob's unconscious mind. Bob's additional UFO experiences were documented in *Watchers II* and were summarized earlier in this book.

There was one episode uncovered in Bob's life that he wasn't keen on exploring under hypnosis. It concerned a weird *dream* that he had in April of 1993. It had evoked deep emotions within him that he found hard to handle.

In this vivid nightmare, Bob was abducted and brought to meet an *alien-like child*. For some reason, he could not get this dream off his mind. Although insisting it had to be a dream, his anxiety reached a point where he felt he had to explore it further. Bob was placed under hypnosis and asked to describe the dream in detail. It turned out to be quite a dream! Excerpts from the session follow. He was asked to go to the *source* of his dream. Bob's mind shot back to his adult abduction experience in 1967, rather than to the dream itself! In 1967, he was taken from his car while driving to a beach in Connecticut.

### Sperm Removal

It's 1967. And I'm on that table, and I want to get out of there. And they're scraping my skin. They scrape my toenails and they move my head back and forth. And they move my ankles. [Pause.] Oh. [Long pause.]

Bob's leap back to 1967 rather than to his 1993 dream was a surprise to us. So, he was then asked to go directly to the dream in his mind's eye. After a pause, he complied, and in the process explained *why* he had gone back to his 1967 abduction.

That's confusing 'cause ... [Pause.] they say *that* [child] came from me. [Pause.] And it was gray and had blue eyes and they told me *that* [child] came from me. And, the only time I know that they took anything from me was in '67. But, I don't want to remember. *I didn't want to remember* because it bothered me.

Again, Bob was back in 1967 reliving his first abduction experience. It appeared that there was an association between the dream and removal of sperm from Bob during the 1967 abduction.
They put a cuplike device on me while I was on that table, and they took sperm from me in 1967. But I didn’t want to remember.

I was afraid. I wanted to get up, and they took some samples of skin, and that was bad enough—but geez, they put this thing on me. They took sperm from me. And, later, a little later, I had a rash and I went to the doctor’s—Dr. Affannito—and he didn’t know what it was. I didn’t want to remember. When they did that, I guess that’s—that whatever they used—that’s what gave me that rash.

It didn’t go away for a couple of years. The doctor gave me some ointment to put on it from time to time. And if they did make something, a little person [alien child], whatever, they don’t have a right to keep it from me! That dream was so real and so connected. It just made me feel sad that something that came from me that I should be able to spend some time with it. But I don’t know, I don’t know if it’s real or not. It just appeared to be very, very vivid.

Bob was then asked why he felt that the episode was just a dream. His answer was interesting to say the least.

Because a dream is much easier for me to accept. It just makes me feel sad. If it is real, I don’t have any access to what’s part of me... It just seems so, so vivid. I don’t know. Even the, the colors—it was just more vivid than life [Sighs.], than everyday stuff. And that little thing looked at me, I just teared up and it bothered me. [Sniffing.] I don’t know. I just don’t know. I wanted to pick that thing up and hug it, and it wasn’t—I really—I don’t know.

Bob was on the verge of crying at this point. He was then asked to describe this little thing that upset him so much.

It was short... He didn’t have any hair... and had gray skin and it did have a nose, a little small nose, and eyes that were kind of big but not as big as the beings [grays]. They were blue. The eyes were blue with white. Just like people’s. And it seemed fuller. And arms, he had hands like we do, ah, digits... He just stared into my eyes. [Sniffing.] Just made me feel very sad when they stared at me. He looked me right, right in the eyes, and there was almost like, I don’t know, I, I just wanted to pick him up and hug him. [Sniffing.] Just made me feel sad [Figure 35]

Bob was asked if he could recognize the creature’s gender.
It's really hard to tell. And he had a little bit of... almost like ears, not like, as big as ours, but he did have something there that looked more like ears than the grays that just have the little holes there, and his head wasn't as, quite as tapered—top to bottom it wasn't as disproportionate as the grays... Not so large as the, as
the, ah, grays. Somewhat smaller and it wasn't as out of proportion from the top to the bottom. It wasn't quite as big on top as the, the grays or, and it wasn't quite as pointed on the chin as the, as the, ah, grays. So it looks like it could conceivably be a mix... [Long pause.] He had a mouth, an orifice.

When asked what the creature was wearing, Bob replied:

It looked like it just a one-piece, um, body jumpsuit. Not like a pilot's suit but like a—just a one-piece, tight-fitting garment. Like little kid's pajamas, maybe, like a one-piece little suit.

Bob was then asked if he was sure that the creature that he had observed was really a child.

[Sighs.] There's no way I can tell for sure, except it's smaller than the, than the other ones and they said that this came from me! I have no idea of age or time or—How can I tell? [Long pause.] It just felt like looking into those eyes was like looking into almost a reflection of my own. And that, I don't know, I felt, I felt that what they were telling me was true. I don't know if it is a mind game or if it's real. It seems so real. It seems so real... [Long pause.]

He's staring at me, right into my eyes. I think—I think he wants to go with me, but I, it might be just my own thoughts. I—I don't know. And I'm drawn to him, like I want to go over and just pick him up and hug him. [Sighs.] I don't do that because I don't know. This is hard. This is hard. Is it real, is it not real? It seems real. [Sniffs.] And I just want to know if it's real, and I just want to know if the little one is okay. If he's—if it's a he or a she or a neither or just like another. It's okay if it's part of me... [Long pause.]

I get the impression that the child did not have a mother 'cause it was created... I don't know how. [Long pause.] I know what makes me feel sad. It's like almost inside, they're staring into those eyes. It's like—like saying that there's a little human being in there that wants to be out from that body. That's what makes me sad, but I don't know if that's my thoughts, just my thoughts or that's what it is, but that's what makes me so sad, 'cause those eyes are just like a person's.

Session time was running out, so Bob was asked to describe what happened next to the hybrid child.
The other ones take him off there into the—into the—to the back—up—up there in the—a little bit to the right. It's like, ah, an arched doorway and then it gets dark on the other side. They take him off in there. [Long sigh.] ... No one says anything. They just put their arm on his shoulder and just escort him back out over—over there. [Very long pause.]

As the session came to a close, Bob was asked why he thought the alien entities had shown him the child.

[Pause.] I don't know. It didn't make me feel good. It didn't make me feel bad. It made me feel sad. I just felt sad, but if it was real, he shouldn't be taken away from me like that and not see him again. [Pause.] If they—the older ones—the, the gray ones—seem almost like pleased with it. I don't know why they let it see me or me see it. ... [They] seem to be just closely taking everything in with their eyes and no apparent emotion or anything. They just stand almost like statues and watch. I don't know if they can tell what I—what I'm feeling but they don't make any moves, they just stand back like and watch. They don't do anything really, until they usher the little one away. One puts their hand around his shoulder and walks him up over to that and—nothing. Nothing. It's really sad.

Bob came out of the hypnotic state slowly but surely. He stirred a bit in the chair. Then his eyes opened. For a moment, he just stared blankly into space before commenting on what was on his mind. His initial comments were recorded.

Geez! That was not a very pleasant experience.... But I'm not totally convinced even at this point that it was anything other than a dream, because maybe it's just real hard to accept that it could be something other than a dream. I mean, you know, I'm as honest as I can be. I don't want to be misleading. I thought it was a dream, but it seemed like an extremely vivid dream.... I'm a person—I like to be in control of the situations I have at my job all the time and other things that I get into. I've been mostly like a loner. If I decide to do something, I'm going to do it, and the thing that bothered me was that in the very first part was being on that table and being helpless was very, ah.... It was traumatic for me.
The above hypnosis session took place in 1993. During the following year, Bob was still haunted by what he hoped had been a dream about the hybrid child. He wanted to know the truth either way, and hoped that another hypnosis session by a different hypnotist might help him to resolve this frustrating question.

Thus, on November 5, 1994, Bob, accompanied by Betty, met with me and MUFON hypnosis consultant Tony Constantinou at his home for another session. Under hypnosis, Tony again brought Bob back in time to the dream he experienced in April of 1993. Excerpts from the hypnosis session follow.

**TONY:** You mentioned a *little child*—a crossbreed. Can you tell us about that?

**BOB:** I was taken to this place—kind of a darkened room. In back, um, maybe to the right of center, there is a large hallway. They brought out this little person. [Bob becomes very emotional.] I got the feeling that that little person is part of me!

**TONY:** Why would you believe that?

**BOB:** [Begins to display deep emotions.]

**TONY:** Okay, just relax. You’re doing fine.

**BOB:** It’s a little person like, ah, almost like those gray beings, but... [Starts to cry.] It’s got blue eyes!


Bob was undergoing what only could be described as a violent emotional outburst. Tony continued to calm Bob until his sobbing subsided, and then continued our questioning.

**TONY:** Did they carry it, walk out with it? Did they wheel it out?

**BOB:** No, there’s one on either side. On either side of it. [Starts sobbing again.] When I look in his eyes, I could tell it was part of me.

**TONY:** Just relax, everything’s okay.

Again, Tony spent some time comforting Bob, who again was sobbing uncontrollably, before we proceeded further.

**TONY:** Where were you at that time?

**BOB:** I don’t know, I just remember being there with this little, little person. He looked me right in the eyes. [Sobbing.] And it’s part
of me. That's what they wanted me to believe. But even if they didn't say anything, looking at those eyes, I knew it. [Starts crying.]

When Bob came to terms with the truth of the matter, he again began sobbing violently. Tony immediately came to his aid and comforted him. After Bob had calmed down a little, the questioning continued.

**BOB:** It's so sad. I can't do anything for him!

**TONY:** That's okay, that's okay. What I would like you to do is to pretend that you are watching a play. Just pretend you're watching. Just distance yourself from the screen. Perhaps you're in a theater, perhaps a movie theater, perhaps in an auditorium watching a giant TV screen. Just distance yourself. You're alone, if you prefer. You can have someone with you if you want. Betty, if you prefer. So it's up to you, when you're ready, I would like the movie or TV screen to come on. If it's a theater, I'd like the curtains to come back. Remaining distant. Tell us what happened. Is the being walking by himself?

**BOB:** There's one on either side. They're holding his hands. He comes out and they stop at a little distance from me. And they [Sniff.] indicate this little person, this little being is part of me.

**TONY:** How did they indicate that?

**BOB:** They don't have to say anything because [Sniff.] I know when I see his [Sniff.], when I see his eyes, I know. I don't think he's really very happy where he is. [Sniff.] I'd like to take him. [Starts crying again.] I'd like to be able to protect him. But I can't do anything for him.

**RAY:** Does he talk to you?

**BOB:** No. [Starts crying.] Just looks at me.

Bob again began reliving this experience in the first person and no longer viewed it as a play, TV show, or movie. Tony had to keep interrupting Bob to comfort him. Such intercession continued to provide only temporary relief. It was decided to just let Bob cry as he continued relating what he had experienced.

**BOB:** They can't show him any affection! He needs that because he's not like them now. [Crying.]

**TONY:** Love has no boundaries. Love has no boundaries. God's love has no boundaries.

**BOB:** I hope so.
TONY: Love has no boundaries. This is not easy. I know that, but he's being taken care of. He's okay. He's okay. Did he look more like you? Did he look more like them?

BOB: He has light, light skin, but his eyes [Sniff.], his eyes were big and blue. [Crying.]

TONY: That's okay. That's okay.

RAY: What happened next?

BOB: I [Crying.] just wanted to pick him up and hug him. I can't do that. [Crying.]

TONY: How long do they keep him in front of you?

BOB: I don't know—it's like a long time they—I guess it was.

TONY: Did they take him away?

BOB: Yeah, they took him out. [Crying.] They knew I was getting upset.

TONY: Just relax. Just relax.

RAY: When do you see him again?

BOB: [Does not answer.]

TONY: Do you see him again?

BOB: No.

TONY: How did you get there? How did they bring you there? Do you recall?

BOB: I think I was asleep. I don't recall. Just all of a sudden I was there.

Rather than attempt to break through what appeared to be the typical doorway amnesia, Tony moved Bob on to our next enquiry. The contents of the rest of this session were recorded in Chapter 5.

I asked Bob, with Betty's help, to pictorially reconstruct what the alien child looked like. Bob described the child as having a large head, pale skin, large blue eyes, a thin mouth, holes for ears and nose, sparse pieces of hair on top of the head, a skinny body, and four fingers. With Bob's assistance, Betty was able to draw a facsimile of the hybrid child (Figure 33).

As I gazed at the little creature that Betty sketched, I wondered how many other children like this might exist somewhere, and for what purpose they were being used. I must admit as I write that I also wonder about my vivid dream recorded in my diary on October 20, 1992, and in Chapter 9 of this book—when I dreamt that I was in a room with a group of nude human male children who appeared to be two to three years of age. One differed from the others in that he seemed to have long, unkempt, shoulder-length hair. Was it a dream? I don't know, but I believe it is worthy of mention.
The presentation of a genetically related child to abductees has been reported a great number of times. The fact that Bob, even in his subconscious, connected the child to the extraction of his sperm in 1967 is significant.

Sometimes, the hypnotic recall of related events leads to the recall of
other buried memories in the form of dreams and conscious flashbacks of memory. However, there are times that even hypnosis cannot break through what appear to be alien-induced memory blanks.

In any event, to the best of our knowledge, we finally had retrieved the remaining data from the other half of the Andreasson family. We had (as a well-known newscaster often states) heard the rest of the story.
CONCLUSION

As this book draws to an end, it is time to both look back over its contents and then forward to sum up what conclusions can be drawn.

Looking back over the experiences recorded in the preceding chapters, one would have to conclude that they are bizarre to say the least, and unbelievable to say the most. Whether the reader is a neophyte to the UFO phenomenon or a seasoned critic, the question will surely be asked: What kind of evidence exists for the physical reality of these fantastic claims?

The next three chapters will address this question as it pertains to the experiences reported by Becky, Jean, and Bob. However, the same type of evidence applies equally to the totality of experiences of the Andreasson family recorded in the reports and books that preceded this one.

The last chapter will attempt to sum up the overall legacy of the Andreasson affair to researchers and society as a whole. It is a challenging assignment. The amount of material collected during my twenty years of monitoring the experiences of this amazing family is overwhelming.

My investigation and resulting documentation was conducted within specific blocks of time which I refer to as “Phases.” Thus, I have elected to present and comment upon the alien message as it literally unfolded during each phase of my enquiry.
Evasive Evidence

From the standpoint of the scientist, the data... are most unsatisfactory... more apt to be anecdotal than quantitative... There are those whose fields of study abound with equally unsatisfactory data. Anthropologists, psychologists... meteorologists... lawyers and judges.1

In the last several chapters, we reviewed the abduction experiences of Bob Luca and Jean. Both claim to have been brought to observe hybrid children that were mothered and parented by them respectively.

It is now time to critically examine the evidence for the reports of these invasive procedures. Some dub reports of this nature the "missing-fetus syndrome." I choose to call them "elusive embryo" reports.

The Reports

It is a well-acknowledged fact that most abduction reports involve alien interest in the reproductive systems of human beings. We see this interest manifested in the very first widely published account involving the abduction of Barney and Betty Hill.

Years before our technology invented and used laparoscopy, Betty Hill reported that aliens inserted a similar probe into her naval to test her for procreation. This took place during the abduction of both her and her husband Barney in 1961. Barney Hill described a cuplike device placed over his penis for the removal of sperm. Barney, like Bob Luca, suffered dermatological damage in the area surrounding the penis afterward. Since then, hundreds have come forward with similar accounts. The anecdotal data for the extraction of ova and sperm during a UFO abduction is overwhelming.
As we have noted, allied to the above procedures are many reports of the artificial insemination of abducted human females and the later retrieval of an embryo during a follow-up abduction. In addition, there are other less frequently reported types of cases. One concerns the direct physical insemination (rape) of a human female by an entity. The other involves the forced insemination of a female alien entity by a human male.

Then, as in the cases of Jean and Bob, another abduction takes place, and the human surrogate mother or father are shown what appears to be a human/alien hybrid child initially parented by them.

The following are other summarized examples extracted from the reports of UFO researchers. Budd Hopkins cites four cases he investigated that fall into the "elusive embryo" category.

In summary, the facts we have been considering are these: Two women, Kathie Davis and Susan Williams, describe under hypnosis more or less typical abduction experiences—except that they include a particular kind of abdominal operation. A gynecologist-obstetrician is consulted, and finds the details of their recollected operations surprisingly like that of an ovum-retrieval procedure currently in use. The details of this current operation are unknown to the two women (who, incidentally, have never met or communicated and know nothing of each other's case).

Two other women, Pam and Andrea, who also describe UFO abduction experiences, found themselves pregnant under unusual circumstances. Very unusual in Andrea's case, since she was only thirteen at the time and "dreamed" that she was, in effect, artificially inseminated by a strange, gray-skinned, large-eyed figure who inserted a thin, tubelike implement into her. The fetus was aborted, but at her first examination the gynecologist found that despite her pregnancy her hymen was still intact. Pam also sought an abortion (after a suspected abduction), only to have the doctor who performed the operation announce that despite the earlier positive pregnancy tests, no fetal tissue remained, and inexplicably she was no longer pregnant.

Each of the four women—Kathie, Susan, Pam and Andrea—at various times either "dreamed" or remembered under hypnosis that she was shown an abnormally tiny baby, grayish in skin color, oddly proportioned, and apparently only like a human infant. The women's descriptions of these tiny babies are extraordinarily alike, and again, none of them have ever met or communicated.
UFO abduction researcher Dr. David Jacob describes how eggs are removed from female abductees based upon his firsthand investigations of cases of this kind.

With one hand he [the alien] presses the woman’s abdomen in the region above the ovaries, and with the other hand he inserts a variety of instruments into her vagina. The first is a speculum-like instrument that creates an opening large enough to work with. Then he inserts a long, thin, flexible tube that women report goes in very far. Most women in some way know that he is taking an egg. In another common procedure, also presumably for egg harvesting, the aliens insert into the woman’s navel a thin needle attached to a “syringe” apparatus.

The artificial insemination of the female is performed in a similar fashion. Either an instrument is pushed into the vagina or a needle is pushed through the navel.

Several descriptions by birthing surrogate mothers investigated by Jacobs reliving the experience under hypnosis follow.

**HYPNOTIST**: What are you looking at, then?
**ABDUCTEE**: I’m looking at a fetus.
**HYPNOTIST**: Is this a live fetus?
**ABDUCTEE**: Yes, it’s in the bag.
**HYPNOTIST**: Why does he want you to see this?
**ABDUCTEE**: He says, “This is your child and we’re going to raise it.”

**ABDUCTEE**: They removed like a—like a little baby. It’s real tiny. It’s not a baby.
**HYPNOTIST**: An embryo, you mean?
**ABDUCTEE**: Yeah.

As we have noted, later on the surrogate mother is abducted once more and shown her baby. A typical example follows from Jacobs’ hypnosis sessions with these mothers.

I see someone coming toward me with a baby. They just give it to me. It’s about two and half months old. I feel as if it’s very important to the baby that it has this contact. It’s like it’s
soaking up the experience of being held... It’s very important and they can’t do it. It needs it from me. They can’t give it what it needs completely. It’s sort of a species-species need, I guess... I just understand that.

We must also address the question as to the frequency of these reported happenings. For these statistics, we turn to Dr. Bullard’s comparative analysis of three hundred abduction accounts. The following statistics are broken down in terms of male and female abductees, and are included in what Dr. Bullard refers to as “reproductive tests.”

**MALE**
Sperm sample: 5 reports
Intercourse: 8 reports

**FEMALE**
Needle in navel: 6 reports
Gynecological exam: 5 reports
Intercourse: 3 reports

Significantly missing from Dr. Bullard’s large sample of abduction accounts are reports of ova and sperm removed from abductees, surrogate mothers, missing embryos, and presentations of hybrid children to human mothers and fathers.

Thus, the “elusive embryo” reports are a relatively new component in abduction accounts since Dr. Bullard published his study in 1987. Two questions are raised in respect to this statistic. Are the alien procedures really new, or have men and women neglected to report them until recently? If the latter is correct, two more questions arise. Have men and woman failed to report such procedures because of their bizarre nature and embarrassment? Or, have men and woman been commanded by their abductors not to remember them until the time was right?

Based upon data retrieved via hypnosis, a positive response to the last question may be the correct answer. But what is the hard evidence that what Jean, Bob, and others experienced is actually happening in reality? There is abundant anecdotal smoke, but physical fire is yet to be verified.

This is borne out in a detailed study by MUFON’s advisory consultant on physiological and psychological effects of UFOs, Richard M. Neal, M.D. Dr. Neal is a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology, and has made a detailed study of the physical effects upon UFO abductees. This includes the so-called missing-fetus syndrome. The following is extracted from a
paper on this intriguing subject presented by Dr. Neal at the 1992 MUFON International UFO Symposium.

There is a "hear-say" group that falls into two categories from investigators/researchers who allegedly have worked with these cases.

Type I Category—Those females that have not had a sexual relationship with an alien—humanoid—yet relate that they feel some technique was used on them similar to artificial insemination—via umbilical area versus vaginal area.

Type II Category—Those females who claim direct sexual contact with the beings.

Regardless of the two categories, we can speculate as to whether sexual molestation, assault, or possible rape has occurred—in any event, the victim/abductee relates some bodily harm has occurred against their will.

Rape/Post-traumatic Stress Syndrome to Female Abductees

Although this aspect has not been brought up with female victims/abductees, I feel it is an issue that needs to be addressed in regard to sexual activity and ME/FS. We have to face facts or speculate as to whether a sexual molestation or rape has occurred. All of this intervention has allegedly happened without the consent of the female, and she experiences fear, pain, and humiliation and is powerless to protect herself. In this country only two out of every ten victims of sexual assault report this incident to the proper authorities.

In setting up a hypothetical situation involving female victims/abductees we could consider the following. Who will the victims/abductees report their sexual assault to? It is difficult in itself for females to report this experience period. When there is the potential of an extraterrestrial or unknown factor brought into play, the magnitude of this even becomes greater.

Obtaining a history of the event is necessary, but asking questions may be interpreted as a further invasion of the victims' privacy. Some victims may welcome the opportunity to vent their feelings and may express relief at having someone willing to listen, while others may resist answering questions. Pressuring them to talk may add to their trauma. Both responses are normal and should be respected. The
latter group could be associated with the female abductees who chose not to reveal this deep dark secret. Perhaps some of those females may have a suppressed sexual child abuse history that has not been explored.

Let us assume for this article that the victim/abductee has been raped by an alien or nonhumanoid being. Burgess and Holmstrom have labeled the victim’s reaction to rape “the rape trauma syndrome.” They describe the following two stages: (1) The acute phase (disorganization); and (2) the long-term process (reorganization). The acute phase lasts from a few days to a few weeks. Initially, in the immediate impact reaction of the acute phase, the victim may display and feel a whole range of emotions, including shock and disbelief. Victims may either react in an expressed style, demonstrating anger, fear, and anxiety, or in a controlled style, masking their feelings and appearing composed or subdued. A victim’s outward behavior may not reflect the degree or nature of the emotional crisis she is experiencing.

Many rape victims may suffer from a post-traumatic stress disorder. This is defined in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorder (DSM-III) as the development of characteristic symptoms after experiencing a psychologically traumatic event or events outside the range of human experience usually considered to be normal. The characteristic symptoms involve reexperiencing the traumatic event, numbing of responsiveness to, or involvement with, the external world, and a variety of other autonomic, dysphoric, or cognitive symptoms. The diagnostic criteria for this disorder is listed under Table I.

Table I

DIAGNOSTIC CRITERIA FOR POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER

Existence of a recognizable stressor that would evoke significant symptoms of distress in almost everyone.

Reexperiencing of the trauma as evidenced by at least one of the following:

1. Recurrent and intrusive recollections of the event.
2. Recurrent dreams of the event.
3. Sudden acting or feeling as if the traumatic event were recurring, because of an association with an environmental or ideational stimulus.

Numbing of responsiveness to, or reduced involvement with, external world, beginning some time after the trauma, as shown by at least one of the following:

1. Markedly diminished interest in one or more significant activities.
2. Feeling of detachment or estrangement from others.
3. Constrictive affect.

At least two of the following symptoms that were not present before the trauma:

1. Hyperalertness or exaggerated startle response.
2. Sleep disturbances.
3. Guilt about surviving when others have not, or about behavior required for survival.
4. Memory impairment or trouble concentrating.
5. Avoidance of activities that arouse recollection of the traumatic event.
6. Intensification of symptoms by exposure to events that symbolize or resemble the traumatic event.

The rape victim is particularly vulnerable to manifesting this disorder because of the following characteristics of the rape: (1) it is sudden, and the victim is unable to develop adequate defenses; (2) it involves intentional cruelty and inhumanity; (3) it makes the victim feel trapped and unable to fight back; and (4) it often involves physical injury.

Female victims/abductees will avoid discussing the sexual encounters with researchers possibly because of rejection, embarrassment, fear, and guilt.

**Part II**

The difficulties in investigation or obtaining research on the alleged ME/FS, I think, would lie in the following four areas with female abductees.
1. *Afraid to consult private physician.* Abductees are afraid to ask their physician’s permission to release medical records to other physicians. If they were told the true nature of the request, the patient/abductee feels their physician may label them psychologically unstable or perhaps he would become defensive as to the justification of releasing records to another physician.

2. *Unwillingness to release information to investigators.* This is an extremely sensitive issue with females. They will shy away from the alleged MS/FS and focus in on what they think or feel the investigators wish to hear. Some are afraid of humiliation, guilt, or fear being ostracized, thereby negating an opportunity to release any information despite its degree of high strangeness.

3. *Vague memories about this really being an abduction experience.* Some female abductees are uncertain that the alleged conception was not due to their male counterpart, in other words, the pregnancy (normal) is from their husband or companion. It may have been a complication associated with a normal pregnancy and not from an alleged missing pregnancy associated with an alien intervention.

4. *Possible fabrication.* Although I feel the majority of alleged female abductees would not resort to this type of chicanery, there may be a few who are seeking notoriety through media attention for self-gratification. They would base their story on various experiences had by other abductees.

**EXPLANATION OF MISSING PREGNANCY**

Dr. Neal then lists a number of natural explanations for missing pregnancies—also called pseudocyesis (imaginary pregnancy). These alternatives do not fully account for abductees’ reports of having a fetus removed during an abduction. It is suggested that one of the alternatives may coincide with an abduction, thus making the abductee connect it with the missing pregnancy. However, this would mean accepting the witness’ testimony about her abduction, except for her vivid memories of seeing and feeling the fetus being removed.

**Appeal to Researchers/Investigators**

It is time for those researchers/investigators (R/I) who are interviewing female abductees, especially those that complain of ME/FS, to research thoroughly these claims.
I would like to propose to R/I that they follow the specific protocol at the end of this article and submit unequivocal evidence to substantiate these abductee claims. Some researchers are reporting people who mention "medical confirmed pregnancy that disappeared." My colleagues, and I, would truly like to see the releases of these medical confirmed information for review.

As far as researchers go, we have no data for medical/scientific review due to failure of compliance on behalf of the female abductees as well as the investigators submitting these cases to those of us interested in this bizarre aspect of the abductee phenomena.

Why do some of our top researchers say they have numerous cases in their files related to the ME/FS motif? Yet, they fail to produce anything that can be investigated or documented when questioned thoroughly.

What percentage of these alleged ME/PS abductees actually consulted a physician? What percentage of the female abductees are actually reporting some sexual activity with alien beings? The answers to these questions are unknown because not enough data has been collected for physicians to review.

RECOMMENDATION FOR DOCUMENTATION/VERIFICATION OF AN ALLEGED MISSING PREGNANCY

From a medical/scientific point of view a few physicians/researchers are perplexed and have grave doubts that alleged missing pregnancies are actually occurring . . . Why? Because the evidence should present itself in the form of medical records (assuming the abductees consulted a physician), yet it has become the most elusive—all types of excuses, barriers and obstacles appear when abductees/victims are asked to sign a Medical Record Release form for other physicians to review.

Why medical records? They would establish that the abductee/patient was indeed pregnant. This would be confirmed by a positive pregnancy test, pelvic exam, and ultrasound scan documented in a physician's office. . . .

Thus . . . what is needed is medical records, medical records, medical records. This should include the following information:

1. Established date of missed menses.
2. Positive pregnancy test—doctor's office.
3. Confirmation by physician—how many weeks pregnant?
4. Alleged date of abduction.
5. Alleged date of missing pregnancy.
6. *Documentation by physician* that pregnancy is missing or complication of pregnancy.
7. Lab, X rays, ultrasound scan, surgical procedures, or pathology reports.
8. Hypnotic regression tapes of the alleged sexual encounter or quasi-gynecological examination.

Until medical records can be produced for a panel of physicians to scrutinize, the ME/FS still remains as obscure and vague today as well as in the immediate future. Merely "hearsay" cases of alleged female abductees having missing pregnancies will forever remain buried in the annals of Ufology.¹

It is quite apparent that evidence for the "evasive embryo" phenomenon is based largely upon the anecdotal testimony of female abductees. The last time that I talked to Dr. Neal, he was very discouraged about the lack of cooperation with researchers who reportedly could back up abductee claims with medical records. This is unfortunate, and the cause could be explained by several reasons.

1. Keeping such data secret for monetary reasons because of its forthcoming publication in a book.
2. The inadequacy of the data to survive a peer review.
3. The inability to acquire such data for the reasons already stated by Dr. Neal.

Reports of the missing fetus component in UFO abduction scenarios are relatively new; therefore, attempted studies of it are in its infancy. A wider dissemination of its evaluation and suggestions by Dr. Neal should be of great help to investigators confronted with cases of this nature.

Nonetheless, in the majority of fully investigated cases, the abductees report procedures that remove sperm and ova from them. If this is going on, we must ask, "What for?" Sperm and ova are related to reproduction of life. Thus, at least *logically*, there could be a connection with abductee reports of insemination, fetal extraction, hybrid *presentation*, and nurseries containing hybrids.

