

The Diaries and Recollections of an Alien Abductee

By Hilary Porter

©Copyright of H. Porter

Dear reader, the following information is taken from the diary entries of my strange life involving alien contact and investigation.

List of Contents:

[Hiding the Truth in Plain Sight](#)

[My Background](#)

[They Seem to Have Been Watching Over Me Since Birth](#)

[Even Farnborough's Airman Saw The \[Oval UFO\] 'Craft'](#)

[1955](#)

[1962](#)

[The End of March 1964](#)

[18 Years Young](#)

[Understanding Bedroom Abduction by The Alien Greys... The Way Forward](#)

[1966 and My Next Few Years of High-Strangeness](#)

[In August 1969](#)

[The 23rd of December 1969](#)

[Holiday in Ireland Early September 1970 – My Return to Abduction](#)

[July 1971](#)

[February 9th 1972](#)

[Jarred Horror](#)

[Early June of 1973](#)

[Evening of April 3rd, 1974](#)

[March 1975](#)

[Spring 1975](#)

[Can UFOs Crash?](#)

[Poltergeist Effects](#)

[August 1977](#)

[Mid-October 1978 - Burned!](#)

[During the Summer of 1978](#)

[16th of January 1979](#)

[June 1979](#)

[September 1979](#)

[April 1980: My Encounter - A Tall, Black-Clad Alien](#)

[July 20, 1980](#)

[Early October 1982](#)

[Late November 1982](#)

[June 1983](#)

[In the Late 1980's](#)

[Late 1980's And Into the 90's](#)

[Mid-1990's - 'The Magic Kingdom'](#)

[In the Summer of 1993](#)

[Back in the 1990's](#)

[Fly at Your Own Risk!](#)

[10th October 1994](#)

[Late February 1995](#)

[The Spring of 1995 - Supernatural Happenings?](#)

[Friday Night - 14th July 1995](#)

[Early Hours of October 18th 1995](#)

[8th of May 1996: Things are Now Getting Really Serious!](#)

[September 25th, 1996](#)

[The Night of The Manta Ray Visitation](#)

[December 16th, 1996](#)

[Early Hours of Boxing Day Morning 1996](#)

[May 1st, 1997, 9.20pm](#)

[A Very Wet June 1997](#)

[On One of the Drier Nights in June 1997](#)

[December 1997](#)

[1998 \(In brief - Unsure of the Exact Month\)](#)

[In July 98'](#)

[At the End of October 1998](#)

[Early Monday morning 1st September 1999](#)

[In Mid-January 2000](#)

[On April 3rd, 2000](#)

[2004: A True and Accurate Report of a Probable Ghost Encounter in Farnham, Surrey](#)

[Easter Saturday 6th April 2007 – A Marvellous Experience](#)

[20132005: 'This Morning' Interview Regards Stained Abduction Jumper](#)

[September 07, 2015: Videoed! Highly Unusual Craft Captured Over 'The Magic Kingdom'](#)

[Around October 2015](#)

[30th/31st of July - Running into August 1, 2016: Was This to be My Final Alien Encounter?](#)

[Checklist: A Summary of What to Expect Regarding Alien Abduction](#)

[November 14, 2018](#)

[Early December 2018: A Summary](#)

[Late December 2018: Whatever Happened to QinetiQ?](#)

As Sherlock Holmes said, "when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth." End quote.

Now I will add, even though that 'truth' may fly in the face of logic, common sense and scientific thought.

Based on my own studies and experiences, here are what I suggest that many of the finest reported UFO sightings might involve:

- UAP – Unidentified, Natural Earth & Aerial Phenomena (still, largely unexplained).
- Proto entities (primitive aerial lifeforms; giant, but short-lived amoeboid type creatures).
- Multidimensional or trans-dimensional forms/apparitions/'visitors'.
- Off-planet objects – craft and intelligences.

It is the last two mentioned categories of UFO, and the entities who are responsible for such phenomena, that I have had contact with, on-and-off, throughout much of my life.

-Hiding the Truth in Plain Sight-

Many of you who have followed the UFO and alien abduction situation, may have seen me on TV occasionally. I am Hilary Porter, vice chairman of B.E.A.M.S. - The British Earth and Aerial Mystery Society; I am a lifelong Alien abductee and phenomena experiencer; in addition to the aforementioned, I also work as a volunteer alien abduction counsellor, and have done so for the last 20 years; about which, I will tell you more in a later chapter.

Whenever I am invited on to a television chat show, I rarely get much time to speak... and sometimes I wonder why I even bother; who is really taking notice of what I am saying anyway?

Really, all the audience wants to watch is a heated argument or exchange; or better still, someone to have a good laugh at.

But I do not care about all of those silly games, my agenda is simply to fly the flag for Ufology and alien abductees from every part of the British Isles and also the world at large.

As you will probably be aware, on this sort of TV programme there is always *someone*... some eye-roller, usually a sceptical psychologist, who is an 'expert' on testing paranormal claims... just ready to gun me, and others like me, down; but backstage in the 'green room', the waiting area where guests meet up a while before the show begins, I always make a point of telling any trained non-believers who are present there, all about my alien abduction experiences; and invariably, when they've heard what I've been through, they usually end-up admitting, that sleep paralysis alone, is unlikely to be the cause.

Many professional sceptics on these shows actually seem to take what I tell them backstage very seriously; but when the topic of sleep paralysis comes up in the actual on-air interview, so far, only one person has had the guts to stress, that in Hilary's case, she is different; abduction IS taking place, but in a

different way than most people would imagine.

Sleep paralysis, is a known, documented condition; this is when someone consciously awakens from sleep during the night, but their body is completely immobilised; yes, that is a nice, tidy, little description for sure, yet, it's narrative only tells half the story; for, when it comes to abductees, sleep paralysis and hypnogogic states are only the symptoms, NOT the cause!

Such discrete understanding of my circumstances by several acclaimed UFO sceptics, could hopefully, one day in the future, open a very important door for all genuine abductees; so far though, that *door* remains securely locked and bolted.

To those critics out there who have been trying to stifle this situation with the, "it's only sleep paralysis" routine, well, I have called your bluff; yet, they ARE half-right concerning the 'sleep' part, because indeed, that is when most abduction scenarios DO occur, during sleep; but I will soon address a fundamental problem... such as, just how CAN the alien greys take people like us without anyone else knowing? without eye-witnesses seeing victims being floated out of their beds, through closed windows, and up to a waiting craft... of which naturally, there are NO credible reports.

Now, please remember that when I talk about this, I am ONLY referring to bedroom abduction scenarios by the so-called greys... the most common type of being described by people who claim to have been abducted by aliens; the greys are generally three to four feet high, with a slim body, skinny neck, a large head, and huge, black, tilted, almond-shaped eyes.

Make no mistake, I have no doubt that PHYSICAL abduction by other alien entities DOES happen, (most notably by the reptilians, who are a much rarer type) but such incidents would most likely take place in an OUTDOOR situation; here, the question is, just how do these grey beings get into our bedrooms, undetected by other possible family members in the same home, and do what they do?

It seems impossible!

I make this clear distinction, because early memories later partially regained, show me that I myself, was abducted as a child while out playing, on at least several occasions; these seem to be clear-cut cases of physical snatching; and the creature who carried me off then was conspicuously reptilian-looking, although of relatively small stature.

I've seen material UFO craft as well, plenty of times... but, I have good reason to accept that certain species of alien have the ability to dematerialize themselves, and their vehicles, into energy; then in real time, they can reconvert back into matter when necessary.

This may sound like something from the annals of science fiction; and indeed, sci-fi writers have previously adopted the same reasoning, but that doesn't mean to say that some of their proposals aren't correct; and after having been through what I've been through, and from what I've been shown, a limited amount of their futuristic concepts make perfectly good sense to me.

With the usual scientifically-schooled cynic on these television programmes, I sometimes suspect that a number of them ARE aware of the REAL truth concerning alien abductions... it's just that they are sworn to secrecy; and when they claim that sleep paralysis is the answer, they are not exactly lying, (not 100%

anyway) ... what they claim is only a part-truth... a crafty deception; it is rather like the classic Freemasonic saying 'therein lies the truth'.... or to look at it another way, the hidden meaning of this phrase is THEREIN (AMONGST THE LIES) IS THE TRUTH!

How can I be so sure? because my friends, I have studied Illuminati and Freemasonic ritual in some depth... and apart from the above, they use other double-speak phrases as I call them, such as 'a wise man hears one word and understands two'; and 'be wrong with confidence' is yet another example of their strange reasoning.

These people are what one might call state-approved lackeys, (and handsomely-paid ones at that) doing the will of their masters; they HIDE THE TRUTH IN PLAIN SIGHT... right under our very noses; they work according to the premise of how the masses are ignorant, who only deserve to be deceived; something the 'Sheeple' (as David Icke rightly calls those who are easily-led) respond to very well.

Please don't get me wrong, I'm not entirely critical of such organizations, far from it; I understand that the Freemasons for example, do some admirable work for charity... it's just that those in the higher chapters have to adhere to their vows of secrecy; and when it comes to the UFO and Alien topic, I know that there is a well-orchestrated government agenda at work to debunk and ridicule the subject, wherever and whenever possible, in our Illuminati-controlled mainstream media; and it's figures like the resident UFO sceptics on these TV chat shows, who are the helmsmen; they steer the conversation the way they want it to go; after all, they have a job to do and vows to keep!

I am not being harsh by saying these things, and I fully understand why they HAVE to do, what they do.

Allowing public awareness about the existence of aliens and UFOs could be dangerous, and thus, keeping certain things secret may well be for our own good.

Make no mistake, it is all very cleverly executed, this whole media downgrading and trivialization of alien abduction, designed I suspect, to mislead people into underestimating the seriousness of the entire phenomenon.

Disinformation is now spreading like wildfire through areas of broadcasting, publishing and the Internet; therefore the public should not just blindly trust what they are told (or should that be sold?).

Only the other day, I heard that a 'fake news' debunking team is to be set up by the BBC to tackle a recent increase in false news stories appearing across the web; indeed, the corporation has officially confirmed their plan; but surely then, this great manipulator of the British populace, operating on behalf of the elite classes, will now have to look very closely at itself and some of the propaganda it presents!

Of course, it won't, what the BBC says is like the word of God. (but which God?)

And don't even get me started on those UFO documentaries they provide on channels like Discovery; on which they very rarely, if ever, have real witnesses, or show real UFO footage on this type of presentation... it's all actors, CGI and engineered hype.

Truth-is, these state approved programmes are little more than reality TV vehicles to carry advertising; they are entertaining rather than informative; they tell the viewer as little as possible; it's all air pie stuff for the subservient masses... a pastry case with hardly any filling!

As I say, when the so-called 'experts' speak of sleep paralysis and hypnogogic states, they are merely scratching the surface... and later in my work, I promise to reveal what I think, REALLY happens to abductees!

Putting this book together has been most difficult for me for various reasons... my severe Dyslexia being the main drawback; then there were the gremlins; initially I tried to write this back in 2003, (twice in fact on the computer), only to have my partly finished manuscripts vanish both times; and I DO mean that literally! Vanished, no sign of them anywhere... nothing backed-up - it was a complete mystery.

Anyway, I chalked that disaster down to experience to being something of a computer dummy due to my age; but I was determined to see things through and get my lifetime of high-strangeness UFO and alien abduction events told in all their entirety - and so I continued and here we are today.

I have used the Microsoft document grammar and spell checker to help me quite a bit, but please forgive me if there are still remaining errors... especially on the punctuation side of things – double or single quotations? Too many commas perhaps, and sometimes in the wrong places? – not sure.

Fortunately I have kept detailed written diaries of my experiences over the years; some entries were made at the time when I was of an age to do so, (namely through my teenage years onwards), while others notes have been later added from memory... with everything recently transcribed to PC, written the best that I can.

-My Background-

Despite having reading and writing problems I was gifted in other ways; I wanted to go to art school and I gained an entry pass, but my Mother wouldn't allow that; so I had to take a job, and she found one for me in electronics; about 2 years later, I signed up to go to the Farnborough College of Technology, where I learned touch-typing, and also got an A-level in anatomy.

The high standard of artwork that I began producing meant that I gradually became noticed by my employers, and eventually they offered me a job as a trainee draughtswoman; it was hard work but I made the grade: I was only one of a tiny number of females in the entire company and my freehand artistic skills were always in demand; I worked for Marconi Space and Defence Ltd Frimley, but more about this weird and wonderful place in a later chapter.

For the last 20 years I have been a voluntary Alien Abduction Counsellor, and I have helped many clients; I found that the abduction phenomenon goes right across the social spectrum; from those high up in government through to University lecturers, teachers, students and the ordinary man/woman on the street.

I live in Farnborough, birthplace of British Aviation and the R. A. E. - the Royal Aircraft Establishment, a place highly significant to some of the experiences I have had, about which I even received actual verification from two retired airmen there.

I was born just after the second world war and lived in Cove, Farnborough, not far from the R.A.E.; our home was on an estate of prefabs, and about a mile or so from where we were located was what is known as RAFborough, where the RAF personnel lived; back then, nearly every family in and around

those parts, including mine, were employees working for the Ministry of Defence.

I was lucky to be alive as I was the result of a difficult breech birth, born 3 weeks early in a nursing home in central Farnborough and put in an oxygen tent for a while.

It was only fairly recently, that my Mother opened up to me with a stunning revelation; that from birth till I was well in my 4th year, she went through a nightmare experience as I was being 'taken' by the alien intruders; she explained how this happened; she was put in a state of paralysis which was swiftly followed by temporary amnesia, where she was unable to move or cry out for help, even though she could see me being abducted by these shadowy figures.

It took her a great deal of courage to speak about what happened; she was totally ashen faced as she described what she had been through, shaking the whole time. I often wondered 'where was my Mummy?... now I knew; Mum hadn't gone anywhere; it was ME having been stolen away from HER; these were actual abductions by alien kidnappers.

So, apart from my recall, is there any other basic evidence for my contact with these other-worldly beings? Indirectly, yes.

I can say this with great certainty, that depending on one's situation, (such as where one is at the time) whether in bed at home or outdoors for example, such events often happen on a different atomic/molecular vibratory level to our physical sphere; so obviously, in such circumstances one is never going to come back from an abduction craft with the proverbial alien ashtray... for want of a better description.

From my experience, alien abduction and contact events are often far more esoteric... 'spiritual' even; when this happens, one enters a dimension where nothing has conventional solid mass; a place where nothing physical exists... or could exist.

-They seem to have been watching over me since birth -

But in my case, an exception seems to have been made... I DO have some 'smoking gun' evidence from these normally super-secretive, ethereal entities.

Those behind this whole phenomenon, have thankfully permitted me to keep, (or inadvertently left behind) a visual reminder of my earliest experiences with the 'visitors', because I have some very weird Christening photographs to suggest that 'they' were interested in me (or watching over me) from birth!

A pretty typical gathering for such an occasion; my family and Godparents are assembled outside St Peters Church Farnborough... nothing special at first glance; but look closer at these sepia images; on one there is a strange cowed or hooded figure forming between my Father and one of my Godmothers; and I as the baby am looking straight at it!

On another shot, a stream of what appears to be an ectoplasmic-like energy flow is clearly seen traveling from my Godmother's fingertips to this apparition; I believe she acted as a channel or conduit for conveying this psychic manifestation, thus allowing it to be photographed.

We have had these photos professionally analysed; they are not double negatives, emulsion flaws or

anything like that; they are real and completely unexplainable images. [Please go to the following address for more about this <http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/sept26.html>]



Of course, I can't quite think back in my mind to babyhood with any great clarity, but I can usefully remember to around 3 years old; this was the beginning of my bedroom visitations; these long-robed figures would just walk straight through the bedroom wall.

At the time, I was far too young to be aware of danger; communication was telepathic between us; they seemed friendly and even bought 'toys' for me to play with; these were not the exact-same type of toys that kids amuse themselves with here on earth; for instance, there was the multi-coloured glowing orb, about the size of a tennis ball, which no one actually touched; it floated alongside the beings, then it floated towards me; telepathically I was told to move my hand up and down; this, in turn, made the ball

go up and down! knowing what I do now, I feel this was a kind of plasma ball, as it had energies that swirled around inside.

I found this item very amusing, and it became increasingly easier for me to cause this magical orb to fly all over the place, without touch; then on other occasions, these night visitors lit my bedroom wall up like a cinema screen and showed me many things... muddling scenes of which, through my later flashbacks, I can now identify as past struggles on earth and a future yet to come.

Naturally, this went right over my tiny head at the time; I was far too adolescent to understand what was going on; but now I realize, that way back then, I had been subconsciously absorbing all of this imagery for later recall in adult life.

Then on another occasion, they would come to visit me and bring with them a pyramid-shaped toy; and with it, you could do the same hand movements as with the ball, to control it remotely, but, this one could tumble over and over AND spin at the same time!

It is curious how I can only remember these specific things, while other memories are seemingly blocked, and still are to this day, many decades later.

My Mother became tearful, as she tried explaining to me just how I would be taken away from her; she says, it all began with an imaginary friend of mine that I called 'Manny Man', who, I often seemed to be talking to in the garden while sitting on the step, outside the kitchen window.

Mum assumed that this must have been a childish fantasy, so, did not worry about it too much; but after a month or so, she began to experience something altogether more concerning.

She described curious episodes of being 'put out' while still conscious of her surroundings, totally unable to move or speak, yet with her eyes open; in effect, she was forced to endure the dread of watching, as small, shadowy figures would enter our house and lead me away.

As I was so young, the garden had been heavily shored-up by my parents, so I could not possibly get out on my own, yet, still, I went missing!

I shall never know the precise location of where I was initially conveyed to, but apparently, when one of my parents searched for me, I was often found wandering about in RAFborough, where the Airman lived.

With no one around to help me, and too young to know where I was, I just felt helpless; but happily, after a while, my Mother would always show up on her bicycle, then tell me off for going astray, and put me in the child seat on the back of her bike and head for home.

This worrying situation happened on a number of occasions; there were times when Mum was very angry and would smack my legs, shouting at me for being naughty and getting out of the garden, with me unable to tell her that I didn't run away... I was taken!

Now, after her admission of how she had been 'put out' during these abduction episodes, I can understand how frightened and powerless she must have been. Now, the picture-puzzle, comprised of fragmented memories and visual clues is becoming clearer.

Late Summer of 1951, at the age of five I dimly recall seeing something exciting through the kitchen window; I watched, as a disc-like craft proceeded to land nearby in a large field in the centre of Cove.