Therefore, I must ask: What are the chances that a person who relives such experiences under hypnosis should also experience pseudocyesis, blighted ovum, missed abortion, spontaneous abortion, or secondary amen-
orrhea during the same time frame as their experiences? I would think that such coincidences would be possible, but highly improbable.

What are we to do with such reports? Surely we should not dismiss them for lack of physical evidence. Since alien interest seems to have always centered around human reproductive systems, perhaps the phenomenon is not new. Perhaps such things were so far beyond our comprehension in the early days that we did not recognize it—we did not ask the right questions.

What is needed is a current missing-embryo/fetus case and circumstances that would fulfill the standards proposed by Dr. Neal. To do so, we would have to have medical doctors willing to go on record that they have evidence that an alien-induced fetus was removed from a human being. I heard of one medical doctor who had his license revoked because he openly voiced his belief in alien visitations to this planet, although he eventually had it restored. So, I ask you, what medical doctor would risk ruining his reputation with his patients and peers by making such a statement about the reality of the so-called missing-fetus/embryo syndrome? Even if he or she was absolutely convinced that such a statement were true? Such a statement would be so bizarre to the medical profession that it would seem to border upon ludicrous.

One would need many cases with airtight evidence to convince prestigious groups like the American Medical Association or the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Most likely, the only convinced professionals would be those who belong to the UFO research community who, relatively speaking, are few and far between.

Budd Hopkins describes the situation UFO abduction researchers find themselves in at the present time quite succinctly:

We are left with two possible lines of explanation. The first requires the existence of a new and heretofore unknown psychological phenomenon, in which women “hallucinate” nearly identical scenes, involving nearly identical semi-human babies. And this previously unknown psychological phenomenon apparently affects the results of chemical tests for pregnancy, turning negatives into false positives. Jung would be proud to know of such a power—a new manifestation of the “collective unconscious.”

The other remaining explanation is simple but untenable. These women . . . are actually remembering what they saw. Their experiences are real. Both of these explanations, it is safe to say, violate conventional wisdom.
Thus, foolproof evidence remains a tall order and until it is realized, such cases along with the heretofore discussed must fall into the category of "evasive evidence." However, there is another type of circumstantial evidence that falls under this same heading. It too, if proved to be a genuine occurrence, would provide the so-called smoking gun for the physical reality of the UFO abduction experience.

Other evidence being sought that would support the physical basis for UFO abduction experiences comes from reports of yet another type of invasive operation on the bodies of human abductees. To date, although some consistent anecdotal data has been forthcoming, the proverbial smoking gun has yet to be found. Let us now examine this widely reported procedure.

**Inferred Implants**

A small number of abductees report small devices implanted in their bodies. Most report the objects as being slightly smaller than a BB. Some describe whiskerlike tendrils on the device. Researchers have inferred that this device is analogous to sensors that humans place on or in animals to monitor their whereabouts and specific life functions.

My first encounter with this kind of report came out of the investigation of Betty (Andreasson) Luca's experiences. During her abduction as a thirteen-year-old in 1950, Betty's captors removed her eye and placed a small, peanut-like object inside her head with a glowing needle. The following is an excerpt from a hypnotic regression session.

They said, "Now I'm going to give you something..." looks like glass, peas, or something. No they can't be peas. They're too small. ... And there's like needles or slivers but they're very small. He says he's gonna give them to me... They're taking my eye out! ... They took a long, long needle... A bright, white, needle. And they had one of those tiny little glass things on the end of it. The put that needle in my head through where they took out my eye and I can feel it in the back of my head.

During Betty's abduction in 1967 at age thirty, Betty described a small, whiskered, BB-shaped object being taken out of her nose.

He's taking an instrument [a long needle connected to a tube] and—Ahhhh! ... Ow-wow! [Deep, fast breathing.] ... Why do you
have to put that up my nose—? Ohhh! ... He's putting that thing in my nose, and it's going up and it's breaking through something. ... Oh, and I can't move. It's hurting! ... He's taking that thing out now ... and it looks like, there is some kind of a ball on the end of it. ... A little thing, whatever it was, on the end of the needle. ... A little ball with prickly things on it.

During my Phase I enquiry in 1977, I could only find three other reports that seemed to parallel Betty's description of such an implant.

The first two were investigated by the now defunct Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO). I recorded both incidents in my book *The Andreasson Affair* as possible correlations with Betty's experience.

The first abduction involved a family. One female member underwent hypnosis sessions with APRO consultant Dr. James Harder. He tried without success to break through a mental block in the abductee's memory. It concerned the use of a *needle* by the aliens during their examination. When he asked, "Where was the needle?" all that Sandra could remember was: "I could see it coming toward me ... to the front of me."

Later, APRO consultant Dr. Leo Sprinkle was more successful in breaking through a memory block with another abductee named Sandra. Under hypnosis, she described a portion of the physical examination administered to her by the alien entities: "It was like somebody took a knife and made the inside of my nose sore." Since her eyes were closed during the examination, she could describe only what she was feeling.

The third report involved a implant being inserted into a female abductee's side. The witness's and investigators' names are on file, but must be kept confidential per their request. The following is a pertinent excerpt from a hypnosis session performed during an investigation.

**ABDUCTEE:** And they released this little tiny thing, like a buck-shot.

**HYPNOTIST:** What did they release it from?

**ABDUCTEE:** From the needle.

**HYPNOTIST:** What was the needle like?

**ABDUCTEE:** It was sort of like a long needle that was sticking in my side.

**HYPNOTIST:** Was it a hollow needle, and then ejected through the hollow needle, or attached to the—

**ABDUCTEE:** I didn't see the needle [when the tiny device was released]. They had my arm up over my head, like that, so I couldn't see what they were doing here.
Since those early investigative forays into UFO abduction cases, other examples of this type of alien procedure have been reported and recorded by investigators. Leading UFO abduction expert Budd Hopkins states:

The description of thin needles being pressed high up into the nasal cavity is a very familiar one in UFO abduction accounts, and occasionally the abductee has been able to see a very small BB-like ball at the end of the probe. In several reports this tiny—two to three millimeters in diameter—object is no longer present after the probe is withdrawn.8

Hopkins described an abduction that occurred in Truman, Kentucky, in the mid-1940s that provides a vivid illustration of this kind of operation. Under hypnosis, the abductee relived her experience as a five-year-old child. Her mother was placed in a state of suspended animation while she was floated out of her bedroom window by several small entities into a craft hovering outside. She was then placed upon a table and underwent an examination and operation. The following are pertinent excerpts from an adult hypnotic regression session conducted by Hopkins.

**ABDUCTEE:** He's... he's... taking something and putting it in my nose. And I don't want him to. No, it hurt! No, don't, don't, it hurts. No, I can't. No! No! No! No!9

When Hopkins asked her what the thing looked like, the woman responded,

It's long. It's a long little thing. And he's putting it in my nose. ... It hurts in my head. Up in my head, way up in my nose. ... It hurts!10

Hopkins cites a similar case investigated by one of his peers. A mother and her child were abducted. During her examination by alien entities, the mother described a probe being inserted into her nose. When asked if she could see anything on the end of the probe she replied: "Just a little ball. ... Smaller than a BB."11 When the probe was removed from her nose, the BB on the end of the it was no longer there.

The question arises as to how common this type of procedure is in UFO abduction reports. In a comparative study of three hundred cases, Dr. Thomas E. Bullard found nine instances where an implant may have been placed in the head of an abductee.
Thus out of three hundred cases, only eight, or 2.6 percent of the most exhaustive civilian study of the UFO abduction phenomenon contained this operation. Bullard and other researchers mention a greater percentage of abductees reporting nosebleeds after an abduction experience. These may or not be connected with implants. Even if they are, my search through hundreds of abduction reports indicates that either implants are relatively rare, or abductees are not recalling and/or reporting them. How many persons would go to their doctor and ask for X rays because of a suspected abduction and implant? One would be embarrassed to do so. The doctor would think that the patient had mental problems! I found it very hard to go to a dermatologist about my anomalous scoop mark. I dared not tell him what I thought it was and hoped that he would not question me too thoroughly about it for fear that I might somehow reveal my thoughts. If you recall, in my diary I described a vivid personal nightmare of an abduction and possible implant.

Another obvious question usually raised is whether or not these "inferred implants" have been detected and removed for examination. This is the proverbial sixty-four-thousand dollar question for which I have no solid answer. I do know of suspected implants that have been examined by MIT physics professor Dr. David Pritchard. One apparent anomalous object was ejected from someone's penis, and will be discussed later, separately. Another involved a seemingly anomalous artifact removed from an ear by Bob Luca.

Studying the few suspected implants that come to the attention of researchers is very time-consuming. It would be extremely expensive if it were not for access to analytical equipment by volunteers. Dr. Pritchard recently told me that his research is performed by volunteers with equipment that customarily takes thousands of dollars to operate.

So, that is where civilian researchers find themselves currently on the question of physical evidence in the form of alien implants. Budd Hopkins sums the current status up quite succinctly in the following statement extracted from his second book, Intruders.

Yet so far as I know no one has unequivocally established that an implant is currently in place in any abductee. X rays, of course, require that an object be radiopaque in order to be seen, and a two-millimeter object is very close to the resolution of most CAT scans. I am certain, however, that eventually one of these objects will be located, and then we will have our long-sought-after physical artifact, our "smoking gun."
I am afraid that I do not exude such confidence. Due to the rarity of cases, the reported size of the alleged implants, and the probable inability to recognize such advanced technology, we may never obtain this particular smoking gun.

However, I would be remiss not to report on events that may possibly lead to this so-called smoking gun. However, I will reserve personal judgment until all the data has been examined. I received news of these events just before submitting the final manuscript of this book to the publisher. It came to me in the form of a preliminary report that recorded the surgical removal of several suspected implants from professed abductees. It was prepared by Roger K. Leir, Doctor of Podiatric Medicine. I immediately contacted Dr. Leir by phone and asked him if I could add his report to my book. He kindly gave me permission to quote from his report and to use photographs of the actual objects removed from his patients Patricia Damly and Patrick Parrinello. These photographs can be seen as Photos 1, 2, and 3 in the photographic section. Prior to describing the surgery and removed implants, let us briefly examine the experiences that led Patricia and Patrick to believe that they were abductees. The following was transcribed from Dr. Leir’s report.

Patricia Damly

The first event involved the entire family and occurred in October of 1969. The clan was on a camping and fishing trip. . . . Before retiring they noticed lights in the sky. Thinking they were some sort of satellites, they playfully used flashlights to signal the unknown light source. All in fun. They were shocked when the light flashes were returned. This episode went on for the better part of six hours. The lights then raced away, across the sky.

The following night, Pat stated there was not much seen of the lights. Before retiring a large fire was made, composed of green wood so that it could last the night. It should be noted that Patricia (Pat) was then twenty-three years old and eight months pregnant. . . . Their campsite was located in a rural part of Texas and the nearest structure was an iron bridge that had provided an ancient passage over a small river. . . . It was about 1:00 A.M. when Pat was rudely awakened by her terror-stricken husband. He ordered her to get up and throw the children in the back seat of the car. His voice was gruff and commanding. In a fit of confusion she did as she was told and
placed the children in the car. The car was started, placed in gear
and began to move down the lonely, dark road...

Pat asked her husband, “What’s wrong?” He replied, “Some-
thing’s under the bridge.” Pat asked, “Deer, people?” Her husband
replied with a brisk, “No.” They headed the car back the way they
had come, down the dirt road and headed toward the iron bridge.
Pat then asked her husband for a second time what was going on.
He replied, “Don’t get scared. What’s behind us? Is it a truck?” Pat
looked out of the rear car window and told her husband it appeared
to be a truck. She took a second look and what she saw was a rapidly
approaching object which began to match the speed of the car. At
this point they were rapidly approaching the bridge and realized that
this huge object couldn’t possibly fit onto that tiny bridge. ... The
next thing she recalled was finding the car facing in the opposite
direction, headed back to where they had just come from.

They were crossing the bridge and pointed back to the campsite.
As they approached the camp, Pat began to notice a burning sen-
sation in her nose. Soon the fear and anxiety began to overwhelm
them. The fire that they had built to last the night was now virtually
out. Her husband was extremely agitated and afraid. ... 

Next... Pat described a greenish light behind the car and crossing
the road in back of them. It followed them for approximately two to
three miles. It was ever-present and didn’t vary from its path. Her
husband began to verbalize his fears and said in a loud voice, “Please
don’t hurt us.”

The children, at this point were extremely agitated and Pat had
to turn and physically push them down in the backseat of the car.
Her husband began to panic and planned to stop the car and let
their pursuers catch up to them. Pat pleaded with him not to do so.
... It was a long trip home and time dragged on as they continued
to witness the strange light behind them.

This ended that night’s adventure. It should be noted that two
weeks following their arrival home, Pat’s pregnancy was determined
by her physician to be a “false pregnancy.”

Patricia felt that there were two objects in the great toe of her left foot.
This, coupled with the combined sightings of an unknown life form under
a bridge, a strange lighted object that chased their car, missing time, and
the eight-month-pregnancy-that-wasn’t eventually brought her to UFO re-
searcher Derrel Sims for an investigation. All of these components were known benchmarks of the UFO abduction experience.

Patrick Parrinello

Patrick’s (also nicknamed Pat) UFO experiences, like those of so many other abductees, began at an early age. The following accounts are transcribed from Dr. Leir’s report.

In the year 1954 Pat had turned six years old and was living in a small town in Louisiana called Dubberley... It was springtime and Pat lived with his mother and father in a small farmhouse. He was sound asleep in his own bed and suddenly came to a full awake state. He remembered that his body seemed to do things on its own. He found himself getting out of bed and walking toward the backdoor. He walked outside and then proceeded around to the back of the house, crossed a barb wire fence and continued out into a freshly plowed field... The sky seemed alive with lights which were moving in many different directions. One in particular, a sphere about eighteen inches in diameter, came down and landed in a furrow that he happened to be standing in. As he looked at the sphere, it began to spin and made a hissing sound. He felt that there was some kind of a force that was holding him frozen. He became so frightened that he overcame the force that was immobilizing him and turned to run back into the house. He heard a sound like an explosion and felt a pain in his left hand. He then blacked out and found himself back in the house with his mother.14

Pat’s next UFO experience took place when he was a young man in the late 1960s. The following is his account, summarized from Dr. Leir’s report.15

Pat and a friend returned home from fishing one night to find their neighbors gazing at a strange lighted craft in the sky which had been maneuvering in the area for several hours. When Pat flashed signals to it with his flashlight, it flashed back, descended, and hovered above their heads. They saw a large circle on the shiny underside of the craft that contained three smaller circles, which glowed with a bluish green color. A red light was located in the center of the circle. The rest of the object was dark, and blotted out the stars in the sky. It made no noise, and after about ten minutes began to move away.
He and his friend started to follow it in the car, but it took off at a fantastic speed and disappeared from sight.

One night in 1974, he and his fiancée sighted the same type of object from his car as they left his parents’ home. She became hysterical when the lighted object descended right at them. Pat stopped the car and blew its horn to attract others to come out and see it, but it again took off with a tremendous burst of speed.

Pat’s childhood experience with a silver globe which placed him into a state of suspended animation is reminiscent of Betty Luca’s and her family’s experiences. Similar globes were used by gray entities to control Betty during her abduction as a teen, and later were used to control both Betty and her family during an abduction in 1967. Pat too had noticed a strange object embedded in his body. It came to light when X rays were taken of his left hand and arm which he injured in an automobile accident in 1971. His doctor passed it off as a cyst. But its discovery caused Patrick to equate it with the UFOs and silver globe which he had experienced as a six-year-old. During that experience he had felt a sharp pain in his left hand where the so-called cyst was located.

THE SURGICAL TEAM

Dr. Leir volunteered his services to surgically remove the objects in the bodies of Patricia and Patrick for examination and analysis. In his report, Dr. Leir stated that his medical team consisted of


Dr. Leir also put together a group of trained personnel to support his surgical team. Excerpts from his report follow.

SURGERY SETTING

Dr. Leir writes:

The surgery room was carefully readied, including the installation of the video equipment. TV cables . . . ended in a multitude of desti-
nations including a treatment room adjacent to the operating room. This area was equipped with a color television monitor and ... used as a viewing room for those that were not allowed in the operating room and wanted to witness the event.\textsuperscript{17}

\section*{PATIENT DOCUMENTATION}

... A full and complete medical history was taken. Next, each individual underwent a thorough abduction history examination and their emotional and psychological states were determined and recorded. Tape recordings were made of the interviews and were later transcribed. All paperwork, including consents and release forms were signed and placed in the patient's file. A chart was prepared as a permanent record for each of the individuals. All previous laboratory tests were reviewed by Dr. A. and myself. Next, each patient was brought to the X-ray room and new radiographs were taken and immediately processed. They were then reviewed by Dr. A. and myself.\textsuperscript{18}

\section*{SURGERY PREPARATION}

Each patient was placed in a treatment room and my surgical nurse withdrew the prescribed amount of blood. ... I decided the best transport media to be the patient's own body fluid. ... The isolated blood was then centrifuged and the serum portion separated and mixed with an anticoagulant, thus making an ideal transport medium.\textsuperscript{19}

\textbf{Removal of Patricia's Suspected Implants}

Patricia was brought into the operating room and positioned on the operating table. With video rolling, Mike Evans focused in on Derrel Sims as he began to initiate hypnotic induction. Once I was given the go ahead from Derrel, I began to inject a local anesthetic which consisted of a quick-acting anesthesia mixed with a long-acting agent.

After completion of the local anesthesia, my surgical nurse prepared the surgical site in the usual manner. With both surgeons now in the room, a sterile field was prepared. ... A small tourniquet was applied to the great toe of the patient's left foot. ...
Using the X rays as a guide, I made my initial incision on the side of the big toe. Thus began the long and tedious task of searching for the unknown. It took almost an hour to achieve this. The first clue indicating that we were even close to the object came about during the deep probing of the incision. Suddenly Patricia almost jerked her foot off the table. At this point I was startled, as the patient literally was under the influence of a double anesthesia.

Further probing of the same area elicited a similar response. With this as a guidepost, we continued our dissection of this area until a small grayish object came into view. It was then carefully clamped and excised from the surrounding tissues. At the moment of actual extraction, the patient responded with another jerk and indication of pain. The only times that I have ever witnessed this type of response, under local anesthesia, is when the object has been physically attached directly to a nerve fiber.

A portion of the surgery was now complete. [The] object was placed on a sterile gauze square. [It] appeared to be triangular, T-shaped, or star-shaped. The specimen was measured and proved to be approximately one half-centimeter in each direction. This foreign body appeared dark gray in color and covered with a very dense membrane.

I took a surgical blade and attempted to scrape a portion of the membrane from the underlying structure. The harder I tried the more impossible it became to remove the dense covering. Since my primary concern was that of the well being of my patient, I made a decision to continue with the surgical procedure and commenced closure of the surgical wound.

With the first segment of the surgical procedure now completed our attention could then be directed toward the opposite side of the toe and removal of the second object.

Dissection was carried deep within the tissues of the toe. It took a considerable time to locate this object due to its size and angle that the X rays were taken. When the object was finally touched, the patient reacted in the same violent manner as during initial probing for the first object. Found and clamped, the second entity was removed and placed on a sterile gauze sponge. Its shape was different than the first object and looked like a small cantaloupe seed. It was encased in a type of dark, dense membrane. A futile but valid short attempt was made to separate the inner portion from its biological jacket.
Dr. A. [made] a surgical incision into the back of Pat's hand, our second surgical candidate... performed as the secondary surgeon in this procedure. ... It took about the same amount of time to locate this object.

During the exploration of the wound the object was touched and the patient winced in apparent objection, as did the first surgical patient. The response was the same when the foreign body was finally excised from its attachments and totally removed from the body.

Its appearance... seemed to be identical to the second entity removed from the first patient [italics mine]. Measurements were taken and found to be also the same... As with the others, this object was also placed in the preprepared serum solution and readied for transport... Still photographs were taken and the video continued to record the latest finding.31

PRELIMINARY FINDINGS AND CONCLUSIONS

At this point in time I would like to emphasize the fact that only the most preliminary findings are known... I will enumerate the findings so far. Since they are basically the same for all three objects, no attempt will be made to delineate them.

1. One object (the largest), while wrapped in its very tight membrane, appeared to be triangular or star shaped. The other two, also wrapped in the same type of membrane, were smaller and resembled cantaloupe seeds.

2. The largest specimen measured approximately one half-centimeter in each direction and the other two measured approximately two to four millimeters.

3. The gray membrane was so dense that I could not cut through it with a sharp surgical blade.

4. When the specimens were received in Houston they were subjected to black ultraviolet light examination. All three were noted to fluoresce a bright green color. This is the identical color that has been seen to appear on the skin of alleged abductees. It was also noted that the objects appeared to be magnetic and clung to the scalpel blade.

5. Next the specimens were dried and their membranous covering was removed revealing a black shiny metallic core.

6. The metallic portions are now undergoing a battery of exam-
inations including electronmicroscopy and photospectrometry. No
data is available at this time.
7. Soft tissues that were removed from an area surrounding the
objects were sent for pathological analysis and revealed the following.
"Numerous peripheral nerves and pressure receptors, no evidence of
inflammation, either acute or chronic, no inflammatory cells or in-
filtrates, no fibrosis. \(\text{This is not the usual finding in foreign body}
tissue reactions.\)
8. Next, a small portion of the membrane was sent in independ-
ently. The results were as follows.
"Proteinaceous Coagulum (\textit{Made from blood protein}), keratin (\textit{The}
most superficial layer of the skin and the substance that makes the outer
structures of our body, such as hair and nails,})"
9. Before removal of the object in the hand, an electromagnetic
energy detector was used to examine the affected area. The resultant
field was so strong that the patient had to be taken into the parking
lot where there were no electromagnetic energy sources and checked
again. The repeat examination also revealed the same type of signal
strength. The same test was carried out after the object was excised
and in its container. There were no field emissions whatsoever.
At this time it would be safe to conclude that, so far the biological
findings are of an \textit{unusual nature} [italics mine] and it would be
foolish to have any conjecture about them. \ldots I can’t help but in-
terject one thought of a inquisitorial nature. Where would the maker
of the membrane material obtain \textit{keratin}? What better place than
the victim’s own body. One of the most common skin lesions found
on abductees is the \textit{scoop mark}. The scoop appears to be in the most
superficial layer of the skin. Could this possibly be the way in which
\textit{keratin} is obtained?\footnote{22}

In May of 1996, I checked on the progress of the analyses being con-
ducted on the implants. Dr. Leir said that the team was being criticized
for not releasing the analysis of this and the earlier implants as data came
in. He defended this by explaining that the tests being performed are very
expensive, and that they were being performed according to NASA pro-
tocols. The laboratories involved are well-known technological institutions
and do not want their names used until the analysis has been completed.
He stated that when the information is released, it will contain the results
from several high-quality sources including both private and university
laboratories.
As I bring this chapter to a close, it is important to note that the physical reality of both the "elusive embryos" and "inferred implants" discussed within are also supported by very strong circumstantial evidence. Such evidence is in the form of correlating consistent anecdotal data. We will examine these remarkable correlations in the next chapter.
16.

Correlations

One more type of evidence for the physical reality of the UFO abduction experience has yet to be discussed. This evidence lies in the remarkable correlation that exists within abduction reports.

Such correlative evidence has resulted from Dr. Thomas Bullard's comparative analysis of several hundred documented abduction experiences. In short, Dr. Bullard writes that such reports show a great number of similarities, both major and minor—too many, in fact, for them all to be hoaxes or random fantasies.

His study revealed that the ideal pattern for UFO abductions breaks down into eight parts. He emphasizes that not every report contains all possible parts. In fact, the only account in his sample of over three hundred reports that contains all eight parts is *The Andreasson Affair*! The eight parts are:

1. *Capture*. Witness is caught and taken aboard a UFO.
2. *Examination*. Witness is subjected to an examination.
4. *Tour*. Aliens allow witness to see parts of the craft.
5. *Otherworldly journey*. Witness visits strange place.
7. *Return*. Witness departs from ship and is returned.
8. *Aftermath*. Aftereffects and other unusual events.

Concerning the above eight parts, Dr. Bullard states the following. (Italics are mine.)

A narrative counts as true to form if episodes follow the order of the prescribed pattern. . . . Not every potential episode has to be present,
but an episode present must take its proper place in the sequence. To show significant relationships a narrative must contain at least two episodes. An impressive majority of abduction stories describes the same order of events (72 percent). The greatest number of orthodox narratives consist of just two episodes, usually *capture and examination* . . . *capture and aftermath* . . . or *capture and return* . . . Three-episode cases comprise nearly one-third of the total, four episodes (18 percent), and five episodes (10 percent), while even six- and seven-episode cases are present, all true to the same pattern.¹

A comparative analysis of Betty and Bob’s abduction experiences with the results of the Bullard report was fully documented in *Watchers II*. Their complementary correlation with hundreds of other reports was remarkable.

For the sake of brevity, the comparative analysis in this chapter will be limited to the abduction accounts of Becky Andreasson, Bob Luca, and Jean. It is significant that each of their experiences echoes the content of the greatest number of orthodox narratives in the Bullard study. Each experienced the most common four of the eight episodes: *capture, examination, return*, and *aftermath*! Let us now examine each of them in the light of Dr. Bullard’s findings.

**Capture**

Concerning the initial phase of *capture*, Bullard writes:

The capture episode commonly follows one of three possible scenarios. In *one* the common denominator is a . . . motor vehicle. . . . The *second* possibility sets the extra-normal intrusion in . . . the home of the witness. A *third* category . . . covers people . . . walking the street, crossing open ground, working in the fields, camping, fishing or hunting.²

The reader will note that all three possibilities were satisfied in the experiences of Becky, Bob, and Jean. Becky, Jean, and Bob were taken from their bedrooms. Jean was also taken while walking a street, and Bob from his car.

The typical sequence reported during the *capture* consists of the follow-
ing four specific events. Each will be defined, and then a correlation will be made between the experiences of the three abductees.

**ALIEN INTRUSION**

A UFO, beam of light, peculiar bank of fog or strange being appears to the witness.3

This subset of *capture* correlates exactly with all three abductees. Becky as an infant and adult was surrounded by a beam of light and the appearance of an entity beside her crib and bed. The beam of light transported her to a UFO. Jean as both infant and adult experienced the identical bedside scenario with the beam of light and entity. The same occurred when she was abducted outside her friend’s house. A beam of light engulfed her and an entity, and both were transported to a UFO. Bob was abducted from a car. He was also hit by a beam of light, confronted by an entity, and transported into a UFO.

**ZONE OF STRANGENESS**

Prior to entering the craft, the witness seems to enter a “*twilight zone*” where natural laws fail to work or work in unnatural ways. This was experienced by all three abductees. Becky as a child took what was happening more or less for granted. However, she and the others as adults found it hard to articulate how a light could cause them to *float* from familiar surroundings to an unearthly place.

Dr. Bullard states:

Seventy-seven cases . . . include the **zone of strangeness** incident. Of these . . . 66 cases locate the incident at the point following the initial intrusion.4

Again, the correlation between the above findings and the capture of the three abductees is obvious.

**TIME LAPSE**

The third subset during the capture represents a change in the relationship of the witness with the abductors. Bullard writes:
Where before the witness has kept control of his mind and body, his mental and physical states now change. Conscious memory of a period of time may lapse and be recovered only under hypnosis, physical paralysis or lethargy may set in, actions may become involuntary or uncharacteristic and the witness has no idea why. One of these possibilities or several may cluster together as the witness loses his will to escape and memory of what happens.

All three witnesses experienced missing time as adults. Each in some instances had memories of the onset of alien intrusion, but the abduction experience itself was mercifully erased from their conscious minds. Both Becky and Jean remembered light and an entity in their room in some instances. However, when Jean was abducted outside her friend’s house, all she could remember was a period of missing time. One moment she was in daylight heading for home, the next moment she was kneeling on the ground in the dark. Bob too remembered heading for the beach, sighting a UFO, and then suddenly arriving a few hours late at the beach.

Dr. Bullard elaborates further concerning this typical time lapse that occurs during the capture phase of a UFO abduction.

What the time lapse amounts to then is a period of memory excised from consciousness and the two ends of normal recall sutured together to give the appearance of a normal continuum, often with dubious success. The time lapse does not mean actual unconsciousness or semiconsciousness, because the witness remains more or less aware of what happens. ... Dreams, spontaneous recall or hypnosis later demonstrate that the memories were present in the unconscious all along even if inaccessible to conscious recall. Time lapse acts to blanket the whole experience as a retroactive effect, a gradual fading of recollection.

Again, it was the abduction dreams and unexplained periods of missing time experienced by Jean and Bob that instigated our hypnotic probe of the unconscious memories.

A total of 188 cases in the Bullard study contain the "time-lapse" phenomenon. The events documented in this book correlate perfectly with the findings of this aspect of the Bullard study.

PROCUREMENT

Alien intrusion, the zone of strangeness, and time lapse prepare the way for the final sequenced subset of the capture episode. This is the actual
acquisition of a human being by the aliens. A total of 185 cases in the Bullard study reflect the event of procurement. Dr. Bullard states:

Some sixteen events with fixed positions recur among the procurement accounts though the frequency varies considerably. The truly common elements reduce to eight.

1. A beam of light strikes the witness,
2. A drawing force pulls him toward
3. beings who then appear, and
4. converse with the witness, usually to reassure or instruct him.
5. Physical and mental controls follow, as the witness feels pacified or paralyzed, loses his will or lapses into an unconscious or semi-conscious state.
6. The beings escort the witness, often touching or holding him,
7. so that he floats toward the craft, and then
8. enters with a temporary memory lapse, or doorway amnesia.7

Upon review or reflection, it should be obvious to the reader that all three abductees experienced the above items. Let us now examine their experiences in light of each of these eight sub-episodes of procurement.

The Beam

Dr. Bullard states the following concerning the beam.

How light beams... relate to the craft remains vague, but the importance of their roles in abductions is clear. In sixty-one cases the witness reports that a light strikes or engulfs his person, car or bedroom. This light may beam directly from the craft or from a being. ... The usual position of the light incident is early in the story during capture, where a beam functions to deprive the witness of mental and physical freedom. The witness loses consciousness as soon as the light strikes or soon thereafter.8

Again we see a perfect correlation between the abduction experiences of Becky, Jean, and Bob and the statistics reflected in the Bullard study. The UFO did emit a beam of light which engulfed the three abductees while in bed, walking outside, or in a car. In each case, it deprived them of their mental and physical freedom.
Dr. Bullard states the following concerning the *drawing force* associated with the acquisition of the abductees by aliens. (Italics are mine.)

In forty cases some sort of force draws the witness toward the UFO or beings. This element holds the same relative position in thirty-two cases and initiates procurement in twenty-five cases. In five instances the force allows or has some connection with the beam... Beams of light may serve other functions, most notably to float or draw the witness toward the craft.9

The *drawing force* is also mirrored in each of the three abductees' experiences. Each were drawn into a beam of light which transported them to an alien craft. During one experience, Becky described the beam of light controlling a small platform that floated her to and from a craft. At times the beam drew them from a bed. Once Jean was drawn outside of her house to a waiting beam of light. Bob encountered the beam’s *drawing force* from a car.

**The Beings Appear**

Under this episode, we find a typical deviation which also shows up in the Bullard study. A number of abductions have the *beam* of light strike the abductee and *draw* the victim toward the *beings* who then *escort* the abductee to the waiting UFO. This is not so within the framework the three abductees' experiences. Their accounts reflect another sequence commonly reported. Bullard states (italics mine) that: "Sometimes the account may be fragmentary or the witness may awaken to find beings already in the room."10

Thus, in each of the three abductees' accounts, the entity appeared within the *beam* to personally escort them to the alien craft where other aliens awaited them. This leads to the fourth segment of the sequence of events involved in *procurement*.

**The Beings Converse**

The first communication from the aliens takes place soon after the first confrontation with their captors. The conversation is usually one-way, and consists of either reassuring or instructing the witness through what would
be best described as “mental telepathy.” This mode of communication was employed by the aliens in the majority of cases within the Bullard study.

Of 124 cases with the means of communication specified, 98 (79 percent) involve telepathy, thought transference, or the witness being able to understand or hear the beings without their mouths moving or any apparent auditory input.11

This is exactly the type of communication described by Becky, Jean, and Bob. Once more we note the fascinating affinity that exists between our cases at hand and other abduction reports on record.

Physical and Mental Controls

An abductee usually suffers debilitating effects before his or her direct confrontation with the beings. However, once on board the UFO, the aliens exert further physical and mental influences in order to make the abductee acquiesce to their every demand. The techniques used are often ascribed to the aliens’ “hypnotic eyes” or to actual physical contact with them.

In 71 cases from the Bullard sample, the aliens make some effort to control the witness. Pacification, paralysis, rendering the abductee unconscious or semiconscious, and somehow taking control of the will and behavior of the victim are the techniques usually employed by the aliens. Such control was certainly exerted by the aliens upon Becky, Jean, and Bob during various facets of their experiences.

Again, Becky, as a harmless young child, was allowed more freedom while on craft. She was allowed to play freely with other abducted children until it was her turn to be examined. However, as an adult, she was moved from place to place under alien control.

Jean was older when she was abducted as a child, and more controls were levied upon her. She stood paralyzed until told to move. She was paralyzed as she lay on the examining table and made to shut her eyes at various times. Bob, as an adult, was treated in a similar manner.

In essence, upon review of the three abductees’ accounts, they had little or no control over their behavior. For the most part they behaved like zombies, doing exactly what the aliens wanted them to do.

Escort

This sixth element of procurement only applies to cases where the witness is confronted by the aliens outside the UFO. In these instances, the ab-
ductee comes under the control of the aliens and is escorted by them to the UFO. Each of our three abductees was drawn into a UFO by the beam of light. Shortly after entering the UFO, they were confronted by additional aliens who escorted them under their control.

This was true in each of the three cases under discussion. Some were led to a bench and made to sit down and wait. All were led to a table for an examination or operation. Becky was led from console to console during her training session.

Floating Effect

Bullard notes the following about the floating effect reported by a number of abductees.

Reports often add an even more spectacular twist to the mode of travel: The witness and the captors float on air rather than walk. This happens in 30 cases, with 28 (14 percent) in the proper place and in the case of Betty Andreasson.12

Jean remembers floating rather than walking during her abduction experiences. She also remembers being floated onto the examination table. Bob remembers moving without use of his legs during his abduction with his parents.

Doorway Amnesia

Dr. Bullard explains this last event of the procurement cycle as follows.

A funny thing happens on the way to the spaceship as the witness undergoes a memory lapse as he enters the ship, then recovers consciousness once inside...it appears in 32 cases and 28 of them station this incident as the last significant event of the procurement sequence.13

This phenomenon is very pronounced in the experiences of Becky, Jean, and Bob. It was very hard to break through this mental block and in some instances we gave up trying.

For most abductees, the next major episode of the abduction story type appears to be the very reason for their capture.
Dr. Bullard makes the following opening statement in the section of his study that deals with what he refers to as "the heart of the matter."

A bizarre and unpleasant ordeal awaits the captive once he enters the ship. Beings usher the witness into an inner room of uniform lighting and hospital cleanliness, then subject him to a systematic, thorough and often painful medical examination.... The number of abductions, the beings' disregard for human suffering and preoccupation with reproduction hint that something more than scientific curiosity motivates the examinations, and lends weight to alternative views that aliens are gathering genetic raw materials.... In any case a wealth of clues about the character and purposes of the beings as well as the nature of the abduction experience itself make the most revealing episode in the abduction story. The examination events follow a regular course of action with the following steps:

1. **Preparation.** The beings make the witness ready for examination.
2. **Manual examination.** The beings touch or manipulate the witness's body by hand or use hand-held instruments.
3. **Scanning.** An eyelike device scans the witness's body.
4. **Instrumental examination.** Instruments probe the witness's body.
5. **Samples.** The beings take samples of blood or other body materials.
6. **Reproductive examination.** Tests concerned with reproduction or genital organs follow.
7. **Neurological examination.** Attention turns to the head, brain and nervous system as the beings explore the mind, brain, and nerves of the witness.
8. **Behavioral examination.** The beings test behavior and ask questions of the witness.¹⁴

A number of cases in the Bullard study contain one or more elements of the manual examination. Twenty-four provide only one event. Forty-one cases show two events. Fifteen have three events. Seven reflect four events and one has five events. The study reveals that

[E]xamination episodes are little better ordered than capture episodes.... If one examination event changes place with another, it
never strays far from its place or loses meaning in the context of associated events. Taking sperm, for example, relates to the reproduction exam but may fall more conveniently within the activities of sample taking. For the beings to rearrange the order of events to take advantage of this opportunity simply demonstrates that the course of events is flexible in favor of efficiency, rather than mechanically rigid.\textsuperscript{15}

An examination of our three abductees' accounts reveal six of the typical examination events as far as they are known.

\textbf{PREPARATION}

Eighty percent of the cases analyzed in the Bullard study describe some form of preparation comprised of three constituents. The most common element (57 percent) is a table on which the witness lies or finds himself lying. The second most common element (26 percent) is the removal of all or part of the abductee's clothing. Only 7 percent of the cases describe a third constituent which involves the cleansing of the abductee.

Bullard states that there is no strong pattern of order among these three elements. Sometimes the witness may simply stand for a brief examination. The witness may undress or be undressed before lying on a table. Conversely, the witness may lie on the table before undressing. The three cases under discussion reflect the two most common elements of preparation.

\textbf{The Table}

Becky was placed on what she described a "table-seat" during her childhood abductions. During her adult account, she was brought to train on consoles. Jean was placed on a \textit{table} during both her childhood and adult experiences. Bob's 1967 experience involved him being placed upon a \textit{table}.

\textbf{Undressed}

In every instance but one, the three abductees were \textit{undressed}. During their examination, Becky and Jean, as both children and adults, were redressed in a white Johnny. Bob remained naked during his examination by aliens. During his abduction with his parents, they all remained dressed.
According to Dr. Bullard's analysis of this early phase of the alien examination (italics mine),

the beings touch, feel or use hand-held instruments to inspect the witness in a general, apparently preliminary way in sixteen cases. . . . In other cases the beings simply touch the witness, poke at some point like the base of the spine, or feel the head or some other part of the body. Hand-held instruments independent of connection to any larger device may play a part in this examination . . . like a pen-like device or chrome pencil. The small device may emit a beam of light to illuminate or probe somehow the witness's body. . . .

An offshoot of the manual examination involves more vigorous experiments with the witness's body, where the beings flex or twist limbs to the point of causing pain. . . . Witnesses have reported an optical or X-ray scanner passing over them with systematic movements in 31 cases, one-fourth of the total.16

During Jean's childhood abduction, the aliens were working on her arms and legs. Bob described the aliens flexing his limbs during his 1967 abduction. He also described a scanning-like device that descended from above him and moved back and forth over his body.

INSTRUMENTAL EXAMINATION

A number of instruments are often described by witnesses. Bullard states:

Instrumental examinations occur twenty-eight times. . . . The examination may be as simple as a shining light used as a probe or rodlike devices may aim at or touch the witness. . . . The beings sometimes touch or probe the witnesses with needles.17

Becky, during her childhood abduction, said that the "pretty person" was touching her ankle with something in her hand. The scooplike mark is visible. A picture of it will be found in the photographic section of this book.

Also, during her adult abduction, Becky stated that an entity touched the area of her head, facial area, throat, neck, and over her heart with a device. Its size and shape were comparable to a half golf ball and the interior was lighted. It caused a tingling feeling.
Jean described a silver needlelike device with which the aliens probed her leg.

SPECIMEN TAKING

Concerning this phase of the alien examination of human beings, Bullard writes the following.

In the course of an examination the beings collect specimens of bodily materials from the witness in twenty-nine cases... The favorite material is blood, gathered in at least sixteen cases... Other bodily fluids like... eye fluid... sperm... urine... gastric juices and spinal fluid... Solid as well as liquid materials attract attention... hair... nails... ear wax... Scraping provides the skin.18

Both Becky and Jean had tissue removed from their ankles which left permanent scars. Bob watched an alien entity scrape his mother's forearm with some kind of instrument during the abduction with his parents.

There are four episodes that rarely follow the examination. They are: A conference held with the beings; a specific tour of the craft; An otherworldly journey, and a meeting with a divinelike personage which is called a theophany. Dr. Bullard reiterated in his study that "the internal episodes of conference, tour, journey, otherworldly journey and theophany are rare... in occurrence."19

Jean and Bob typically did not experience any of these episodes. However, Becky, as an adult, experienced both the conference and the tour. These episodes seem to be reserved for specially chosen abductees like Betty and Becky Andreasson. Betty alone has experience all four episodes. The entities have chosen her to give a message to humankind.

REPRODUCTIVE EXAMINATION

This phase of the examination involves the aliens' specific interest in and examination of the reproductive system of the abductees. In the case of female abductees, a needle is often inserted into the navel to examine the reproductive system and to remove ova. This is similar to laparoscopy.

In regard to the male abductee, a cup is often placed over the penis to extract sperm. Of the three abductees under consideration, only Jean and Bob experienced these extractions.

However, the entities did perform an operation upon both Jean and
another women she observed on board the craft. It involved elevating their legs and working in the area between their legs. This type of operation involved artificial insemination and fetal extraction from surrogate human mothers.

The Return

The abduction experience ends with the abductee being brought back to familiar surroundings and the normal activities being pursued at the time of the abduction.

How the witness reenters the everyday world rounds off the abduction story with a necessary episode. It often reflects a mirror image of capture ... 111 cases refer to it ... fewer still detail the experience in any clear and substantial way. The distinctive consistencies of the episode are as follows.

(1) Farewell. The beings give their captive some final messages and bid him farewell.
(2) Exit. Doorway amnesia returns as the beings escort the witness and he floats out of the craft.
(3) Departure. The craft takes off while the witness watches.
(4) Reentry. The witness takes up normal activities while memory of the abduction fades out.²⁰

FAREWELL

In the preamble to this section, Dr. Bullard makes the following introductory remarks (italics mine).

Undistinctiveness rather than a clear-cut boundary marks the beginning of return. Redressing after an examination ... may provide a point of departure. Not long before the witness leaves the craft occurs the first distinctive event—the beings, or at least one of them ... bids the witness farewell ... and leaves the witness with positive impressions. ... A compromise version begins when the beings say that now is the time for the witness to leave ... and finally the beings ask, advise or admonish the witness to forget, at least for now, about the abduction.²¹
The only conscious farewells given to the three abductees were commands to forget the abduction. However, Jean was told that she would be abducted again. This memory remained in her unconscious until triggered through hypnosis.

EXIT

The three abductees experience their exit from the craft in similar ways but share a common similarity with cases in the Bullard study. The differences, as noted above, relate to when doorway amnesia takes effect. Dr. Bullard states the following about this mental lapse (italics mine).

A reversal of procurement accounts for most of the action in the return episode. As the witness leaves the ship he experiences a mental lapse in 55 cases... the highest proportion of any event in the episode... In 25 cases, a period of amnesia at the end of the abduction provides a narrative with its only point of contact with the return episode... Even when the beings plant a seed of forgetfulness as the witness leaves the craft, their influence sometimes grows to full effectiveness only after he experiences several other events. Most common are the alien escort to the door of the ship and sometimes beyond (24 cases), and flotation from the ship to the ground (22 cases). In six cases a beam of light also takes part in the process.22

Becky, as a child, remembers only being brought home by the "pretty person" in a beam of light. As an adult, however, she remembered being brought before a door prior to descending on a platform supported by a beam of light. Typical doorway amnesia prevented her from remembering her actual exit from the craft.

As a child, Jean could not remember how she exited the craft. However, during her adult experiences she remembers being brought down a hallway toward a light on the floor. In one instance she had no memory of how she passed through the lighted exit. But, in another instance, she remembers stepping onto the light and descending from the craft in a beam of light.

Bob, during the abduction with his parents, gave a similar description of the exit. However, he described the hallway as a "tunnel." During this abduction, Bob experienced doorway amnesia during both procurement and reentry. Concerning the former, one moment he was in bed engulfed by light, and the next, in the tunnel. Concerning his exit of the craft during
reentry, Bob remembered walking down the tunnel and then suddenly being back in bed.

DEPARTURE

The Bullard study contains twenty cases that describe the UFO taking off from the ground or flying away after dropping off the captive. All cases place this event between the time witnesses were returned to earth and before they resumed normal activities.

Doorway amnesia was a common element of all three abductees during the exit from the alien craft. However, only Becky during her adult abduction from her Virginia farmhouse watched the actual departure of the UFO from her window.

REENTRY

Dr. Bullard gives the following description of this facet of the return (italics mine).

Once back on earth the witness resumes his normal activities, but sometimes unusual effects shadow the return. Drivers recover in a particularly notable way. Their car may lower to the highway and drive itself for a while, or the witness may drive in a state of unawareness until he passes some barrier and becomes conscious of what he is doing once again. Ten cases include this element....

Once the driver or other witness recovers normal consciousness, all memory of an abduction may have disappeared, so only discovery of missing time clues him that something extraordinary happened to him....

Comparison of capture and return affirms a general symmetry between the two episodes, since the UFO comes and goes, vehicle effects set in and leave off, the witness loses mental control then regains it, and the beings take him in and turn him out....

The message which accompanies the farewell often enlists the witness into a sort of cooperative relationship with the beings. They may entrust the witness with secrets or promise him important work to do. He has to forget, but only for a while, only with regret and for his own good.25

The events comprising reentry of the three abductees varied with the circumstances surrounding their abductions. Becky was abducted from her
crib twice. Once she was returned to the sandbox outside the house and the other time she was placed back in the crib. Usually, but not always, return is a mirror image of capture. Becky not being returned to the crib in the first cited incident is an exception to the general rule.

On the other hand, both Jean and Bob were returned to exactly where they were captured. Jean was returned either to her bed or outside near her friend’s house. Bob was placed back in the car from which he had initially been taken.

The next and last of the eight episodes characteristic of an abduction experience involves the long-term aftereffects that often plague the abductee. Dr. Bullard refers to them simply as “aftermath.”

Aftermath

The Bullard study breaks down this episode into three categories: immediate, intermediate, and long-term aftereffects.

IMMEDIATE AFTEREFFECTS

Twenty cases in the Bullard study involve cuts, scrapes, and punctures. Both Becky and Jean have scoop marks resembling punch biopsies in the exact location where such marks have been found on other abductees. Both Becky’s and Jean’s scars appeared after being cut with an alien instrument during one of their childhood experiences.

INTERMEDIATE AFTEREFFECTS

The study lists forty-two examples in which the nightmare or abduction dream counts as one of the most common of all aftereffects. All three abductees have had such dreams. Sleep disturbances, panic attacks, and memory flashbacks are yet other benchmarks of characteristics of “intermediate aftereffects.” Jean has continued to experience all three, even as I write these words. Twenty-six cases exhibit guilt or uneasiness on the part of the abductees when they decide to probe their experience(s). Again, Jean has expressed such feelings to me during our discussions about her abductions.
LONG-TERM AFTEREFFECTS

Dr. Bullard lists a number of happenings that have been reported by abductees over the long term. Those applicable to one or more of the three abductees concern the so-called men in black, instances of phone tapping, mysterious helicopters, apparitions, personality changes, and—last but not least—subsequent UFO experiences.

Men in Black

This term is applied to any strange man or men that the abductee may encounter under unusual circumstances. Bob, Becky, and Betty have been confronted with such men during past experiences.

Phone Tapping

Only Betty and Bob have experienced this in the past.

Apparitions/Subsequent UFO Experiences

Becky, Jean, and Bob all have had their share of both of these aspects of the aftermath episode in the form of apparitions, bedside visitations, and follow-up abductions.

This completes the correlation of the experiences of Becky, Jean, and Bob with the eighth and final episode of the typical abduction story type in the Bullard study. Similar correlations also exist between the past experiences of Betty, Bob, and Becky. However, another set of striking correlations relates to the abductee’s description of the alien occupants in the Bullard study.

The Gray Occupants

THE HEAD REGION

Shape and Size

Dr. Bullard makes the following summary statement regarding the most typical descriptions given to this area of the alien’s body: “A standard humanoid possesses a large hairless cranium and narrow chin.... The being looks fetal.”

All three abductees agree with this typical description of the head of
their small gray captors. Jean believed the one who initially came was the same, but disguised in a clownlike costume and wig.

**Eyes**

The Bullard study reveals that the aliens’ eyes capture the attention of the abductee like no other bodily feature. Almost half of its sample refer to the eyes. They are described as large in forty-two cases. Words used to describe their shape include elongated, almond, walnut, slanted, teardrop, wraparound, and catlike. References to eye color in the sample are scarce, but are usually strikingly dark and uniform.

Again, all three abductees agree with the typical description of the small gray aliens’ eyes.

**Mouth, Nose, and Ears**

In striking contrast to the aliens’ eyes, one finds that the abductees in the Bullard sample describe almost nonexistent features in these three areas. Adjectives like small, lipless, hole, and slit mouths predominate. The aliens’ noses are so diminutive that witnesses often report that the nose is practically not there. This is also true of the ears, which are tiny or simply holes in the head.

Once again, all three abductees give the same description of the alien entities’ mouth, nose, and ears.

**BODY APPEARANCE**

Bullard remarks that twenty-five out of thirty-nine given descriptions of standard humanoid aliens describe them as frail, thin, without muscle tone or definition, sickly, thin-necked, narrow-shouldered, and skeletal. He states that sketches made by abductees often confirm these descriptions.

Illustrations often confirm this... by making the beings look top-heavy and precarious with the huge heads balanced on thin necks and the rest of the body all out of proportion with skinny limbs and sunken chests.25

**Clothing**

The following is a composite description from the Bullard study of the clothing worn by alien beings.
The... alien wears a one-piece suit of some kind in 82 out of 105 cases. These suits usually cover the entire body except for the hands and face, and show no signs of buttons, zippers, seams, or separation into pants and shirt... The commonest adjective used to describe these suits is tight or close-fitting... Sometimes the clothing is so tight the beings seem naked.\textsuperscript{26}

Once again, we note that a clear-cut correlation exists between the three abductees and the Bullard study as it relates to the \textit{body build} and \textit{clothing} worn by the entities. Jean often thought that the entities appeared to be naked because of their form-fitting uniforms.

\section*{The Humanlike Occupants}

\textit{Humans} come as no surprise in abduction accounts, making up a sizable fraction of the crews and even appearing on the \textit{otherworld} as the angel-like beings Betty Aho [Andreasson-Luca] reported... But these humans maintain an air of alienness [Sic] despite their appearance.\textsuperscript{27}

\section*{Bleeding-through Memories?}

Another type of correlation not specifically covered in the Bullard study involves the effects that buried memories have upon other areas of our lives. It is quite possible for unconscious memories to surreptitiously manifest themselves through various activities of the conscious mind. During my investigation, I believe that I found some perfect examples of this mental process.

I noted possible examples of such memories in drawings and children’s stories that Betty had done years before her abduction experiences came to light. Let’s examine them briefly by title.

\section*{Victoria}

In Betty’s tale about Victoria, one can recognize bits and pieces of her 1967 UFO abduction experience subconsciously reflected in both the story line and drawings. Victoria walked through a mirror. Betty passed through a mirrorlike membrane in a place with a red atmosphere and strange red creatures. On the other side of the mirror, Victoria is met by other girls
who all look alike. She also meets a diminutive strange creature with big eyes called a “Globic.” Betty reported that her captors all looked alike and she, too, saw red creatures with big eyes on the other side of a mirrorlike door.

Nico

In this story, the character Nico has a large bald head and big eyes. He goes on a journey asking everyone where to find the formula to live by. He asks the earth, water, and air if they have the answers. These elements rise up against them. They are angry because they’re been polluted by humankind. In the latter part of the story, a tiny ball of light zips around him before settling before him and giving him a message. It tells him that love is the answer.

Betty, as a child of seven, had a little ball of light zip around her. The light spoke to her telepathically. Also, the message of the UFO entities dealt with their great concern about the earth being polluted by humankind.

Bip and Bop

A number of parallels appear in this story. The main characters are a gray-haired robed elderly man named Poppa Yahoo and two small children named Bip and Bop. The cartoon caricatures of Bip and Bop reveal large bald heads, large eyes, and boodlike feet like the gray entities. The gray-haired, robed man is reminiscent of their leaders, the gray-haired, robed “Elders.”

During the course of the story, the robed figure led Bip and Bop through an invisible line into a world of many colors. When he raised his hands, all the color drained out of Bip and Bop and they became clear, ghostly figures. At another point, the robed figure shrank in size and became a ball of light.

These scenes reflect Betty’s trip to the One in an OBE state and the ability of the entities to change into a ball of light. Also, at the outset of Betty and Bob’s OBE abduction, all the color drained out of them and they became clear, ghostly figures!

I also recognized some striking memory bleed-throughs in a novel that I had written in 1980.

THE MELCHIZEDEK CONNECTION

The novel featured two main characters, Harold Stanton and an ageless personage named Melchizedek. Harold would receive nighttime visitations
by Melchizedek. He would receive teachings and be taken places by him while in an OBE state of being. The description that I penned about the nighttime visitations is now recognizable as being identical to those visitations remembered by me while under hypnosis eight years later in 1988!

A pertinent quote from the book follows. I have italicized some words for emphasis.

A *weird prickly sensation* on the back of his head caused him to slowly awaken. As he began to recover his senses, a cold chill ran up and down his spine. He felt a *presence*. An overpowering feeling of a *presence* filled the room. But his mind rebelled.

The eerie sensation grew stronger and stronger. The *feeling of being watched* became unbearable. Harold felt like he was an insect being scrutinized by a microscope. Suddenly, he could take it no longer. He bolted upright and swung around. Instantly, his eyes locked with the dark piercing eyes of him... the *large almond-shaped dark eyes*.

When I was writing *The Melchizedek Connection*, I used to go over what I had written and sometimes wonder where the ideas originated. The *teachings* of Harold Stanton certainly did not reflect my then current belief system. Space and relevancy prohibit my recording them in this book, except the following brief excerpt which seems to parallel what Betty and Bob were taught by the entities (italics provided for emphasis).

*Know* that there is a Creator-Sustainer Who has made Himself knowable to Creation in direct proportion to the creature’s ability to comprehend and respond.

*Know* that there exist in Creation myriads of rational entities in varying *stages* of physical, intellectual, technical and spiritual development *between* the Creator and the creature called Man on Earth.

*Know* that there is a chainlike relationship between the highest and lowest forms of rational beings.

*Know* that the creature called Man is close to the lowest end of the chain of rational beings.

*Know* that all creatures on *this plane and others* are carrying out a portion of the True One’s overall plan in creation, in both a *conscious* and an *unconscious* manner.

*Know* that a long period of nonrational physical being preceded Man becoming a *physical* rational creature. Billions of your earth
years it took to produce a physical form on this plane capable of containing and sustaining a rational mind.

Know that the development of Man and his subordinate creatures on earth are part of a living universe. Continually becoming, continually growing, towards that goal determined an unknown by the True One that is.

Know that the evolution of Man has been aided by creatures of a higher order in a way that was and is a natural part of the overall purposes of the Ultimate Creator-Sustainer.

Know that contact by and guidance from such higher beings are in a higher plane of thought and operation usually unintelligible and incomprehensible to Man.

Know that the True One who is worked through the Elohim from above to establish his creation is called Man on this third orb from your sun.

Know that Man is grown in the image of the Elohim to provide living spirits for worlds without end.

As I read over portions of my novel, I now wonder if some of the descriptions and events described in it might reflect "bleed-through" memories from actual encounters with UFO entities.

However, this chapter has dealt essentially with the remarkable correlations that exist between the experiences of Becky, Jean and Bob with those contained within the sample of over three hundred reports in the Bullard study. A similar comparative study of elements of the past experiences of Bob and Betty was accomplished in my book Watchers II. It, too, produced the same extraordinary correlation.

These consistent and typical benchmarks that exist from one abduction report to another are highly indicative that abductees are describing a real experience involving the same types of entities and crafts. Such circumstantial evidence would be more than enough to convince a trial jury of the reality of reports of more mundane happenings.

However, because of the bizarre, otherworldly nature of the UFO abduction phenomenon, alternative hypotheses are often advanced for such experiences. These include hoaxes, distorted memories of sexual abuse, sleep paralysis, waking dreams and nightmares, the musings of fantasy-prone personalities, and other forms of psychoses. Even the birth memories of a human fetus have been advanced as a theory to explain UFO abductions!

The prevailing attitude among most health professionals and scientists
is that UFO abductions can’t be happening, so there must be a more rational explanation. However, some who take the time to conduct thorough enquiries into abductions become totally convinced of their reality. Dr. John Mack, Pulitzer Prize winner and professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, is just one example of this.

Personally, I believe that the negative attitudes currently being expressed indicate that history is just repeating itself. Such thoughts are similar to many voiced in the past when humankind was confronted with a new, then-unexplanable phenomenon.

I have taken great care during my investigations (as have others) to eliminate all of the above objections cited by the critics. Character reference checks, polygraph tests, and psychiatric tests and interviews reveal that those abductees investigated by myself are rational and honest people who relive accounts typical of hundreds of other cases.

Another accusation now being aimed at UFO abduction researchers is that we plant the abduction stories in an honest, rational person’s mind by suggestions and leading questions during hypnosis.

Critical health professionals often take great pride in their ability to use hypnotic regression to relieve emotional problems caused by mental suppression of traumatic experiences. This is a standard and successful operating procedure. Psychiatric tests have shown that some abductees reflect profiles symptomatic to that of victims of rape or other trauma. The release of the abduction experience often relieves an abductee of the anxiety caused by such memories previously buried in the unconscious mind.

During the use of hypnosis in UFO abduction cases, I take great care to see that no leading questions are asked. The person is left to tell or relive their account with a minimum of input from the hypnotist or investigator. It is interesting to note that when a deliberate attempt is made to lead the abductee in some way, the abductee consistently interrupts to correct the situation.

It is my personal opinion that honest, mentally competent people who seek the truth will not attempt to lie under hypnosis. In addition, a cross-examination of abductee testimony under hypnosis yields results confirming the reality of their experience. Basically, an abductee is asked to repeat varying segments of their experience at a later date while under hypnosis. Time and again, the abductee, like a human tape recorder, has relived the account with an identical scenario.

It is equally important for the critic to understand that 30 percent of reported abductions are remembered consciously without the use of hypnosis, and that these persons describe the same type of experience as those
who relive it under hypnosis. Persons who sight a UFO and its occupants consciously report the same type of craft and entities that the abductee reports under hypnosis.

Nonetheless, the critic asks, "Where is the physical evidence that UFO abduction experiences are grounded in physical reality?" My answer is, "There is physical evidence." There are some physical effects of the abduction experience that still remain after the abductee is returned home. This evidence is in the form of fleshly fingerprints.
Many abductees notice mysterious scars on their bodies. The scars range in shape from small scoop marks to elongated, thin scars. Scars are permanent records of abduction experiences and can be anxiety-provoking reminders for the victim.

Thirty percent of abductees consciously remember much of their UFO experience without the use of hypnosis. When they do, they often describe the same physical effects reported by nonabductees who have been in close proximity to a UFO. The chief effects include tangible marks on the ground, evidence of heat upon soil, plants, and trees, temporary paralysis, animal reactions and mutilations, and interference with electrical equipment.

UFO physical effects furnish strong supplemental evidence to anecdotal data given by a witness or the abductee. They do not, however, provide physical evidence for the abduction itself. Such effects only tend to corroborate the sighting of a UFO at close range.