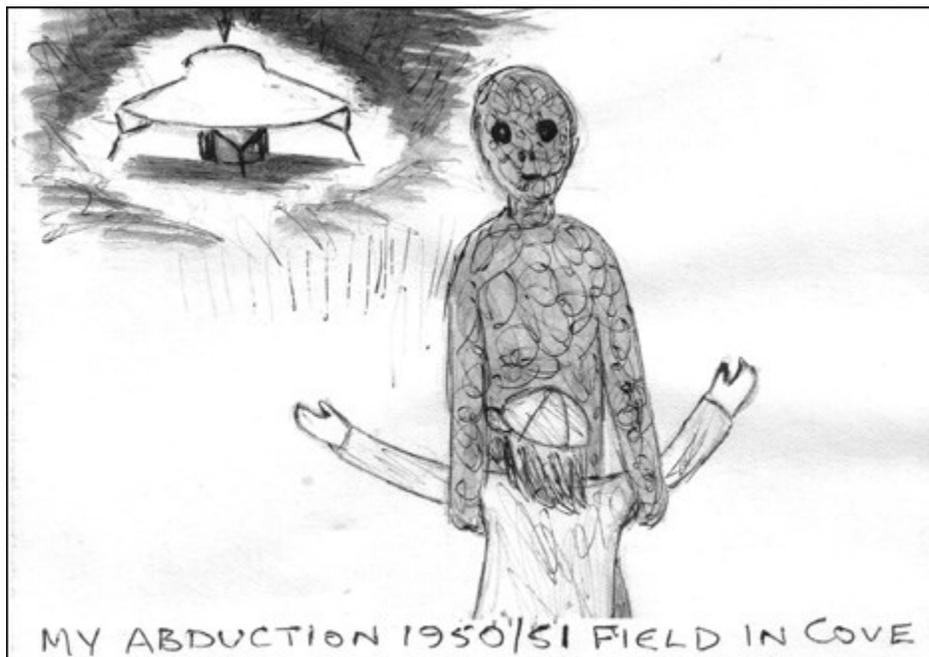
I recollect playing in that very field, as it was near our home.

Thanks, I believe, to my lifelong interaction with the other-worldly entities, I later had more vivid flashbacks of that period, in addition to my distant memory retentions; these enabled me to undergo a sort of mental time travel; one scene shows me walking to the bottom of our road to the other entrance of this land; there, a big thick hedge ran down one side of this open space; carefully, I peeked around the hedge; not far away on the ground, sat this sizable, white, saucer-shaped craft; I crouched down so I would not be seen by anyone, (or so I thought) hidden by the long grass in this field.

I hid, sometimes popping my head up to get a better look at this round disc... then I began to move forward.

These later mental flashbacks showed me how I hadn't gone very far, when, what I can now identify as a reptilian being blocked my path, standing right in front of me!

I can't remember all of the details of exactly how it looked at the time, but the only way I can explain it, was that the being resembled a tortoise somewhat, (minus the shell of course) with slightly scaly skin and with a height of around 5 feet.

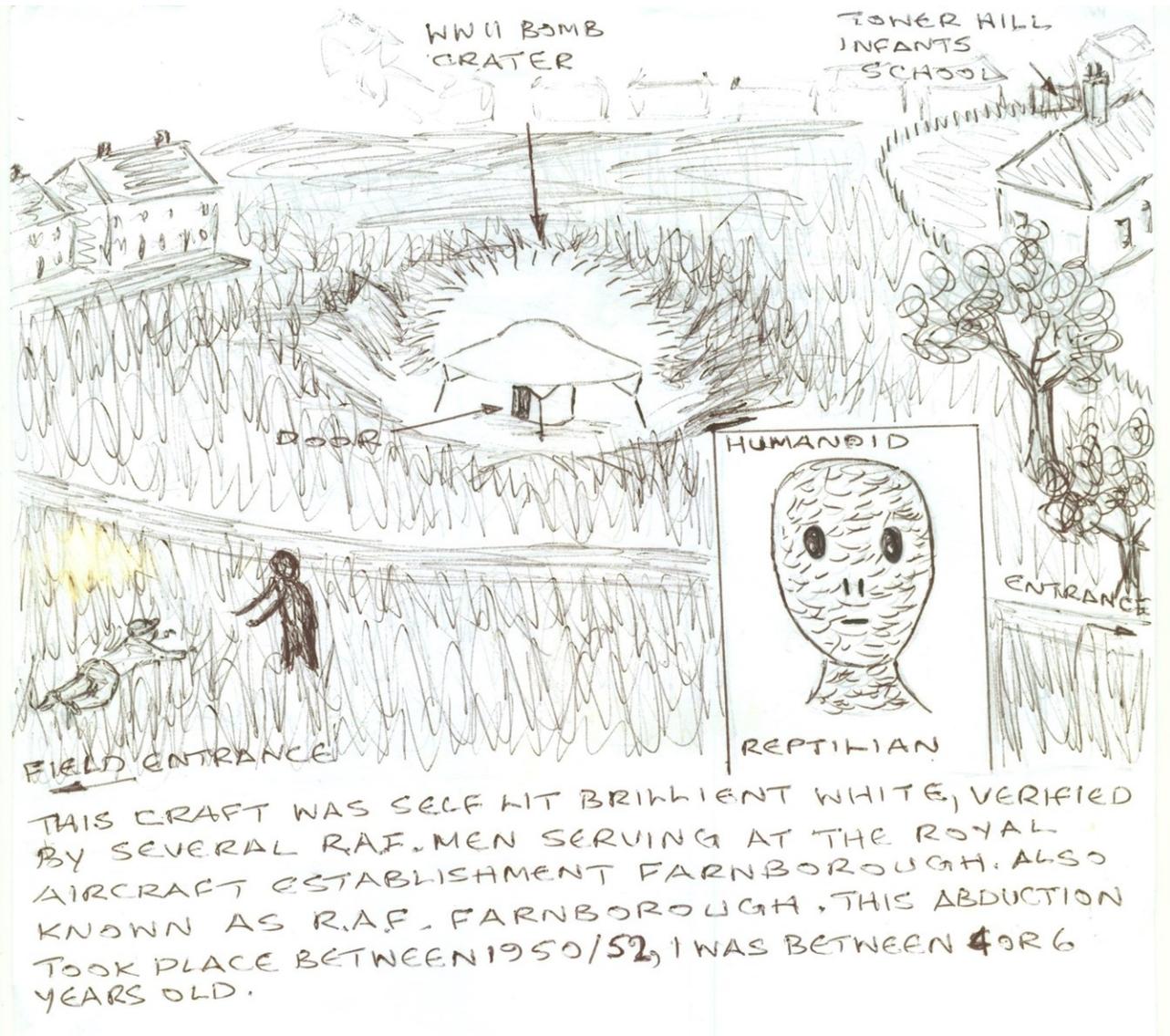


This creature grabbed my arms and roughly dragged me over the ground; it pulled me underneath the saucer, into a large round tube that was pointing down vertically, which automatically closed as we entered.

Inside the ship it was completely dark; we came up into a large round chamber which was also in darkness; I soon realized that these beings don't need light to function, and the only light there came from what I now know as control consoles, with coloured lights flashing on them.

I could make out figures moving back and forth, blocking the lights every few seconds as they went past the consoles; then, next thing knew, I was being stripped of my clothes and thrown onto a cold surface.

A sharp instrument was prodding my legs which really hurt, and I started screaming; to this very day, and although quite faint now, I still bare a roundish scar on the outer part of the calf of my left leg!





-Even Farnborough's Airman Saw 'The Craft'-

The aforementioned incident has been verified for me by the observations made by two highly trained British airman, (along with the slightly later testimonies of several other RAF eyewitnesses), who saw what seems to be the very same UFO craft that I had been taken on to.

Their accounts concern various disc sightings made over the Farnborough R.A.E., way back in 1950 and again 1951, a similar time and location to my own encounter; something happened to these men while they were working on the R.A.E. airfield... something that they would never forget; but this confirmation took some 50 years to come to light, when it was broadcast on TV Channel 5; the programme was called 'Britain's Secret UFO Hunters'.

To quote some of what was said, I now refer to a transcript concerning the 'UFO Files', an important book written by Dr. David Clarke which covers this true story ...

The basics of all the accounts given by these airmen are fairly similar in their sighting descriptions, so, for reasons of time, I shall be focusing here on just one of the witnesses, Wing Commander Stan Hubbard, a wartime bomber pilot who went on to test experimental jet aircraft.

Stan recalls a particular August morning in 1950: "I had been away for three weeks out West and I had come back the previous day. I had flown a Fiesler Storch [WW2 German reconnaissance plane] back from as far West as you can go without getting your feet wet! The top speed is about 75 mph. It took me ages and ages to get back to Farnborough, but anyway I had written my report, a final report on three weeks' work, and I had submitted it that morning and I was very pleased that it had been accepted and felt that I could get away for an early lunch: So, I left the old Flying Control building and set off directly for the mess. In those days there was no problem about walking straight to where you were going, there were no security fences, we just got a green flashing light from flying control and went straight across the

runway to No. 1 Mess, which was my home in those days.

I had gone about 150 or 200 yards, and this was one of those rare mornings. It was warm, there was no air movement, there was no aircraft noise, nothing flying, no aircraft engines being revved up on the ground, no traffic noise at all, it was dead quiet. So, I was surprised to hear a very strange sound that was coming from somewhere behind me, and it impinged upon my consciousness. I was thinking about other things, but I stopped, and I turned around to see what it could be. I then saw a very strange object way in the distance, I think towards Basingstoke.

I watched this thing and it was for all the world like the edge-on view of a discus, the sort of discus we used to throw at sports meetings... and it was rocking from side to side very slightly, probably 20-25 degrees either side, rhythmically rocking but maintaining a very straightforward approach. I watched it and it moved very quickly and passed overhead. And I tell you, that was something that has stuck in my mind very clearly, vividly, to this day.

It was a light grey colour a bit like mother of pearl but blurred. It was obviously reflecting light because as it rocked it looked like a pan lid as you rotate it, with segments of light rotating around. And I could see that around the edge, as it went overhead, I could see very clearly it was a different colour, it had a definite edge to it." End of quote. [Please go to the following address for a videoed interview with the airmen concerned [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=20Hw1nBbLxo&feature=em-upload_owner]

1955: I am now aged 9: My immediate memories are now becoming stronger of this period: I moved with my family to Hawley Estate in Farnborough, about 2 miles away from Cove; I also had a little sister, and my Mother was expecting another baby in early 1956, so we needed a bigger home; my new school was a good mile away called Hawley Village School; it was here that I met my life-long friend Janet; she only lived 5 doors down the road from me; we each had a bike and in the spring we cycled out to play in the Hawley woods; this was fun, as there was a good-size lake which had sandy edges, a bit like a beach; this is where it began; we started to experience missing time; it felt like one minute we were playing by the lake in the sand, next thing we knew, we were near the gatehouse at the edge of the woods.

I recall that Janet and I had many episodes of missing time for around 2 years, and we were completely unable to explain what was happening; we now both appreciate that this is one of the most significant clues in cases of alien abduction.

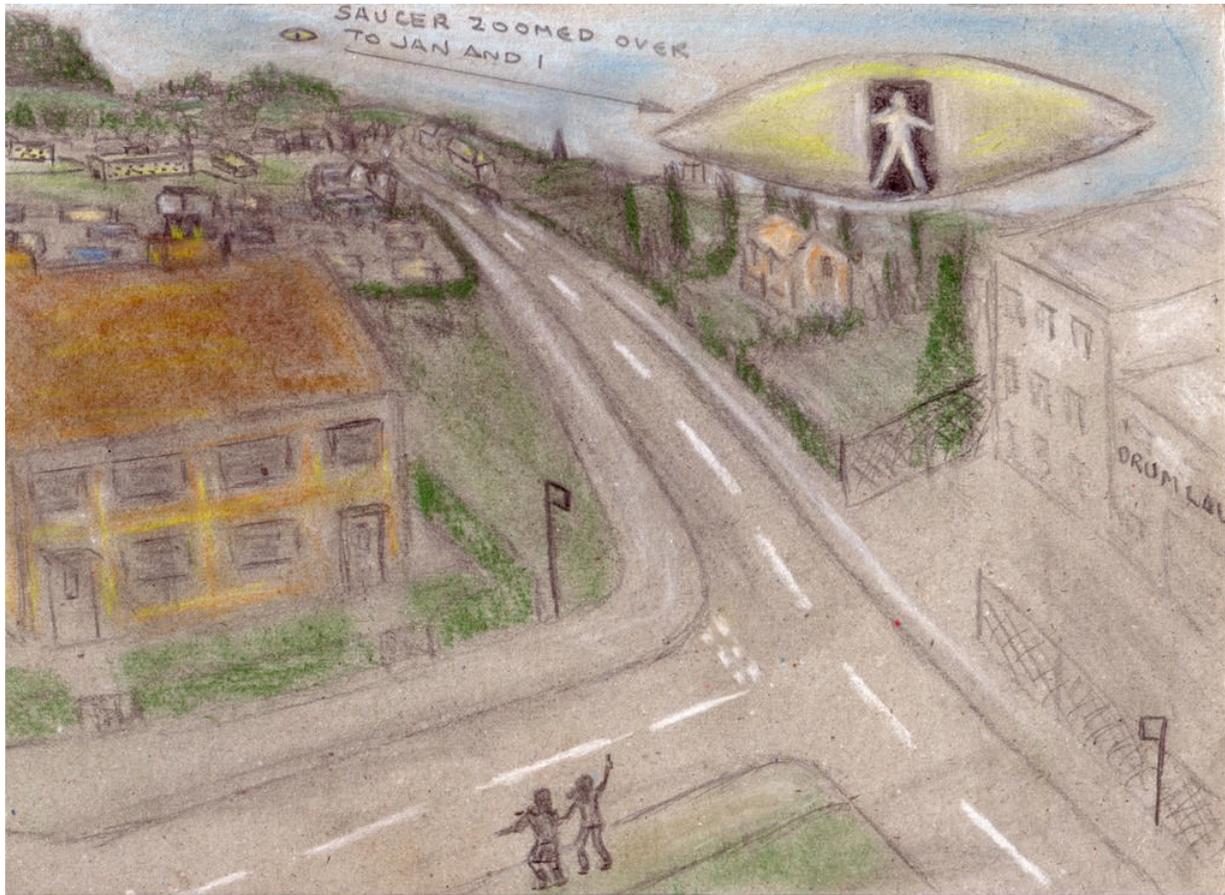
In the Summer holidays of 1958 or 59', Janet and I were standing at the bottom of our road; we were just talking; it was a brilliantly sunny day, when I saw something glinting out of the corner of my left eye; I turned to see what it was, and to my surprise it was a white disc-shape in the sky with something that looked like a black segment cut out of it!

The object was hovering quite low down and was about half a mile away near Fernhill; I urged Janet to look and she saw the craft too; suddenly as we watched, it made a hyper-leap, and was now next to, and just above, what we had nicknamed the 'Drum Laundry' on Hawley Lane; this was a small factory where vats of chemicals went through a cleaning process.

Now we could see clearly that the object was a saucer-shape disc, and what I thought had been the 'dark cut out', was, in fact, a doorway; and standing within this was a quite tall and hefty-looking individual dressed in white.

The figure stood there with its arms up above its head, seemingly holding onto the edge of the hatchway; it had its legs splayed out too, making it look like a cross or an 'X' shape.

Naturally, Janet and I were absolutely petrified, and without a single word, we ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the safety of home; we were so anxious about what we had seen, that we only played in and around our own houses for the rest of the 6-week holiday.



After this surprising encounter, things gradually seemed to get back to normal... a period that went by without any esoteric happenings involving either of us, (that I can recall anyway) for about 3 years.

-1962-

Now we jump forward to 1962: The Fernhill Youth Club had been set up for 15 to 21-year-old people, and was held every Friday evening; we had a movie night once a month and this was the September screening: Janet had a date that night with her new boyfriend, while I sat with other friends; the film we were about to watch was *The Day The Earth Stood Still*; in this, you see a large saucer-shaped spaceship flying through the sky and eventually landing in a park; of course, armed U.S. soldiers were waiting for it and promptly surrounded the alien craft; then a door opens up and in the doorway stood the giant robot 'Klaatu'.

Next, the main star of this American movie, actor Michael Renee, steps out of the disc; not surprisingly, seeing this, automatically diverted my mind back to the memory of that craft we had witnessed over the old 'Drum Laundry' just a few years before... complete with the big, white figure standing in the door entrance!

Janet would feel the same.

What an incredible coincidence! I thought to myself.

This film had such an effect on me that I sobbed; my friend sitting next to me, tried to calm me down, but all to no avail; I grabbed my bag and jacket and ran out of the hall and didn't stop till I got to my house; my parents wondered why I was home so early, but there was no way I could explain to them what had happened to me: I simply told them that I 'didn't like the film'.

About 2 weeks later after my mind-blowing experience, the world was thrown into chaos; it was called The Cuban Missile Crisis, and we were on the brink of nuclear war!

It reached crisis point on the night of the 28th October... nobody knew if we would still be alive on the 29th October; that night I lay in bed stressed like everyone else, when suddenly my room lit up brilliant white; I knew I wasn't asleep as I could see the street lamp through the crack in my curtains; then I became aware of the presence of a white-robed man stood at the bottom of my bed; I thought at the time it was Jesus, as he raised his right hand like in the Bible pictures, with his first two fingers and his thumb extended and his third and fourth finger closed.

As he made this hand gesture, he spoke to me telepathically and said 'don't be afraid, I haven't come to hurt you'; visually, he withdrew, then reappeared at the side of my bed and began to telepathically speak to me in some kind of scripture; then he placed the first and second fingers of his right hand on my forehead; the sensation felt like receiving a mild electric shock - crossed with touching an ice box; this feeling on my head has lasted a lifetime, and the figure said he would never leave me or forsake me.

For a number of decades now, we have had many reports from abductees describing 'Light Beings' that have a similar appearance to what used to be referred to as the 'Nordics', both very human-looking and radiating a luminescence about them.

I think the figure that I saw, also falls into this 'Nordic' alien category.

The End of March 1964, and I had a date with a nice young man who took me to the cinema; we had a lovely evening; we went by bus on the way back; when we got off at our stop we still had a further half mile or so to walk down the Hawley Lane to get to my home; we were walking along, happily chatting away, when he dramatically grabbed my arm and shouted 'hey, look at that'.

All went silent, because coming over the houses from the West, was a cigar-shaped UFO!

It had no discernible details on it... it was about 20ft long with a white light on the front and an orange light on the back; rather comically, this thing was discharging what appeared to be grey smoke from its rear! although, having thought about that aspect more since, I guess that, rather than 'smoke', it could have been some other kind of substance.

The craft was silent, moving at about 30 miles per hour, and it went in the direction of Frimley but stopped in the sky over the Signhurst Estate; next, it turned around, and the white light was on the back and the orange one on the front... and was still continuing to gush 'smoke', before it flew off in an Easterly direction.

I was absolutely fascinated, but not at all fearful of this UFO.

When we reached the house, I asked my parents if we could take our dog Shandy, a golden Labrador, for his walk before bedtime, and they agreed; but as we opened the front door, yet another flying object, just like the first one, came in from the West, passed over our road and across the top of our house: This time my parents saw it too; it would have been extremely difficult to miss!

Finally, we got around to taking Shandy out, but when we were at the bottom of the road, walking near a

hedge, the dog started yelping and whining and trying to get under the hedge; it was then we saw yet another one of these 'smoking' crafts coming down the lane from the North; this went almost overhead; then it turned and also went East.

Maybe it was all the same craft, I do not know... but if it was, all I can say is that it defied all known laws of aeronautics to be able to move so quickly and in complete silence; thinking about it now, it really makes no sense; like so much of this subject really, it defies human logic, with no rhyme or reason, how or why the aliens do what they do.

Maybe they are capable of deliberately changing how they appear to humans; in other words, they might be trying to present themselves as something we may be familiar with... although, never getting that portrayal quite right; a kind of parody of our human technical expertise, or even the fiction of that era.

As I grew older, I began to explore the possibility that these could be visitations from other realities or dimensions which coexist separately alongside our own.

One thing I am pretty sure of now though, judging from the information gleaned through alien contact, and after conducting a great deal of research over many, many years... is that at least one race of these interdimensional/extra-terrestrial visitors are running a breeding programme to create alien/human hybrids.

To achieve this, they need to harvest human female eggs and male sperm.

I shall explain much more of this agenda in a later chapter; but for me, the evidence of alien intervention became most apparent at 16 and a half; to begin with, I began getting bad ovary pains mid-month and what is sometimes referred to as 'middle-menses'; this went on for more than a year, and it was the nurse where I worked, who told me that she thought my symptoms were quite severe; she suggested that I should go see a gynaecologist, for which, she kindly made an appointment for me to do so.

-18 Years Young-

I was a nervous and worried teenager; to make matters worse, for some reason, my Mother wouldn't even come with me to the gynaecological clinic; I had a good 10-mile journey by train and bus, when making this round trip to Farnham Hospital and back home.

When I entered the consultant's office, he said to me "I bet I know what is wrong with you!"... 'really' was my reply, wondering how he could know anything as he hadn't even examined me yet!

"Yes, you've been messing about with boys"... 'no I haven't' was my reply; there were 2 nurses either side of me; I was instructed to undress and put an examination gown on; the consultant then told me to hop on to the bed; he had a metal instrument in his hands and was about to give me an internal check, but as he tried to push this device into me, he found it most difficult to begin with; I was so small (down there) and he could see I had not been playing around with boys; I was a virgin, everything intact.

Next, he told the nurses to grip my hands and arms, then he sadistically thrust this surgical instrument into me as far as it could go; I screamed in agony as he broke me in; but as if that wasn't bad enough, the most stupefying part was yet to come; even though I was a virgin, (or had been, until a few agonizing moments ago) he claimed that I had cervical erosion!

Of course, I didn't know what that even meant back then, but I do now; it is a condition also called Cervical Ectropion, but it still is sometimes referred to as cervical erosion.

That name is not only unsettling but also misleading; and you can rest assured that your cervix is not really eroding.

Cervical Ectropion is common among women of childbearing age. It is not cancerous and doesn't affect fertility. In fact, it's not a disease. Even so, it can cause problems for some women.... but remember, far from being of 'childbearing age', I hadn't even yet had sex at that stage in my life, because when it came to sexual freedom, things were so much different back then than they are in today's far more permissive society.

The doc took another instrument and cauterized the whole area deep inside me; I screamed and almost fainted with the pain; I know that this procedure is usually carried out on a 3 day stay in hospital under anaesthetic, but instead, he sent me straight home afterward, sore and bleeding; then I had the journey back which was sheer agony; I was so weak I almost fell into the house; my Grandmother was in the hall and grabbed me; 'I have to go to bed Nan', I said, as I felt so ill; I told Nan and my Mum all about the horrid things this doctor said and did; Mum felt really angry and upset that she hadn't been there with me.

All these years later, I now realize that this, and certain other gynaecological problems I have suffered through, are all symptomatic of egg-harvesting by the aliens!

You see, these entities are clever and can cover their tracks, leaving little trace if any, of their abduction activities.

Perhaps over time, like me, abductees may eventually have some vivid flashbacks; maybe even revealing the full scale of medical intrusion on their bodies; but regardless, despite remembrances of any grizzly details, very few will believe anyway; and telling others, can do absolutely nothing to bring a halt to the alien's harvesting agenda!

My abduction story is a little bit different from that of many other victims, in that I have been shown how my life is entirely preordained by the beings who have tinkered with and used me; most don't get to learn about this.

Also, I guess you could say that my experiences are different in another regard; in that this has been a two-way thing; they have used my body, but, as if in return, they have supplied me with a steady trickle of very interesting knowledge!

-Understanding Bedroom Abduction by The Alien Greys... The Way Forward-

If so many thousands of people, (and perhaps even millions worldwide) are stating that they are victims of alien abduction - then where is the evidence of their claims? Where are all the trustworthy eye-witness testimonies, (and even at least, a little bit of video evidence) detailing victims being floated out of their beds, through closed windows, and up to waiting, hovering craft?

I really do not think it works that way!

Now, what I am about to reveal to everyone for the first time ever, is extremely special; I have kept this information to myself for all these years, in the fear that I would be laughed at; but today, at my time of life, that sort of thing doesn't bother me at all.

This part is going to be particularly hard for me to explain as I am certainly no scientist; I am not sure that I am even able to give completely accurate particulars, as my recollection can be slightly unsystematic due to all of the abductions I have undergone, but I will try to relate this as

straightforwardly as I can.

To the best of my knowledge, from what I have learned this is the truth concerning our alien grey abductors.

These creatures appear to transcend physical matter... metaphysical, existing in a quasi-energy state; yet, from their own perspective, they might even consider themselves as substantial... but that would be in a different sense to anything we may recognize.

The likelihood is, they come from a world that is part of what could be termed as a 'Russian Doll' Multiverse; a bit like those sets of hollow wooden dolls in varying sizes devised to fit inside each other... but instead, alternative universes within OUR universe; worlds within worlds or Parallel Universes.

Another good analogy, is that our proposed Multiverse could be considered rather like an onion, with layer upon layer of skins, membranes or dimensions, ranging in size and complexity... with matter, stars and planets (some, possibly similar to Earth) each comfortably over layering each other, (possibly intertwining) but which cannot be seen or otherwise detected by one another, under normal circumstances, due to their differing rates of atomic/molecular vibration.

Cynics are bound to shout, 'yes Hilary, but that's all just theoretical' – fine in hypothesis, but totally unprovable; and my reply to such pessimists would be this; many times, I have watched these alien grey entities pass through the wall and into my bedroom; how can this be so?

It is most apparent these creatures are not made like us, and that they exist and operate according to completely different laws than we do.

When I first witnessed this astonishing spectacle, I was awestruck by how the little 'critters' could, at one moment, appear like a ghost and walk through walls, and, in the metaphorical blink of an eye, become solid-looking the next.

Mere dreams alone could not create such vivid, three-dimensional imagery; so real, that I could even feel the smoothness of these creatures' skin as they prodded me with their spindly fingers.

Sceptics might try to argue, that such visuals might merely be the product of a troubled mind, illusions!

To answer that concern, I can confirm that my own mental state is good and always has been, despite what I have had to endure; and besides, one doesn't get to work in a Top Secret Defence Department like I did, with psychological problems!

Realistically, playing the 'mental' card just doesn't cut any ice in the majority of alien abduction cases; think about it... tens of thousands of witnesses worldwide, each having witnessed similar grey and other types of alien creatures... come on now!

Having detailed the supernatural aspects of these visitors, surely, their associated craft must be more tangible, solid and material, as we tend to suppose? here's the reality; UFOs are often described by eyewitnesses as appearing misty, blurred and rarely sharp-looking; then again, at least several different types of alien are thought to visit our world, and maybe the more discernible sort of 'craft' do not belong to the greys.

Maybe we should forget the Hollywood version of how it is, because I have news for everyone; I've come to learn from those who I have had such intimate, other-worldly contact with, that not all abduction experiences happen on a physical level; they, (this particular race of entities which I have had most dealings with anyway) exist in a multidimensional state!

“Everything in Life is Vibration” – said Albert Einstein

He was right! Every little thing is made up of atoms... even us: These atoms are in a constant state of kinesis, and depending on the speed of these atoms, fast, medium, slow, extremely slow, things appear as a solid, liquid, gas... right through to spirit!

Nothing is solid in the universe... it is all an illusion; any form that appears solid to our physical eyes is created by a core frequency or vibration; I call it the frequency of matter.

For instance, the majority of time when I have experienced what I call 'bedroom visitors', has occurred while I have been in a deep sleep state; this is what is known as the Theta State, a very deep level of brain and mind relaxation: This is what has been determined as a psychic level; the point when our brain waves slow down to a frequency of 4-7 cycles per second... a frequency of 4-8 Hz: And of course, that is precisely where scientists go wrong with their trite explanation of 'sleep paralysis' for the whole alien abduction experience; from what I can determine, they are only half-right!

The frequency 4-8 Hz is I believe, the alien grey frequency of reality... or at least, the frequency most suitable for them to be able to communicate and interact with us humans.

In other words, they exist in an alternate reality and thus, our brains must be in sync with their plane of existence... their frequency of reality; otherwise they would be invisible to our eyes due to this difference of frequencies between the physical and alien realms.

The normal brain frequency of a relaxed, electrically active, alert human brain, is in the 8–13 Hz spectrum, therefore, the difference between human physical and alien grey existence, is, I would assume, around the 5 Hz mark... the frequency veil between us and them as it were; don't quote me on that though, there may be a plus or minus of 1 Hz margin of error in those figures, but the reader should hopefully, get the gist of what I am trying to explain.

It is very hard to explain in simplistic terms but consider it a bit like tuning in to a radio station... but instead of radio frequencies, again, think in terms of atomic vibration: Imagine a 'radio' dial. Our human, physical world 'station' is at such-and-such channel number/frequency of 8-13 HZ... now, turn the hypothetical dial down a bit and the alien world 'station' we are discussing can be found on the slightly lower channel number/frequency of 4-8 Hz... and vice-versa.

As one would expect, their world is not a transmitter... so how could a radio receive from that world? it can't; that is not what I am trying say here; this is simply my analogy for ease of understanding.

Theta has a frequency that is classed as “slow” activity: When our brains are in the Theta, deep sleep state, (which is associated with the sleep paralysis condition) and these beings are present beside our beds ready for an abduction episode, we are then on their level of atomic and molecular vibration as it were; they can see us and we can see them.

Now, we as earthlings have what is called spirit!

The spirit body is connected to the physical brain via a kind of psychic umbilical cord, made of light or energy. It is extremely strong and can stretch on and on, practically forever, so you are not limited by distance in your abduction travels.

You might consider this cord akin to a leash - albeit a very long one. It keeps you joined to your earthly body while your spirit may roam about.

It is my firm conviction, that once our brain is in the Theta state of resonance, then our spirit equivalent that resides within each of us, (the part of us that is believed to survive physical death), is able to be either forcibly taken by, or to willingly go along with, our alien abductors; when we enter this altered state, they are able touch our spirit body, and we can touch their flesh as it were; our spirit, is what these specific beings, the alien greys, are most interested in.

Anyone who has had an OBE - an out-of-body-experience, will confirm, that when in this spirit state, we feel solid, warm, physical, and that is because we ARE... in a way.

It has to be appreciated, that our spirit is an identical information double of our physical flesh and blood body lying there in the bed, albeit on a different frequency of vibration; and it is at that stage, (and only then), when we are able to depart with our alien controllers to be manipulated and messed about with during their experimentations on us.

A rather lazy soundbite that I formerly used, when describing how an alien abduction occurs, is that we are kind of 'taken molecularly'... something that most with a scientific background, would probably laugh at; yet I know myself, (as do some of those expressing amusement I suspect) that these abduction events ARE really occurring, but like I said, on an extrasensory, normally invisible level; **the problem has always been relating this to people in a way that they can appreciate.**

Recently I have arrived at a closer and more accurate description, one which is hopefully, a little less baffling; now I prefer to say, that the spirit body counterpart contains our basic physical blueprint... an etheric template of our energy signature – rather like a coded body print.

All living things and objects contain this uniquely coded blueprint.

But to be much more specific, the spirit body in fact may well be formed from Antimatter; that is the feeling I get from several authorities on the subject whose books I have studied.

I quote, 'every particle has an antiparticle with the same mass but the opposite electric charge. The proton has the negatively charged antiproton; the electron has the positively charged anti-electron, or positron. Neutral particles can have antiparticles, too.'

Elsewhere, I have even come across speculations that it could be an almost unimaginable mix of both matter *and* anti-matter!

Guesses aside, (even though well-founded) one thing we can say with some certainty, is that the spirit body would seem to have everything that the aliens require for their operations... matrix memory equivalents of every part of our physical form!

When alien surgeries are performed on a person's spirit counterpart, manifestations of bodily wounds, (in locations corresponding to where the operations have been carried out), will appear on that person's flesh; the physical brain may even register some of the pain and emotion of its energy double, as it is undergoing trauma during the procedure.

In summary: Sometimes, extreme anomalies in the physical skin tissue of an abductee, might be considered as remotely produced marks of foreign origin, each created by profound physical body responses to what has happened to the spirit counterpart.

-1966 and My Next Few Years of High-Strangeness-

It was September 1966, and here in Farnborough the International Air show was taking place; I was watching the planes as they flew around the area through a powerful pair of binoculars, which gave me a detailed view of the display; but something extra-special took my attention; low over some trees in the upper Camberley, Surrey area, there was cross-shaped object, pulsating from its centre outwards and then up and down; it shone a brilliant, yellow-white colour.

The object just hung there on high, no doubt, observing the aerial proceedings; when some planes flew into this zone, the 'cross' suddenly morphed and became a star-shaped unidentified, which then promptly drew backward and shrunk to a pin-prick of light; this all happened at tremendous speed; maybe such action was carried out by the UFO, in order that pilots of this flying program wouldn't detect that they were being monitored up there.

As soon as the planes left the scene - hey-presto, the UFO expanded in size again!

During this time, Mother came into my bedroom with some laundry she was putting into the airing cupboard, and asked me 'what' was I 'doing', 'you're so quiet?' I gave her my binoculars and told her where to look; 'what is that?' she enquired, I answered 'a UFO'; suddenly the planes came round again and I told her focus on the object; Mum then saw it zoom back into a dot of light; 'well, I'll be damned', she mumbled, and watched with me for a while, then shook her head as if preferring to forget about what she had just witnessed, and went downstairs.

I married in 1967; I lived back in Cove not far from my first home; in the summer of 1968 during the evening, I went to get washing off the line; it was about 10 pm, when I saw what appeared to be a large, flying discus, brilliant white in colour; this was high-up in the heavens, coming from the North West; the object then intensified in its size and brilliance, before shooting away at tremendous speed on a South-Easterly trajectory.

In August 1969 I became pregnant; the first 3 months went well, then I started to have some bleeding which meant bed rest for me; the company I worked for, Elliott Automation, Frimley, kept my job open for me, but unfortunately the pregnancy came to an end on the night of 24th December.

The 23rd of December 1969, and it was my Mother-in-law's birthday and the family were out celebrating, but my husband came back early to find I was in labor; I was 20 weeks pregnant; the doctor was called immediately by my husband.

It was the early hours of the morning, the baby was moving all the while inside me, I could distinctly feel it; but something was not right... in more ways than one.

With my husband outside waiting for the doctor, who was taking an unreasonably long time to arrive, I spontaneously aborted in the bedroom on my own; with my eyes firmly shut, I miscarried into an old, large potty, not daring to look for fear of what sickening sight I would see; I just put the bowl down and

staggered into the lounge.

After my ordeal, the doctor finally arrived and I told him what had happened; he then entered the bedroom and took the potty out and headed swiftly into our bathroom, presumably to check its contents; he then came back without the potty, and explained to me that everything had broken away intact and how I didn't need to go to hospital.

I had a slight feeling that the baby was born alive, albeit only momentarily perhaps; it certainly did not die inside me, I felt it moving only minutes before I aborted; but what happened? where was it? I wasn't allowed to see anything or say goodbye as it were; instead, the doctor quickly slipped away into the night without saying another word, carrying with him a container, of what were in all probability, the remains of my baby.

I felt so emotional: I cried on and off for days afterward; how I wished I had summoned up the courage and examined the contents of that potty... just to be sure!

I went for a check-up with a female doctor a few weeks later; she herself, had examined me a few times previously during routine check-ups. I was still grieving deeply and I asked her to check whether I had a baby boy or girl; she went through my notes several times, but began to look very worried while doing so, and couldn't understand what had happened to the details; after checking, and re-checking, she informed me that there was NO record of the pregnancy!

For them not to keep any pregnancy notes, or otherwise make a record of a patient who had suffered a miscarriage at 5 months, seemed more than a tad suspicious to me.

Later, this raised a possibility in my mind; are certain of our medical practitioners aware of the alien abduction phenomenon? Could it be, that when they inadvertently discover such a thing in a woman, or perhaps see the contents of a spontaneously aborted hybrid/alien pregnancy, they are required to quickly remove any damning evidence?

My husband and I had a holiday in Ireland in early September 1970; we drove through Wales to Fishguard, which was the Ferry terminal that took you to Ireland in those times; we had about 9 days away before our money started running out, so we made the return trip; but this time we had to take the night ferry and arrived around 1.15 am at Fishguard; we drove South to Haverfordwest, then went East; the last thing I can bring to mind was going past Llanelli then on to Swansea; after this there is no recall of the journey; the next thing we remember was that dawn was breaking, and we were not far from Cardiff; we were parked in a garage forecourt beside a beach road by the River Severn; I think we had just stumbled on this place and decided to take some rest there.

We had no idea how we got this far through the journey but didn't discuss the matter. It is most odd why I have no memory of us travelling between Swansea and the outskirts of Cardiff; one would have assumed that driving along the bumpy back roads (remember, there were no motorways in those days, like now), which is what my husband said we did, (a distance of at least 50 miles and a duration of over an hour), would have stuck in my mind... but no.

I was uncomfortable as hell in our cramped, little Mini Cooper car, so sleep, would have been near impossible for someone like me; by my calculation, I lost an hour at least on that journey... missing time!

You see, I am a migraine sufferer, and with the last of our money, I had purchased a meal for myself while waiting for the ferry at Rosslare, Ireland the night before, as a lack of food can trigger this nasty condition due to low blood sugar levels; but my preventative measure failed; the food I ate should have staved off the severe, throbbing headaches that I get during such an attack... but it didn't, which was most unusual for me.