What kind of physical evidence is available to substantiate a UFO abduction and an examination of the human body by alien entities? The answer is the same kind of evidence that one would find after being examined and operated on by human doctors—scars!

In *The Watchers*, I documented the anomalous appearances of scoop-mark scars that appeared on both Betty Luca and myself within a few days of one another. Mine appeared after a vivid dream of my leg being operated on by an unknown source. I also pointed out that such scars were one of several types found on the bodies of alleged abductees.

Most often these scars appear just above the shinbone, on the calf or thigh, and sometimes behind the knee. Other types include thin hairline cuts one to three inches long. In addition to such scars, abductees are left
with burns and rashes in the wake of an alien examination and operation. Jean was not spared such physical effects after her abductions. Her case provides insight into how such physical scars are made during the course of a UFO abduction.

When Jean arrived with her sister at the home of MUFON hypnosis consultant Tony Constantinou, I asked her if I could examine her ankle. She complied and there, plain as day, was the typical scoop mark just above her left ankle! I took a photograph of the old scar, but it did not show up well on the photograph. (I might add that the scar on Becky’s ankle mentioned in Chapter 1 is still visible, but just barely. Again, photographs taken were unsatisfactory.)

Jean told us that for some reason, she had always been ashamed of the scar since childhood. She remembered visiting a friend’s house and leaving for home in daylight. Then, there was a period of missing time. The next thing she remembered was kneeling on the ground. It was now dark outside, and her ankle was bleeding. During the course of the hypnosis session, Jean was asked when and how she had acquired the scar. Excerpts from the rather grueling session follow.

**Tony:** You were seven or ten years old. You were visiting a friend who lived right around the corner. Do you recall that incident?

**Jean:** Yeah.

**Tony:** Okay, and after you left the house when it was light out. It was light. And yet when you got home, it was dark, and when you woke up you evidently found yourself on your knees and your leg was injured. Can you tell us anything about that incident, please?

... What is the last thing you say to each other?

**Jean:** I have to go home....

**Tony:** Okay, and did you leave her house?

**Jean:** Um-hum. We’re in the cellar of her house.

**Tony:** And how did you leave her house?

**Jean:** Through the back cellar door....

**Tony:** Do you see yourself leaving the cellar?

**Jean:** Um-hum.

**Tony:** Now, what are you doing?...

**Jean:** I’m walking in the yard—well, it’s a driveway.

**Tony:** Yes, and what happened?

**Jean:** [Pause.] I’m walking on the side of the sidewalk [Pause.], and then I come to the corner. [Pause.] Then—[Jean becomes visibly upset.]

**Tony:** That’s all right. That’s okay.
JEAN: That being is there! That little, you know that funny guy that I always see in the window. He's, he's there on the sidewalk. That, that like ugly thing. He's on the sidewalk and I just stop and look at him and—it's real quiet outside. I—I'm not afraid of him. I don't know why. And—[Takes a big breath.]
TONY: What happens?
JEAN: I have to—[Sighs.] I have to walk in the street with him in the light. There's a light.
TONY: Why?
JEAN: I don't know. He just tells me to come with him. "Don't be afraid."
TONY: What does he look like?
JEAN: Um, well, he has a big head! But it's like, like a monster or something. . . . Like something white on him or teeth or some long thing, like funny hair or something, . . . I don't know, like a clown or something. . . .
TONY: What's he wearing?
JEAN: Something white. But he has a skinny body, but he's got a white suit or something on or silver.
TONY: Is it like a jacket or pants?
JEAN: No, it's, it's like, um, something like maybe a mechanic wears or something—like that. Like, like a one-piece thing.
TONY: How old are you?
JEAN: Ten.
TONY: What's his size compared to yours?
JEAN: Well, he's a little bit taller but not too much. But he has a big head!
TONY: What's on top of the head?
JEAN: Some—It looks like a lion's mane or, I don't know what that is.
TONY: Where does he take you? Where do you go?
JEAN: We go in the light.
TONY: What light?
JEAN: That's in the street. That's—well, I don't know if it's the sun coming down. I think the sun—like a sunbeam. . . .
TONY: What do you mean, coming down?
JEAN: It's like a beam or something. We—we're going in the beam. . . .
TONY: How wide is the beam? Is it like a flashlight?
JEAN: No, it's wide. It's pretty big. [Deep sigh.]
TONY: . . . What else can you tell us about the beam?
JEAN: It's bright, but it doesn't hurt my eyes. But, it—it's going, the beam's going up! I'm going in, up with the beam—and that thing.
TONY: What thing?
JEAN: That guy-thing that's standing with me. We're going up in the beam—in the sun.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: Where are we going? And... [Pause.] I'm not afraid.
TONY: Why not?
JEAN: I don't know. I keep wondering why he has a big head. [Long sigh.] I keep on looking at his head because it's big. And, now, there's like a, a tunnel and we're going in the tunnel. But now that thing isn't there anymore, but there's somebody else there.
TONY: What does he look like?
JEAN: [Pause.] He, he looks, um, like he has a big head too, but not as big as the other one, and he doesn't have teeth or anything, just like big eyes like a bug. And [sounds apprehensive], I saw them before! So I don't care. I'm not even afraid but I just have to be home before supper.
TONY: When did you see them before?
JEAN: I don't remember, but I'm not scared 'cause they're like friends or something.
TONY: How do they show you that they're your friends?
JEAN: 'Cause they're nice.
TONY: In what way are they nice?
JEAN: They say, "Just don't be afraid."
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: Then, then I—I go on the table but I don't go on by myself. I don't—I don't know how I go on there. But I'm laying on the table and they say, "Close your eyes." So, I close 'em.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: [Pause.] I don't know. My eyes are closed, but I peeked once.
TONY: What did you see when you peeked?
JEAN: Um, one of those things—guys. And, but he was near my, um, they're leaning at my leg, my feet or something, like—[Pause.] He was just standing there and one is standing near my head. He says, "Close your eyes."
TONY: When he speaks to you, do you hear his voice?
JEAN: Well, um, he doesn't have a mouth—so, I don't know how he's talking. He says, "We will not hurt you. Don't be afraid."

Tony brought Jean deeper and deeper into the hypnotic state before again asking the question about the tunnel.

TONY: What does that tunnel look like?
JEAN: There’s something in there. But—like some bars or, like, like a railing or something. . . . It’s not a railing though, but it—
TONY: Is there any particular color?
JEAN: It’s like, um . . . [Pause.] . . . like a gray—like a light, not white but gray or something like that.
TONY: Is it dark?
JEAN: It’s dark in the tunnel but, um, it’s kinda grayish or something in there.
TONY: At what point do you meet this new—new being?
JEAN: When we come out of the tunnel but I don’t—I didn’t see the other one leave. He was there just a minute ago!
TONY: Do you like this new one?
JEAN: Um-hum.

At this point, I handed Tony a note to obtain a full description of this particular entity.

TONY: Okay, now why don’t we start at the top of his head and describe what you see at the top of his head.
JEAN: He doesn’t have any hair.
TONY: Okay, come down a little bit more. What do you see?
JEAN: Big eyes! Black eyes like a bug eye—like an ant.
TONY: Come down a little bit more and what do you see?
JEAN: Well, like—no nose, but, um, something there.
TONY: Something like what?
JEAN: I don’t know, like a hole or something is there.
TONY: Just one hole?
JEAN: No, two. And, I don’t think there’s any ears. I don’t see any ears.
TONY: Underneath, underneath the two holes—what do you see?
JEAN: Like, um, a line.
TONY: What kind of a line? Up and down? Left to right?
JEAN: Um, well, there’s a little one like . . . [Becomes upset.]
TONY: That's all right, just relax, just relax.
JEAN: I have to have my eyes closed! So I keep peeking but they know I'm peeking.
TONY: That's all right. That's okay.
JEAN: But there's like a little line for a mouth and I don't know what that is. I don't know. There's a line going up near the nose, near the holes or something. I don't know what that is, 'cause now I've got to keep my eyes closed.
TONY: When you peeked, did you notice the color of this being?
JEAN: No, well, well he had a white thing on like the other one. Like a white suit.
TONY: Did you notice the hands?
JEAN: Yeah. [Laughs to herself.] 'Cause I'm peeking a little bit.
TONY: What did you notice about the hands?
JEAN: There's skinny fingers. Well, I don't know if that's fingers though, but they're, um, I think there's three of them, but they're kinda long like, um, I don't know, but there's no fingernails on them. But I can't see his hands too good because he's near my head. But I peek 'cause I ask him, "How come you look like that?"
TONY: And what did he say?
JEAN: He said, "Close your eyes!"
TONY: Did you have a chance to peek at the feet?
JEAN: No. The other one is doing something so I close my eyes. . . .
TONY: What is he doing? What is he doing down there near your feet?
JEAN: [Pauses, whispers.] There was something.
TONY: And what is the something?
JEAN: Something that, um—I can't open my eyes.
TONY: Just relax.
JEAN: But something was—like—just like a little thing. Like a little—[Breathes deeply.] . . . It's like a little pinch or something like that—like a shot.
TONY: Okay, where?
JEAN: On my leg.
TONY: Which leg?
JEAN: My left leg, 'cause that's where he's standing. . . .
TONY: What is the one standing by your head doing?
JEAN: He has—he has his hands on me.
TONY: Where on you?
JEAN: On my head. [Breathing heavily.]
TONY: And what’s he doing?
JEAN: I don’t know. My eyes are closed!
TONY: When you peeked, you saw this line for a mouth. Did his mouth move when he spoke to you?
JEAN: No, because it can’t open.
TONY: Where did you hear his voice?
JEAN: I just heard it in my head or something. He can’t talk.
[Breathing heavily.]
TONY: And what is that being by your feet doing now? What else does he do?
JEAN: I don’t—I—My eyes—I can’t open my eyes.
TONY: Can you feel your feet?
JEAN: No. [Pause.] I think he’s finished.
TONY: How can you tell?
JEAN: ’Cause my leg isn’t feeling anything.
TONY: Okay, what did he finish doing?
JEAN: He gave me a shot.
TONY: Why would he do that?
JEAN: I don’t know. [Long, deep sigh.]
TONY: Just relax, just relax. You’re doing very, very well.

Tony again took the time to bring Jean down to yet another level of deep hypnosis and then resumed questioning.

JEAN: Guess what?
TONY: What?
JEAN: There’s um, um, I’m coming off the table.
TONY: How?
JEAN: There’s something over there like um—that’s the shot! That’s—that!
TONY: What? Explain it to us. . .
JEAN: That—that long silver needle thing.
TONY: What about it?
JEAN: Is that the shot?
TONY: Why would you think that?
JEAN: ’Cause it’s on that other thing.
TONY: What other thing?
JEAN: And he’s there—he’s, he’s standing near that like table thing or whatever that is. That silver thing. And the thing is on it.
TONY: How big is it?
JEAN: Big!
TONY: How big? How big is that?
JEAN: Like, like um, like a straw, but it's very, very big!
TONY: Very long or very big?
JEAN: Very, like [Lets out deep breath.], you know, very fat like—
Not like a needle but fatter.
TONY: The whole thing is fat?
JEAN: Yeah, but the top is fatter than the other part, but still the other part is, is still big, and Oh! But it didn't hurt that much. . . .
TONY: How did you get off the table?
JEAN: I just—was off. That one is next to me and—[Pause.] We're walking and I say, "Why is your head so big?"
TONY: And his answer?
JEAN: He doesn't even answer me, so I think he's mad.
TONY: Okay. Is this the one that you like?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: The thing that he was holding, that big thing, the thick thing, the fat thing? Is it round?
JEAN: Yeah. . . .
TONY: Is there anything attached to it?
JEAN: Um, on the bottom there's a round thing.
TONY: And how thick is that?
JEAN: It's like a round ball.
TONY: Is there a needle attached to it?
JEAN: No. I don't see any needle, but it's just like—well, they took it away now.
TONY: Who took it away?
JEAN: The, the—Another one of those. And they're going the other way and I'm going to the hall—to that tunnel hall. . . .
TONY: What stuff?
JEAN: That needle thing and the one that was near my leg has something but I don't know what it is, because I can't see what he's holding—something, or—and, I'm going home now and I cannot remember.

TONY: Before you go home, just stay in that room a little bit longer if you can, please. And just look around and describe that room. What does the table look like that they put you on?
JEAN: It's like, gray. It's like, um, like a gray, hard thing.
TONY: What's it made of?
JEAN: I don't know. It's hard.
TONY: Does it have legs?
JEAN: It's square beneath. . .
TONY: What's underneath?
JEAN: A square. . . It's just like a square thing under it—like the altar at church. . . That's what it looks like. Like that, only it's not made—It's not of stone, it's—I don't know. But—now I have to go home.
TONY: Before you go home, describe the other beings that you see there.
JEAN: Well, they all look alike. They all look the same to me.
RAY: How many?
JEAN: [Whispers, counting to herself] One, two, three—four. One at my feet, one up here—The one came in and took those, um, that needle thing away and one has the thing in his hand, the one that was near my legs and the one that was near my head and that monster one is leading me in the tunnel. But, I'm not going by myself. The other one is coming with me.
TONY: Why aren't you going by yourself?
JEAN: 'Cause—I don't know. They're just walking with me.
RAY: Do you see any people without big heads—like normal people?
JEAN: No. Just me. I'm there.
RAY: Why can't you remember? Did they say?
JEAN: They said you can't—They said, "Do not remember."
TONY: . . . Did they tell you why you should not remember?
JEAN: No, I just keep asking him, "Would you please tell me why your head is so big?"
TONY: Do they ever answer this question?
JEAN: No. They just say, "You will not remember."
RAY: How does it feel when you're in the beam?
JEAN: It feels like, um—it feels good but it feels fast.
RAY: Fast how? What do you mean by "fast"?
JEAN: Like an elevator—but fast! But it feels nice and warm and nice.
RAY: Where does the beam take you?
JEAN: It takes me in that door. That door that's there in near the hall. Now, it's not a hall, it's a tunnel and we just go down that tunnel. . .
RAY: How does it feel when you go through the tunnel?
JEAN: It, um, it feels, ah, good.
RAY: Are you moving fast?
JEAN: Well, I'm not walking.
RAY: Well, what are you doing?
JEAN: I'm just going.
RAY: I see. What happens at the end of the tunnel?
JEAN: Then, it's bright! That big round bright room.
TONY: What big bright round room?
JEAN: With the table in it.
RAY: Oh, I see. Now, that's when you're coming into the craft. When you're leaving the craft—can you explain how you went home?
JEAN: I don't know. I just was on the ground and I—I don't know how.
TONY: . . . How did you get there?
JEAN: I don't know. I think I fell. And—my leg is bleeding when I fell on that—wall? Yeah.
TONY: You fell on a wall?
JEAN: Yeah
TONY: But in your letter, you say that the wall is so far away that—How could that be?
JEAN: Well, I must have fell on the wall and I fell and I flew over there or—I don't know.
TONY: How did you get on that wall?
JEAN: I don't know. I [Whispers.] didn't get on the wall. I just—[Blows out air.] I—
TONY: Just relax, that's all right. Just relax.
JEAN: [Starts crying.] I'm not even supposed to be telling this!

Jean, in her mind's eye, was a ten-year-old girl that had been told not to remember or tell others about her experience. She became upset at our questions, as she did not want to betray a confidence.

JEAN: I didn't even go on the wall! I just fell on the sidewalk. I wasn't really on the wall.
TONY: I understand. I understand.
RAY: Did you tell your mother and father about what happened?
JEAN: No, I can't tell anybody! I'm not allowed to tell anybody! Until I get older or something.
TONY: What's the other thing? Until you get older or what?
JEAN: I don't know!
RAY: Are you old enough to tell us about it now?
JEAN: Yes. I can tell now! I can’t tell yet.

Later, during the debriefing session, Jean would tell us that she was caught between two ages during this segment of our interrogation. On the one hand, as a ten-year-old, she could not tell, but as an adult, she could. She really did not know how to handle our questions and was extremely frustrated.

TONY: Just relax. You’re doing very, very well.
RAY: Did they say why you could tell later?
JEAN: No. I just—[Sounds frustrated.]
RAY: What did your mother and father say about your cut?
JEAN: I didn’t show them because I can’t tell anybody [Sighs deeply.]
RAY: I see. How long did it bleed?
JEAN: Um, a long time and I really needed to go and get stitches but I couldn’t tell anybody—’cause I can’t tell! I—can—not—tell! [Lets out deep breath.]
TONY: Just relax, you’re doing real well.

Tony broke in at this point and calmed Jean down. We could see that she was emotionally upset about these questions. Slowly but surely, her facial countenance and muscles began to relax. Tony placed her still deeper into the hypnotic trance. She began to breathe normally once again. The questions then resumed.

TONY: How did you get down on that sidewalk? The two of them escort you through the tunnel. How did you get back down on that sidewalk?
JEAN: [Pause.] I don’t know—I’m at the door but—
TONY: What door?
JEAN: To go in and out. That—it’s not a door. It’s—just—it opens, but it’s not a door.
TONY: Does it open in?
JEAN: No, No, it go, goes up! It’s not a door like that! It’s—[Sounds exasperated.] I don’t know what it is! It’s just—
TONY: Do you see it going up?
JEAN: Yeah.
TONY: And then what happens?
JEAN: And then I'm on the ground.
TONY: Do you see yourself stepping out the door?
JEAN: No, because—[Sighs.] I don't know if I—[Sighs.] I—I can't remember it [doorway amnesia]. .
TONY: Okay, you see yourself on the sidewalk?
JEAN: . . . I—well, I don't know. I just was on the ground, like one knee on the ground and—and I'm supposed to say that I was on the wall. But I'm not saying that.

After listening to Jean's account, one can see why most abductees do not pay much attention to the strange scars on their bodies. Their abductors are careful to cover their tracks of intervention into the lives of Homo sapiens.

However, when investigated, such typical scars (like the physical effects from a UFO) provide strong evidence that something or someone has physically tampered with the body of an abductee. These are *fleshy fingerprints* left behind at the alien crime scene!

I lecture and teach courses on UFOs. Many times, attendees or students describe a typical abduction scenario to me. When they do, I ask if I might see certain portions of their leg, usually the area above their anklebone or their thigh. They are shocked when I show them the typical *scoop mark* or hairline scar on their bodies.

Most have never paid much attention to these scars. They now wonder where such marks originated and look a bit intimidated when I point them out. I must admit that when I lift up a pant leg and see this alien imprint staring back at me, I am a bit unnerved myself.

Sometimes, a little spontaneous levity helps to temporarily nullify the seriousness of UFO investigations. One day, a former female student who had attended my course on UFO abductions phoned me. She confessed that she had a *scoop mark* on her ankle similar to the ones in photographs I had shown to the class.

She had been embarrassed to say anything about it during the course, and asked if she could visit and have me examine it. I complied and went on with my work. But I forgot to tell my wife that she was coming.

So, when my wife answered the door and saw an attractive woman asking to see me, she of course asked why. You can imagine her reaction when the woman told her I wanted to see her leg! Of course, it was soon explained, but it did cause a laugh. Each year I receive a Christmas card from the woman signed *legs*!

In any event, the reader response to *The Watchers* has been phenomenal. I have received several thousand letters and phone calls. Most report their
own UFO abduction experiences. Also, many report having the same typical abductee scars as shown in photographs that were published in the book.

For research purposes, I decided to collect and compare *scoop-mark* scars from persons reporting the typical benchmarks of an abduction experience.

Since the percipients wish their names to be kept confidential, I will reference the photographs to my commentary with numerals.

The scar (photo 1) is nine inches above the left shin bone of a thirty-seven-year-old male. He first noticed it in August of 1987 after seeing a similar photograph in the book *Intruders* by Budd Hopkins.3 His first UFO sighting had taken place in broad daylight during his childhood when he sighted two “elliptical silver disks.” Since that time, he has had a number of experiences that fit the typical abduction syndrome. They include a UFO sighting during adulthood, dreams of being physically operated on, a glowing light outside his window that coincided with total body paralysis and possible missing time, strange bangs and flashes of light at night, bedtime visitations by a small ball of light and a cloaked hooded entity, poltergeist phenomena, an out-of-body experience, and the discovery of the typical *scoop mark*.

The scar (photo 2) is five and a half inches above the left shinbone of
a young female in her early twenties. It is roughly one-quarter inch across and about one millimeter deep. She first equated it with her experiences when she saw a photograph of my scar in *The Watchers*. Through correspondence and phone calls, I discovered that she had experiences typical of the abduction phenomenon since childhood.

Her first remembrance was at about age five with what she thought was a vivid, lifelike dream of a light illuminating her room as bright as daylight. She thought someone was coming through the window to get her. Outside, she could hear a throbbing, vibrating sound. From then on she had recurring dreams of someone coming in the window to kidnap her.

At around six years of age, she experienced another recurring lifelike dream. She would be in the bathroom during the early morning hours. Then a bright light would come through the bathroom window and a small three- to four-foot tall entity would appear. The most striking thing about the entity was its eyes: “It was his eyes that scared me the most, perhaps because they just kept staring.” The last dream that she could remember about this entity took place around age seven. During this particular dream, she remembered conversing with the entity but “that he didn’t use his lips to speak, but his mind.”

She told me that: “Since that time, I have always been terrified of being around uncurtained windows at night. . . . While at home this past vaca-
tion, I remembered that I or my brother once told my parents about having nightmares of monsters coming through the walls.

At age twelve, she woke up one night to see a dark cloaked figure standing beside her bed staring down at her. She pulled the covers over her head and did not remember the incident until the next morning.

At age fifteen, she was awakened in the middle of the night by a helicopter hovering low over her house and shining a searchlight through the backyard and both of her bedroom windows, illuminating her bed. She could not remember what she did after that.

At age eighteen, on two occasions she felt two hands rest against her lower back when no one was near her. What finally persuaded her to write me about the scar was an incident that occurred in the room next to hers where her female roommate slept. Her roommate awoke around two-thirty A.M. to see a dark cloaked figure standing beside her bed. She screamed and it disappeared. Thinking she must have been dreaming, she dropped back to sleep but then awoke to see the same entity again standing by her bedside. Its face looked like a human fetus. Again she screamed, and it disappeared. Although my correspondent did not hear her roommate scream, she awoke around the same time with the same feeling she had experienced in the past when she had bedside visitation dreams.

This photograph of a typical scoop mark (photo 3) was taken in May
1993, and is estimated to have mysteriously appeared in the 1960s when the man was probably in his twenties. The witness, like Betty Luca, is very religious. His only consciously remembered UFO sighting was over Washington, D.C. At the time he worked for the Pentagon. He has experienced
missing time and out-of-body experiences where he remembers seeing a biblical-looking robed figure with white hair. At the time, he felt that it was a religious experience.

The scoop mark (photo 4) above this man’s left ankle appeared when he was a child, and has remained virtually unchanged for about forty years. A doctor looked at it once, but had no explanation for it. The skin above the scoop appeared normal and undamaged.

He told me, “Something from my past is becoming increasingly intrusive on my present. I have no idea what it is, but my search for answers over the past year has repeatedly and sometimes compulsively led to books dealing with UFOs and abductions.”

Since the scar appeared when he was a child, he related to me the only unusual childhood experience he can remember. It turned out to be what UFO researchers call a screen memory of an alien entity: “While walking in the woods when I was very young, I saw what appeared to be an enormous white rabbit—the size of a large dog. I remember nothing about the incident except that whenever it is that is trying to creep into my present life, albeit only peripherally, I also recall or am reminded of the white rabbit.” Later, after hypnosis, he described the entity that he had seen as a youngster as one of the typical grays and sent me a bust that he had made of it from memory. He feels strongly that the scar was received at that time.

In addition to remembering this childhood incident, he has also had dreams about an entity in his bedroom, and has seen a UFO: “On October 26 or 29, 1972, I and two or three friends saw a stereotypical UFO—two dishes, one upside down, on top of each other with a windowed dome on top. We watched it for several minutes, then looked away. When we looked back it was gone.”

This photo is of a typical abductee’s scoop mark (photo 5). It is located above the left shinbone near the calf of the son of friends of mine. Again, as with those we have just discussed, he has no memory of an abduction experience. However, in addition to the scar, he also has experienced other benchmarks of the UFO abduction experience. At the age of five or six he remembers being terrified of someone coming into his bedroom at night. At ages twelve to thirteen, he had a missing time experience. When he was fifteen or sixteen, he was walking through a large dark field when a glowing ball of light appeared to descend out of the sky onto the ground. He has no memory of what happened after that.

This scar (photo 6) is above the right ankle of abductee Bob Luca, who first noticed it in May of 1991. At this time, we do not know for sure
when he received this *scoop mark*, as the only abductions we are aware of prior to 1991 took place in 1967 and 1978.

The male with these two *scoop marks* (photo 7) behind his kneecap was forty-five years of age when this photograph was taken. Scar number one was first noticed when he was between fourteen and sixteen years of age. His scars were atypical because they did exhibit some swelling and oozing, which is uncommon in most cases. He told me the following about the scars when first discovered.

It felt as though there was a small spherical ball about the size of a BB in it. I forgot about it. In my early twenties and upon checking it about two and a half years ago, there was nothing but a scar. Scar number two happened in the fall of 1979. I woke up and felt a bump behind my knee. It was red, very swollen and oozed liquid at the top. There was no pain, itching or other sensation. I went to a doctor after two days. He said he didn’t know what it was and because there were no other symptoms, he gave me a tetanus shot and sent me home. It took about six to eight weeks for the swelling and redness to go away.

In addition to the anomalous scars, this person had a strange dream of himself screaming, someone telling him to forget, and a nosebleed later
on in the day. Recently, during the first week of January 1992, his car was approached by a gray cone-shaped object. It cut across the road in front of him and then made a 45-degree turn and disappeared into the distance. From time to time, he has found other transient anomalous marks on his body and has experienced strange holographic images during meditation.

This scar (photo 8) is above the right ankle of Jack Weiner. Jack, his identical twin brother Jim, and two friends were abducted from a canoe while fishing at night on the Allagash Waterway in Northern Maine in 1976. Investigation of the twins revealed abduction experiences dating back to their childhood. My book *The Allagash Abductions* documents their encounters. It is based upon a ten-volume, 702-page report that details my investigation.

Just prior to its sudden appearance, Jack had been waking up at night in sheer terror and feeling an alien presence in the room. The two companions abducted with the twins on the Allagash Waterway also have strange scars, marks, and reactions characteristic of the abduction phenomenon.

These anomalous *scoop marks* appeared on four generations of the Fowler family: my father, Raymond F. Fowler (photo 9); myself, Raymond E. Fowler (photo 10); a brother who remains anonymous (photo 11); my brother's son who remains anonymous (photo 12). All but my brother's
son remembers having UFO and paranormal experiences. He has no conscious memory of either. If he had not seen a photograph of my *scoop mark* in *The Watchers*, he would never have brought it to my attention. He cannot remember when it appeared, and has no natural explanation for its presence.

UFO abductee researcher Budd Hopkins, in his book *Intruders*, also displays photographs of this type of scar on family members.³

Such scars, along with anomalous rashes, burns, and bruises on the abductees' bodies, provide the only direct physical basis for the UFO abduction phenomenon. I have focused my interest on *scoop mark* scars, and have examined a great number of them firsthand. I am now collecting photographs of them for future comparative analysis.

Many of these scars are located just above the right or left shinbone and are relatively identical in their shape and depth. Their size varies from about one-quarter inch to three-quarters inch, which is exactly within the parameters noticed by Richard Neal, M.D., the MUFON consultant on *Physiological Effects*.

It is interesting to note that physicians who have examined such scars find them puzzling. My own family doctor had no explanation for mine, and referred me to a dermatologist. He insisted that I must have had a *punch biopsy*. When I insisted that I had never had such a procedure, his
final comment to me was: "It looks like a punch biopsy." He is probably right, but the operation was not performed by any earthly doctor!

Much work remains to be done in this area. I would urge my peers to consider pooling data, photographs, and medical examination records relating to the analysis of these scars by dermatologists. I would also urge readers of this book to contact me if they have such scars on their bodies—especially if they remember having UFO-related experiences. I would invite them to send photographs and measurements of the diameter and location of the scoop mark. The following steps should be taken when taking a photograph of a scoop mark. Such scars are very hard to photograph satisfactorily.

1. Use ASA 400 35mm color print film.
2. If possible, have someone else take the photograph. It is hard to point, focus, and steady a camera when photographing your own leg.
3. Place your leg under a strong light but allow some shadow in the area where the scar is located. Direct illumination of the scar without shadow will show little or no detail.
4. If possible, use a closeup lens. If an ordinary lens is used, bring the scar into focus as close as possible.
5. Take a number of photographs in different light conditions. Again, make sure that you use shadow effect in order to get a sharply detailed photograph of the scar.

I mention the above instructions because half of the photographs that I receive have the scar fully illuminated and bleached out by the light source. Those familiar with looking at the moon through a telescope know that one must view craters along the night-day line or terminator in order to see them in crisp detail. If one tries to view craters away from the terminator or during full moon, they will be bleached out and barely visible. It is the same with the little craterlike scoop marks. Unless the terminator or shadow effect is employed, the photographs will be of little use for study and further reproduction.

The professional study of scars, rashes, and burns on the bodies of abductees is now in its infancy. Much more work has to be done in this area. UFO abduction researchers often note such "fleshy fingerprints" in their reports but seem to overlook their importance in establishing a physical basis for the UFO abduction experience.

It is my opinion that permanent and typical anomalous scars carved in the flesh of abductees represent the best physical evidence we currently have for the physical reality of the UFO abduction experience.
The Message of the Elders

The Message of the Elders is in essence a total summation of individual alien communiqués given to Betty to deliver to humankind. The overall message was not all given at once. Its total revelation has been evolutionary and conditioning in nature. However, I believe that we have reached the point in nearly twenty years of research where it is now possible to document the Message in its totality.

As we look back in retrospect over the experiences of Betty Andreasson and her family, we can see a step by step progression in the unfolding of the alien message. It is as if the aliens had chosen Betty to be a living audio-visual link to humankind on their behalf and myself to be their chronicler.

However, not all of my readers are acquainted with Betty's former experiences, the individual messages communicated to her by the aliens, or why, how, and when the investigations of Betty and her family were conducted. These elements are all an integral part of the overall Andreasson legacy.

This chapter will review Betty and Bob's experiences, the investigations, and their resultant outputs. I will present these within the framework of the different Phases of my enquiry. You will note that during each Phase of the investigation, bits and pieces of the total message were released from Betty's unconscious like time-release medicine from a capsule. In the pages that follow, I will extract and outline these strands of gold hidden in the stream of witness testimony.
Phase I

SYNOPSIS

The Phase I investigation involved the reported abduction of Betty Andreasson from her home on the evening of January 25, 1967, at South Ashburnham, Massachusetts. Betty was in the kitchen. Her seven children, mother, and father were in the living room. Her husband was in the hospital recovering from an accident.

At about 6:35 p.m., the house lights suddenly began blinking and then went out. A pulsating pinkish, then reddish orange light shone through the kitchen window. Betty calmed the frightened children while her father looked out a window. He saw a group of strange-looking, small humanoid creatures go by the window with a floating, jumping motion. One looked at him. He was placed in a state of suspended animation and has no memory of what happened after that.

The entities floated through the kitchen door and encountered Betty. Betty's family was placed in a state of suspended animation except for her older daughter Becky, who was released from this state in order to demonstrate to Betty that her family was all right. Becky saw the entities during this period, and later communicated with one.

The entities conversed with Betty telepathically and caused her to float through the kitchen door and out to a small craft on the side of a small field adjoining the backyard. She was taken inside the craft, which accelerated upward and apparently entered a larger craft.

While on board, she was subjected to the effects of various strange pieces of equipment both before and after a physical exam. After the exam, she was taken to an alien place where she underwent a traumatic experience during an encounter with a holographic-like vision of the death and rebirth of the legendary Phoenix. She was told that she had been chosen to show the world by a booming chorus of voices.

When she was returned home she found her family still in a state of suspended animation and guarded by an entity. Then, Betty and her family, under mind control of the aliens, were put to bed in a state of unawareness. Betty was told that she must forget her experience until the appointed time.
THE INVESTIGATION
(January 1977–1978)
Witnesses

1. Betty Andreasson (abductee)
2. Becky Andreasson (Betty’s daughter)
3. Waino Aho (Betty’s father)

Background

1. 1974—Betty reported entities entering house to the National Enquirer UFO Contest. There was no interest.
2. 1975—Betty reported events to Dr. Hynek, who solicited such UFO experiences in a newspaper article.
3. 1977—Dr. Hynek referred case to MUFON, Massachusetts.

Investigating Team

1. MUFON Director of Investigations
2. MUFON field investigators
   Aerospace engineer
   Electrical engineer
   Solar physicist
   Telecommunications specialist
3. MUFON Consultants
   Professional hypnotist
   Lie detector specialist
4. Outside consultant
   Medical doctor (psychological evaluation)

Verification: Abduction Date
(January 25, 1967)

1. Hypnosis data
   Year: 1967
   Wednesday
   Betty’s husband in V.A. Hospital
   Betty’s parents visiting
   Balmy day/traces of snow on ground
   A foggy night from melting snow
   A power failure

2. Verified data
Husband's hospital records (1/23–3/17/67)
Parents verify visit and incident
Check with local Ashburnham weather station
Temperature 33–54 degrees
Traces of snow on ground
Mist at night from melting snow
Check with local power company
Power failure on Wednesday, 1/25/67
Open circuit breaker on Betty's street

**Verification: Abduction Time**

(6:35–10:40 p.m.)

1. Hypnosis data
   Prior to incident, Bozo the Clown on TV
   It was dark outside when incident started
   Becky: 6:35 p.m. when lights went out in house
   Betty: 10:40 p.m. when she reentered house

2. Verified data
   Bozo show was on TV 4:30–5:30 p.m. on 1/25/67
   TV records
   Checked with person who played Bozo
   The sun set at 4:48 p.m. on 1/25/67

(Nota: Power company records have date but not time of failure)

**Evidence**

1. Witness credibility
   Character reference check
   Lie detector test
   Psychiatric interview
   Consistent details during interrogation
   Consistent reliving of experience under hypnosis

2. Similarities with other abduction reports
   Description of alien entities
   Description of experience

3. Objective reality of peripheral events
   Weather (Snow traces, fog, temperature)
   Television show
   Power failure
BETTY IS CHOSEN

Betty was brought to a crystalline structure where she witnessed a hologram-like image of the birth and death of the legendary Phoenix. A booming chorus of voices told her that she was chosen to bring a message to the world.

I hear somebody speaking in a loud voice: “You have seen and you have heard. Do you understand?” And they called my name and repeated it again in a louder voice. I said, “No, I don’t understand what this is all about, why I’m even here”—and they said, whatever it was, that “I have chosen you.” “For what have you chosen me?” “I have chosen you to show the world.” “Are you God? Are you the Lord God?” “I shall show you as your time goes by.” “Are you my Lord Jesus? I would recognize my Lord Jesus. Why was I brought here?” “Because I have chosen you.” “Why won’t you tell me why and what for?” “The time is not yet,” they said. “It shall come, that which you have faith in, that which you trust. . . . That is why you have been chosen.”

THE MESSAGE

During her 1967 abduction, Betty was told the following by her alien captors:

1. The alien entities have come to help the human race.
2. Human time is localized. They are not bound by time.
3. Their technology is paraphysical.
4. Man is not made of just flesh and blood.
5. They are coming to earth and man will fear them.
Hypnosis revealed that Bob Luca had two encounters with a UFO and alien entities. The first took place at age five during the summer of 1944. He was on a swing behind his house at Meriden, Connecticut, when he was approached by a domed disk containing two alien entities who communicated with him via mental telepathy. The second encounter took place at age twenty-nine, during the summer of 1967.

Bob was driving to a beach near Wallingford, Connecticut, when he sighted two cylindrical-shaped objects. One object released a disk-shaped object which descended toward his car. Under hypnosis, Bob relived a typical abduction experience on board the UFO.

Betty

Hypnosis also revealed that Betty had also experienced a number of UFO encounters dating from early childhood. Coincidentally, or perhaps purposely, Betty, too, had her first UFO encounter in 1944 at age seven, in Leominster, Massachusetts. She was approached by a marble-sized ball of light which attached itself on her head between her eyes. The aliens then communicated with her through mental telepathy.

Her second encounter occurred in 1949 in the woodlands of Westminster, Massachusetts, at the age of twelve. An alien entity directed a marble-sized ball of light at her from an orifice in his suit. Again it affixed itself between her eyes and again she received telepathic communication.

Both events were in preparation for the future encounters that she would experience later on in life.

At age thirteen, Betty was abducted from a field behind her house at Westminster, Massachusetts. She was taken to an underground place where she witnessed a Museum of Time consisting of lifelike (or real) people from different ages encased in transparent cubicles. She was subjected to a number of tests that including having her eye removed. The highlight of her abduction was having an out-of-body experience and meeting a being that the alien entities called the One.

At age eighteen, Betty heard a voice calling her by name, but does not remember anything else about this incident, which occurred in her home at Westminster, Massachusetts.
At age twenty-four, Betty is drawn by some strange force from her home into the woods behind her house at Westminster, Massachusetts. In the woods she was confronted by an entity who again communicated by telepathy.

Under hypnosis, Betty started to recall UFO encounters that occurred in the 1970s, but experienced terrible pain each time she attempted to relate what had happened. She refused to undergo further hypnosis and the Phase II investigation was terminated.

THE INVESTIGATION
(January 1978–June 1980)
Witnesses

1. Betty Aho/Andreasson
2. Bob Luca

Background

The Phase I investigation came to a halt when Betty moved to Florida to live with relatives after her husband deserted her. While in Florida, she met Bob Luca who also had a conscious recollection of a UFO encounter that had occurred in 1967. When Betty and Bob returned to New England, I initiated the Phase II investigation.

Investigating Team

1. MUFON field investigator
   Police detective (lieutenant)
2. MUFON consultants
   MUFON Director of Investigations
   MUFON specialist in CEIII/CEIV cases
3. Outside consultants
   Behavioral psychologist (hypnotist)
   3 medical doctors

Evidence

1. Witness credibility
   Initial character reference check
   Follow-up psychiatric interview
Consistent details during interrogation
Consistent reliving experiences via hypnosis

2. Similarities with other abduction reports
   Description of alien entities
   Description of experiences

Investigation Output

1. Thirteen taped hypnosis sessions
2. 477-page report
3. A book: *The Andreasson Affair—Phase II*

THE MESSAGE

Bob Luca
 (*Age five—1944*)

1. “They’re telling me things. Telling something be good when I am older....I can’t say that yet.”
2. “They visit other people and, ah, they’re going to visit other people too....Prepare us something good. Going to be for mankind.”
3. “In time, people in the light will be back and the people that have seen them before will not be afraid when they come back.”

Betty
 (*Age seven—1944*)

“Oh, that bright...marble-like light...hit me right in the middle of my eyes....It stuck....There is a squiggly feeling in my head. And there is a voice speaking to me....

1. “They have been watching me.”
2. “I’m coming along fine...good progress.”
3. “I was going to be happy very soon.”
4. “Other people were going to be happy.”
5. “Getting some things ready to show me.”
6. “It wouldn’t [be until] I would be twelve.”

Betty
 (*Age twelve—1949*)

“He’s pressing a button and it’s shooting out a little tiny ball of light...hitting me in the head again...speaking in my head.”
1. She's got another year.
2. That they are preparing things for her to see.
3. That it may help people in the future.

**Betty**

*(Age thirteen—1950)*

The message given to Betty was more experiential than verbal. She was shown that she could leave her body into another state of being. During this state she went through a "great door" to meet the One. She wasn't allowed to describe this, but came away with some definitive information.

1. She was told that *home* is where the *One resides*.
2. The *door* stood before a deep passageway.
3. Three robed humanoid entities stood near it.
4. Her visit to the One filled her with ecstasy.
5. She was confronted with "unconditional love."
6. She met the One in a "world of light."
7. Everybody is nice. They are just growing.
8. Everything fits together. Everything is one.
9. Those without love have nothing.
10. Love is the answer to all things.
11. She was trained on a monitor with symbols and scenes.
12. She was shown the implant that was placed in her head.

**Betty**

*(Age twenty-four—1961)*

At age twenty-four, Betty was drawn by some strange force from her home into the woods behind her house at Westminster, Massachusetts. In the woods she was confronted by an entity who again communicated by telepathy, and was told that she would forget what he said.

1. "I am not to fear. The Lord is with me."
2. "I am going to go through many things. Love will show me the answers."
3. "Many things will be revealed to me. I shall grow naturally."
4. "My faith in the light will bring many others to the light."
5. "For every place there is an existence. Everything has been formed to unite."
6. "To keep my faith for the Lord Jesus is with me."
7. "I will understand as time goes by not to be anxious."
Phase III

SYNOPSIS

Betty

Betty described how aliens had come to her Ashburnham home in 1973 at night and abducted her from bed. The aliens brought Betty out to an adjoining field where a UFO hovered emitting a beam of light. Betty and her four captors floated up into the UFO in the beam.

Once inside she was brought to comfort the woman giving birth to two fetuses. They seemed to be neither male nor female. During this time, the aliens continued to try to explain to Betty what they were doing. Afterward she and the woman were made to stand on a round grating. They were sprayed with a thick jelly liquid to protect them from static electricity.

Then Betty, the woman, and a male abductee were floated out of the craft beside a woodsider lake. They watched the craft take on water and rendezvous with two other craft. Betty observed what could only be called scientific miracles during her stay outside the craft.

Back onboard the craft, Betty was brought back into the ship. There, she was ushered into a huge biosphere used as a nursery for plants, animals, alien and hybrid babies. Later, she was floated to the field behind her house and returned to bed. She was told not to remember until the time was right.

In 1977, an entity appeared to Betty in her bedroom and foretold the event. However, this terrible portent of tragedy remained only in the subconscious until the event drew near and then Betty sensed it coming.

During similar bedroom visitations in 1975 and 1976, the aliens informed Betty that her marital problems would end and that the appointed time was coming soon to remember the things that they had placed in her subconscious during her past contacts with them.

Soon after, Betty did begin to remember. She wrote former Air Force UFO chief scientific consultant and astronomer, Dr. J. Allen Hynek. He referred her letter to me for investigation.

Betty and Bob

Both Bob and Betty experienced a shared OBE from their home at Meriden, Connecticut, in 1978. There they were greeted by tall, robed, humanlike entities called Elders and who separated them from each other.
Just before eparation, they saw three of their children on tables being examined by small gray entities.

Bob watched an Elder lead Betty over to other abductees and a number of apparent demonstrations to further teach them that humans are para-physical in nature. Betty and Bob were eventually returned to their physical bodies, which apparently were in a state of suspended animation, at their home in Connecticut.

During Betty's next OBE abduction from their home in Connecticut in 1966, an entity appeared and placed a box on the couch where Betty lay reading. Betty described experiences during the OBE state that were difficult to articulate.

At one point, she found herself floating above a landscape covered with crystallike spheres. She also remembered being transported in a ball-shaped craft manned by aliens. The last thing she remembered was being told not to remember the experience and arriving back in her home in a shower of sparklike lights, where she reentered her body on the couch.

**SYNOPSIS (THE AUTHOR)**

During the Phase III enquiry, I decided to go on record with my own UFO experiences. Segments of these were conscious memories. Three hypnotic regression sessions helped me remember more and to actually relive memories. Due to family pressure, I elected to forgo further hypnosis.

In 1938 or 1939, at and age between five and six, I was visited by an entity in dark clothing in my bedroom. At one time, I remembered leaving the bedroom with this entity, who had a pale face and slanted eyes.

Sometime between 1939 and 1941, between ages six and eight, I was confronted by a tiny glowing light which hovered in front of my face while sitting up in bed eating dessert. When I screamed for my mother, it streaked into a closet as she started upstairs.

In 1941 or 1942, at age eight or nine, I was taken from my bed by a glowing entity who arrived in a beam of light. My earliest description of the entity was *the lady in the light*. I think that she told me she was *Amelia Earhart*. As mentioned earlier, I remember waiting for my father and asking him who she was. At that time and age I had no idea that she was a famous aviator who disappeared during a flight over the Pacific Ocean in 1937 and was presumed dead! This may be significant in light of the NDE/UFO abduction connection. Was she transformed into a *being of light* on special assignment from the world of light? I have come across two other abduction cases involving Amelia Earhart!
After showing and discussing some pictures of planets in my sister’s book, the glowing entity took me through a closed window in the beam of light toward some lights in the sky. I was frightened of the height, and felt like I was going to fall. The entity made me close my eyes. Upon returning in the same beam of light, I was told that I would be doing something important for humankind someday.

In 1947, at age thirteen, I observed UFOs on two occasions. One was a disk descending with a falling-leaf motion behind trees while I was working on a farm. Another involved myself and all members of my family except my father observing a cloudlike cigar shape hovering for hours in a clear sky over our home.

In 1947 or 1948, between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, I experienced a period of missing time while walking in the woods in the midafternoon. I suddenly found myself lying on the ground in the dark.

In 1966, at age thirty-two, I sighted a droning, glowing object in the vicinity where a close encounter with a UFO was observed by multiple witnesses, including two policemen.

In 1969, at age thirty-five, I sighted a disk-shaped object descending to the ground behind trees from a car while in England.

In 1979, at age forty-five or forty-six, I sighted a gyrating, small, black box-shaped object hovering several feet from my head. I ducked under it and turned around, and it disappeared.

In 1988, at age fifty-four, an anomalous scar (scoop mark) suddenly appeared above my shin overnight after dreaming about my leg being operated on. It appeared within a few days of three similar marks appearing on Betty Luca’s arm.

THE INVESTIGATION
Background

Seven years later, in 1987, a Phase III enquiry was launched. Betty began experiencing flashbacks and dreams of a face. The eyes of the woman literally cried out for help. The contorted face haunted her so much that she felt compelled to undergo hypnosis to discover the woman’s identity. Under hypnosis, Betty found that the painful block had been removed. She also remembered where she had seen the woman. The woman was lying on a table. Aliens were removing two fetuses from the woman.

Earlier, during the Phase II investigation about Betty and Bob’s childhood experiences, I received memory flashbacks of similar personal child-
hood experiences. These, in addition to other UFO events experienced by Bob and his family, finally convinced him to undergo hypnosis himself in order to examine these experiences in more detail.

Investigation Team

1. MUFON field investigator
2. MUFON CEIV specialist
3. MUFON consultant in hypnosis

Evidence

1. Witness credibility
   Consistent details during interrogation
   Consistent reliving experiences via hypnosis
2. Similarities with other abduction reports
   Description of alien entities
   Description of experiences
3. Seventeen taped hypnosis sessions

Investigation Output

1. 299-page report
2. A book: *The Watchers*

THE MESSAGE

Betty

(Age thirty-six—1973)

1. As time goes by, mankind will become sterile. They will not be able to reproduce.
2. They said they utilized the blood and tissue and nutrients and the form and the fetus for the growth of the new creature. And, some females just don’t accept the protoplasm altogether. So, they grow and use them to carry other fetuses, but they are very weak and cannot be artificially inseminated like humans.
3. The fetuses become them—like them.
4. They said they’re “Watchers.” . . . And they keep seed from man and woman so the human form will not be lost.
5. He says that they are the *caretakers* of nature and natural forms. . . . They love mankind. They love the planet earth and they have been caring for it and man since man’s beginning. They watch the *spirit* in all things.

6. Man is destroying much of nature. . . . This is why they have been taking the *form* from man!

7. He’s saying that they have *collected the seed of man* male and female. . . . And that they have been collecting every species and every gender of plant for hundreds of years so that nothing will be lost.

The following information messages were given Betty via visual demonstrations rather than by telepathic means.

**Betty**

(Ages thirty-nine, forty—1977–1978)

Alien entities demonstrate their knowledge of the future by:

1. Predicting the end of Betty’s marriage.
2. Predicting the death of two of her sons.

**Betty**

(Age forty-one—1978)

Under hypnosis, Betty described a shared abduction in an out-of-body state with Bob.

1. She is shown that the robed humanlike Elders oversee the activities of the small gray entities.
2. She is changed to a “light-being” during her OBE.
3. She is shown other abductees of varying nationalities becoming “light-beings” while in the OBE state.
4. She is shown how persons in the OBE state can change from “beings of light” into “balls of light.”

**Betty**

(Age forty-nine—1986)

Betty was shown how her OBE was artificially activated by a black box placed beside her as she lay reading on a couch. She is taken by a craft over a strange landscape where she observes a seemingly limitless number of crystal spheres that stretch from one horizon to the other on the ground below. During her OBE abduction, Betty is told
1. That the crystal spheres are recorders of intelligence.
2. That the entities have power to control activities for miles around to a small local spot. Something can be happening in the midst of the busiest activities of a host of people and yet never be seen by any except those they choose to see.
3. That the entities' scanners and minds pick up any and all life forms within the immediate range of a target.
4. That they know all there is to know about plant, animal, and human life forms with the exception of human emotions which make man unpredictable at times.
5. That their examinations of man are really checks for environmental effects on our bodies and the restoration of man's form.
6. That the balance of all nature on earth is in jeopardy.
7. That they were able to pass through Betty's door in 1967 "by controlled vibrational levels. It is very simple, those structures are very loose."

Ray
(Age eight or nine—1941 or 1942)
I am told that I have been chosen to do something special to help mankind by a glowing entity.

Phase IV

SYNOPSIS

Bob

During Bob's 1978 OBE abduction with Betty, they both arrived in a misty area where they were greeted by tall, robed Elders. Bob described the auditorium-like area as being as large as a football field. He and Betty saw three of their children being operated on by small gray entities. Betty was separated from him and turned into a being of light. Bob saw her join a number of other abductees who also had become light-beings. He was told many significant things by the robed entity who stayed with him. Later they were returned home.

Bob described an encounter during a camping trip in 1981 and a period of missing time after he and Betty discovered an entity in the house in 1984. He also mentioned bedside encounters in 1985 and 1986. In 1992 he awoke to find an entity in the home, but after eye contact, went back
Bob had awakened suddenly when a bright red light shone through the bedroom window. An entity appeared beside the bed. Betty could not be awakened. Bob could not move. The entity placed its hand on Bob's forehead and pushed it down. The entity poured liquid in his mouth, which calmed him down.

Bob was then floated with the entity out the window and into a craft. He was placed on a table and examined by entities. He was told that he was being examined to see how he was progressing. At one point they placed something on his head like a metal strap which produced a variety of pictures in his mind. Then Bob was floated from the craft, into the house, and to his bed.

Betty

Betty and Bob were both abducted with their car in 1988 while on their way home from a drive-in movie. For some reason, they had taken a rather lonely route home. As they passed an apple orchard, a bright light enveloped the car. Then inexplicably, Betty and Bob found themselves driving along miles from the orchard. Upon arriving home, they noticed it had taken much longer than it should have to reach home from the drive-in. Under hypnosis, Betty relived a detailed account of the abduction which involved another car and a van also taken aboard the craft. Both robed Elders and small gray entities were involved in this incident.

An incident in 1989 involved Betty waking up to see a strange multiappendaged object float right through her bedroom window. As she recoiled in fear at the sight, a bright flash of light filled the room. Betty felt herself being lifted out of her body. There was a flash of light and she found herself onboard a craft with a small gray being.

The entity escorted her through the craft into a room where she saw a blonde girl sitting at a TV-like screen. It was her daughter Becky! Becky could not see Betty in the OBE state. Betty was told that Becky was being trained on the console. However, the entity refused to tell Betty the purpose of the training.

After being allowed to observe Becky train for a while, Betty was brought to another room. There she and the entity sat in some kind of a vehicle which moved them along to another room where they were met by a robed Elder. Several small gray entities were also in the room gathered around a cylindrical device.

The Elder escorted Betty out of the room. Again, she asked why her
daughter was onboard the craft. The Elder told Betty that Becky was being trained in the letters. He added that she had been in training since she was a child and would someday show others the letters.

Betty continued to follow the Elder by two cylinders filled with whirling blue light, a glass table, and some TV-like screens. They entered yet another room which was pie-shaped. In the room were small gray entities around a beam of light emanating from the ceiling. There she saw that the beam of light was striking what appeared to be a dead naked woman lying on a curved table.

As they drew closer she was astonished to see that the woman was herself—her physical body! The Elder explained that her physical body was being prepared for a future OBE. He then told her to enter her form and Betty slipped back into her body. At that point one of the gray entities put her nightgown back on. Then she was made to sit on a bench as she felt weak. She was told that her strength would return. After a brief rest, Betty was brought to the middle of the room and asked to step on a platform. As she did, she was instantly surrounded by bright light, and found herself back in bed.

Betty’s next abduction was in the summer of 1989. She was awakened and drawn outside to a blue beam of light which lifted her into a craft. There she was met by an entity. He placed a hoodlike breathing device on her head and both moved into a cubicle filled with a jelly-like substance. Betty felt heavy and sick temporarily as the craft accelerated to its destination. Then she was escorted to another room where she was met by a taller entity who removed the hood from her head. She then was made to float outside the craft to a misty place. As they moved into a clear area, Betty saw the crystallike forest where she had been taken as a teenager in 1950.

Betty, as she had in 1950, was made to put on special shoes that insulated her from making fleshly contact with the glasslike earth in the glistening forest. She then was escorted through the strange place by an entity. They were met by robed beings of light and Betty was placed in a round, glasslike craft that moved her through a tunnel. The small blue light accompanied her.

On the other side of the tunnel, she was met by small gray entities standing beside a round, silver metal craft. They removed her from the glasslike vehicle. As Betty got out, she looked about and once more saw the landscape of round crystal balls which the entities called “orbs.” She was told again that they were recorders of knowledge and intelligence. Then Betty was floated into the silver ship. She was told that she was being taken to the high place.
The craft carried her to a dock with a huge, cylindrical-shaped mother ship drifting somewhere in the recesses of outer space. There she was met by one of the tall, robed Elders. The first escorted her to a laboratory illuminated by red light. There, she was shown an operation called "biobics." It involved the strange red creatures that she had seen in an area with a red atmosphere during her 1967 abduction. The creatures' eyes were on the ends of stalks.

Betty was shown how the eyes were removed from the red creatures to replace the aging eyes of the gray entities. The robed Elder explained that the red creatures were able to replace the removed eyes by natural regeneration.

Betty was then brought to a room where she sat before a TV-like screen which portrayed a scene from her past that had pleased the entities. Then she was allowed to witness a strange ceremony performed by a number of robed Elders.

After the ceremony, an Elder told her that she would have to disrobe her physical body and take a journey to earth in the OBE state. Amazed, Betty found herself slipping out of her body as if she had just taken off a coat. They exited the craft through an opening that shimmered with heat wavelike patterns.

On Earth, the Elder merely lay his hands on Betty's shoulder and they were instantly transported to different places. At one place, Betty observed the Elder ministering unseen to several individuals. One was a homeless person. The Elder then transported them to a hospital where a man lay dying on a bed. The Elder the black things that were hovering over the bed. Then the Elder brought Betty to a wooded area where two gray entities awaited beside a silver oval craft. Betty, the Elder, the craft, and the entities all existed in a dimension unseen by human eyes.

Betty and her companions entered the craft. She was told that she was being brought to see the One. Again, the Elder lay his hands on her shoulder. Immediately, they were surrounded by light. The craft landed, and they exited out into bright light. Betty found herself before "the Great Door" and entered with her companions to once again visit the One.

After entering, their bodies changed to light. And, just as during her 1950 meeting, Betty was in pure, unadulterated ecstasy. She either could not or would not describe what she experienced behind the door. She desperately wanted to stay, and was reluctant to be drawn back from a world of light.

As Betty and her companions walked out the door, their transfigured bodies of light returned to their former state. Even in the OBE state, Betty recognized her features as if she were actually in her physical body.
They then reentered the craft. A bright aura of light surrounded it as it lifted up into the air. Soon Betty was brought into a room where she found herself automatically moving into a transparent ball of light. It was similar to the one that carried her away from her trailer.

Instantly she found herself in the light floating down to the trailer as if on a platform. Betty was placed on the ground. Then, like an automaton, she trudged to the trailer and back to her bed. Amazed, she saw her physical body sitting on the bed. Bob was sleeping. She could not understand how her body had been returned from the huge craft. When Betty entered her body, all mind.

THE INVESTIGATION

(October 1992–June 1994)

Witnesses

1. Betty (Andreasson) Luca
2. Bob Luca
3. Becky Andreasson (Betty’s daughter)

Background

During the Phase IV investigation, Bob Luca reluctantly agreed to undergo hypnotic regression sessions again. We were interested in his description of his shared OBE with Betty. Also, there were a number of suspicious happenings in Betty and Bob’s lives that hinted at further encounters and abductions. A number of hypnotic regression sessions were launched to probe these curious events.

Investigation Output

1. Nine taped/transcribed hypnosis sessions
2. A book: Watchers II

THE MESSAGE

Bob Luca

(Age forty-one—1978)

While Bob waited for Betty’s training session to finish, the robed Elder related a number of significant things to him. This included the reason why they had been brought to this particular craft. Bob also was given
esoteric information about human life, death, and the problem of evil. Bob explained to us,

This is my teaching from these tall light-beings. It's imparted to me and I don't even know—it's just given. I don't know how it was. I didn't have to read anything. They didn't really physically say anything.

A summary of what was revealed to him follows.

1. Betty and other abductees were transformed into light-beings to advance their knowledge on another plane.
2. He could not share in Betty's training because he was not as spiritually advanced. He was there to observe.
3. He would advance spiritually but at a slower rate.
4. He was chosen to be Betty's husband because he was wise to worldly ways and would be her "protector."
5. When Betty was being measured for light in 1967 the entities were measuring things relating to spirit.
6. Time did not exist where the entities existed. He was told that this fact was beyond his understanding.
7. Their physical bodies left at their house would be like "shells frozen in time" until they returned.
8. The body is the shell—the real you is the light-person inside—the part that does not die.
9. That part advances through stages. Our existence here, that we know of now, is only one step of many in a long, learning process.
10. The human mind is unable to comprehend this process, just as it is unable to comprehend the endless nature of the universe in space. It is a never-ending process. It will always be and has always been.
11. The spirit has existed in different bodies at different times.
12. The future is not to be known by us. It is something that can be given at times, when it's deemed proper. It is the decision of the Elders who watch. An example would be a personal warning. On occasions like that, people are given a glimpse into a future event.
13. They know and can find anyone at any time. This is determined through the spirit, not through technology.
14. We are all constantly being monitored. Nothing that you do in your life escapes them. It's like a recorder. Your life on the earth
plane is recorded from the time you are born until you die—
everything is there.

15. This determines how rapidly you will advance and what your next
phase will be. What teaching you need. What hardship you must
undergo to deepen your understanding.

16. When a small child becomes ill and dies, people weep, they grieve.
They grieve for themselves. The child does not need to be here
any longer. The child has already advanced much as you would
skip a grade in school.

17. People that are sick or injured. Often, their faith is being tested.
The reactions are recorded. This determines whether they need
more teaching. Can they go to the next step? Is there more they
must learn?

18. When the physical body leaves—you do not die. The physical
body has died and that is not the person. Life is stages, like a
never-ending school.

19. Evil serves a necessary purpose. Without evil to overcome, the
righteous could not advance and triumph. It’s part of the system.
There must be a degree of evil, sorrow, suffering, because without
these things there is no advancement and nothing to overcome.