I now had a most peculiar feeling, a mental confusion, the kind of fuzziness that I experience shortly after being abducted; but as I say, it took a bit more time before I began to realize exactly what had happened to me; they, (the alien grey abductors) will often do anything to cover their tracks... even going as far as partially erasing a victims' real-time memory - and replacing this sector with a cover memory.

It was another 7 years before I had any idea what happened; bizarrely, this came about through a mental flashback of a hexagonal UFO which came over the Army Military Stadium in Aldershot some 3 months earlier!

So anyway, we paid the Severn Bridge toll in postage stamps; when back in England we could hopefully get to a bank, and please God, get home, as I was still very unwell; we arrived at our house and I quickly got myself changed for bed, fully intending to grab some much-needed sleep; however, it was then I noticed a triangle-shaped mark on the left side of my stomach!

I felt sickened, then really feint, when upon closer inspection, I spotted something else on my belly... 3 blood-stained suction marks, each about a quarter of inch round!

All I could feel at that point was sheer revulsion!

I called my husband to have a look, and being the sort of idiot that he was, he chuckled and said, 'well, it was a bit of a choppy journey love - you probably just bumped yourself'; my instinct told me this wasn't true; I felt like giving him a piece of my mind for his insensitivity... but now, I just had to sleep.

It was another 7 years before I had any idea what really happened that night in Wales, but as I am writing this book in chronological order, I will explain the whole story when I arrive at that date in my diaries.

July 1971: Became pregnant again!

February 9th, 1972: Arriving 11 weeks early, my daughter was delivered in Farnham Hospital; she weighed just 2lbs 11 oz.! because she was born so early, it was touch-and-go as to whether she would live; thankfully, she did.

She was put in a portable incubator and moved down to the special baby unit; my husband wasn't even at the birth; he turned up late, only to be told that he now had a tiny baby girl; a priest was in the unit waiting to Christen her but we needed a name; my husband rushed up to the ward and sat on the end my bed; fearing that the baby could die at any time we quickly chose Sally-Anne as her name.

The nurses caring for these tiny babies were like angels; but for me, it was a horrid stay.

Sally was born on a Wednesday and I had to wait till the evening of Thursday or Friday when my husband

took me in a wheelchair to the baby unit, as I didn't know if my baby was alive or dead... no one would tell me. I wasn't even allowed to wheel myself to the unit... it was sheer hell; so, on the Saturday, I signed myself out and went to the ambulance depot; I asked if anyone was going to Farnborough; luckily they were, so, I climbed on board one of their vehicles and was home by mid-morning; this is a story in itself, but I won't tire the reader with it all; at this time, we lived in Farnham but we stayed with my in-laws in Cove, Farnborough until I had recuperated.

-Jarred Horror-

After giving birth to Sally I had to have stitches; this procedure wasn't done correctly and I lived for 10 months in great discomfort; as it was a very cold Spring, Summer and Autumn, my in-laws had the central heating on to keep their tiny baby granddaughter nice and warm; of course, I had gone to the doctors about my situation, but I had to wait till December before I was admitted to Farnham hospital for a 3 day stay to have corrective surgery; the first day went fine and it was only small operation; the next day, and I was supposed to regain consciousness in the ward around about lunchtime, but the anaesthetic had knocked me out for 17 hours; as I became semiconscious, I could clearly hear things going on around me; my husband said 'what a waste of time coming to visit' me, and simply cleared-off; it was 4 am when I fully regained consciousness; the ward was quiet with no nurses about; I needed the bathroom and felt I was alright to make this visit; during the daytime before my op, I had noticed a big, light-green cupboard on the wall just inside the bathroom door; I hadn't seen this open before, but now it was, and nothing could have prepared me for what I saw within!

Inside the cabinet, there were at least 5 shelves; and on these shelves were glass jars; in the jars, ranging from about 3 months gestation up to 24 weeks, were these hideous babies, each in a foetal position; they all had large black eyes with no eyelids and no ears... almost no facial features; very long arms which hung down their thin bodies between their strange, skinny legs; I saw what looked like feet, but they had no toes, and there was a strange red mark in the center of each of their chests.

There is no mistaking it, these were aborted genetic freaks - a cross between alien and human!

They were floating in a clear fluid; there must have been at least 30 jars, all in order of age; what I was seeing there was the real stuff of nightmares; then I got that overwhelming feeling this is something I shouldn't be looking at: I felt I might be in danger, so I soon sorted myself out and peeped round the door; still no nurse; so, I quickly climbed back into bed and pulled the covers over my head, with this image of the jarred alien babies, firmly burnt into my mind.

What the hell, kind of a place was this?

Within a couple of minutes, the swing doors of the ward banged open; I didn't let the nurse see me watching through a crack in the bedclothes; she held a tray, and on it was what looked like another jar covered over with a cloth; she went into the bathroom; I heard a little chink of glass, then the door of the cupboard closing and being locked; I watched as the nurse came out with the tray, now empty, save for a folded cloth; she then left the ward; thankfully, later that morning I was able to go home - much to my relief!

Back home and I had time to think; even though it was far too soon to understand what the aliens have been up to, it was, I thought, quite obvious that women were being impregnated with these alien

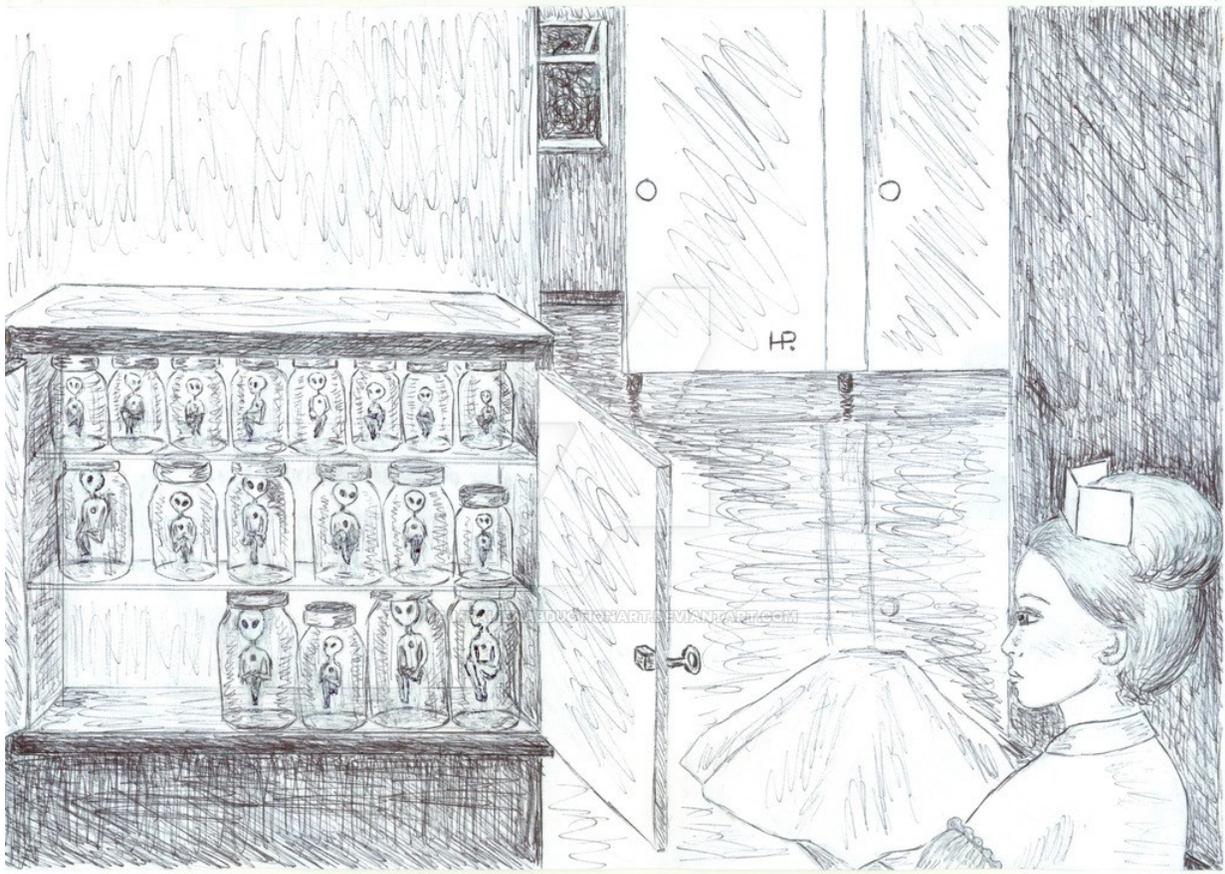
babies; and it would also seem that their experiments were far from successful, with a high percentage of miscarriages.

That was then and this is now; who knows whether this experiment of alien/human hybridization has stopped, or is still continuing; I have no idea or way of finding out; but from years of my working as an alien abduction counsellor with women and some men too, the feedback is that the doctors and nurses who attended these births, definitely DID, in fact, come across these alien babies and they used any medical excuse to not show the baby to its mother; it's likely that many doctors and probably some lesser medical staff too, have been briefed in the past by higher authorities about this situation... and they had to/have to, keep their silence.

I have one client who is also an abductee and an author of a book about his alien experiences; but he does not wish to make this precise part of his life that I am going to give a very brief account of here, made public officially because he is trying to protect his wife; however, he doesn't mind me giving out a few basic details, just as long as I withhold names and other personal identifiers.

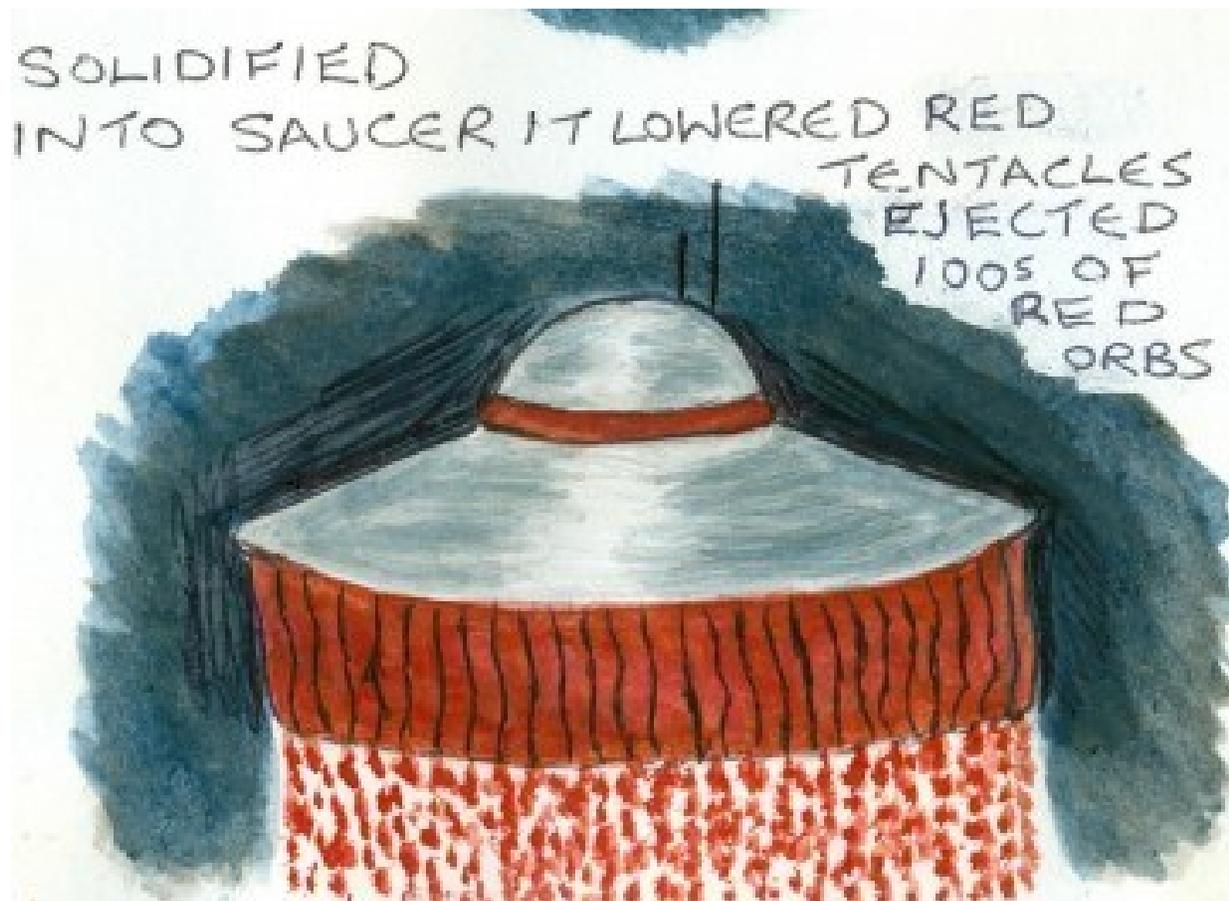
Protecting his identity, I can tell the reader that his wife lost their baby back in the '70s, and she was a few months into the pregnancy; the midwife said the baby was not formed properly; but while his wife was being sorted out, he took a sneaky-peek at its lifeless body and got a terrible fright; he has seen my drawings and told me that the aborted child he caught a glimpse of, was EXACTLY like those freakish, jarred specimens I saw in Hospital, with the oversized black eyes and no eyelids, etc; he told me that when the nurse noticed him looking, he was swiftly ushered out of there; no wonder the midwife didn't want his partner or him to see this frightful sight; afterward, he went outside feeling most depressed, lit up a cigarette and had several long, deep drags.

Until I told him about this incident with the babies in the jars, he had been somehow holding his family life together for all these years; but now he was able to confide in me and get this baby nightmare out of his system; to know that someone else understood what has been going on, was a huge relief to him; he wasn't alone anymore!



Early June of 1973, it was a hot, early Summer night; I was unable to sleep as I had ringing in my ears; I got up and went into the kitchen to get a glass of water; out of my kitchen window I noticed something bright hanging about 20 degrees above the horizon to the East, which would make it in the Surrey Heath area; for my birthday at the end of May, I had been given a lovely ex-naval telescope on a sturdy, wooden tripod; so I quickly focused upon this aerial object, and to my surprise, I could clearly see that it was a domed-disc of quite some size.

What I observed was grey in colour with a red band around the base of its dome; surprisingly, it also had what seemed like two protuberances sticking up from that part; as I looked-on, something else caught my attention; slowly, it started to let down red tentacles from underneath; these steadily enveloped the whole underbelly of the craft; then the tentacles began to undulate, before a multitude of glowing globules came out from these appendages and went groundward; I observed this action for quite a while longer, then began to feel extremely tired and had to go to bed.



The next night; once again it was hot; I lay in bed, and at this juncture, the ringing in my ears started, as it did the previous night; this time I went straight into the kitchen; the disc was there in the same area of sky again; I watched through my telescope and saw a repeat episode of the night before; red tentacles came down from the underside of the craft, just as previously, and a large number of shimmering light-beads commenced shooting to the ground; it really was a duplicate performance.

I studied the craft and its motions for as long as I could; this awesome sight had me enthralled, and I really could have stayed up watching it all night, but I had to break myself away now, mindful that I had to go to work in the morning; yet, it was a blessing for my sky gazing activities, that Marconi, the company that I worked for, operated a flexitime scheme for their female employees, which meant that

my daughter was cared for by my sister for a few hours, giving me slightly more time than might have been, to keep an eye out around here; someone had to!

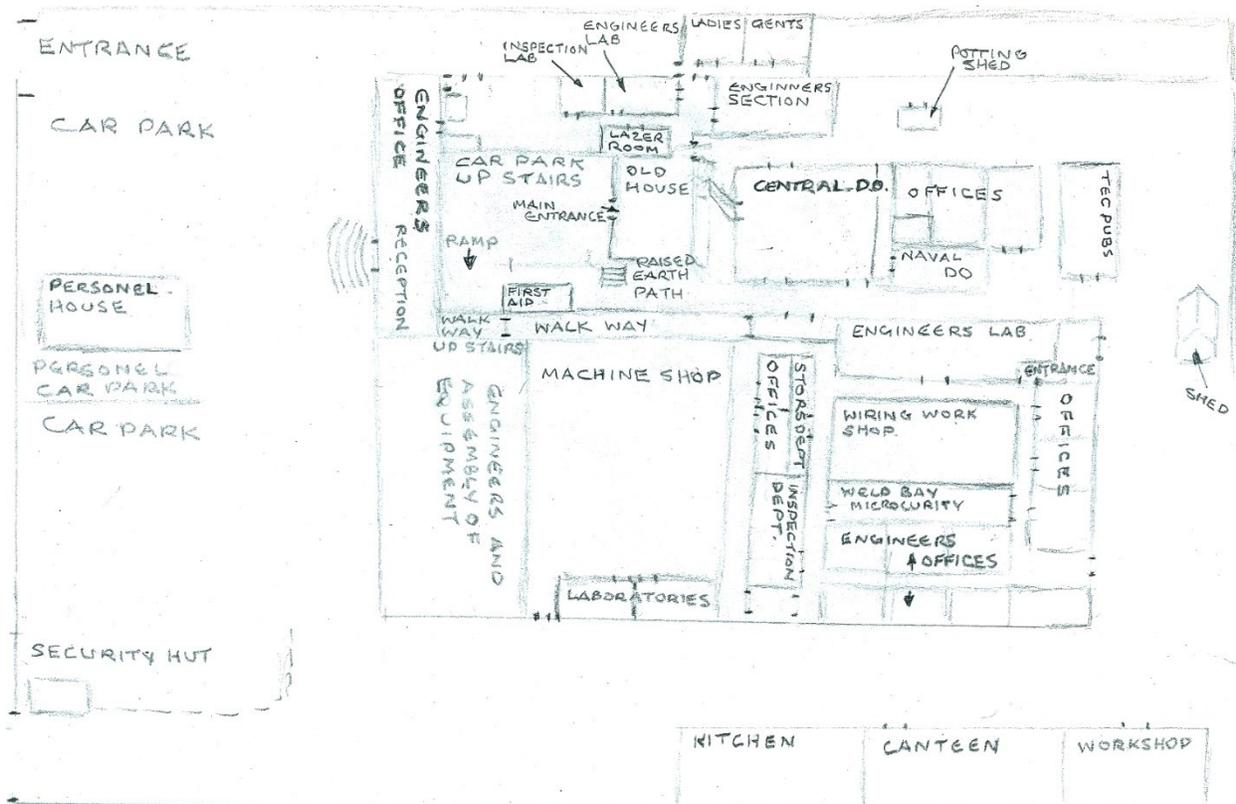
I am not entirely sure whether the phenomena in this next report is directly connected to the aforementioned sighting, but my instinct tells me that it might be.