20. Evil on the larger plane is part of the overall plan that gives us
all a chance to advance and rise above it. Everyone in the earthly
plane has the ability to do evil. Those that learn and overcome
evil have gained tremendously in the next realm. Everything in
nature has a plus and a minus, a light and dark, a good and bad.
It must be, for without some content of evil, there can be no good.
There can be no growth.

21. We do not need evil for good, we need choice. The creator gave
us choice. We cannot use that choice unless we have two choices
to make. Evil or good. It is so simple. But there must be evil to
be the choice. It’s simple. Evil on this plane must exist.

22. There will be distressing times. As the population increases, there
will be those that have. There will be those who are greedy. There
will be those that have not and are starving or will starve. There
will be much dissension. There will more conflict. The world, this
plane, is not perfect. There will be evil.

22. There will come a time when evil will be wiped away. That time
is not close at hand. When that time comes, our growth will not
cease. Rather, we will advance into further planes of existence.

23. The people of this plane as a whole are not very advanced spiri-
tually. Technology is advancing, but spirituality is not keeping pace. Man is developing many things which are harmful to him, which he does not understand. Man needs spiritual growth badly.

24. Man will be very surprised to find where animals fit in. All that is done is recorded. Many foolish people think the harm they've done to animals will not count. It will. All that the Creator has made is not to be taken lightly, the most lowly to the most magnificent.

25. Animals exist on more than one plane for a reason. They do not evolve as human beings. The human spirit can evolve. The spirit that gets closer and closer to the Creator. That is the ultimate goal. The spirit can neither be harmed nor improved. The only thing it can do is advance and grow. It's a very beautiful thing.

26. It is not within this mind to comprehend all that the Creator is. That is like asking a person to define the length and breadth and depth of space, or the universe.

**Betty**

*(Age fifty-one—1988)*

In response to Betty's question about the function of the small gray entities called "Watchers," she was told that:

1. They are the Elders' remote imaging surrogates.
2. The *Watchers* are connected to the Elders' bioelectric mind projections.
3. The *Watchers* perform terrestrial tasks for the Elders.

**Bob**

*(Age fifty—1989)*

An instrument placed on Bob's head caused him to see the earth with *dark spots* on it. He was then told that he would understand what this meant in time.

**Betty**

*(Age fifty-two—1989)*

During her first 1989 abduction experience, Betty was told the following about the Elders, red creatures, small entities called *Watchers*, and Jesus:

1. The Elders were the ambassadors of O.
2. O is the external, internal, eternal presence: omnipotent and omnipresent.
3. The red creatures were raised as living eye banks.
4. Eyes removed from the red creatures regenerated.
5. The ever-open eyes of the gray Watchers degenerated over time due to prolonged exposure to natural light.
6. The worn-out eyes of the gray Watchers were replaced with newly grown eyes removed from the red creatures.
7. Watchers who in effect were their living monitors.
8. Jesus is the hypostasis.

During her second abduction in 1989, Betty was given the following information in response to her questions to an Elder.

1. “I don’t see any ladies in this place at all. Are there any women in here? All I see is men.” And he said, “No, we are neither male or female here. Humans are male and female. The male is the dominant one.”
2. I have to go back [from her visit to the One] for others so that they too will see, will understand and know.

Conclusion

This ends my recapitulation of the Phase I through Phase IV investigations and a compilation of the individual alien messages extracted from witness testimony. During my research for Watchers II (to coin a phrase): I put them together to see what we got. However, it did not turn out to be “bippity-boppity-boo!” The credulity of even the most avid buff of UFOs and the paranormal was strained when I presented the ultimate scenario that lay behind the message of the Elders. This is the core of their message, and chief among its components for discussion in the next chapter. Let us now examine the Andreasson legacy.
What has over two decades of research into the Andreasson affair taught us about UFOs, alien entities, abductees and paranormal phenomena? What is the heart of their message? This chapter will address these questions in some detail, for the answer to these questions is the ultimate bequeathal of The Andreasson Legacy.

**UFOs**

Betty was told that alien technology was *paraphysical*: “They have technology that man could use. It is through the *spirit*, but man will not seek out that portion.”

Betty and other abductees describe and experience hard physical attributes of the craft that they enter, traverse, and leave. On the other hand, Betty and other abductees witness and experience a technology wed to *spirit*. Betty watched in amazement as a craft was reduced in size like magic. Doors appeared where there were no doors visible. At times both Betty, her abductors, and the craft existed in an invisible realm experienced by those who undergo out-of-body experiences.

The alien ships dubbed UFOs appear to be both physical and, for want of a better term, *spiritual* in nature! In short, what they appear to do seems supernatural to a human onlooker. I suspect that a skeptical reader would regard such reports as pure unadulterated hogwash. However, both government and civilian researchers recognized these paraphysical qualities early in modern UFO history.

**PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES**

For example, for the *physical* side of UFOs, consider the evidence typically found at UFO landing sites. UFOs have left tripod and quadruped landing
gear marks behind that indicate that they weigh many tons. They leave
evidence of heat, radiation, and other effects upon the environment con-
sistent with a physical object.

USAF consultant Dr. William T. Powers, who assisted in the investi-
gation of a UFO landing at Socorro, New Mexico, stated the following
about the relationship to the burned areas and physical marks left behind
by the object.

[T]he center of gravity . . . was directly over Burn number 1 . . . . The
marks either supported a large weight or hit very hard, since the soil
is dense . . . . We must assume that the force was equivalent to gentle
settling of at least a ton on each mark.¹

NONPHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES

Conversely, on the nonphysical side of UFOs, consider the following state-
ment made by the Director of Air Force Intelligence, Major General John
A. Samford. Radar/visual UFO sightings over restricted areas of Wash-
ington, D.C., instigated the largest press conference held since World War
II.

During the conference held by the Air Force, a reporter asked General
Samford if it were possible that the flying saucers were guided missiles
from another country. In response, General Samford told the press that
if they were guided missiles, the objects would require:

[Either one or two conditions: absolute maximum power or no mass.
If this is a thing in terms of a guided missile, with these things that
have been measured and reported. It can do those things if there is
theoretically no limit to the power involved and there is theoretically
no mass involved.²]

The paraphysical nature of UFOs was also recognized early by profes-
sional civilian researchers. Renowned psychoanalyst and UFO researcher
Dr. Carl Jung acknowledged this fact in his published book on UFOs.
However, it is important to bear in mind that Jung did not possess the
evidence we have obtained when he made the following statement.

The impetus for the manifestation of the latent psychic contents was
given by the UFO. The only thing we know with tolerable certainty
about UFOs is that they possess a surface which can be seen by the
eye and at the same time throws back a radar echo . . . . The simul-
taneous visual and radar sightings would in themselves be a satisfactory proof of their reality. Unfortunately, well-authenticated reports show that there are also cases where the eye sees something that does not appear on the radar screen, or where an object undoubtedly picked up by radar is not seen by the eye. I will not mention other, even more remarkable reports from authoritative sources.

If these things are real—and by all human standards it hardly seems possible to doubt this any longer—then we are left with two hypotheses: that of their weightlessness on the one hand and of their psychic nature on the other. This is a question I for one cannot decide. . . . Of course, next to nothing has been gained as regards the physical explanation of the phenomenon. But the psychic aspect plays so great a role that it cannot be left out of account. The discussion of it . . . leads to psychological problems which involve just as fantastic possibilities or impossibilities as the approach from the physical side. . . . The alternative hypothesis that UFOs are something psychic that is equipped with certain physical properties seems even less probable, for where would such a thing come from? If weightlessness is a hard hypothesis to swallow, then the notion of a materialized psychism opens a bottomless void under our feet. Parapsychology is, of course, acquainted with the fact of materialization. . . . That something psychic, possessing material qualities and with a high charge of energy, could appear by itself high in the air at a great distance from any human medium—this surpasses our comprehension. Here our knowledge leaves us completely in the lurch, and it is therefore pointless to speculate any further in this direction.  

SUMMATION

Perhaps, in Jung's time, it seemed pointless to speculate any further in such a direction. However, both UFO research and the field of parapsychology have progressed much since Jung penned these words.

In summary, there is no doubt either in the military or civilian UFO researcher that UFOs behave as if they had no mass but paradoxically exhibit mass at certain times. The reports, if taken at face value, describe both these properties.

On the one hand we have visible, seemingly physical machine-like craft that perform right-angle turns at high speed without a curve radius; craft which move through the air at speeds well above sound yet do not cause sonic booms; craft which hover, float, and bob like a controlled helium-
filled balloon rather then a heavy vehicle; craft that descend like light-
weight falling leaves; craft affected by air resistance causing them to move
through the air with an up-and-down motion like a boat skipping over the
surface of water; and craft that somehow can change their size and even
their shape before the eyes of astounded observers.

On the other hand, the same objects display the attributes of mass.
These include strong radar returns identical to those reflected off metallic
aircraft; the deflection of bullets which ricochet off a solid surface; the
causation of ground effects such as burns, broken branches, radiation, and
pod marks that indicate the landing of an object weighing tons.

I might add that in Dr. Carl Jung’s quoted statement about radar/
visual sightings, the good professor alluded to some reports from author-
itative sources that he dared not mention because “they are so bizarre
that they tax our understanding and credulity to the limit.”

Most likely, Jung was alluding to radar and/or visual sightings that
reveal a displacement of UFOs from one point to another instantaneously
without benefit of a flight path. The objects seem to disappear into another
coeexisting dimension and then pop back into ours at another location!
This and other paraphysical abilities documented by UFO researchers
provide confirmation of Betty’s and other abductees’ UFO abduction ex-
periences.

The Entities

We have already observed that the entities described by Betty, Bob, Becky,
and Jean correlate with those sighted by hundreds of other abductees. But
what additional information about them is revealed in the legacy of the
Andreason affair?

THE ELDERS

We shall discuss the possible origin of these tall humanlike entities later
on in this chapter. Elders appear to be the overall controlling personages
in the UFO phenomenon. The typical “grays” and other types of creatures
are under their command. I say “other types of” creatures because during
some abductions, abductees report other small entities that have “reptil-
ian” and “insectlike” features.

Rarely do abductees sight both the robed Elders and the Watchers
together during a given abduction. They appear to be purposely aloof and
operate behind the scenes through these small gray workers. Perhaps this is because their main dwelling place is in another dimension only visited in an OBE state.

According to what Bob was told, the realm of the Elders is timeless. Another way of stating this is that time ultimately does not exist. This is what the “new physics” seems to be telling us. Time for us is localized for our plane of existence according to what Betty was told by the leader of her abductors in 1967. This may be tantamount to saying that time for us is an illusion. It also indicates that the past, present, and future are all one eternal reality.

Such a concept may be supported by many people who have on occasion witnessed events that had happened in what we call the past as if they were still happening. If you recall, my wife’s cousin observed and even heard a neighbor, long dead, drive by in his car within a stone’s throw of her.

My father once told me about a similar event. He was driving on a country road in Maine on a beautiful sunny day. The forecast indicated good weather. Suddenly, the sky grew terribly dark, and a violent thunderstorm accompanied by wind and rain engulfed him. Concurrently, he saw an old-fashioned car seemingly out of control careening down the road in front of him. It was so close he could see the alarmed look on the driver’s face. Then, just as suddenly, there was no storm. Everything returned to a bright sunny day. The car was no longer there. Later, he told my uncle about what he had seen. My uncle said that others had experienced the same thing on that road and that there had been a car crash in a storm years ago along that very road.

I also think back to two of my own experiences. I once saw an old lady dressed in old-fashioned clothes, wrapped in a shawl and carrying a large wicker basket. She walked toward my wife and me and then disappeared. My wife never saw her, although she passed within two arm’s lengths of us. Did I somehow see the past still happening?

Another curious event concerned the time I saw a person dressed in a white shirt and blank pants in my cellar. I could not see the person’s head because of my position. However, I did see him walk out from behind the furnace, turn, and head toward the cellar stairs. Last year, I went down cellar to get some frozen food from the freezer which is behind the furnace. On this rare occasion, I was dressed in black pants with a white shirt. I followed the exact same path that the person did. Did I somehow see myself in the future?

Is it possible that our brain and mind are like radios normally tuned to
a frequency which we call the present? At times, does something cause them to be momentarily tuned to the frequencies of the past or the future both of which are still occurring in other dimensions coexisting with our own?

The past may still be occurring in rooms of life that we have already passed through. We may be heading toward rooms of life where the future is already occurring. Our concept of time, as the entities told Betty, is localized.

Our present may be like the needle on an eternally playing phonograph record of infinite diameter. We now are restricted to reality one groove at a time on the phonograph record. The Elders and the Watchers may be able to traverse any of the grooves in the record at will.

This possibility raises more questions than answers, including the problem of free will and responsibility, et cetera. It is no wonder that the Elders simply told Bob that such things were beyond human understanding.

What else have we learned about these robed entities? We have seen how they are able to transform themselves into beings of light or retain a humanoid form in or out of their realm. However, unlike humans, they claim to be androgynous: neither male nor female. They are able to travel through time and space instantly either through advanced technology, psychic means, or a combination of both. It is also quite apparent from the experiences of Betty, Bob, and my father that they operate invisibly and sometimes influentially behind the scenes in our physical world.

Unless Betty and my father are exceptions, the Elders also work with human beings in an OBE state while their body sleeps unknowingly in a bed at home! Also, unless Betty and Becky are exceptions, humans are covertly taken onboard craft for training sessions on alien equipment. Obviously, the results of this training exists mostly in the unconscious minds of abductees.

Sometimes, as in the case of Becky, bleed-through memories from the unconscious may show up in the ability to write strange hieroglyphic-like writing. Becky has been able to pen such writing at ease since age eleven. A sample of this script will be found in the appendices.

The robed entities told Bob that humankind is constantly being monitored. The said that they could find any person at any time—not by technology but by psychic means. The Elders appeared to be intimately associated with each of Betty's OBE visits to the One. They identified themselves as Ambassadors of O, an Entity having the same characteristics that humans would attribute to God!
The small gray entities call themselves “the Watchers” but in reality they are really a biological projection of their masters, the Elders. Ultimately, they are the real Watchers. According to their own words, they are really another form of Homo sapiens. Betty was shown how fetuses were removed from human surrogate mothers and placed in artificial wombs. Then, through alien genetic engineering, they were developed into mature human fetuses.

Betty was told that the Watchers are the Elders’ remote imaging surrogates. The Elders are able to see and perform terrestrial tasks through them. There seems to be a chain of command among them. A tall Watcher is in charge. Usually, this entity is the one who has discourse with the abductee.

The small gray entities seem to be clones stamped out of the same mold. However, there are some differences noted. The number of digits may vary from three to five. Some types are more heavieset and their heads almost seem to stand on their shoulders. Others are more skeletal and have thin necks. There are also reports of others who look reptilian or insectlike in appearance. All are the product of genetic engineering masters of DNA.

These bioelectric robots have access to marvelous paraphysical technology. Their craft and instruments are scientific miracles. Both entity and craft have the ability to enter and egress our space time continuum into another dimension at will. They have the uncanny ability to pass through solid materials by some means of molecular displacement. Their mind over matter technology also allows them to levitate themselves, others, and objects at ease.

The Watchers told Betty that they love the human race. They made the cryptic remark that all things have been planned and that it was better to lose some than all. It would appear from what Betty was told that their task is to oversee the spirit in all living things and preserve their physical form. Their continued propagation is somehow dependent upon ours. They are the caretakers and overseers of life on earth. But why? Why are their Elder masters so concerned about these things? The implication derived from the testimony of Betty and many other abductees is that a symbiotic relationship exists between Homo sapiens and the alien entities.

Then again, why are people being abducted and trained on another level of consciousness? Trained for what? Life is short. Surely such training cannot be effectively utilized in our lifetime. Other than bleed-through
effects from the unconscious, abductee trainees are not even aware of the double life they are leading! These questions will be addressed later on.

THE RED CREATURES

These strange-looking things caused both bewilderment and laughter when Betty's drawings of them were first published in The Andreason Affair. Red creatures with large eyes on stalks living in a red atmosphere seemed more likely to be the product of a drug-induced hallucination than of reality.

As we look back in retrospect, their appearance and environment fall into more logical parameters. The creatures were revealed to be biological eye banks for the Watchers. The red atmosphere in both cage and laboratory was designed to protect their eyes from the effects of bright light and ultraviolet radiation during growth and removal. Their absurd-looking appearance was due to their primitive nature. Like frogs, they are able to regenerate lost body parts, and new eyes grow back after their removal.

The Abductees

WHO?

It is often remarked that aliens from another world would not be interested in a child, housewife, policeman, or lawyer, et cetera. If such aliens are visiting us, some say, they would be abducting important world leaders and scientists. I would answer that when we study lower life forms, we do not consider which woodchuck might be smarter than another when we collect them for study!

The matter goes much further than the above analogy. If we accept what the aliens have told Betty and others, they know all about us. They have been watching humankind and perhaps intervening in our affairs since we became human. Perhaps, as I suggested in The Watchers, they were responsible for genetically engineering Homo sapiens from a hominid life form. Their interest seems centered on our genetic material and humanoid form, not on our Ph.D. dissertations.

Studies show that abductees cover the complete social strata from A to Z. On one end of the spectrum we have infants and children. On the other end of the spectrum we have trained professionals such as doctors, scientists, lawyers, and engineers. Then, in the middle of the spectrum we have a variety of nonprofessional people from many walks of life. Dr.
Thomas Bullard’s analysis of hundreds of abduction cases revealed the following regarding the *training and occupation* of abductees.

**Training and Occupation**

Abductions happen to people from all walks of life. Unskilled laborers, farmers and housewives experience them, also doctors, nurses and professors, summing up to a normal and everyday cross-section of the population. Spotty data (115 cases; 43 percent) forbids a meaningful evaluation of what occupation or level of education is most prone and even full data would lead to doubtful conclusions, since some witnesses might suppress their experiences from the start for fear of endangering their reputations or jobs. Dr. James Harder surveyed 104 abductees and reached the conclusion that these people as a group tended to have a higher than average level of education and skills.

**Opportunistic Events**

One observation still deserves mention: The list of occupations contains a disproportionate number of soldiers, policemen, traveling salesmen, farmers, and truck drivers—people who spend time outside at night in remote areas. This trend enlarges with inclusion of witnesses taken during recreational activities like hunting or camping, or people simply exposed while doing something as everyday as crossing an open field at night. In this light abductions appear as opportunistic events, or at least dark and lonely conditions seem to favor the experience.

Such opportunities might apply to either random or special selection of abductees by the entities. It is possible that most abductions are random, perhaps one-time events while some abductees are specially chosen and monitored for specific reasons. Betty, for example has reportedly been specially chosen above other abductees, and her experiences seem to bear this out.

**Psychological Profile?**

Various studies have been made in an attempt to come up with a typical profile for the UFO abductee. In my opinion, some such studies may have
a prejudicial starting point. They may begin with a profile already established in the mind of the researcher. Then data is collected to substantiate the researcher's own theory.

Theories advanced by skeptics have included such things as fantasy-prone personalities, psychotics, persons who have been sexually abused or subject to waking dreams and sleep paralysis, and, of course, publicity-seeking hoaxers.

Theories suggested by nonskeptics indicate that some abductees are selected because of their psychic abilities. Many people who have close encounters with UFOs or abductions do experience psychic phenomena. But, are these natural abilities or are they a byproduct of earlier infant or childhood encounters with alien entities? These possibilities will be discussed later.

It should be noted that if the entities know about our future lives, then any current apparent commonality could be negated. Abductions might be based upon future events unknown to us. Conversely, if our spirit has had previous existences and is evolving, then a number of unknown past factors could be involved as to why specific people are abducted.

All of the above hypotheses are based upon sheer speculation. Such suggestions could be vain human attempts to make random abductions appear ordered. There are however, physical factors that can be inferred from studies of abductees. The first relates to gender.

**Gender**

Dr. Bullard found in his analytical review of abduction cases that

men predominate among abductees by a ratio of two to one—256 males (64 percent) to 138 females (36 percent). This tally includes each case as a separate event, so the same witness sometimes counts more than once, while various children are excluded. Occupations and activities may account for this imbalance.6

**Genetics**

The second physical factor may be in the realm of genetics. It is quite possible that the Andreasson, Luca, and Fowler families have been the subject of long-term genetic research. The aliens may be just following family lines based on an original choice made in the distant past. This could be true in the case of many other abductees because UFO abduc-
tions are often a family affair. Thus, alien choice might be strictly genetic in nature.

ANDREASSON AFFAIR ABDUCTEES

What about the abductees who have directly contributed to the legacy of the Andresson affair? Do we have any common traits that may have attracted our abductors?

Although education and occupations differ among us, some personality similarities exist between Betty and myself. We both love nature and spent a lot of time by ourselves in the woods as children. Also, we both embraced Christianity as teens and continue to maintain our Christian faith. During Betty’s Phoenix experience, she was told that she had been chosen because of her Christian faith. However, neither of these may have any bearing at all regarding alien choice of abductees. As we shall see later, there may be other alternatives to the religious element contained within Betty’s UFO experiences.

Thus, other than a genetic connection within our families who also have experienced the UFO phenomenon, I know of no other specific personality profile that would attract entities to Betty, Bob, Becky, Jean, and myself. However, there is a curious commonality that does exist within our tale of two families. It is worth examining before moving on to our next topic.

It is interesting to note that my father’s first and succeeding experiences with UFOs and Elder-type entities began concurrently with a near-death experience (NDE) when he was struck by lightning at the U.S. Navy Radio Station on Mount Desert Island. He was once again struck by lightning after he retired when he was installing a long-wire antenna for his Ham radio equipment.

Why do I allude to these events? I mention them for two reasons. First, Betty’s father, Waino Aho, was also struck by lighting, as was Betty’s husband, Bob Luca. (Betty’s cousin was killed by lightning!) Secondly, NDE researcher Dr. Paul Perry recently chronicled the story of another person who was hit by lightning. He, like my father, underwent an NDE, met a being of light, and from that day on began to experience paranormal abilities and events.

The man’s name is Dannion Brinkley. During his NDE, like Becky and her mother, he heard music like wind chimes as he headed down a tunnel in an OBE state to meet a genderless being of light in a place he felt was his real home. (Interestingly enough, my diary entry for March 3, 1994, records that I awoke hearing a sound like wind chimes at 3:33 and 5:55 A.M.)
During his experience, he received the impression that "all was one." He, too, saw humanlike beings dressed in robes. Dannion, like Betty, was brought to crystal buildings. He also was warned about the ecological havoc humankind was to bring upon earth, especially in the form of atomic radiation. Like Betty, Bob, and Becky, he also met androgynous humanlike beings wearing robes, received training from them, and was also told that there was an interdependency between our world and their world. They told him that love was the most important thing in a human's life.

In essence, his NDE and subsequent OBE visitations with the Elderlike beings was analogous to many facets of the UFO abductions of Betty, Bob, and Becky—a connection of the highest significance. Pertinent excerpts from Dannion's testimony follow (brackets and italics mine).

There was the sound of chimes as the tunnel spiraled toward and then around me. [My body] was translucent [and] standing in a paradise of brilliant light. [There was a] Being of light, who now stood before me... Looking at this Being I had the feeling that no one could love me better... I never saw this Being as either male or female... Without us advancing spiritually here on earth, they could not become successful in their world... Just love everybody. ... I'm going home... Beings wearing silver robes... radiant earthing... I became one with everything around me and could experience everything.²

I documented many similar NDE accounts with UFO abductions experiences in Watchers II to support the hypothesis that both are one and the same under dissimilar conditions. However, lest we lose our train of thought, this was not the primary reason for summarizing Dannion's NDE and follow-up experiences. It was to denote the common denominator that exists between three members in our tale of two families. It is odd that three members of two families have had this experience, and I would be remiss to not explore this further.

Did the effect of being hit by lightning enhance the psychic abilities of Betty's father, my father, and Bob? Was this effect transmitted genetically to their offspring? Did such paranormal abilities figure in the aliens' selection of these persons? Unfortunately, except for the psychic experiences of Betty's father, we know nothing else of what he may or may not have experienced that related to the UFO abduction phenomenon or NDEs.

Personally, I doubt that lighting strikes had anything directly to do with the selection of the abductees within the two families. Most abductees have not been hit by lightning! However, there may be a direct connection
between having an NDE or UFO abduction experience and the ensuing aftermath of psychic phenomena that follow both experiences. Dr. Perry comments:

Some think there is an area of the brain that becomes sensitized by near death and that it is the area responsible for psychic communications. Others believe, as did Freud, that we communicated in a psychic fashion before we developed speech and that the near-death experience revives these psychic abilities.⁸

I might add that one of the paranormal events in Dannion's life in the aftermath of his NDE after being struck by lightning was being taken at night by "beings of light" to a place similar to where Betty was taken during her Phoenix experience. Like Betty, Bob, and Becky, Dannion was being trained during these visits. He too was giving warnings about the ecological destruction taking place on earth—especially the effects of atomic radiation.

I returned to the crystal city where I attended classes being taught by the beings of light... Radiation could spread everywhere and affect all of humankind... Humans had created a horrible power that had not been contained.⁹

PARANORMAL PHENOMENA

As mentioned, a variety of psychic phenomena unfold in the life of an abductee during the aftermath of an abduction. We have seen this to be obviously true in the cases documented in this book. Such accompanying manifestations represent one of the more intriguing aspects of the UFO phenomenon. How can we account for their bizarre occurrence? Several possible answers to this question are:

1. The psychic phenomena are nonrelated.
2. The abductee has always experienced paranormal events.
3. The abductees' interface with the UFO phenomenon enhances innate psychic abilities.
4. The psychic phenomena represent the visible tip of an ongoing alien monitoring program.
5. Both UFO and accompanying psychic events are the manifestations of one underlying unknown phenomenon.
Statistics alone would seem to preclude the first suggestion. The second item infers that the abductee was psychic prior to an abduction experience and the relationship is coincidental. This may be so in some cases, but many abductees never experience such paranormal happenings until after being abducted. Also, if the next proposed answer is correct, their psychic ability may have been caused by a forgotten childhood UFO encounter.

The third proposed answer makes some sense. Abductees appear to have been placed in an altered state of consciousness during their interface with alien beings. Perhaps remnants of this effect temporarily or even permanently remain afterward. This might elevate their ability to witness and interface with things that are invisible to the uninitiated.

The fourth suggestion also makes some sense. The alien entities have the ability to bring themselves and their craft in and out of our physical plane of existence. One would suppose that their monitoring instruments would have this same capability. This being so, visible effects of such a technology would appear psychic or supernatural to the observer.

The fifth proposal is relatively new among researchers. It would suggest that all paranormal phenomena, including UFOs, are components of a unifying all-encompassing phenomenon. Evidence that UFO and paranormal events are constituents of one underlying phenomenon would be greatly enhanced if one or more UFO case studies exhibited most or all of the major types of psychic events. As we have learned, the Andreasson and Fowler case studies exhibit these very things!

At the MIT Abduction Conference held in June 1992, near-death researcher Dr. John B. Alexander stated (italics mine):

It is my contention that we may be faced with a meta-phenomenon. That is, NDEs, abductions, and other phenomena may be part of something far more complex than initially thought. To arbitrarily isolate one phenomenon based on precipitating stimuli may mean that we fail to recognize the true magnitude of the issues involved. It further appears that human, or other consciousness, plays some significant role in all of the phenomena we are discussing.10

The phenomena alluded to by Dr. Alexander (in addition to UFOs, NDEs, and OBEs) include anomalous scars, apparitions, balls of light, channeling, contact with the dead, men in black, mind-reading, missing time, precognition, psychometry, remote viewing, telekinesis, telepathy, religious experiences, and synchronisms.

But often the type of psychic phenomena differs from one UFO witness to another. One might report apparitions, another a ball of light. Some
may undergo OBEs. Others might experience psychokinetic events or anomalous scars. This is probably why such events have been isolated and treated as separate individualistic phenomena by researchers.

What has been needed is a UFO abduction case that also contains a prolific variety of paranormal phenomena. As we have seen, the overall Andreasson affair fulfills this need. A variety of psychic phenomena has been and continues to be manifest within our families that were brought together by parallel UFO experiences. Such a rich variety confined within this localized context strongly suggests that they may be actual manifestations of an unknown universal phenomenon—a phenomenon that actuates altered states of consciousness.

At this point the answers to such questions are unknown. Whatever the truth might be about the relationship of UFOs and psychic phenomena, the fact remains that multiple types of paranormal events occur within the lives of UFO witnesses.

**The Heart of the Alien Message**

We now turn to the most important contribution of the Andreasson legacy: the aliens’ message to humankind. Its content reflects the very purpose behind the UFO phenomenon and its interface with the residents of planet Earth.

In the last chapter, I presented a chronological listing of the individual components of the message given to Betty and Bob. It is now time to look at its core.

**THE BAD NEWS**

The Watchers informed Betty that they have been given the assignment to be caretakers of life forms on earth. They claim to have been monitoring humankind and its environment since the beginning to preserve the humanoid form.

In *Watchers II*, I documented the reported existence of entities called *Watchers* all the way back to the beginning of civilization in Sumer. Although mostly operating behind the scenes, our ancestors from time to time became aware of their presence and their caretaker activities.

However, in the early 1940s, their covert activities suddenly became very overt indeed. Flying saucers, flying disks, and now UFOs, have become common bywords because of their sudden and ongoing appearance in Earth’s skies. Why?
Both Air Force and civilian scientists have speculated that the startling appearance of strange aerial craft was instigated by our development of atomic energy. Scientists working within a formerly classified Air Force UFO study concluded that aliens observing earth

... might observe that on earth we now have atomic bombs and are fast developing rockets. In view of the past history of mankind, they should be alarmed. We should therefore, expect at this time above all to behold such visitations.\(^{11}\)

The late Dr. Margaret Mead, leading anthropologist and past president of the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science, came to an identical conclusion from her UFO research. She stated (italics mine):

The most likely explanation is that they are simply watching what we are up to; that a responsible society outside our solar system is keeping an eye on us to see that we don’t set in motion a chain reaction that might have repercussions far outside our solar system.\(^{12}\)

As time went by, the speculations made by Air Force and civilian scientists became fact as evidenced by the specific activities of the unknown craft. My files are full of formerly classified data that support this fact. However, for the sake of space, quotes from the following documents should suffice.