It was the evening of April 3rd, 1974, about 8 pm, I was washing up in my kitchen which looked over the M3 motorway, when suddenly, flying about 50ft above the M3 came two quite large white orbs, travelling in unison from West to East; at high speed, the right one broke off and flew into Farnborough, while the other kept going East; I logged this in my UFO journal like I always did, and still do, whenever I have good sighting.

Next day, I travelled to work on the firm's bus as usual; all seemed normal until we arrived at the Marconi Gates; there was usually high security at this place, but today the gates were open; no guards; the atmosphere there was most unusual - you could cut it with a knife; the bus stopped in the usual place, centrally in the car park; it was then I noticed over in the Personnel car park, a large black, top-brass limousine was parked.

It was almost 8.30am and there was a day's work to be done; so I went up the ramp to the upper car park and through the big double doors of the 'old house' as we called it; to the left of the doors was a lovely staircase, but today it had a chain across and a notice saying 'Strictly No Admittance Beyond This Point'; I went through the house and down the corridor to the drawing office; in the bosses office were about 5 very concerned-looking department managers all talking in low key; I got on with my work, but I was expecting a technical drawing from one of our companies to arrive at about 9 am, and bang-on-time the phone rang; the security guard informed me that the drawing had just been delivered and was ready for pick up.

I took the reverse journey through the old house and across the car parks; it was then that I noticed in the Personnel car park, 2 more big black limousines had arrived; as I approached the security hut to collect my drawing, the door was half-open with cigarette smoke belching out; I heard the tail-end of a conversation between the guards; *no way was I ever doing the 'eff-ing' graveyard shift again, no matter how 'eff-ing' much they paid me*; another guard agreed; so, I went up the steps to the hut and 3 serious-looking faces greeted me; none of the usual friendly banter; instead, they quickly handed me the drawing tube without a word from these guys; I thanked them, but something was very, very wrong.



Marconi ground plan – drawn from memory

I felt time was of the essence, so I decided to take another route back to the drawing office; I went into the main entrance of the company and up a flight of stairs and through the front engineering department; no one took any notice of me as my work could take me anywhere within the building, so I casually walked through this section, then through the double doors at the other end; it was there I became confused; as what was formerly the prototype shop floor, was now totally empty... cleared; no benches, no workers - nothing!

No one was watching me, so I went down the corridor which turned right; and there it was, yet another chain across the passageway... again saying 'Strictly No Admittance Beyond this Point'; next to the prototype section was the Top Secret department; suddenly like an electric shock, I underwent an emotional download of what had taken place; this feeling alarmed me quite a bit, and I realized that I must get out of there... fast, as I could be in extreme danger; we had back steps that took you down to the ground floor; I made my exit that way.

Over the following weeks, idle-talk spread throughout the departments regarding this odd situation at Marconi; then, we were officially informed that there had been an electrical fault and the whole prototype subdivision was to be re-wired; but no one ever saw this taking place; then some weeks after this, another story started doing the rounds; that there was structural damage to the roof in that section of the building; but we never saw any builders or workman or ladders, in fact nothing concerning repair work at all.

Then, by about mid-May that year, we feel that the security guards couldn't remain silent anymore and they let slip some details that finally made some sense; although this was only a rumour, what I heard

was that back on the night of the 4th April, a guard had been doing his rounds of the departments with his trusty German Shepherd, when he noticed something wasn't right; through the windows of the front engineering section, (which was an L-shaped building), he could see across to the main building windows, and it was at this point that the guard saw a blue light moving about; quickly, he went to the scene to investigate matters.

There, through the frosted-glass walls of our Top Secret area, something unusual was going on in one of the offices; the guard opened the door only to be confronted by a weird-looking, 'spaceman', (yes, this is the exact word that I heard being used on the grapevine) with no clothes on, only a light gadget attached to its head, rifling through the most sensitive drawings and documents.



It should be remembered that computers were still in their infancy in those days, nothing like we have today; practically everything document-wise, was paper-based.

The Marconi intruder, might well have been an extra-terrestrial biological entity, or a cyborg... or even another sort of alien-manufactured, synthetic life form... the type which are said to be designed and used by the higher races to carry out certain physical tasks here on earth.

One can only imagine how shocking this sight must have been to the guard.

The word is, that following his ordeal, he was taken to a special facility, maybe a mental institution, and

never seen or heard of again!

Just why this being would have been interested in Top Secret Marconi files, one can only imagine; it seemed so totally bizarre to me at the time; but as with so many things connected with the alien experience, one is left to conclude that there is no sense, logic, or meaning in many of the things that these beings do; they certainly don't operate according to our rationale; their illogical, unpredictable and almost humorous ways, have now become quite instinctive to me.

The only people to use the upstairs part of the 'old house' and other exclusive sections at Marconi were the firm's top brass.

It was now early summer and the weather was lovely and warm; it was lunchtime and I decided to have a sunbathe while I read my book, ate my lunch and sipped on a nice cool drink while sitting on a bench near the drawing office; suddenly a telephone started ringing, it was then I realized that I was directly below the Managing Directors office; the office windows were all open as it was so warm, and I could hear quite clearly what was said;

Hello mate, yeh, I know, the thing is, if they can get in here with all the security we have, they can get in anywhere!

As previously, I thought it was a good idea to vacate the area in case I was seen, so I took myself to another location.

I always got the feeling that there was an underground section there at Marconi as well – but never dared to find out.

March 1975: I now no longer worked for Marconi, but I still had a friend employed there; her name was Pam and she contacted me to ask if I would help her, as a mate of hers had taken ill and had to go to the Ridgewood Centre at the top of the Chobham Road, Bisley Road; it had been a bit of an emergency so the friend needing many things for her stay at the clinic; so I said that I would pick Pam up the next morning and lend a hand.

It had snowed overnight, but the main roads were fine to drive on and the visibility was good; when we arrived, the snow and slush was thick on the sides of the road, so I thought it the best idea if I was to go to the top of the Bisley Road, Maultway Road; it has a large junction and I could turn the car around there, back to pick her up.

Well, this never happened; as I turned the car round in the Maultway Road, suddenly the motor stalled; there was no good reason for this to happen as the engine was nice and warm and ticking over just fine up until that point; I got out of the car and took the handbrake off and tried to get the car out of the way of traffic; it was then, that I noticed another vehicle was rapidly approaching from down the Maultway; it was a Triumph Herald.

Now this is where things go a bit weird; there I was, frantically waving the car down to stop, but the lady driving it was just staring out the windscreen as if she was hypnotized or something and couldn't see me!

In a panic, I got back into the car to try and get the engine started but nothing happened... completely dead; and then this Triumph Herald hits, smack-bang straight into the side of my car; she could have

easily swerved around me, but no, she deliberately chose not to, or so it would seem; yet somehow, this woman was uninjured; we exchanged insurances; my knee was badly damaged and I was shaken up, but her car was still drivable; and so off she went, without even an apology from her; sad to say, that my car was beyond repair.

As time was going by, I was about to lock up the car and hobble to the Ridgewood Centre, when quickly, an additional car turns out of the Bisley Road on to the Maultway, slows down and stops; remarkably it was my old boss from Marconi, (what a coincidence I thought) and he recognized me immediately; I was so relieved to see someone I knew; he asked what had happened, then said let's pick up Pam and I'll drop you both in Frimley as I have a meeting to attend.

It transpired that the lady, (whose name I must withhold for security reasons), who smashed into me, was the wife of a very important family which have strong connections with the MoD and also Parliament; I thought it odd at the time how she seemed so unphased by what had taken place; and you know, when the accident happened, I had sensed at the time that somehow, I was being observed from a distance... a most disconcerting feeling.

I still wonder to this day whether this was a deliberate attempt on my life... particularly as I had just become privy to some extremely sensitive information regarding the Marconi alien intrusion; added to the fact that I had previously blabbed to one or two colleagues about seeing UFO activity over where I worked!

Spring 1975: I was going shopping, but realised I had left my shopping list in the house, so I dashed back inside to get it; the day was bright and clear; I got my list, but when I went back down the path to the car I suddenly noticed something in the sky... a light aircraft coming from the Blackbushe airport; nothing unusual about that, but right behind it was a most peculiar object; it was gold with a round head on the front and like a three-section tail going to a point, and it was about 5ft long; I watched this object go further into Farnborough, then lost sight of it behind some buildings in the distance.

After reading a book about UFO activity over Warminster, I wrote a letter to its author Mr. Arthur Shuttlewood; he was a nice chap and we developed a friendship based on the UFO subject; he said I was doing a splendid job as an investigator and experimenter, and encouraged me to keep going; Arthur was retiring in 1976, so he kindly forwarded my name to the UFO Exchange Library in Trowbridge Wiltshire; I made a trip there one weekend to meet other members of the group; I stayed with a lady member called Jill and her two children Simon and Sally at their home a few streets away from the Exchange Library's headquarters; I always found it difficult to sleep in unfamiliar places, but eventually, I did begin to doze-off, when all of a sudden I got an overwhelming whistling in my ears; I just had the feeling that something was outside; not knowing the layout of the room, I carefully went across to the window and saw in the dark, a flat-roofed building, but it had what seemed like multi-coloured fairy lights on its rooftop; the next morning I went straight to the window, and in the daylight I now discovered that the building I had seen was a school; but there were no lights on it anywhere; I told Jill about what I had seen, and about the whistling in my ears, but neither her or the two children had heard anything; she said it looks like you probably had a UFO sighting; of course, it is well known how Wiltshire and the West country are deeply enshrined in UFO legend.

I met up again with other members of the group for a while, then I had to get to the station for my

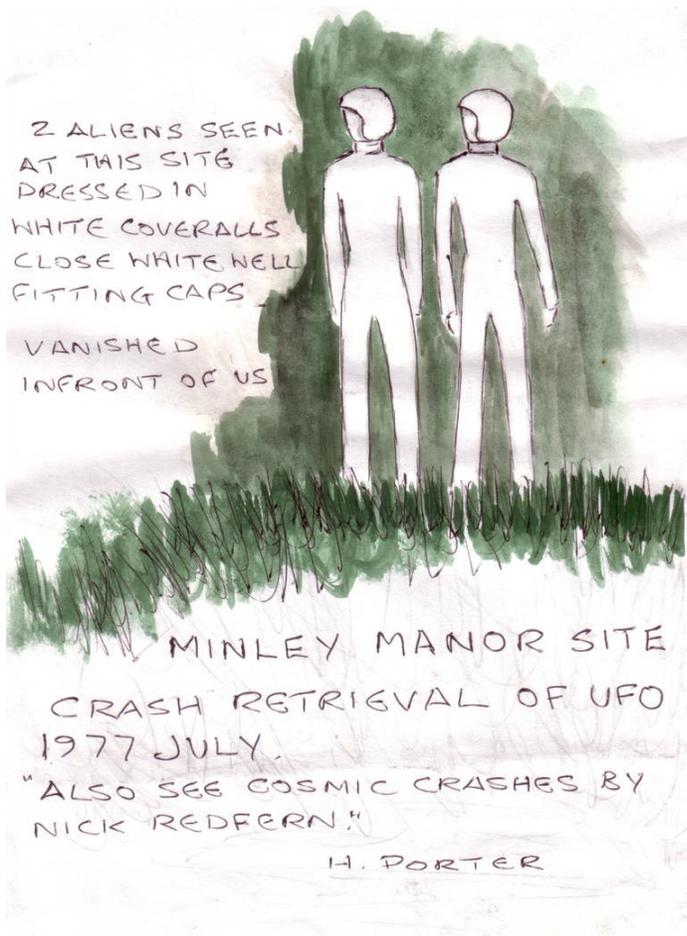
return journey; as we left Bath station I could see some little hilltops with trees on them... and there, skipping low, just above the trees, was a UFO: The object was about 20ft across and distinctly metallic-looking; the disc-shaped object then flew along, roughly the same speed as the train; this continued for several miles before it was lost from view, but no one else in my part of the carriage seemed to be aware of this... they were all too busy chatting.

In 1977; things begin to hot up on the UFO front; it was a close evening in early July, and my husband said shall we go out after dinner for a ride in the car to a pub, so we can cool down with a nice cold drink; that seemed like a good idea; our daughter was just 5 years-old at the time; we went down the Minley Road then turned into Minley Manor grounds which were very pretty with mature trees and flowers; this was a shortcut to Fleet, a town next to Farnborough; but this day out wasn't to be; as we approached the Fleet entrance to the Manor we were greeted with a line of Army buses, headed by a Sargent holding his hand out making a halt sign to us; there were soldiers in full combat gear, armed with rifles, scattering into the woods; these were likely to be straightforward military training exercises... or that's what we thought.

We went back the way we came, but it was then that I noticed a large, perfectly circular burn mark on the ground, about 20ft in diameter; the area was teeming with soldiers; we went round the bend in the road and was passing an area on our left that had an embankment about 10ft high; this came down to an open piece of ground covered in ferns; to our astonishment, there on the embankment, were 2 anorexically-thin persons, both around 6ft tall, each clothed in what may have been white decontamination suits, which are whole-body garments worn as protection against hazardous materials; they were looking in the direction of where the soldiers were rapidly gaining ground; I asked my husband if he could see them, and he said he could; suddenly they ran down into the clearing, right in front of us; it was odd, one minute we could see these white figures there, seemingly being pursued by soldiers, next minute they were gone!

My husband said, what happened there? I replied, they just vanished! I furthered this by declaring 'OK, now I'm getting REALLY scared'... but I didn't want to upset our daughter too much, and simply said 'look, let's just get out of here double-quick!'; and putting pedal to the metal, we were home before we knew it!

Now, with hindsight, at the very minimum, if that was not a UFO crash-retrieval simulation training exercise... or at least the tail-end of one, I'll eat my hat!



-Can UFOs Crash?-

Military people, being military-minded, wouldn't be able to comprehend the metaphysical nature of these alien craft; in my opinion, from what I've seen, it is unlikely that one of these things would ever... could ever, crash on its own, due to their non-material nature (if that makes any sense to the reader); having said that, I did read a theory somewhere of how these exotic objects could be 'cancelled' or 'neutralized' by bursts from a high-intensity laser; so who knows?

It is very hard to explain - suffice to say their 'ships', (to give them a title, although I suspect that term is not strictly accurate) especially the abduction-type that I am familiar with, defy the law of physics in every aspect imaginable; from the way they are constructed, (made or grown even), to the way they operate.

From my experience these objects not only fly as one might expect, in a straight line, both steadily and at exceptional speed, but they can also suddenly vanish and appear out of nowhere; while some UFOs have even been recorded changing shape in flight and/or moving along slowly in a flipping, tumbling or falling leaf motion.

This is the sort of impossible and ludicrous-looking actions they sometimes perform; yet why? well, maybe it's just because they can! Maybe they are being playful! The possibilities are endless... and as for how UFOs are able to do what they do, well, your guess is as good as mine!

I doubt if those at the head of the defence chain could ever understand what they are looking at with this subject; such military meat-brains purely think in terms of UFOs as a possible threat to national security... as nuts-and-bolts objects; well, I'm here to reveal that some of these vessels are actually **closer to spirits than spacecraft**... that is the best way I can describe them.

No human could even board one of the interdimensional-type craft, not in the usual sense, (not unless they were selected to do so anyway) let alone back-engineer one!

From what I have seen, the entities on-board these craft, are molecularly tuned in to the structure/fabric itself; in other words, as I touched on previously, a human would have to be on the same frequency as the ship to be able to go inside... something which is normally impossible without the alien's cooperation.

As Dr Wernher von Braun, leading figure in the development of rocketry in Germany, and who became known as 'the father of space technology' in the United States, specified about the alleged Roswell Incident in 1947... *the exterior of the craft was NOT metal as we know it, but appeared to be made of something BIOLOGICAL like skin (ALIVE)*: Fascinating to think how that particular piece of information wasn't released until after his death!

The knack with UFO crash incident stories is being able to differentiate between those with solid credentials and the spurious, as some often serve to create a confusing picture.

In my opinion, judging from extensive researches, these old UFO accident recovery accounts are sometimes indiscriminately mixed-up with folklore tales based on the crash and recovery of known, man-made hardware; space capsules, satellite debris and experimental military devices which came down to earth during the cold war; they do make great stories though I must admit, and, at the end-of-the-day, they are a part of our UFO history, our culture even; in a funny sort of way, they should still be celebrated for what they are... ripping yarns - great fireside stories!

As it is suggested, every tablespoon of myth and legend usually contains a teaspoonful of truth in there somewhere - so, in other words, we must read between the lines sometimes!

'Flying saucers' in general can show themselves for what they really are; they might look solid sometimes, but they are almost impossible to photograph clearly, whenever one does make its presence known in our skies on the odd occasion.

Just a quick look through the photos on the UFO reports section of our website, will confirm what I'm saying; invariably, the images are a bit frustrating, and nine time out of ten, end up showing blurred, grey or off-white, misty, indistinct flying objects; this isn't always simply a matter of witnesses having poor photographic skills and/or using low-end cameras; truth be told, I've seen images taken of UFOs using professional £5,000 plus SLRs, and still they're substandard as regards trying to convince those of a sceptical disposition; the aerial unidentifieds that people have attempted to capture seem to be neither here nor there; which is exactly how they are I believe... between our realm and theirs.

We have heard of a witness even trying to touch one of these things when it landed, (presumably in preparation for an abduction, as there was 40 minutes of missing time reported), and their hand simply passed straight through the wall of the ship, as if it were made of a thin jelly.

Try shooting at one of these objects and you'll soon learn what you're dealing with, as the military have tried doing on occasion, and discovered to their cost; to paraphrase one jet fighter pilot's description, when ordered to fire at a UFO that he was in hot pursuit of, 'it's like shooting at shadows!'.

Take the Great LA Air Raid (also called The Battle of Los Angeles) to illustrate my point; between the evening of February 24th, 1942 and the early hours of February 25th, the City of Angels went into a panic, as a large, mystery flying object was spotted over the metropolis.

Coming hard on the heels of the Pearl Harbour bombing, Joe public were understandably jittery, and they were swiftly informed that this was a raid by enemy aircraft; a massive barrage of firepower was used, with more than 1300 anti-aircraft shells shot into the skies over Los Angeles during that frantic evening.

Oddly, however, the anti-aircraft shells hit nothing. The army fired and fired, but it was if they were shooting at ghosts; Despite the intense barrage, no plane wreckage was ever discovered.

One eyewitness even described an object he'd seen appearing in the sky over LA during 'the battle', as shaped like an enormous flying lozenge-shaped craft... an easy target one would have thought; but for the military, although the UFO was reasonably well-lit in the huge military spotlight beams... it was like shooting at something that wasn't really there!

And this isn't the only such account of how you can't shoot them down - and UFOs don't accidentally crash either; looks great in SCI FI movies but really, I do not believe it works that way.