The first document to be quoted is a previously classified, secret memorandum released through the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA). It was written by H. Marshall Chadwell, CIA Assistant Director of Scientific Intelligence, and addressed to the director of the CIA.

Sightings of unexplained objects at great altitudes and traveling at high speeds in the vicinity of major U.S. defense installations are of such nature that they are not attributable to natural phenomena or known types of aerial vehicles. ... Attached is a draft memorandum to the National Security Council...establishing this matter as a priority project throughout the intelligence and the defense research and development community.\(^{13}\)

The second document highlights the aliens’ particular interest in monitoring defense and research sites. The Air Force memorandum is dated January 3, 1952. It was sent by Air Force Brigadier General W. M. Gar-
land to Major General John A. Samford, the Director of Air Force Intelligence. Pertinent excerpts are quoted as follows (italics mine):

The continued reports of unusual flying objects requires positive action to determine the nature and origin of this phenomenon... In view of the above facts and the persistent reports of unusual flying objects over parts of the United States, particularly the East and West Coasts and in the vicinity of the atomic energy production and testing facilities, it is apparent that positive action must be taken to determine the nature of the objects and, if possible, their origin.¹⁴

The interest and monitoring of our use of atomic weapons by the aliens has continued unabated. I worked for twenty-five years (1962–82) on the development, testing, production, and update of the Minuteman missile. During this period, USAF Launch Control Facility Commanders and civilians working on Missile bases related to me that UFOs periodically disrupted Minuteman communications and equipment. Minuteman carries an atomic warhead and atomic material is stored on missile bases. A number of documents released through the FOIA indicate that during their inspection of missile bases, the UFOs show a particular interest in atomic-weapons storage areas!

How does all of the above relate to what the aliens told Betty during her abductions? According to them, our potential to destroy life on earth through radiation and pollution was the main reason behind their overt appearance and the abductions. Listen to what they have to say to Betty:

Man is destroying much of nature... This is why they have been taking the form from man! Unless mankind accepts, mankind will not live... Man cannot continue in his current footsteps... It is better to lose some than all.

This terrible warning is at the heart of “the Message of the Elders.” Even during my final typing of this book, warnings from many quarters of the earth attest to its truth. Radioactive waste from reactors dumped in the ocean threaten the food chain. Highly radioactive waste from power plants continues to pile up with no solution to its ultimate safe disposal.

While middle world countries strive to build atomic weapons, the West wonders how to safely dispose of thousands of nuclear warheads, each containing long-lived radioactive material.

Countless rivers, streams, and ponds are dead and slowly dying from
acid rain and chemical pollution. The harmful effects of ultraviolet radiation from earth's shrinking ozone layer is just one of many other environmental effects detrimental to life on earth.

All of the above embody the meaning behind the dark spots on planet earth that Bob was made to envision during an abduction: The earth is dying.

A major news item this week reported that 70 percent of the plankton off the West Coast of the United States had vanished because of suspected global warming. Plankton are at the beginning of the food chain that sustains fish. It seems that every week, some threat to earth's environment is revealed. Just a few days ago, TV news showed how mercury and PCB leakage from polluted streams are killing waterfowl. The April 1995 issue of Technology Review addresses other aspects of environmental dangers and cites the potential proliferation of unknown viruses due to our destruction of the rain forests in South America:

Infectious diseases, which antibiotics and vaccines once promised to banish from our shores, have returned with a vengeance. Long-forgotten scourges such as tuberculosis and malaria are staging a comeback in pernicious, antibiotic-resistant forms, and newly identified viral diseases such as AIDS have become major public health problems.

One source of such "emerging" infections has been the encroachment of civilization on remote tropical rain forest ecosystems, allowing previously unknown viruses that have lived for eons in animal or insect hosts to infect humans for the first time. Moreover, global transportation networks make it possible for an individual carrying a contagious virus to travel anywhere in the world within twenty-four hours, accelerating the transmission of disease. The international spread of AIDS has followed this pattern, as have other recent outbreaks. Last October, for example, an epidemic of bubonic plague in India led many countries to cancel flights from the affected region.¹⁵

Other news stories over the past several years add weight to the above cited studies. The following data was excerpted from a report prepared by UFO researcher Val Germain. (italics are mine.)¹⁶

(1) The Daily Tribune, Columbia, Missouri dated November 11, 1992, related that a study found that dioxin, at levels found routinely
in human beings around the world, has produced "changes in the reproductive and immune systems of animals."

(2) The Daily Tribune, Columbia, Missouri, dated October 24, 1993, has a story entitled "Health Researchers Issue Chemical Wake-up Call." It highlights data from a paper published in the then current issue of Environmental Health Perspectives. The paper concerns chemicals like dioxin being liberated from human tissues during pregnancy and affecting fetal development in subtle but critical ways. "These problems may not be visible at birth and may not show up until the child begins failing in school or has fertility problems."

(3) The Post-Dispatch, St. Louis, Missouri, dated November 13, 1993, carried a front-page story entitled "Farm Chemicals Rob Couples of Their Dreams." It reads: "One by one, the men whisper of unfulfilled lives, of children never born, or marriages broken." The article relates to Honduran farm workers who are among "thousands who suffer sterility and other disorders from working with a pesticide called DBCP." The article states that this pesticide was last applied a decade ago, but that its effects are still showing up in human beings and are expected to continue for decades to come.

UFO researcher Val Germann goes on to say that early tests on rats with DBCPs showed that their testes were damaged by high doses. He mentions that a Dow Chemical Company document from as early as the 1960s warned that no one should work with DBCPs without a full face mask and impenetrable clothing. But in 1964, when the chemical was approved for sale in the United States, no such warnings were given. The effects began to show up in 1977. In August of that year, thirty workers at a Lathrop, California, chemical plant making DBCPs were discovered to be sterile.

California immediately banned the chemical and the EPA followed suit. However, the chemical continued to be used elsewhere with the same effects. Thousands of men in Central America have become sterile from exposure to the chemical before its ban in that country. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been pumped deep into the ground all over Costa Rica, where they will remain a health hazard for the indefinite future.

The first part of a two-part article in Science News, dated January 8, 1994, and headlined "The Gender Benders," stated that PCB levels of 4 to 6 parts per million were showing up in the fatty tissues of the bald eagle, causing reproductive problems and birth defects.
Researcher Val Germann goes on to cite Theo Colborn, a zoologist with the World Wildlife Fund, who is quoted as saying that extremely low exposures to such chemicals are sufficient to cause reproductive difficulties in many animals. He gave as an example "the pallid sturgeon," a fish native to the Missouri River, which has not been able to reproduce for the last decade because of high concentrations of PCBs and DDT in its tissues.

Part two of the article in Science News discussed the results of a study by the Center for Growth and Reproduction in Copenhagen, Denmark. Germann notes that the Center has been keeping records on testicular cancer which reveal that it has tripled in incidence in Denmark. Center endocrinologist Neils E. Skakkebaek added: "The frightening thing is, the rate of increase in this cancer is continuing to grow."

Germann also refers to studies that show a worldwide increase in undescended testicles and in birth defects involving the penis. British studies show a doubling of this testicular condition between the late 1950s and the late 1970s, while serious penile defects doubled between 1965 and 1983 in England and Wales. He notes that the proverbial smoking gun for these problems was discovered in 1991.

In 1991, a group of scientists found that the above testicular and penile defects were the same as those produced by the estrogen-based fertility drug DES, once used widely around the world. It was also shown that many commonly used chemicals can and do imitate the action of DES in the human body, especially in males. And, said one scientist, "a lot of these chemicals are very resistant to degradation, including the PCBs, DDT, and the breakdown products of certain [monophenols] detergents."

Concerning the complaints of industry about the high cost of lengthy tests of chemicals thought to be safe in the past, Germann quotes Ana Soto of the Tufts School of Medicine: "What is the cost of having a generation of humans that cannot reproduce?"

Moving on to 1992, the world's medical institutions were rocked once again by the results of yet another study concerning the effects of pollution upon the human reproductive system. The Associated Press (London) broke the news. "Scientists Note Dramatic Decline in Sperm Count: The sperm count of Western men has fallen dramatically over the past fifty-years, and pollution is the most likely culprit, Danish scientists say."

Six months later, the results of the landmark study were published in the prestigious British Medical Journal. The Associated Press (London) again released news on its findings on September 11, 1992 (italics mine).
Sperm Counts Are Way Down

Sperm may be a casualty of pollution, according to a new report that the average sperm count in healthy men has dropped by half in the past fifty years.

Dr. Niels E. Skakkebaek of the University of Copenhagen directed the review of 61 studies around the world that looked at 14,947 men. His findings are published in the September 12, 1992, issue of the British Medical Journal. Experts say the study lends credence to speculation that environmental pollutants may damage production of sperm cells.

"I think there is cause for concern," said Dr. Richard Sharpe, a respected reproductive biologist at the University of Edinburgh. "If there is something in our environment having an effect that is drastic enough to decrease sperm count by 50 percent, we should know what this factor is." . . . Skakkebaek said his review was the first to collect worldwide statistics and limit the analysis to healthy men.

"It would have to be something in the environment or lifestyle," said Skakkebaek . . . Changes that occur within a generation could hardly be due to a change in genetic background. . . . Investigators reviewed all international scientific studies on semen analysis of healthy men from 1938 to 1990, Skakkebaek said. They found average sperm count declined from 133 million sperm per milliliter in the 1940s, to 60 million sperm per milliliter in the 1990s.

Men who have less than 20 million sperm per milliliter are considered infertile, although they may be able to father children through test-tube fertilization.  

UFO researcher Val Germann gives the following analysis of the above Danish studies.

If the progression found by the Danish researchers is linear, then fifty years from today, in about the year 2040, sperm counts of hundreds of millions of human males will be nearing zero. Is this out of the question? Hardly. Infertility problems are common in the U.S.A. right now, and if the rising incidence of testicular cancer is any indication, these problems are not going to get any better. And don't forget that prostate cancer, once rare in men younger than seventy, is now a huge scourge of men in their fifties. . . . Among women, cervical cancer, once unknown in women under fifty, is now showing up in women in their twenties.

The operative question is, "When is the human male's sperm go-
ing to become so defective, on the average, that the number of children who get born begins to decline sharply?" Beyond that, will human sperm quality drop so low that at some point in the future, births will simply stop happening? Such a thing is possible based on the data and the fact that no one wants to talk about it says volumes to this writer. How interesting that today, while the world is grappling with a population problem of unprecedented proportions, one that threatens to overcome the biosphere of the entire earth, a few dozen scientists, and a few abductees, are contemplating the end of the human race based on the failure of human reproduction. The irony is choice. Finally, is this, then, part of the reason behind the appearance of those hideous visitors and for their strange abductions and seeming experiments? Have they been telling Betty (Andreasson) Luca the truth all along?\(^{16}\)

A study just released now brings these sobering tales of woe up to date with the completion of my book. The 61 studies cited above found further support in a French study released in 1995. This particular study indicated that the startling sperm count reduction was a relatively recent phenomenon. It also confirmed the findings of the studies that preceded it. The following are excerpts from the February 1995 issue of the *Los Angeles Times*.

French researchers reported today that average sperm counts of Parisian men have declined by one-third in the last twenty years.

The analysis of more that 1,300 healthy men at a Paris sperm bank confirms the findings of several other European studies that sperm volumes have decreased dramatically over the last fifty years. But the new report goes further by suggesting that the decline is a recent and ongoing phenomenon.

In their study published in today’s *New England Journal of Medicine*, the French doctors also noted a significant decrease in the vitality of the sperm.

"We conclude that there has been a true decline in the quality of semen during the past twenty years since the characteristics of semen from a fertile man of a given age in 1982 were significantly poorer than those of a fertile man of the same age in 1973," the report states. ... The study seems to add weight to an emerging but highly controversial theory that some pesticides and other chemicals that are widespread in the environment imitate estrogen or block testosterone in the womb, disrupting sexual development.
Studies of alligators in a Florida lake born with half-male, half-female sex organs, as well as tests on other animals in the wild and in laboratories, suggest that DDT, PCBs and some popular pesticides are feminizing male fetuses and embryos by mimicking hormones. Some scientists speculate that man-made hormone disrupters in food and water may be responsible for falling sperm counts and increased testicular cancer in men... Many researchers suspect pollution could be to blame because similar reproductive problems have been found in many wild birds, reptiles, and fish in heavily contaminated waters, such as the Great Lakes, and in laboratory animals exposed to certain pesticides... Laboratory animals exposed in utero to hormone-imitating chemicals experience sperm and genital abnormalities.36

I'm sure some readers are saying, "Okay, enough already. What has this to got to do with a message from aliens? So, they've warned us that we are destroying earth. It does look like we have some problems. But, what does this have to do with them 'taking the form of man?' And why should they care what happens to us?" The answer to these questions are to found within the context of what the aliens told Betty during her 1973 abduction.

Two astounding truths were revealed to Betty during her 1973 abduction. First, the fetuses being grown and extracted from human surrogate mothers would become the Watchers. These workers of the Elders were mature human fetuses who could breathe and work within the earth's environment!

Secondly, Betty was told that an alien genetic-engineering program had been going on for years because of a terrible event looming ahead in the future for humankind. She was told in no uncertain terms that our pollution of the earth was eventually going to cause the extinction of many forms of life, including Homo sapiens. To put it simply: Humankind was going to become sterile.

The striking correlation between the studies cited above, and bad news contained within the alien message, provide overwhelming evidence for its accuracy and for the reality of Betty's UFO abduction experience itself. Please consider the following.

This 1973 segment of the alien message was retrieved via a hypnosis session recorded on December 8, 1987. It was quoted in The Watchers. It was not until almost two years later, in 1992, that the Associated Press released news of the fading fertility of humankind from London, England.

Moreover, the study quoted above represents yet another verification for the reality of the alien message delivered during Betty Andreasson Luca's
extraordinary UFO experiences. If correct, it confirms the chilling prediction given Betty by the alien entities. It also shows reason for the entities’ great concern in this matter, if they are symbiotically dependent upon us for their own survival. It is this very symbiotic relationship that forms the basis for the good news contained in their message to humankind.

THE GOOD NEWS

We start developing “the good news” with a discussion about the para-physical nature of the entities that operate the craft which we call UFOs.

Dual Nature of UFOs and Entities

We should first note that nonabductee witnesses observe the same types of craft and entities that are reported by persons abducted physically or in an OBE state. This fact adds to the credibility of descriptive data extracted under hypnosis.

Also, as already mentioned, the entities, like their craft, reportedly exhibit the same dual physical-nonphysical nature. Paradoxically, in either state they are able to pass through solid walls, doors, windows, et cetera. Like their craft, they have the ability to appear within and disappear from earth’s space-time continuum at will.

All of the above attributes have appeared in our study of Betty and Bob Luca, but they also are an integral part of hundreds of other reported UFO encounters. One could go on and on with examples that reflect the disparate, seemingly irreconcilable nature of the UFO phenomenon.

Thus, in essence, UFOs and their operators present us with the same kind of paradox as “light.” Light has proven to be both particle (material) and wave (nonmaterial) in nature. UFOs and the entities that operate them are reported to be both physical and nonphysical. Having made this point, let us now move on to some other odd paraphysical aspects of UFO reports. These also provide valuable clues to the relationship of UFOs to humankind’s true nature and ultimate destination: the good news!

Human Death and UFO Entities

Another aspect that should be discussed. Although discussed in Watchers II in more detail, it needs to be summarized here for the benefit of the new reader. It is the curious connection between UFOs and human death.

First, the entities are able to foretell the death of a human being. Those
of you who have read my previous books about Betty know that I had occasion to verify this capability firsthand twenty-four hours before two deaths.

One of the saddest events during my investigation of the Lucas was the death of two of Betty's sons. It was also one of the more ominous events. UFO entities told Betty ahead of time that it was going to happen. The message was first told telepathically when a strange chorus of angry buzzing voices interrupted a phone call during a phone conversation with Bob. Betty told us that the voices sounded "just like an insect. It was like you would picture a mad hornet."

Secondly, it would appear that the entities have an intimate relationship with the death of human beings. Their communication during the following event is suggestive of this peculiar fact. This occurred during a UFO close encounter experienced by a mother and her child in 1967 along a highway near Ithaca, New York. It was investigated and attested to by Science and Mechanics editor Lloyd Mallan. Even the audible way that the aliens communicated their message was strikingly similar to what Betty and Bob described.

While driving along a highway, Rita Malley was approached by a disk-shaped UFO. The craft took control of her car and floated it off to the side of the highway. Her child was temporarily placed in a state of suspended animation during the encounter. Then came a telepathic chorus of voices preceded by strange noises. Note the similarity to the chorus of voices that have spoken to Betty in the past. Also note the identical sounds that accompanied the message associated with death to both Betty and Rita (italics mine).

A strange noise [came] from this thing. . . . It . . . first sounded like a whole swarm of bees, a cluster of bees. Have you ever stumbled into a bees' nest? You know, they start coming at you? It sounded like a big fat swarm of bumblebees coming at me. And then suddenly the hum stopped when the voices began to talk.

These voices came out of the thing, this hovering object. I want to explain: My car windows were rolled up tight. And as I said, the wind was blowing. The voices sounded like a group of people, a chorus of voices. They were all talking at the same time; saying the same thing. . . . "Paul Donalds, Moravia, killed . . . near or in Massena in a tractor-trailer owned by Joel Ettinger, Moravia."

I did not know Paul Donalds, except by name. Because I knew his sister. Marian Donalds and I went to beauty school together.
And then they said, these voices said: "Your son will not remember the time... from the time you left the highway." I think that's what they said about Dana.

Well, after about six or seven minutes of terror, my car gradually started to move back toward the road. I had no control over it at all. It moved itself right back onto the road. ... The next day ... I received a phone call from my sister. ... She said, "What do you think of Paul Donalds' getting killed in Massena?"

I was shocked. ... The details were exactly as the voices said. Paul Donalds had been killed in a tractor-trailer owned by Joel Ettinger. That was the first I had heard of the actual tragedy. We'd just moved out this way and were not having any newspaper delivered yet.21

The above two incidents demonstrate that the Elders behind the UFO phenomenon have an intimate knowledge of the time and place of a person's death. As my research continued, I began to observe yet another aspect of the UFO phenomenon that linked it to human death.

When writing The Watchers, I alluded to my suspicions that somehow the near-death experience and UFO experience were intimately related. This was founded on the basis that Betty's parapsychical experiences mirrored the NDE and (as we have just seen) that some reports in my files implicated UFOs and their entities with human death. Betty and Bob's experiences during their shared OBE abduction in 1978 and her return visit to "the One" in a "world of light" in 1989 served to solidify my suspicions.

Thus, during my Phase IV research for Watchers II, I purposively conducted a detailed comparative analysis of OBE abduction and NDE reports. The results were startling. I found striking similarities between them. I will not repeat the backup for these resemblances. My complete analysis is documented in Watchers II. I found that the following matches existed between those who have experienced OBE abductions and near-death experiences.

1. Both contain OBEs
2. Both travel toward light
3. Both are greeted by a loving being
4. Both experience oneness
5. Both encounter beings of light
6. Both NDEs and Betty turn into light
7. Both communicate by telepathy
8. Both meet robed entities
9. Both refer to place brought to as *home*
10. Both are reluctant to leave the *light*
11. Both encounter a sense of *timelessness*
12. For both: Love is fundamental
13. Both involve concern with earth's *ecology*

Also during my research, I soon found that I was not alone in discovering this similarity. Dr. Kenneth Ring, one of the leading authorities on the near-death experience, was led to this same connection from his own studies. Dr. Ring writes:

Could it be that the world of the NDE and that of the UFO abductions, for all their differences, are not, after all, universes apart, but a part of the same universe? Could it be that NDEs and UFO experiences have more in common with one another than we have heretofore suspected?  

I discovered that Dr. Ring had interviewed Betty and Bob. Both were invited to speak to his class at the University of Connecticut. When he read my book *The Watchers*, and realized that I was coming to a similar conclusion as his, he wrote:

Fowler... makes a major effort in his book to point out, as Grosso does, the connections between NDEs and UFOs, and arrives at similar conclusions concerning the importance of considering the implications of both phenomena together. In this respect, at least, their views—and mine, too—tend to converge.

It was as if both of us, tunneling through our mountain of research data, had suddenly converged in the middle of the mountain!

During a UFO abduction conference held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, thanatologist Dr. John B. Alexander raises this very same question. Interestingly enough, his NDE studies, like those of Dr. Ring, led him straight down a pathway to the UFO abduction experience. In his conference paper, Dr. Alexander writes the following:

The purpose of this paper is to discuss the commonalities observed between people who subjectively report near-death experiences and those who state they were abducted by occupants of UFOs. I will begin with an assertion that might be troublesome to those who have established a fixed position in the study of either the abduction or
near-death field. That is, I believe that we are confronted with a meta-phenomenology. There even may be a common etiology although there are discernible differences including the reported precipitating factors.\textsuperscript{21}

While writing \textit{Watchers II}, it became quite apparent to me that Betty’s visits to her “home with the One in a world of light” were identical to what people experience during an NDE. Yet Betty was brought there alive and well to see, experience, and report back to humankind where its next destiny lies. This, coupled with the symbolic death and rebirth of the Phoenix, represents the heart of the Elders’ message. Most importantly, this message of hope to a dying planet was fully articulated during Bob Luca’s discourse with an Elder during his OBE abduction with Betty.

Bob was told that humans are indeed more than flesh and blood. His destiny lay in a \textit{world of light}. This other dimension and perhaps additional dimensions lie behind death’s \textit{great door}. In effect, we, \textit{Homo sapiens}, are in actually the \textit{larval humanoid form} that ultimately populates the \textit{world of light}. We are the \textit{form} that the \textit{Watchers} (mature fetal forms of humankind themselves) have jealously cared for over the centuries. The humanoid \textit{form} continues on as we in turn become \textit{beings of light} after physical death. The covert training that Becky experienced may be unknowingly experienced by countless of others. Such training makes no sense at all unless it is for a future life!

The \textit{Watchers’} caretaker activities have largely been carried out unseen and unnoticed until of late. Hints of their covert interface with humans can be found in a recent poll conducted by \textit{Roper}. It involved three national surveys conducted between July and September 1991.

The poll asked five symptomatic questions which related to whether or not those surveyed had experienced key benchmarks of a UFO abduction experience. The total number of respondents who answered yes to at least four of the five questions represented 2 percent of 1.8 million adult Americans. This indicates that 3,700,000 people have \textit{unknowingly} experienced key benchmarks related to UFO abductions. They probably never would have made the connection unless the right questions were asked!

Humankind’s environmental pollution has caused the \textit{recent} and more overt interventions we have experienced over the past several decades. I theorized that some of their overt interventions from the distant past may have been responsible for some of humankind’s legends and religions.

A number of ancient religions involve aerial phenomena and entities from the sky. These include the Judeo-Christian traditions. Glowing robed
entities have played a major part in past and current expressions of Christianity. The so-called Miracle of Fatima could double as a modern-day daylight disk and entity report if stripped of its religious overtones. Whole religious orders and sects have been founded on the appearances of such unearthly appearing entities.

Perhaps there is a religion-UFO phenomena connection. Such a possibility was considered in some detail within the pages of Watchers II. If so, past messages from heavenly entities (Elders?) might have served to control the activities and health of their larval form.

Such messages might include commands that related to sanitation, diet, and moral codes to prevent diseases relating to reproduction and to promote good, healthy larvae. If we examine the abduction phenomenon in this light, it seems obvious that we are the herd. They are the ranchers and veterinarians. It appears that we are being carefully bred and raised for a future life. Other explanations for their actions make little sense.

It should be noted once again that the first major visible form of their presence in our century occurred with the advent of atomic energy. The use of nuclear power, coupled with a host of other environmental hazards, caused great consternation on their part. It meant that the larvae now had the means to destroy themselves.

This is why our continued survival has been of the utmost importance to the powers behind the UFO phenomena. This is why the UFO phenomenon with its abductions and interest in the reproductive system of humankind has appeared in our time. This also explains why the reproductive seeds of life forms on earth are being harvested for future use.

The ultimate origin of the Elders still remains unknown. Are they space travelers from another world existing in another dimension who have overseen the evolution of humans? Are we made in their image, or conversely, are they made in our image? That is, are they themselves the product of a feedback type of evolution who developed along with humankind’s physical evolution via death and rebirth akin to what we call reincarnation? Have we and do we ultimately become them? Has there been a constant evolutionary interplay between our physical world and a coexistent and counterpart world of light? Are we and our physical world analogous to light’s particles? Is their world of light analogous to light waves? Do our worlds and life forms reflect the paradoxical dual nature of light? This is what the Elders seem to be telling us through UFO abduction experiences.

This is also what those who have come back to earth from NDEs tell us. Dr. Melvin Morse nearly echoes what I have just hypothesized, based upon his research into NDEs:
Science discovered an even smaller world than the atom. They call this tiny world wave-particle duality.... Physicists have split the atom into smaller and smaller particles, they have discovered to their surprise that there is no final tiniest part of nature. Rather, there are forces best described as wavelengths of electromagnetism, or light.

These pieces of light serve as the fundamental building blocks for everything. What this theory tells us is that everything we consider to be real actually breaks down into simple light, in all of its various wavelengths. This is the same message that came from many NDEs in the study. As one patient said, “I could see the light in all my own cells and in the universe. I could see that light was God.”

**Summation**

Never, in my wildest dreams, would I have ever thought that my initial meeting with Betty Andreasson would eventually result in my chronicling such incredible revelations about the paraphysical reality of UFOs and humankind.

Military and civilian scientists alike pondered how UFOs could behave as if they had no mass. Naked eye and radar/visual observations recorded impossible maneuvers for physical craft to accomplish: orbital speeds within the near envelope of earth’s atmosphere leaving no sonic boom in their wake; right-angle turns with no curve radius; the ability to stop and start on a dime during tremendous bursts of speed; the ability to hover, wobble, and bob in the air like weightless balloons; the ability to descend like a falling leaf or feather; and their seeming supernatural ability to alternately disappear and appear in and out of our space-time continuum. Now we know that the technology that produced these miracles of science is paraphysical in nature. UFOs, like light, have a dual nature. The entities’ technology allows them to alternate between particle and wave—between physical and nonphysical—at will.

For years researchers and skeptics alike have also wondered how extra-terrestrial visitors to our planet could be humanoid and breathe our air. Now we know! The Watchers are various forms of mature human fetuses bred especially to operate within earth’s environment! As Pogo once told his animal friends: “We have met the aliens and they is us!”

UFO researchers and skeptics alike also pondered the bizarre reports of humanlike entities associated with the UFO phenomenon. They hardly looked like astronauts. Witnesses described them as wearing robes and
sandals and looking more like biblical angels than visitors from another planet.

NDE researchers also wondered about OBE abductions and robed entities. They too had studied reports of people undergoing OBEs at death and meeting similar robed entities. Now we know that these entities are one and the same personages observed under two sets of circumstances.

Then there are the abductees. In the early days of research it was felt that those who had repeated sightings of UFOs were not trustworthy witnesses. The same applied to those who claimed to see entities in their bedroom, or who experienced psychic phenomena. Thus, for years, the very types of cases that represented the real quintessence of the UFO phenomenon were rejected because of prejudicial ignorance. It has taken cases like the Andreasson affair to help researchers recognize that these rejected witnesses were most likely abductees. The experiences of Betty and Bob’s family have revealed why persons are abducted.

Finally, the Andreasson affair has transmitted the double-edged message of the Elders to humankind. The bad news that humankind is going to become sterile should come as no surprise if we size up the cumulative and ongoing disastrous effects of a host of environmental threats to life on earth. The good news that humankind survives death and is held responsible for this life’s actions reaffirms the central teaching of various religions. But humankind, in so many terrible instances throughout the world, behaves with utter irresponsibility as if death were the final end.

The documentation contained in this last book on the Andreasson affair has been the means for probing the many-faceted contents willed to us by the Elders through the medium of The Andreasson Legacy. It should give both reader and researcher alike much to ponder in the truths revealed therein. There is nothing that we can do about death. It will certainly come sooner or later.

Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, an expert on the dying process, observed five stages that patients and their loved ones go through in the dying process: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance.

Despite environmental warnings coming from all corners of the earth and sky, we are, for the most part, in a stage of denial. Admittedly, there are environmentalist individuals and organizations who have passed the first stage. They are angry. They understand the ominous handwriting on the wall. Their efforts at curbing ecological disaster are analogous to the bargaining stage. Some are reaching the depression stage as they see many of their efforts go for naught.

Nonetheless, there is much that still can be done to delay the death of
our slowly dying planet. We owe it not only to ourselves but to our grand-
children and future generations to do our utmost to attempt to heal the
wounds that are causing the “dark spots” on planet earth. This is the
challenge contained within The Andreasson Legacy! Has it come too late
to for us to fulfill it?
Epilogue

I have purposely waited until the Epilogue to comment on several elements that are peripheral but pertinent to the Andresson legacy. The first two items may be rather controversial, and I was hesitant to comment upon them within the main text of the book. The first is in reference to the element of religion in Betty’s experiences, which has been a bone of contention among UFO buffs and researchers alike. The second relates to the UFO phenomenon’s impact upon religion in general. Finally, I will discuss some personal reflections regarding my involvement in the investigation and chronicling of the UFO experiences contained within the overall Andresson affair.

The Religious Element

Betty’s insistence that her experiences are related to her Christian faith has caused much consternation to UFO researchers and UFO buffs alike. They regard these beliefs as uncharacteristic of the UFO phenomenon in general. What can we make of this seemingly aberrant element contained within the Andresson affair?

When asked this question in the past, I have posed four explanatory possibilities.