-Poltergeist Effects-

Something else very rarely talked about, is the aftermath of peculiar events that can take place in witnesses' homes following UFO close encounters; take poltergeist activity for example; my own case in point is used to highlight this problem; for example, I was having a glass of juice one day, not so long after a UFO sighting; this was a very thick and strong vintage glass tumbler, and when I had finished my drink, I carefully placed it into the empty kitchen sink ready to wash up later; my husband was standing nearby and began speaking to me, when, for no apparent reason at all, the glass exploded with one hell of a bang; it sounded like a rifle going-off; this shook both me and my husband up considerably.

After a few moments, I went to have a measured look in the sink, not knowing quite what would meet my eyes; there, I found thousands of tiny granules; literally, this glass had disintegrated!

What sort of power could do that?

Another type of phenomena that I experienced following UFO activity, was what sounded like clods of earth being thrown at our back windows; you could hear the sudden thud; then the sound of it sliding down the glass with the stones screeching within in it; this type of disturbance tended to happen when it grew dark; the next day, I was always expecting to be greeted by a mound of earth on the ground, soil on the outside window sill and impact marks on the window frame; but every time this happened, there was absolutely nothing... no evidence... not even any scratch marks on the windows!

Despite numerous courses of action to try and prevent such things occurring, whatever was behind this phenomenon had a mind of its own!

August 1977: I worked for Mencap, and it was our turn to host the southern yearly games; the Army let us use the Army Military Stadium in Aldershot for the event, and that was the icing on the cake; a team of us busily worked the evening before putting up bunting and checking everything was ready for the next day; I still don't know quite what happened next, as there was no immediate recollection of anything unusual having taken place; this particular memory that I am relating to the reader here came with another, slightly later abduction, 3 months on, in October 1977, of which I had sudden memory recall.

My flashback revealed a large hexagonal object, which flew in from the South over Aldershot then over the stadium; the UFO was about 60ft in length and about 40ft wide and it displayed many red lights.

This hexagonal-wonder then hovered about 50ft above the stadium; it was so close, that I could easily spot that it had unusual pipe work on its underside; unfortunately, that is all I can remember; this is significant though to another UFO sighting I had which I will talk about soon. I saw all of this so vividly that I immediately sketched it into my logbook, along with meticulous written notes of the episode.

As I said, this incident brought forth the memory of my journey home through Wales back in Sept 1970, (now, almost 7 years later), except, I have good reason to suspect that this was some sort of a mental 'cover memory'. The Aliens can do this; they are very clever at manipulating the mind to cover their tracks by over layering real and somewhat more disturbing memories, with slightly more light-hearted versions.

For a start, what really happened took place around 3 am in the morning, just past Swansea, as we were travelling East... NOT on the Sunday afternoon directly on the beach, as they showed me in this distorted version of events!

My real memory goes like this; the next thing we knew, I was waking up on a garage forecourt besides the River Severn, next to a beach; I looked at my watch; I had no idea how we had travelled so far - so quickly!

I had experienced considerable missing time!

The 'cover-memory' begins with a scene of me on the beach road; my attention is quickly drawn to a humanoid Alien wearing a green coverall, standing on the sandy beach by the River Severn; he stood about 6ft tall and was accompanied by some smaller Aliens.

I went over to them and they greeted me and asked me if I wanted to be part of their team; I replied yes; the large Alien had an instrumentation box close to his chest and said that he was going to conduct a seismic test of the beach and surrounding area. The odd thing about this though, was that the more intensely I looked at them, I could not actually see any facial features on these beings.

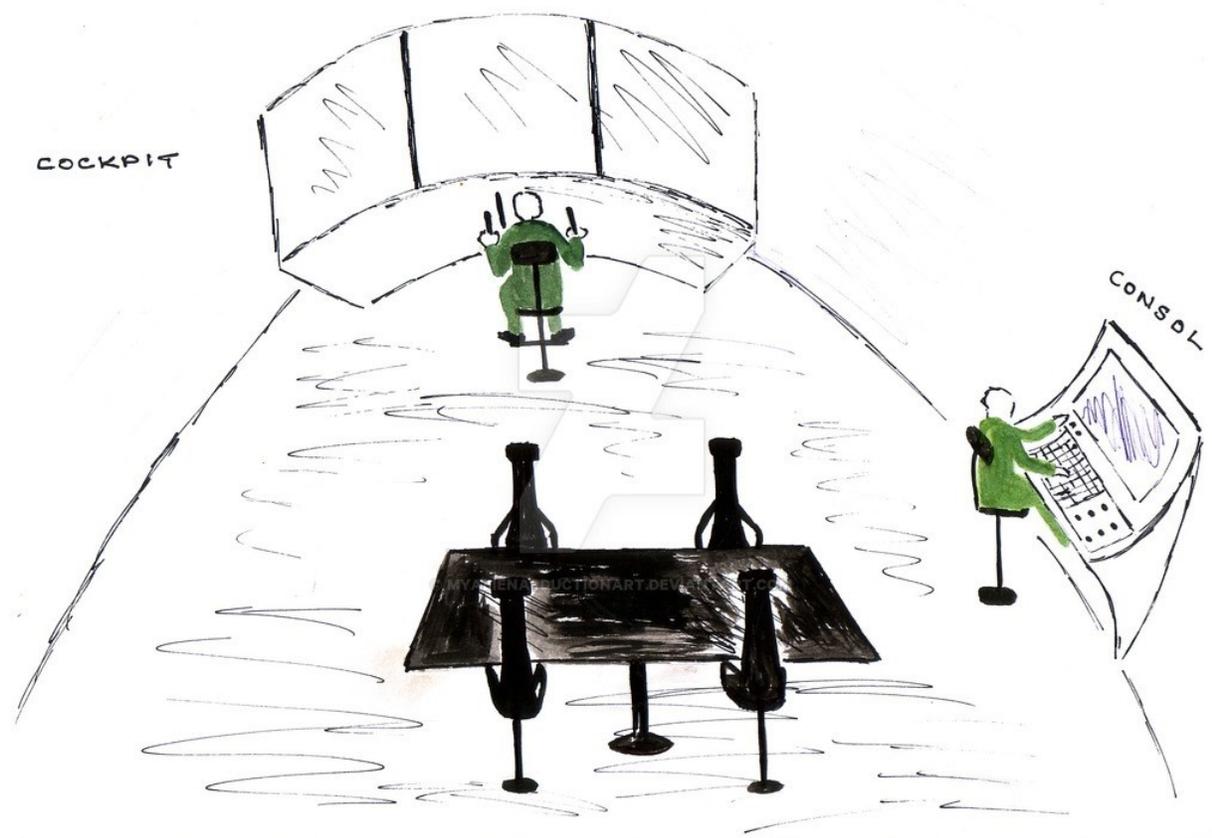
Anyhow, the test was carried out, and the beach scene now showed people walking about, but they started to become unsteady on their feet as the ground moved under them; the main Alien being said that we would have to run fast over the beach road and up a hill to the next road, then turn down that road; so I did as he said and began running in the direction I was told to, but I saw no one else running with me; then a voice instructed me that when we came to a clearing between the houses, to go down the path and get into one of the small, domed, black cars that were parked back on the beach road.

I followed these instructions; the strange little vehicles were rather like the 'KA' car that is around now, except, in my mind's eye, when I began to concentrate through this memory veil, the vehicle I climbed into wasn't a car at all, but a 20ft oval-shaped UFO!

The flashback changes, and now I was now sitting in one of 4 high-backed, black chairs with a large black table; I soon noticed the table, chairs, and stools were all centrally anchored to the floor, as there was another figure in a green coverall working a console which was beautifully moulded into the bowed-shape wall of the craft; there were 3 green coveredalled Aliens in this UFO and I asked the one standing near me whether I could have a look at the control console - to which he replied, yes you can; looking back at this abduction I think that all communication with these beings was done by telepathic means.

I stood by this other Alien and saw a grid system he was looking at on his console; on this, there was a red light moving fast across a map of the River Severn and about to fly over the Somerset Levels; it was then I realized, the light on this grid was actually the craft we were flying in!

As I looked to my left, I saw another being dressed in green overalls sat at the front of the UFO; he was operating devices with his hands and moving his feet and legs on long levers, sliding them backward and forwards; there was a large window that was formed around the oval-shaped front of the craft, so you had a good view of everything while flying.



After this, the memory ends.

This is how the aliens often trigger and slowly control an abductees memory processing; it can sometimes be like watching a video of what happened, but with the scenario being shown like a badly-

acted, poorly scripted and muddled B-movie; this is the type of visual vehicle they seem to use to help abduction victims recall their experiences.

I guess that it's a case of using a softly, softly unveiling, a gentle flow of data, rather than a full-on shock-horror, wham-bam, there you are mam revelation; which, for the sake of a person's sanity, would be the preferable method they use for triggering recall in us.

A few years ago, I met for the first time, another abductee who lives in Wales; we looked at each other's drawings we had made over 40 years apart, of our remembered experiences; remarkably, we had drawn this exact, same, craft interior from our abduction memories; the details are very near identical.

[Please go to the following address for more about this
<https://www.deviantart.com/myalienabductionart/art/Ellis-Taylor-and-Hilary-Porter-Craft-Interior-770755903>]

I have spoken to a top Ufologist in Wales who has verified that Cardiff, the location in which I had my major abduction experience, is what is known as a 'UFO hot spot'; it is an area where a number of people recall having had UFO encounters and alien abduction-type experiences.

I told you about the possible military's UFO crash retrieval simulation exercise in the early part of July 1977; well, I had by then moved house to what is technically, the highest geographical elevation in Farnborough, a perfect position for sky watching; a few weeks afterwards, during late August or early September, I was upstairs in my bedroom putting clothes away in the airing cupboard; it was around 8pm in the evening and I had my telescope set-up ready for use; on this evening I continued with my routine of surveying the whole area from East to West; in the distance to the South, I can see a good 20 miles, all the way to Hindhead in Surrey; but this time, instead of seeing just landscape views, I chanced upon something most fascinating to the West.

I could see over the Farnborough airfield to a facility which had a huge structure called the Concorde Building; it was about 5 stories-high with rectangular windows at the top, and there, hovering by these windows, was a fuzzy, grey, circular craft!

This appeared to be a neither man-made, nor natural object.

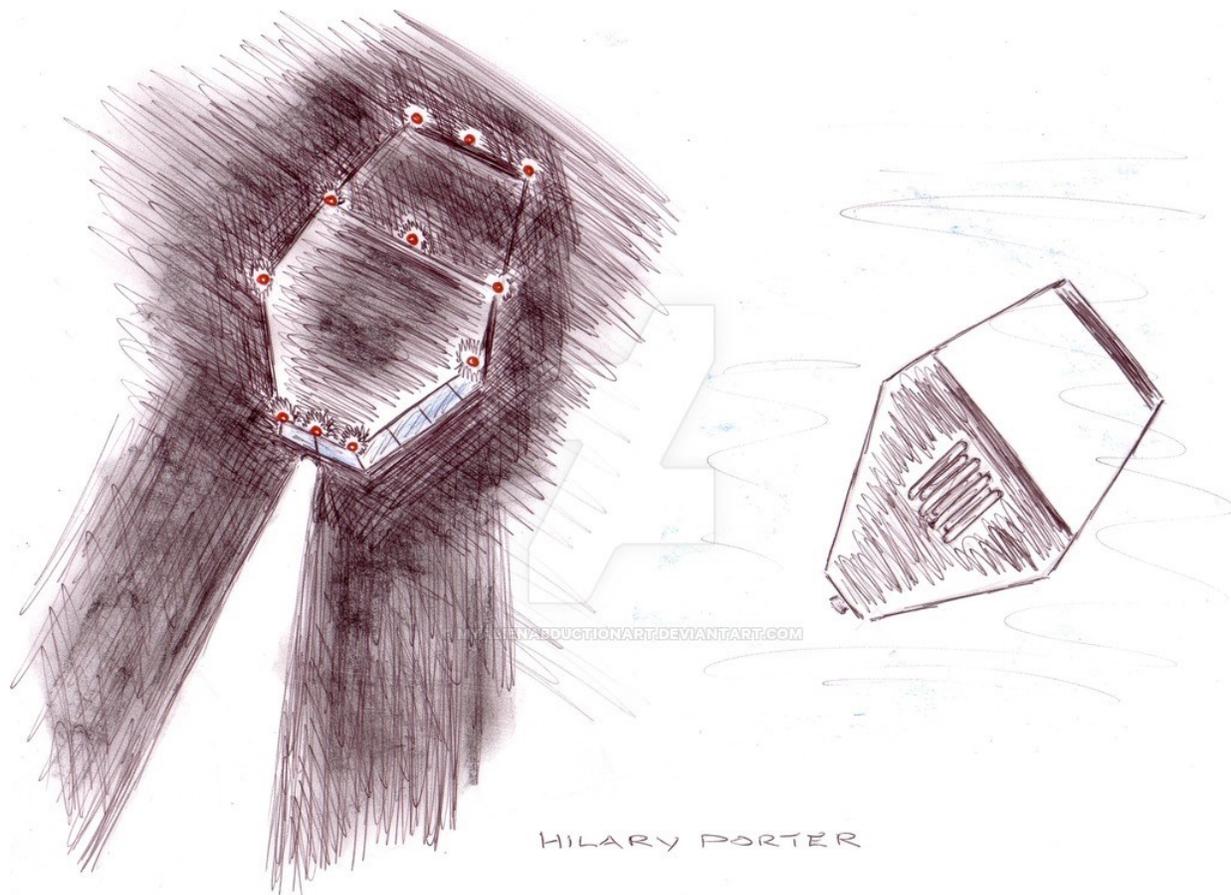
I watched it for at least three quarters of an hour, just hanging there; then my husband came up the stairs asking what on earth was I doing? so I said 'look at this', and he too saw the strange object; 'what the hell is that?' he excitedly shouted, 'that's what I want to know' I replied; then, as we took turns in watching through the scope, the object began to turn blood-red and expanded to about one and a half-sizes larger!

After studying this incredible object, my husband took the telescope off the tripod and said 'I'm going over there'; it was now getting dark, and watching through binoculars I could now see that this disc-shaped UFO had flown into the Eelmore Marsh area, which is some wild ground beyond the Farnborough runway; my husband said that he knew a perimeter track where he could go without being seen; and when he returned, he told me that he had watched between 9 and 11 pm and saw the craft quite clearly, either landed on the ground or hovering just above... it was hard to tell.

He furthered his report, by telling me that 'the place was in total darkness, no navigation or security lights were on as they normally would have been, which was most unusual; he could see no activity at all on or around the airfield or from the disc either'; after a while though, he simply tired of watching and needed to get home and to bed ready for work next morning.

I later revealed this UFO sighting to Omar Fowler, an ex-military man turned Ufologist - a quite well-known and respected researcher of that time; dutifully, he came armed with a report form which I filled in for him; while I was detailing my sighting, he was browsing through my logbook, when he suddenly said 'gracious' how did you get this drawing of the hexagonal craft and so much detail? as we have been trying for years to get an image like this and all the pipework underneath, it is very important!

He went on to say 'and this drawing has to go to America'; 'no its not', I snapped, but I'll make you a copy, which is what I did; I tried to tell him that this knowledge came from a possible abduction at the Army Military Stadium in Aldershot two months earlier; but I found him slightly difficult to talk to; just from the expression on his face alone, I could tell that he was most dubious about alien abduction, so I couldn't really open-up to him about that aspect; then, he took the now completed UFO report form detailing our Farnborough airfield disc sighting to have a look at, along with the copy of the Hexagonal UFO drawing that I had just made for him.



On his way out, Omar paused for a few moments and stood on my doorstep; looking out, he could see the Concorde Building in the distance, plus many other major buildings around the complex, and remarked 'you really can see the whole area can't you... it's an absolutely breath-taking view you have here!'.
Mid-October 1978 - Burned! Friday night; Now separated from husband due to marital difficulties, I was at home alone caring for my daughter who was six years old; it was almost dark and I was sky watching from my bedroom window with my telescope; it was then, that I noticed something coming from the West over Farnborough and flying quite low, but what was it? I had never seen anything shaped quite like this before.

The aerial object was very long with a white light on the front and a green light on the back; as I stared intently, it suddenly started turning in my direction! Had it been alerted to my presence I wondered?

As the object grew nearer, I could see it was a huge black rod at least 60 ft. long, but thin; this particular UFO was very sinister-looking! as so often with these things, it gave-off no sound whatsoever; but there was just something I didn't like about what I was watching; this creeped me out!

Stealthily, it flew over our local school and round to the back of our houses, then it went up over the Fernhill, which is at the back of our homes; after about 5 minutes it re-appeared, this time its white light was on the back and the green light on the front.

It moved at an angle over our garden, then it turned on its axis, straightened-up and flew down the line of our homes; next, it started to move towards the local school; at this point I went out into my front garden to see where this sinister craft was heading; its appearance gave me the shudders all down my spine.



Now, I could see that the object, although huge in length, was only around 7ft in width.

As if a switch had just been turned off, its lights went out; then the rod UFO slowly glided over my home, only to be seen now as a silhouette against the night sky; abruptly, I lost all of my energy and fell to the ground; I was completely overcome and lacking vitality, will, or power to rise, prostrate... with my body partly on the garden and path; my head was spinning and I couldn't move, but I was outside and needed to somehow get back into my home.

I couldn't understand why I was like this - had I become seriously ill?

In desperation, I tried calling out for help, but it was obvious that no one heard me; it took quite some time and one hell of a struggle to try and push myself up the path; I was flat out, then I had to get over a foot-high threshold, that REALLY took some doing! then, after which I was back indoors; but how was I going to shut the front door? Although still weak, I pushed it with my foot, and after many tries, the door eventually shut; then there were the stairs to negotiate!

I dragged myself up very gradually, tread-by-tread, but I had to be as quiet as I could and resist the temptation to moan out loud, which is what I really wanted to do, as I didn't wish to wake my daughter; she slept with me because I had to nurse her in the night as she was severely Autistic; so, as carefully as I could, and after many attempts, I got to the top stair, then entered the bedroom and clambered on to the double-bed next to her and lay there with all my dirty clothes and shoes on; thank heavens my daughter continued sleeping well.

I was totally out of it and do not remember anything more.

When morning came, I needed the bathroom, but had the shock of my life when I passed the mirror on the wall: this can't be happening, I was burned all down the left side of my face! and within these burns was a hot, painful rash!

With this hideous mark on my face, I was sure glad it was a Saturday morning, as I didn't have to go anywhere throughout the weekend; obviously I tried treating these burns with ointment, and there they remained through to the evening; but upon inspection in the mirror, I noticed that they didn't look quite so bad now; and by Sunday the burns were far less visible... and by the evening, they had practically gone, which was a massive relief I can tell you!



As this drawing illustrates, in the morning after my UFO encounter, I noticed how I had been burned all down the left side of my face! and within these burns was a nasty rash!

I suspect that these were not normal burns; these may have been caused by some sort of radiation given-off by the craft.

It is more than likely, that I had been 'taken' during my collapse, as I noticed from the bedroom alarm clock that well over an hour had elapsed between the time I went outside to look at the UFO, to the time I managed to crawl back indoors.

Back in the 60's, 70's and 80's, a number of UFO reports came out in our local papers around Farnborough; but by the time you got to the 1990's, it was clear that a D-Notice (Military Defence Notice) was served to put a block on everything that happened here in the way of Unidentified Flying Object activity.

During the Summer of 1978, in the days when UFO-related experiences were reported-on in the papers around here, three interesting articles appeared in print during the mid-summer; they were sent in by a local Ufologist of that era, Mr. Omar Fowler.

The first incident took place in Cove, Farnborough; a local man, Walley Churn, who we all knew as a jolly, happy, sociable guy, was on his way to work; it was about 7.30am and he was coming out of *Mundays Newsagents* with his daily paper and bits and pieces, when an individual of very tall stature, stood right

in the doorway.

Even though it was a warm Summers day, the man was dressed in a very dark grey overcoat, black trilby hat, gauntlet gloves, a black muffler covering his neck, black trousers and black boots; this very out of place character declared to Walley "I am a spaceman"; Walley laughed, thinking the bloke was a nutter and sarcastically responded 'oh, yeah, and I'm from Mars'; then he said 'OK then mate, prove it to me'; then Walley heard the man say 'when you get up to the Clock House I will be in a disc in the sky and you will see it'; Walley must have wondered to himself, how would he know where I am going? as it just so happened, that his journey to his place of work would indeed take him past that very building!

A few moments after he had ended that sentence, the 'spaceman' as he called himself, vanished forthwith before Walley's eyes.

Walley reported this to investigator Omar Fowler.

This encounter changed our witness completely, and over the following weeks, the jovial man we all loved, steadily became sullen, quiet and introvert; whenever we saw him in the street after that, he had his head bowed and didn't speak much to anyone; many tried pressing him about the 'Spaceman' encounter, but he simply wouldn't answer.

I am convinced, that most of these beings are absolutely real; often referred to as M.I.B. - 'Men in Black'; they appear in many guises, from the spaceman-type that Walley Churn allegedly encountered, through to anonymous dark-clothed, but more human-looking men; this type of figure is well documented in America, yet Britain also has had its share as well; reports of W.I.B.S.- women in black, who can be just as odd-looking, also exist; this topic is well worth some further research if you want to learn more.

A few weeks later, another interesting report appeared in the local paper; this time the incident took place at the top of Alexandra Road, North Camp, Farnborough; a young lady bank employee was about to cross the road to her place of work, when a big, dark, figure just 'popped-up' right in front of her; again, this being was dressed in the same unusual, out-of-place clothing as often described by witnesses, but this time the 'man' (if you could describe him as such) had no eyes in his eye sockets! Naturally, this petrified the young lady severely, and she ran over the road and into the side door of the Bank, screaming and sobbing; shocked staff took it in turns to try and comfort her.

Within days of this incident, another woman was doing her Saturday morning shopping in Camp Road, (which is also part of North Camp) when suddenly the mysterious figure emerged again, and stood right in front of her, blocking her path; once again, the man had no eyes in his sockets; she said, he looked like death.

As one might expect, when she saw this, the woman nearly passed-out.

Scared out of her wits, with great effort, she made it back home; her husband was shocked to see his wife in such a terrified state; it took quite a bit of time to calm her down, before she was able to tell him about her experience; at first, he thought it may have been someone playing a prank; so her husband scoured all around North Camp trying to locate this sick idiot, but never found him.

On the afternoon of the 16th of January 1979: It was school home-time: I was walking down the road to the front of a block of flats where my daughter's school bus always stops, but there was something different about this bitterly cold, slate grey day; there were no parents or children milling about as there normally was... in fact there was nobody else at all; not even any traffic! and apart from this total absence of people and vehicles, what struck me the most was how incredibly quiet it was - my ears began to ring with the silence; it was then that I suddenly noticed one person coming down the road - a

man.

I thought, how odd that I had not spotted him just a moment ago when I looked.

Then I began to scrutinize this person more closely as he neared; the man walked with a peculiar stoppage gait; probably just some unfortunate, disabled chap I assumed; trying not to be rude by staring at him too much, I watched him turn around the corner of the road, then walk up as far as the garages, then just past the flats; he began approaching me then stopped; now, my mind went back to the Summer before... this could indeed be one of the M.I.B's described in the local paper reports.

By now, I was becoming slightly concerned; I was a woman on my own; what could I do if he attacked me? but I had to be here ready, waiting for my daughter Sally to arrive.

I thought telepathy might be worth a try; without speaking a word, I looked at the man and mentally said to him 'I mean you no harm and I hope that you mean me no harm, as I have a little daughter who will be dropped-off from her school bus by the flats very soon'.

This seemed to work, as he looked as if he was just about to say something; but instead of speaking, he bowed before me, and like one of the Three Musketeers, took his trilby hat off and made a large circle with it, signalling for me to get nearer.

Some time had passed, and now I could see lights coming on in the houses around me, but still there were no people about; it was so uncharacteristically still and silent; I could hear no birds or anything... yet it was home-time for our local schools - where had everyone gone?

Inwardly I prayed for somebody else to come along.

As if in a trance, I felt compelled to walk right up to this man, which I did; now, I could really observe what he looked like from head-to-foot; he had a very dark grey/black trilby hat, his facial skin was flawless like a baby, but very pale, albino-like; or perhaps it was a mask, I wasn't sure; he kind of looked like a man in his 60's, but had no lines on his face at all; the whites of his eyes were stunningly bright; these had light blue irises, but horribly, they had no pupils within!

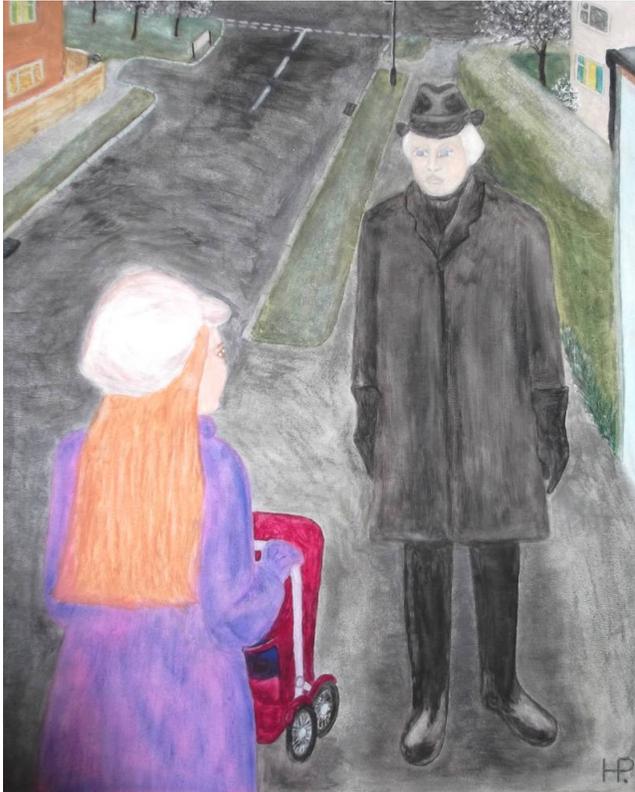
Almost theatrical-looking, this guy sported a muffler right up to his neck, a long, grey/black coat which had a heavy weave to it; his hands were covered in large, black gauntlet-type gloves and he wore trousers and big, heavy boots - which seemed to be joined together as a single unit, something that I had never seen before; his hair was brilliant white and chisel-cut to below where his ears would be... if he had any.

Again, telepathically, I said 'thank you' and went past him; after a few steps, nervously, I turned around to make sure that he wasn't following me, but I was shocked to see he was no longer there... nowhere to be seen... it was as if he had faded into thin air!

Thankfully, the mystery man had now gone... somehow, somewhere... but nothing else had changed; it continued to be still and silent and I seemed to be waiting far longer than usual for the school bus; then, just as I was becoming extremely anxious, in a blink of an eye the whole scene change; everything went back to how it usually was; all the children began coming out of school and parents were gathering... lots of people, chatter and cars... ah, **normality at last** I thought to myself; so reassuring, almost comforting... not to be alone.

Distantly, I could see that the school bus was now coming down the road; I tried not let the other parents spot how badly shaken I was, so, as soon as I got Sally, I placed her into the pushchair, covered

her with a big warm blanket and just ran up the road to our house and into the front door, quickly locking it behind me and trying to get back to normal; but of course, nothing could ever be normal again after such a weird occurrence; because at the back of my mind, I always worried whether I would ever bump into this disturbing figure whenever I went out.



Looking back at what happened to me, I think I handled everything very well under the circumstances. that is my one consolation; but there is no getting away from the fact that it has had a long-term psychological effect on me.

Understanding more as I do today, has convinced me that seeing this man in such Twilight Zone-esque circumstances, did result in a period of missing time for me and possibly even, an abduction may have taken place; but as so often happens, the victim is left with little conscious memory of the specifics.

This type of thing happens - there are some details of the abduction process that the aliens will never divulge to us; they have their agenda to maintain.

Alien abduction/visitation has affected other members of my family here in Farnborough as well; but it must be said, that when it comes to a problem of this nature, it can generally affect entire families anyway - no matter where they may live!

Although most are too afraid to speak publicly about it all, a few of my relatives have revealed some surprising things to me in private - intuitive feelings about things that they believed may have happened to them.

Over the years, I have heard more or less the same thing from a handful of other Farnborough residents also... about strange sightings in the sky, and of having an extrasensory perception, that they too are quite likely to have been 'taken' and 'messed about' with.

It must also be remembered that many other cases go unreported, as some victims prefer to just dismiss

this type of experience and get on with their lives, putting any such disturbing memories to the back of their mind... simply because it's easier that way.

Over a few decades, the total abduction figure for our region may run into the high-hundreds; but nowadays, things do seem to have quietened down somewhat regarding such matters; which indicates that either 'they', (whoever/whatever they are), have slowed down their snatching program; or it is possible that to avoid attention, these operations may have moved further afield.

June 1979 and the abductions started at home in my bedroom.

As an artist, I have painted the abductions taking place; the aliens always used the same procedure; firstly, a large part of the wall would light up; this was a portal; then a black, cowled figure, around 5ft tall, would stand to the left of the portal; this ushered-in the little Grey aliens.

There were about 7 greys in all, and each measured I would say, approximately 3ft 6ins tall.

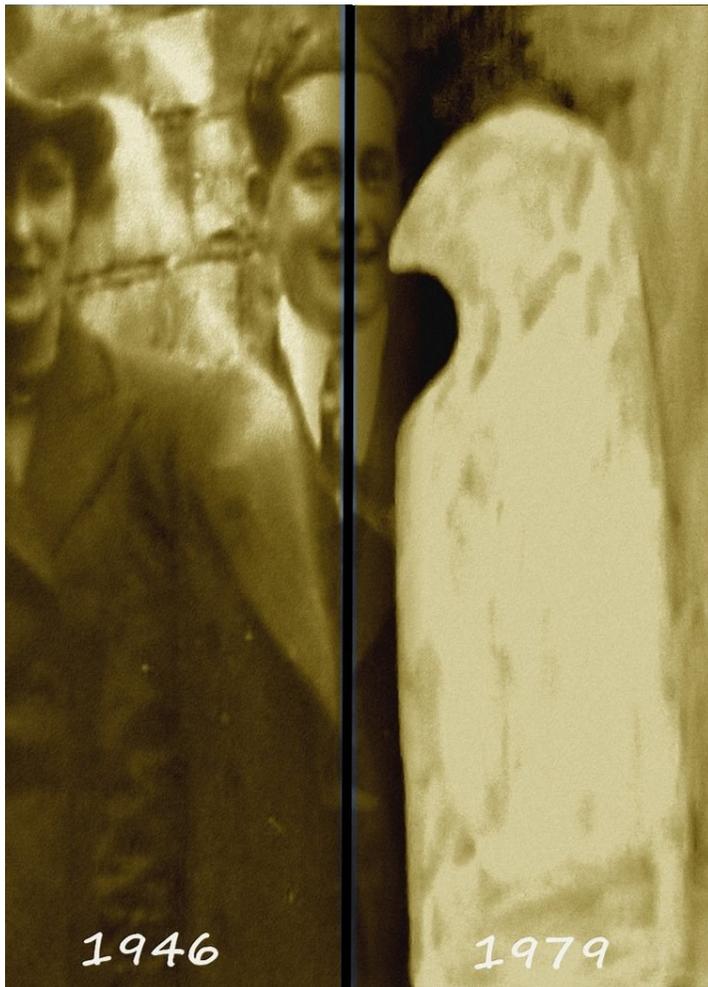
Initially, they were quite absurd to watch, like little children hopping and skipping around our bedroom; but things soon became more serious when the 'mind scan man' grey (as I call him), who was about 4ft tall, would enter from the portal.

He would come up to me and start poking my legs then further up the body, before bringing his face right up to mine, staring deep into my eyes and seemingly scanning my mind with his huge black, almond-shaped eyes. (hence my title for him of 'mind-scan man').

Words can't adequately describe the horror and helplessness that I felt during those episodes: I couldn't move my limbs, only my eyes, meaning I could see my little daughter often being lifted out of the bed by one of them while she was fast-asleep... and yet I could do nothing to protect her from what those entities intended to do.



[A brief note about this artwork, drawn and painted from memory; it depicts the early stages of a typical bedroom abduction episode for me; this shows a cowled figure ushering in the greys through what I assume, is a dimensional portal.



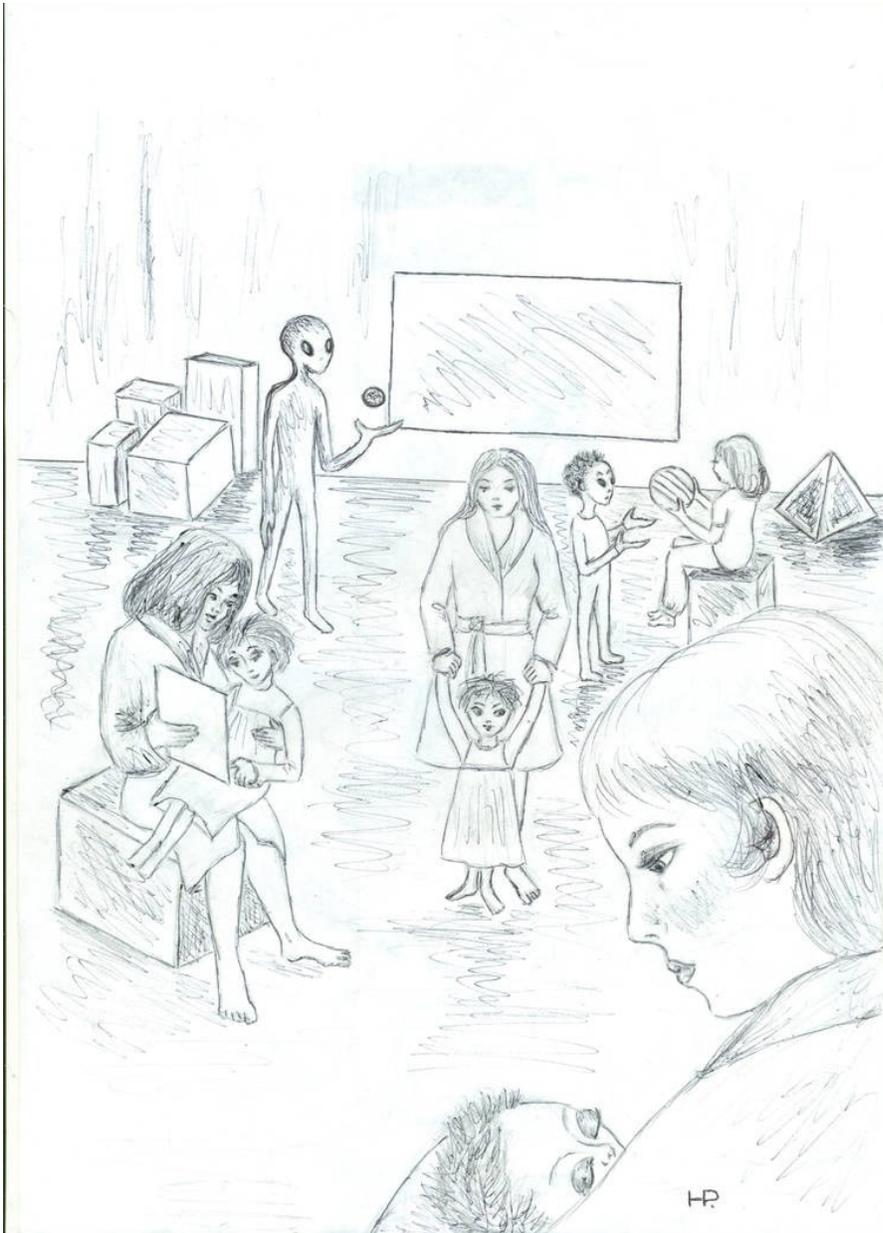
This next image show two photo 'crops' set side-by-side'; the left part displays a cowled figure that appeared on my 1946 Christening photo; on the right, is a portion of my painted depiction regarding what I have seen in the bedroom during abductions, circa 1979; the two have both been cut, re-sized and put into the appropriate lighting and tonal scales, then stitched together using a basic photo editing tool; **this has been done to illustrate a theory which has only come into my mind while putting this book together; that the cowled figure (the 'usher') from my 1979 bedroom abduction scene memory, and the cowled figure at my Christening in 1946, are in fact, one and the same apparition!**

I used to have vague, but puzzling memories of floating through the window or wall; but now I properly understand what those feint remembrances meant; man's physical body has a subtle counterpart called the spirit or etheric body, which exists on a different rate of molecular vibration to that which is material.

Our spirit is very much like the physical body, with the same countenance, limbs, organs etc., but it is made of far subtler material than the mere flesh, bone and blood frame; the aliens seize our spirit molecularly; this is how they are able to come and go in people's bedrooms without detection by normal means; these are multi-dimensional beings who travel here in order to take our counterparts with them for experimentation, and hopefully return those abductees, the same way.

My bedroom visitations were frequent and went on throughout 1979, 1980, 81 and into 1982.

I remember through flashbacks, a crèche with hybrid babies being nursed; also present were hybrid infants and human children playing together... usually with the taller Greys in attendance.