1. Accommodation: Betty and other abductees are deliberately introducing the religious element and using their abduction accounts as a vehicle to promote their religious beliefs. A number of new-age groups use UFOs and other anomalies to do the very same thing.

2. Superposition: Betty and other abductees are subconsciously overlaying their religious beliefs onto their UFO abduction experiences
to help them cope with what appears to be an insurmountable challenge to their religious belief system.

3. Deception: The alien entities are using the religious beliefs of abductees as part of their control system over the mind and emotions of the abductees.

4. Connection: The UFO phenomenon with its abduction component is connected to Judeo-Christian tradition.

I will leave it up to others to decide which of the above best fits the overall picture of the Andreasson affair. I prefer to remain neutral, although as a Christian, I would be extremely interested in evidence for a connection between my faith and the UFO phenomenon. However, since Betty believes that such a connection exists, I have segregated and listed all major references made by either Betty or reportedly by the aliens as they relate to the Judeo-Christian faiths.

It is interesting to note that in Betty’s preteen and teenage UFO abduction experiences, her accounts are nonreligious in nature. Even when Betty meets the One and the robed entities as a teenager in 1950, neither she nor the entities identifies themselves as divine or angelic in nature.

The first religious element appeared in 1961 when Betty, age twenty-four, was drawn from her home to meet with a tall Watcher in the woods. This entity explicitly identified himself and his mission within the context of Betty’s Christian beliefs. Pertinent excerpts follow, with all religious elements in italics.

The “Sent” One

He has been sent and I am not to fear. The Lord is with me and not to be afraid. . . . They are pleased because I have accepted [Christianity] on my own. . . . To keep my faith for the Lord Jesus is with me. I shall suffer many things . . . but will overcome them through the Son. . . . I have been watched since my beginning. I shall grow naturally and my faith in the Light will bring many others to the Light. . . . The negative voices don’t like it. [They] are against man . . . bad angels that wanted to destroy man . . . because they are jealous . . . of the love that is upon man. [He says] Jesus is with me.

The Phoenix Experience

VOICE[s]: I have chosen you to show the world.

BETTY: Why won’t you tell me why and what for?
VOICE[s]: The time is not yet. It shall come, *that which you have faith in* *that which you trust*.

BETTY: I have faith in Jesus Christ!

VOICE[s]: *We know, child. We know child, that you do. That is why you have been chosen. It is your fear that causes you to feel these things. I can release you, but you must release yourself of that fear through my son.*

The words “through my son” instantly became the catalyst for the most intense religious experience that I have ever witnessed. Betty equated the word *son* with Jesus Christ and the voice with God Himself. Her face literally shone with unrestrained joy as tears streamed down her beaming face.

Oh, praise God, praise God, praise God! [Crying, sobbing.] I know, I know I am not worthy. Thank you for your Son . . . [Uncontrollable sobbing.] Thank you for your Son.

Mere words, even the above summary excerpts from transcriptions, cannot convey what Betty had relived before us. To have both seen and heard Betty was a profound, unique experience. Listening to audio recordings of this segment of her hypnosis session still elicits deep emotions within listeners. Whatever of the four alternatives we may accept regarding the *religious element*, it does appear certain that Betty really believes that it exists.

The next *religious element* did not appear until seventeen years later, during Betty and Bob’s dual OBE abduction in 1978. Even then, it was just a simple reference by an Elder during a teaching discourse with Bob.

The human spirit can evolve. The spirit that gets closer and closer to *the Creator*. That is the ultimate goal.

The next and last obvious *religious element* that appeared in Betty’s UFO experiences occurred during her visit to a huge *mother ship* in outer space in 1988. This is the most striking and explicit example of them all. It came after Betty had watched the *Elders* perform a ceremony to God, whom they called *O*. This confused Betty, because that was certainly not the Christian name for God!

This tall person with white hair . . . said they were ambassadors of *O*—I said, “Who is *O*?” [Pause.] The tall one said that *O* is the
external, internal, eternal presence. What we know is omnipotence, omnipresent. And when I asked them, “Do you know Jesus? Do you know who Jesus is? Jesus Christ, do you know?” And the tall one said, “Yes, he is the hypostasis.” [Betty answered,] “He’s my savior.” And he says, “Yes, I know.”

None of us were familiar with the word hypostasis, although I suppose I should have been. After the session, Betty and Bob went home and looked up its definition. I did the same. We found that its theological meaning had to do with the Christian concept of a triune God. According to The Unabridged Random House Dictionary of the English Language (Second Edition), the definition of hypostasis is:

a. One of the three real and distinct substances in the one individual substance or essence of God.
b. A person of the Trinity.
c. The one personality of Christ in which His two natures, human and divine are united.

What would alarm most people is that if we take the Elders’ statement at face value, then not only are they aware of Betty’s Christian beliefs—they are part of them as well! It is no wonder that UFO researchers balk at the religious element in Betty’s experiences. Their content may offend not only persons of other religious faiths, but those who hold to some aspect of the Judeo-Christian tradition. Most adherents of Judaism and Christianity could not easily accept any connection between the UFO phenomena and their particular well-defined set of religious beliefs.

One of the curious aspects of Betty's linkage of her experiences to the Christian religion is that much of what Betty was reportedly told by the alien entities is not even compatible with Christianity. Much of the message would be considered heresy by fundamentalist and evangelical Christians. In fact, these two branches of Christianity usually brand UFOs and psychic phenomena as works of the Devil himself! How is it that such a message would come through a Conservative Fundamentalist Christian?

Conversely, I continue to ask the same question concerning myself. How is it that I have been documenting material the contents of which run counter to all that I have been taught concerning life, death, and judgment within the context of my Christian faith? Most of my fellow Church members place UFOs, NDEs, and reincarnation within the realm of what they dub “satanic new-age groups”!

Simply speaking, conservative Christianity is strictly an inclusive reli-
gion. It has always taught that eternal life after death comes only through believing that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that He is humankind's Savior and Lord. There is no room for UFOs, NDEs, and reincarnation. The concept of the evolution of humankind's spirit through periodic rebirths runs completely contrary to the heart of the Christian doctrine of the here and hereafter!

For example, each time reincarnation was even suggested by converted pagans in the early Church, it was immediately purged by the Church fathers. It was considered a heathen belief. According to the teachings of Jesus and His Church, there was a Heaven for the faithful and a Hell for nonbelievers—period. Still later, Roman Catholic theologians added the middle ground of "purgatory."

The UFO Phenomenon and Religion

EFFECTS ON RELIGIONS

Many times during a personal conversation or questions during a UFO lecture, TV, or radio show I am asked: "What does this do to religion?"

"What does this do to religion?" is a question that no one person should answer for another. It is a question that must be resolved individually. My retort to such a question would be, "What religion?" and what do you mean by, "What does this do?" This could mean any number of hypotheses suggested for the nature and origin of UFOs.

Each individual has the responsibility for personally evaluating his or her belief system in the light of their preferred hypothesis. Both religion and UFO hypotheses are mostly based upon anecdotal data and personal experience. Thus, any answer to such a question must be based on a "what if" premise. In short, there is yet to be a final answer for this innocent, yet obviously sincere, question because there are so many variables.

CONNECTION TO RELIGION

Having escaped a definitive answer, the question still begs some comment. My commentary shall be abbreviated and is basically for the new reader, as I covered this area quite extensively in Watchers II.

In essence, Betty maintains that her experiences are part of Judeo-Christian tradition. Moreover, if we accept Betty's testimony at face value concerning the aliens' own statements about this—they concur! This being the case, I feel justified in providing some personal speculations on this
aspect of Betty's experiences. But, in doing so, I will remain neutral regarding their validity.

First, I shall assume for argument's sake that biblical reports of aerial phenomena and entities actually occurred as recorded. Secondly, I will only discuss her belief in the light of the UFO/afterlife hypothesis discussed earlier. Basically, is a larval life-form being raised and bred for the next world?

The Old and New Testaments, accompanied by tradition, have provided the foundation for the Judeo-Christian heritage for centuries. For argument's sake, it matters not whether aerial phenomena and celestial entities recorded in the Bible have a divine or other origin. In either case, religion can be used as a system of control over the behavior of humankind.

Humankind controls lower life forms in a number of ways, including the use of fences, buildings, and punishment and reward training. Whether angel, theophany, or other, biblical entities used religious teachings and paranormal displays for physical and moral control over the form of humankind: the very source of their survival.

This would be a relatively simple thing to accomplish with a nontechnical culture. The sight of a huge cylindrical craft would cause reverence and awe. Its occupants with seeming supernaturallike powers could convince them to believe anything.

If we accept Judaism's Old Testament tradition of the cloud cigar and heavenly entities at face value, we already have an example of the above scenario. Christianity and Islam also have similar traditions of aerial objects and entities interfacing with humankind.

In addition to the religious and moral teachings given the Israelites, directives analogous to breeding methodology were imposed upon them. This is significant in light of apparent breeding programs within UFO abduction reports and in light of the UFO/afterlife hypothesis. The UFO entities exhibit an inordinate amount of interest in maintaining the form which becomes them!

The Israelites were told, like some abductees today, that they were "chosen." Heavenly entities, whether angel, theophany, or other, commanded them to separate themselves from the rest of the nations living about them. Breeding (intermarriage) with other peoples was utterly forbidden. Strict health rules and food diet were imposed upon them. These directives, in turn, were governed by a form of strict reward and punishment training.

The above scenario is analogous to how modern breeding programs produce certain forms of animals. Modern breeders would choose some animals from the main herd to prevent interbreeding with outsiders. They,
like the Israelites, would be subjected to rigid sanitary conditions and restricted to a special food diet. The herd's chosen members receive periodic physical examinations. These would include inoculations, blood sampling, biopsies, extraction of sperm and ova, and other operations. Such examinations would be analogous to the UFO abduction experience.

Later, the offspring of the herd would be segregated and bred in an ongoing attempt to produce certain types of progeny: racehorses, show dogs, beef steers, et cetera. Such a long-term breeding program would be similar to the abduction and examination of human family members reported today.

This religious control system has continued into modern times. Modern man has been greatly influenced by such action. Consider the following.

It resembled a plate of silver. . . . It made strange and abrupt movements, outside of all cosmic laws. . . . A very clear disk, which gleamed. [It] . . . stood out clearly in the sky, with a sharp edge, like a large gaming table. . . . It looked like a plate of dull silver. [It] . . . began to . . . shake with abrupt movements, and finally to turn on itself at a dizzying speed while throwing out rays of light . . . . The pearl-like disk had a giddy movement. . . . It turned on itself with impetuous speed . . . took on all the colors of the rainbow [then] blood-red . . . plunged towards the earth threatening to crush us.

The above was published in a Roman Catholic magazine entitled The Fatima Crusader. It records witnesses' descriptions of the Miracle of Fatima at Fatima, Portugal, between March 13 and October 13, 1917.

Included in this miracle was a shining woman dressed in white who ascended from the sky in a "path" (beam?) of light. She said that she was the Virgin Mary and brought a reward and punishment-type message for humankind. The entity foretold the death of one of the three witnesses chosen to hear the message. The prophetic segment of the Fatima message of a "catastrophic change" has received high attention by Pope John Paul II. This in turn is having a great impact upon the theology and policies of the Roman Catholic Church.

Historically, such appearances have affected the belief systems and behaviors of millions of people. Examples include Our Lady of LaSalette, whose appearance instigated a great Roman Catholic Religious order.

On September 19, 1846, a "Beautiful Lady" appeared to [shepherds] watching their herds on a mountainside in the French Alps, near the
town of LaSalette. A globe of blinding light opened to reveal a woman.³

Another example is the Church of Latter-Day Saints, or the Mormon Church. Its origin can be traced to the appearance of an unearthly entity to Joseph Smith at Manchester, New York, in 1820, who reported:

A pillar of light ... above the brightness of the sun ... fell on me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all descriptions, standing above me in the air ... I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase ... A personage appeared beside my bedside, standing in the air for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness.³

The entities identified themselves as God, God's Son, and the angel Moroni. Their messages were the basis for the founding of the Moroni Church.

These accounts read like modern UFO-entity visitation reports! The Fatima and LaSalette events occurred in a cultural setting far removed from high-tech society. Their messages were restricted to the simple religious belief system of the peoples of Fatima and LaSalette.

We see the familiar disk, spectacular maneuvers, and typical falling-leaf descent attributed to modern UFOs at Fatima. All three examples involve "robed entities" that float and messages for humankind. In Watchers II, I advanced the premise that if a given culture's belief system included the story of Dumbo, the powers behind UFOs could easily produce an apparition of a flying elephant as well! Conversely, our technology would be capable of influencing an aboriginal culture in the same way.

Although not equating it with religion, other researchers also speculated along these same lines of reasoning. Linda Howe writes:

Some researchers are convinced that humanity is property—that we belong to something else that ... tests us like lab animals, communicating and controlling us ... The implication is that the chronic harvest of genetic material from earth life, both humans and animals [dates] back to mankind's origins.⁴

Please be assured, I do not mean to denigrate anyone's religious faith. I am neither denying nor advancing the possibility that the phenomenon reported in the Bible, Fatima, or LaSalette had a divine origin. The above
examples are used merely to illustrate how God, God's angels, or other beings could exert such control over the *form* of man.

The above discussion is pure conjecture on my part. It need not discount the validity of the *religious message* of biblical or other heavenly entities. Ultimately, evidences for either are of the same nature. Whether the Lord, Angels, or *others* shepherd the *form* of humankind on earth still remains a matter of faith!

**GROOMED?**

Researching and writing about the experiences of Betty and her family has had a profound effect on me. As I later recorded my own experiences and those of my family in *The Watchers*, I began to see a fuzzy but still distinct pattern emerging. Others, including my peers, had seen this pattern and commented upon it. It was suggested that my experiences and burning interest in UFOs was instigated and controlled by alien intelligences from childhood on.

For years, I thought it presumptuous and the very height of subjectivity to take these comments seriously. Nevertheless, the strange events that occurred during my research and writing made me wonder. These included a feeling of being directed and encouraged through a number of synchronistic happenings. I finally recorded some of these incidents in *The Watchers*.

The crowning synchronism took place after I silently asked for some kind of proof that what I was experiencing and writing about actually reflected reality. The proof seemed to come in the appearance of anomalous *scoop marks* that appeared on both Betty's arm and my leg during the same week that I made my request! The mysterious *scoop* mark appeared overnight on my leg after I dreamed about my leg being operated on during an abduction.

This and a host of other strange personal and family experiences led me to suspect that perhaps what others were telling me was true. Perhaps my long-term interest and published research into UFOs have been instigated and controlled by the entities since childhood. I wanted to find out, but how? Was it possible to ask the UFO entities through Betty?

**CHANNELING?**

Several times during the many hypnosis sessions conducted with Betty over the years, a phenomenon akin to *channeling* occurred. During a session
conducted on July 16, 1977, we attempted to extract information from Betty regarding the contents of a Blue Book temporarily given her by the entities. At the time, Betty was in a very deep state of hypnosis.

When we began our interrogation, her face suddenly became contorted. It looked as if she were struggling against someone or something that was taking control of her speech faculties! Betty answered in a slow deliberate manner punctuated with pauses between her words. Excerpts from this segment of the session follow.

**Betty:** They—have things—in control. . . . They—can make—you—think—one thing—and yet—mean—another—I don’t like them controlling my words!

**Investigator:** Do you feel they are controlling your words now?

**Betty:** They were, and I don’t like it. I don’t like them controlling my hands either. [Sigh.] Oh, my arms and hands.

Betty’s hands and her feet suddenly felt restrained, as they had before on the examination table in the UFO. Her attempt to free them were in vain. Whatever was controlling her voice now had the upper hand. At this point, she started speaking in an unknown language—mechanically, as if someone else were speaking through her. Further attempts to elicit information about the Blue Book were in vain.

I am not an advocate of the so-called channeling craze that exists in some quarters of UFOology. It appears to me that most of it is just a space-age version of what used to be called spiritualism. In the past, channelers brought messages from deceased loved ones. Today, they reportedly bring a number of conflicting discourses from alien entities.

In reality, many of these messages might stem from and be a creation of the subconscious mind. However, I would not completely discount the claims of either spiritualism or channeling. After all, the entities involved in UFO abductions and NDEs employ paranormal powers over humans and communicate by telepathy.

I had an experience similar to channeling that I have mentioned to very few persons. I was a teenager about to commit what I had been taught was an immoral act. Suddenly I was enveloped with an overpowering feeling of pure, unadulterated love. It was the exact same feeling that I had felt when I was visited and taken from my bed by a shining entity as a child.

Instantaneously, I became transfixed. My mouth moved independently of my will. Soft-spoken words came from someone that I could sense was
very concerned about what I was about to do. Whoever or whatever it
was lovingly lecturing me and my female companion at length in a gentle
but firm manner through my vocal chords!

Needless to say, our planned action went no further. The young lady
was terrified and never forgot the incident. I will never forget this expe-
rience, nor the feeling it engendered.

With these things in mind, I asked the hypnotist to attempt to ask the
entities several questions at an opportune time during the series of Phase
Five hypnosis sessions. These questions concerned the great door, animal
mutilations, scoop-mark scars, and, most importantly, where I personally
fit in their scheme of things. He complied and asked these questions in
chronological order.

Excerpts from the results follow. There is no way of knowing for sure
whether Betty’s subconscious or an actual entity was giving the answers.
Betty was told to relax and to allow the beings to speak through her.
Immediately, Betty or the entity began speaking in an unknown language
similar to Glossalalia or speaking in tongues.

**ENTITY** [?] [Begins to speak in tongues.]

**QUESTION:** Could you translate that?

**ENTITY** [?] [Continues to speak in tongues.]

**QUESTION:** Could you say that to me in a way that I could better
appreciate what you are saying?

**ENTITY** [?] The world is seeking answers. [Pause.] They do not
believe. [Pause.]

**QUESTION:** They do not believe?

**ENTITY** [?] [Speaks in tongues and then interprets.] Disbelief has
caused chaos.

**QUESTION:** [Long pause.] Disbelief. [Long pause.] We have come
to many [Pause.] and bring peace [Pause.] but there is destruction.
[Pause.] Man does not know himself. [Pause.] And because he does
not know himself, [Pause.] he does not know the One....

**QUESTION:** What were you hoping to say through Betty or were
hoping that Betty would say through you?

**ENTITY** [?] Honesty [Pause.], love.... [Pause, then slowly and
deliberately.] We—have—cared—for—the—human—race—more—
than—they—ever—could—possibly—realize.

**QUESTION:** For how long?

**ENTITY** [?] [Speaks in tongues.] We—have—cared—since—
the—beginning.

**QUESTION:** The beginning of our time?
ENTITY [?] [Long pause.] Yes.

QUESTION: And you were there for what purpose?

ENTITY [?] To—watch—over. Take—care—of—natural—form—nature. [Long pause.] We—check—the—growth—the—balance—the light within.

QUESTION: What powers, what specific, definable powers do you possess?

ENTITY [?] From—the—Source—we—receive—powers ... controls—over—nature. The—earth—intelligence—works—with—us.

QUESTION: Does that mean that you need the Earth?

ENTITY [?] As—Watchers. Yes.

QUESTION: Why do you need Earth?

ENTITY [?] For—our—form. For—our—work. Our—assignment.

QUESTION: Why? Are there other places you could have gone?

ENTITY [?] This—is—our—assignment. [Pause.] This—is—our—care.

QUESTION: What exactly is “the great door”?

ENTITY [?] The great door is the entrance to the One. [Begins to whisper in tongues.]

QUESTION: Do you experiment or take products from cattle?

ENTITY [?] We—check—animals—for—the—environment. We—are—curious—how—certain—things—have—developed. [Long pause.] We—check—man. How—much—light—source.

QUESTION: When will the great door be opened?

ENTITY [?] The—great—door—has—opened.

QUESTION: Who is the One?

ENTITY [?] [Long pause.] Those—who—enter—shall—know.

QUESTION: Who will enter the door?

ENTITY [?] Those—with—faith—and—love.

QUESTION: What are the scoop marks that people find? Marks that look like someone has scraped someone for a sample, perhaps.

ENTITY [?] We—take—pieces—of—skin—tissue—with—blood. Small. We—check—pigmentation—hormones—in—the—blood ... the—pituitary—gland. We—check—moisture—present—energy—radiation—of—light. The—health—of—the—cells—show—us—the—messages. We—check—the—pigmentation. It shows—also—in—the—blood ... the hormones ... how—reproductive—the—individual—is.
Then, finally, my personal sixty-four-thousand dollar question was asked. The answer was short and concise. Nothing more was forthcoming.

**QUESTION:** Where does Ray Fowler figure in on the aliens’ plan?

**ENTITY** [?] Raymond Fowler has—been—groomed—from—the—beginning—to—bring forth.

“Groomed”? For one moment, I forgot the wealth of evidence and correlative data for the Andreasson affair and began to wonder if Betty and I were living in some kind of a fantasy world! For, if this were true, where did my free will play into all of this? Such foreknowledge and interference in human affairs reported in UFO and near-death experiences implied an intimate knowledge and control of some people’s lives.

**Closing Thoughts**

Is Betty’s channeled statement about my being groomed a product of her own mind? Was she influenced by knowledge of my UFO-related background? Or, have I actually been groomed, as Betty was chosen, to serve the purposes of the entities behind the UFO phenomenon? I find the latter possibility hard to fathom. Such a suggestion is fantastic. But, for that matter, so is the phenomenon and so is its message.

I think back to the synchronistic meeting of two UFO witnesses in Florida: Betty and Bob Luca. I contemplate the synchronistic meeting of two others who encountered UFOs on Mount Desert Island several decades before UFOs became a modern byword: my own mother and father. My mind’s eye travels back to my very first childhood encounters and then back through time. I keep trying to fathom all that has taken place in my life and that of the Andreasson and Fowler families since I met Betty. Looking back over *The Andreasson Legacy*, it appears as if a giant jigsaw puzzle of interlocking pieces has been put together slowly and methodically toward a desired end: the message.

Is the evolutionary pattern that I perceive of my own making, or is it the step-by-step plan of alien entities to bring their message to the world? Have I spent nearly twenty years documenting sophisticated delusions from the intricate abilities of the human mind, or have I been actually chosen to be the human chronicler of the self-named Elders? Years ago, to consider the latter would have been absolutely ludicrous to me. On the one hand, part of me says that it is still is the height of absurdity to believe
such things. On the other hand, another part continues to gaze in wonder over a well-defined patterned stream of fantastic events against the backdrop of the environmental dangers threatening our world.

When doubts prevail, I think of the typical scoop marks on the legs of my father, brother, his son, and myself—the very scars that appear on Betty, Bob, Becky, Jean, and numerous other abductees. I pull up my pant leg and gaze at the still clearly defined scoop mark on my leg. I can see it, I can touch it—it's real—and I wonder.
# Appendix A

*List of Hypnosis Sessions*

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## Clock Phenomena Chart

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<p>| Sep 27   |      |      |      | X    |      | abduc-dream |
| Oct 7    |      |      |      | X    |      | possible missing time |
|          | 10   |      |      |      |      | command to open my eyes |
|          | 27   |      |      |      |      | command to see 5:55 on clock |
| Nov 4    |      |      |      | X    |      | wife left bed for bathroom |
| Nov 10   |      |      |      | X    |      |       |
| Nov 18   |      |      |      | X    |      | tingle/wife dream: 2 wolves |
| Nov 26   |      |      |      | X    |      | tingle sensation/time-gap? |
| Nov 28   |      |      |      | X    |      | dream: operation/scoop mark |
| Nov 29   |      |      |      | X    |      |       |
| Dec 2    |      |      |      | X    | X    | possible missing time |
| Dec 5    |      |      |      | X    |      |       |
| Dec 6    |      |      |      | X    |      |       |
| Dec 11   |      |      |      | X    |      |       |
| Dec 18   |      |      |      | X    |      | fresh scab on back of neck |
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- Typical tingling sensation
- Awoke 11:11/had flying dream
- Impression to "look at clock"
- First day/night nostril sore
- Sore area behind testicles
- Hard blow to buttocks
- Viewed clock outside bed
- During day/polvergeist?
- Heard buzzing sound that a.m.
- New scab on back of neck
- Strange bodily sensations
- Strange position/flying dream
- While camping in tent
- Next day/gouges on buttocks
- Typical tingling sensation
- Wife jolted upright in bed
- Hard blow to buttocks
- Violent movement/neck whiplash
- A bell: 1:11, buzz sound: 4:44
### Appendix B

#### 1994

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<th>1:11</th>
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#### 1995

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**Stimulus**

- **March 1995**
  - Apr 2: X
  - Apr 8: X
  - Apr 9: X
  - Apr 11: X
  - Apr 14: X
  - Apr 17: X
  - Apr 19: X
  - Apr 21: X
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  - May 30: X
  - June 5: X
  - June 15: X
  - June 18: X
  - June 29: X
  - June 30: X
  - July 1: X
  - July 4: X
  - July 8: X
  - July 9: X
  - July 19: X
  - Aug 12: X
  - Aug 13: X
  - Aug 16: X

- **Stimulus Description**
  - Had floating dream
  - Smear of blood on sheet
  - Awakened by soft ringing bell
  - Awoke at 11:11 in evening also
  - Felt floating into my head
  - Awoke at 11:11 in evening also
  - Blood stains on pillow/pain in testical cord area again

*(Visited England. Cannot see clock at night but glanced at my watch many times during the day when digits were lined up.)*
### STIMULUS

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*awoke at 11:11 in evening also*

dreamt being put back in bed
APPENDIX C

Sample of Becky (Andreasson) Smallwood's Automatic Writing

[Handwritten text]

Rebecca Andreasson

[More handwritten text]

Rebecca Andreasson

[More handwritten text]
NOTES

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1. Mutual UFO Network, 103 Oldtowne Road, Sequin, TX 78155.

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1. Personal files (the author's).

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2. Ibid.
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Chapter 6


Chapter Seven


Chapter Eight


Chapter Nine


Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven


Chapter Thirteen


Chapter Fifteen

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5. Ibid., pp. 168, 170, 171.
8. Ibid., p. 58.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid., pp. 58, 59.
11. Ibid., p. 59.
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15. Ibid., pp. 8–10.
17. Ibid., p. 16.
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22. Ibid., pp. 21–23.

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1. Bullard, Thomas E., UFO Abductions: The Measure of a Mystery (The Fund for UFO Research, P.O. Box 277, Mt. Rainier, MD 20712; 1987), p. 52.
2. Ibid., p. 49.
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14. Ibid.
23. Ibid., pp. 292, 293.

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1. The Fatima Crusader (Constable, NY 12926: Servants of Jesus and Mary, Fatima House, R.D. #1, Box 281), undated special introductory issue.
2. Brochure (Ipswich, MA 01938: The National Shrine of Our Lady of La Salette), undated.
• LIST OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND FIGURES •

Photo 1. Typical scoop mark on Abductee I (male).
Photo 2. Typical scoop mark on Abductee II (female).
Photo 3. Typical scoop mark on Abductee III (male).
Photo 4. Typical scoop mark on Abductee IV (male).
Photo 5. Typical scoop mark on Abductee V (male).
Photo 6. Typical scoop mark on Abductee VI (Bob Luca).
Photo 7. Typical scoop mark on Abductee VII (male).
Photo 8. Typical scoop mark on Abductee VIII (Jack Weiner).
Photo 9. Typical scoop mark on Abductee IX (author's father).
Photo 10. Typical scoop mark on Abductee X (author).
Photo 11. Typical scoop mark on Abductee XI (author's brother).
Photo 12. Typical scoop mark on Abductee XII (author's brother's son).

Figure 1. Entity appears in a light by Becky's crib.
Figure 2. Entity takes Becky from crib and floats her to a UFO.
Figure 3. Entity puts Becky in chair and sprays her with a mist.
Figure 4. Entity dresses Becky with a white garment and booties.
Figure 5. Abductee Nadine Fryberg with toys onboard the UFO.
Figure 6. Abductee Peter plays with bubbles onboard the UFO.
Figure 7. Becky before a screen and console onboard the UFO.
Figure 8. Toys played with by Becky, Nadine, and Peter on UFO.
Figure 9. Becky and Nadine made to sit on bench aboard the UFO.
Figure 10. Entity makes an incision in Becky's ankle on the UFO.
Figure 11. Symbols on a door in the UFO remembered by Becky.
Figure 12. Entity returns Becky home and is invisible to Betty.
Figure 13. Iska has brown-red hair, white skin, and pretty eyes.
Figure 14. Iska comforts Becky when left alone by grandfather.
Figure 15. Iska operates on Becky's hand on hill near her home.
Figure 16. A ball of light approaches and cuts Becky's finger.
Figure 17. Becky protected from a creature by a beam of light.
Figure 18. Strange creature that confronted Becky in bedroom.
Figure 19. Becky watches her mother with the "little clay men."
Figure 20. Alien amuses Becky while guarding paralyzed family.
Figure 21. Becky at console learning the alien language.
Figure 22. A cylinder emitting mist that Becky saw on the UFO.
Figure 23. Alien instructs Becky at the alien learning center.
Figure 24. A training console at the alien learning center.
Figure 25. Large glass tubes in a room near the learning center.
Figure 26. Disk on a track conveys Becky to a transport device.
Figure 27. Jessup probes Becky's body with a lighted device.
Figure 28. Sample of alien writing on an alien training console.
Figure 29. Rooms Becky toured and the transporting light beam.
Figure 30. Small boxlike device that entered Betty's bedroom.
Figure 31. Author's father hit by lightning at naval station.
Figure 32. Entities that appeared to author's father during NDE.
Figure 33. Author's father during OBE over Mount Desert Island.
Figure 34. Jean abducted to be with her alien hybrid children.
Figure 35. Bob Luca's alien hybrid son.


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**Teacher**

“An outstanding UFO investigator. I know of no one who is more dedicated, trustworthy, or persevering.”

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