I witnessed some female abductees holding babies, while others were interacting with the hybrid children there, teaching them to catch a ball for example; the human children learned to play with the kind of toys I mentioned previously, those that were brought to me by the beings who came through the wall into my bedroom when I was about 3 years old.

September 1979: A very important UFO sighting and landing took place; as usual, I was sky watching with my telescope and saw, at about 9 pm, a large, dark shape descending from the sky to the ground at a place called Beacon Hill, to the west of our area; then suddenly, the side of the UFO opened-up like it had let down a type of ramp, and you could see it was illuminated inside with white light; then the colour went orange, this brought-forth many hundreds of orange-lit orbs which came out from the craft; incredibly, these glowing spheres covered a huge area of Laffan's plain and down across the Farnborough Airfield, into North Camp Farnborough, and central Farnborough itself; they were covering every part of

the area; but just what were they doing? I wondered; were they gathering information about the area perhaps? One can only imagine.

I can't reveal any names here for reasons of privacy, but an associate of my husband, who was working in a facility connected to the wind tunnel at the time of my sighting, which was all part of the Farnborough airfield, actually contacted me a few days after this strange event, knowing about my interest in the UFO subject - and relayed something very important to me.

In his words, he said that 'it was coming up to 10pm, and for those working the 6pm to 2am shift, this was lunch time for them; the guys all wanted fish-and-chips, so, one of us left with the intention of crossing over to the main building, jumping into their car and driving to the local 'chippy'; just a few minutes or so later though, the door banged back open again and a very frightened-looking colleague stood there, shaking from head to foot; what the hell had happened we all wondered? he and the other night-staff looked for some sort of explanation for his swift return with no food.

After a while, the man gradually regained his composure, although he was still stuttering and shaking; something dramatic had clearly taken place; he mumbled 'if any of you want fish and chips you will have to get them yourself, there's some weird crap going on outside'; he went on to say, I only got part way-out when I noticed a load of orange orbs flying about in the air, above me and around our buildings.

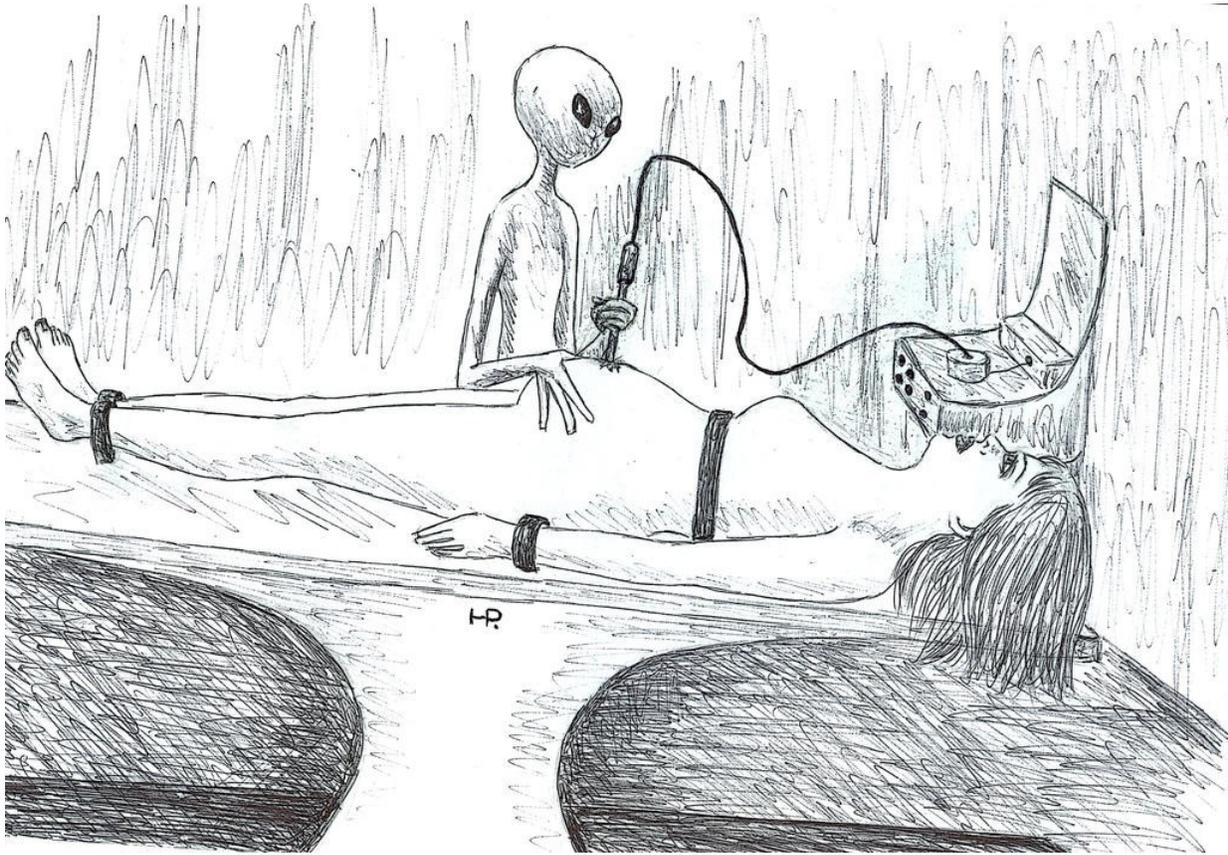
It appears that the orbs even flew over the trees into the National Gas Turbine Establishment which is all part of this huge Farnborough facility; then, he said, 'one swooped down and buzzed me; it was the size of a football and all swirly-orange inside and really hot too; I was scared for my life as it wouldn't stop buzzing me, so I ran back here as fast as I could.'

Upon hearing this, these workers moved towards the windows to look for themselves; 'for f**ks sake, he's right', one person said, I can see those orange things too... they're everywhere! Wow that is just crazy! another exclaimed: The others agreed as they stared at the phenomena, pondering over what action if any, they should take; but time had passed quickly in all the excitement, and now the men were obliged to return to work; but they still took the occasional peek out of the window to see if the orbs were still there; fortunately, each time they looked, there were noticeably less of the remarkable objects; scores of them had either faded or vanished... and by the end of the shift, there were no more visible at all.

I thanked the person who contacted me and then explained to him about my having seen the UFO landing that evening as well, and about the huge swarm of orange orbs I saw darting about; he was amazed I had witnessed this too, thus absolutely confirming the man's story.

Throughout the 70's and 80's I had mild breast lactation all the while; at the time I couldn't understand why this should be, because I had been on Bromocriptine, a drug that used to be prescribed for lactation suppression; I took a course of these tablets after the premature birth of Sally, who was wasn't expected to survive; so, what was happening to me certainly wasn't normal; and it is particularly significant when considered in conjunction with new research, which has shown that human woman who are chosen by the aliens, are partly selected on their capability of carrying a high capacity of breast milk to feed their hybrid babies.

Anecdotal evidence from abduction victims, also suggests that an endoscopy-type procedure is used by the Aliens upon female human abductees, to either extract or insert the hybrid eggs: I am convinced this is correct, because I lived throughout these two decades, with not only my lactation issue, but having to endure an extremely sore naval which wept an orange/brown goo; I was forever finding this substance in my 'belly button' and had to wash it out almost on a daily basis.



I have a feint, distant recall of this procedure being performed on me; from the fragments I can remember, it was like a gynaecological examination; an instrument was hooked into the lining of the womb, then after the examination, it would be pulled it out sharply; the simple truth was, that when undergoing this procedure, one would be left with some internal bleeding until things healed-up inside somewhat, for several days later.

I am sure my womb will be scarred forever from all their tinkering.

April 1980: My encounter with a tall, black-clad alien: My encounter with a spaceman-type figure which appeared at my home in 1980, involved a being that was witnessed by others too and even investigated by the Police.

The days were drawing out; it was about 7:30 pm and I had just put my little daughter to bed; it was a sunny, bright evening and I had come downstairs to have a rest; I came through the lounge door when something stopped me in my tracks; there before me... standing right up against the middle of my lounge back window, was this very tall being.

It was clad in a kind of black and slightly shiny, seamless, all-in-one covering, (that was not leather or nylon) from head to toe, wearing what looked like a helmet with an unusually large, dark visor, which was strangely flattened at the top.

At such proximity I tried to look for any facial features behind the visor but couldn't see any.

He, (assuming that this was a male) was SO tall, that he had to bend his head slightly at the top of the fanlight to peer into the room, that made him well over 7 feet in height!

I just froze to the spot from sensory overload, but even though I was petrified within, I said to myself, 'don't blow it girl, remember you are a Ufologist and you must learn from this.'

I noticed the setting-sun, still above the trees of Fernhill beyond my garden; the brightness was casting a glimmer of light on this huge black figure.

I couldn't tell you what the material was that made up this 'suit', but I can say, it was like nothing I have ever seen before or since; the 'headgear' (if that's what it was) and the suit was all one thing, no joins visible anywhere... in fact, this 'suit' was almost like his skin - if that makes any sense.

It was almost like he was there to greet me because the entity gently upraised his right hand as if to say 'hi'... and in a reflex reaction, I did the same - I raised my hand.

His seemingly friendly gesture reassured me, and then I began to relax a little.

I'm not quite sure how long we stood there looking at each other, but next, and without warning, this figure rapidly glided backward, a distance of 5 feet, (which I have since measured) to the garden wall, in less than a second!

I wish to make it clear that this being did not walk, jump or run - he glided or slid along, extremely fast; that's the only way I can describe it.

I have three steps that go up onto the lawn, and rapidly, the figure was at the garden level; he appeared to levitate himself there in an instant!

After watching him move in such a weird manner, I was left even more startled than after first seeing him; my apprehension levels had rapidly increased again - it was all so contrary to reason.

He now towered a good 8ft 10in tall, with his form blotting out my view of next door's garden and half of their shed and greenhouse; then, in an instant, he simply vanished before my eyes!



I had high fences all-round the garden because of having a young child who needed to be kept safe, so no ordinary person could even gain entrance into my property, let alone do what this incredible figure did.

I felt stunned, but delighted that this being chose to visit me; why? I do not know; what was he? I don't know; but if I was going to hazard-a-guess, I would say that he was a hybrid alien creature sent here to perform some task or other... maybe, just to make that silent communication with me... who knows?

Maybe, he was here to visit my daughter instead! all these possibilities raced through my mind. Anyway, after this had happened, I quickly drew my curtains in case 'he' returned and then I made copious notes in my logbook about what I had witnessed.

I think it highly probable, that I experienced missing time when I encountered the black figure, although I'm not 100% sure, as I simply cannot remember certain, *lesser* specifics about that event... nagging details, such as looking at the clock afterward or what I did next after the entity had gone. I have racked my brains, but still, those vital little pieces of my encounter-jigsaw evade me.

It was such a startling confrontation and none of it really makes much sense, but as I often say, these entities do not operate to our rules or logic; with them, very little of what they do, or how they seem, make any sense at all.

To say any more about that encounter would only be speculation, but I have made a detailed drawing of my experience which serves to illustrate this very well through its accuracy.

At this time, I didn't report my encounter to anyone else for fear of them thinking I was totally crazy... not even my parents! This was way too personal.

July 20, 1980: Back in those days I had set-up a special telephone hotline for people to call me about their own UFO and Alien-type experiences; well, on a Sunday evening at about 10.30 pm, the phone started ringing; picking it up I could hear two women crying and unable to speak coherently.

I told them to just take some time and regain their composure and after about 3 minutes one of the ladies said "we are nurses from High Hurlands Hospital, Passfield near Liphook, Hampshire, a private home for handicapped children; my name is staff nurse Diane Edworthy and I have nurse Helen Monger with me"; I thanked them and then introduced myself.

They were beginning to calm down nicely now, and took it in turns to tell me that a big, round, brilliantly-lit, spinning ball of light, which changed colours from white to orange, blue, red and green, had flown over from the Guildford direction before hanging above their hospital and grounds; apparently, similar visitations had been happening, on-and-off, for at least 6 months; usually, this light form would depart after a while, flying-off in the Portsmouth direction... except this time, they feared that it had completely touched-down at one point near the 'apple orchard' area within the Hospital grounds.

The nurses said that they were on-duty, getting the children ready for bed when they heard the craft arrive; although not audible to everyone, several there knew only-too-well, the whirring noise of that object, and were quite aware whenever it was nearby; the sound even agitated the children, along with 2 dogs which barked intensely whenever this thing approached.

During this latest incident at the hospital, the ward phone began ringing; at the other end, it was one of their colleagues off-duty, nearly half a mile away down the hill in the staff residential quarters; she was informing them that something was happening outside and they should take a look.

Some staff went outside to see this "craft, as it hovered fairly high for about twenty minutes, before it did a circuit of the house."

The nurses account continues... the UFO then descended to about 30ft above the ground then suddenly blacked out; "indoors, staff were dashing about from room-to-room watching the object; now observing from the bathroom window, they stared as this thing zipped about in front of the hospital for a while, and then off it went, right round to the back."

"When eventually the craft disappeared, it just vanished; it was there one minute and then it was gone; "And that was it - we didn't see anything after that."

Some off-duty staff ran into the nursing homes, (which were 2 large bungalows), and went into lockdown; but as they peeped through a gap in the curtains, out of the window... they reported seeing a huge, dark figure moving about; the word is that he was not walking in the conventional sense, just moving very fast... darting from here-to-there.

Then the figure moved away from the bungalows over to the French window of the ground floor ward of the hospital [a distance, that would take ten to fifteen minutes to walk normally], and

yet, it had taken only moments for this figure to travel nearly half a mile from the nursing quarters to there.

It just stood at the long window as if it was staring, they told me, an event that was witnessed by many other staff members; and they could all see that the tall figure was wearing a black, visored helmet! This exact detail was subsequently confirmed in a drawing they made for an official independent report about the incident that was later released by another investigator.

Auxiliary Nurse, Helen Monger described the figure as being "clad in black and massive." Mrs. Edworthy commented: "He seemed to have no neck": We could not see his face, but he just shone or [wore] some fabric that glistened; he seemed to be padded out"... details that seem inconsistent when thinking in terms of describing a normal person.

Of course, I was blown-away by what they were telling me, and I found it difficult to contain my excitement over how they had seen exactly the same figure as I had witnessed!

I asked the nurses if they called the Police and they told me they had, but the Police tried to say that it was probably just a biker, but no one had heard a motorcycle at any time, and what about the UFO they had all seen?

Understandably they felt disappointed, that they weren't taken more seriously.

A quick note here: I also learned that one of the nurses named Hazel had an Instamatic camera and tried to take a photo or two; but sadly, later, when the film cartridge was developed, nothing worthwhile came out; that was probably due to how she was so nervy and shaking when taking her snaps; plus, in the dark, those very basic cameras invariably struggled without a flashcube.

Then they asked whether a Ufologist could come over to the hospital... (meaning me of course) that's why they had called, they wanted someone to properly investigate this matter; and I WOULD have gone over there myself at the drop-of-a-hat, but I had a young child asleep in bed and I had to be here for her.

Yet luckily, I did know of another researcher who lived nearby, Mr. Omar Fowler (then consultant to the Flying Saucer Review magazine and Chairman of S.I.G.A.P. (Surrey Investigation Group on Aerial Phenomena, Guildford, Surrey); so, I told the nurses that I was going to ring him, explain the situation and ask if he could go out to visit them, and that's what I did.

I must say here, that I never reported my own encounter of the big black figure to Mr. Fowler as I felt that there was something of a difference between the two of us; sure enough, whenever I relayed information to him he would always bring over a report form for me to fill in, but there were times, when I could have done with some support, encouragement and reassurance for what was going on here in the Farnborough and surrounding area; after all, I had been through some pretty scary situations... but no, Omar tended to be a bit of a 'cold kipper' with me; he was OK when it came to talking to him about UFOs, but I found him quite detached concerning the subject of alien contact and overly conservative in his reporting about such matters.

I suspect, that being an ex-military man, some of this subject matter was too far outside of his comfort zone. Anyway, with no other alternative at my disposal, I related the whole story to him; how the UFO had landed, and the entity was buzzing the grounds, and to his credit, when he heard this, he was gone like a shot!

Sometime later, Omar made a report about the High Hurlands Hospital incidents, but as I suspected, it didn't contain any more than the nurses had told me, a good bit less in fact... but it was the sheer number of eyewitnesses that made this case so important.

Omar never got back to me about his investigations at the hospital - and neither did he show me his report, of which, I only managed to get hold of a copy to study some 20 years later! [Read the report here.](#)

Early October 1982: It was now 3 years and a few months since the bedroom visitors and their fairly regular abduction of me; during that time, I had received countless scoop marks, blemishes and other damage on my skin, especially my arms and legs... but these were what one might describe as lesser, peripheral injuries that, although disturbing to discover each time, I could just about cope with; then one morning in early October, I woke from sleep to find I was in REAL pain... and when I got up to walk, I realized that I was swollen in my vaginal area!

I was very worried; what the hell had been done to me now? I had no recall of anything unusual happening. I got Sally ready for school and then promptly phoned my health clinic up and got an appointment for after lunch; it was a real struggle to do any of this such was the discomfort. It felt as if I had been sexually violated and my reproductive system mutilated!

I had a lady doctor at that time, and she asked me to lay on the examination bed; she began to check me out; 'golly' she exclaimed; now I was really worried!

So, I asked her what the matter with me was, but she wouldn't say; the doc went off to fetch a colleague for a second opinion. After a few minutes she returned with a male doctor... and when he examined me, all I could focus on was the look of horror on his face!

Both walked away to have a discussion between them in a corner of the room; they were speaking in a hushed tone so that I couldn't hear them; then I was told the examination was over and to get dressed; but what was wrong with me?

Neither doctor said anything more but gave me some cream to soothe the area; I thought, it must be serious... and as the swelling eventually went down, it became quite evident that I had been badly hurt.

I was so scared; I lived for ages thinking I had something seriously wrong, and perhaps the doctor did not know how to break the news of my condition to me.

Later on, the female GP retired, and now we had a nice, new, male doctor; and when I was having a routine check-up, I asked him if I was all right in my delicate area... and after a cursory examination, he said that all looked healthy down there. I thanked him, and on the journey home, tears started to pour out of my eyes: Oh, how I cried, to think that I had lived with this tension and worry for all this time.

Ironically, a while after this, I was 'taken' yet again, and when I was returned, I had parts of that sensitive area actually missing; pieces of my vaginal skin had been excised; I knew I would never be the same.

Late November 1982 at about 4.30pm, heavy rain, and dark. My friend, Beverley had come to our house for dinner; she was in the lounge with my daughter; while Sally watched TV with the sound low, Beverley was putting records on the radiogram. I was in the kitchen preparing the

food when our guest rushed into the kitchen, looking white as a sheet; Beverley flung her arms around me, nearly knocking me over.

I said to her, 'you look like you've seen a ghost'; 'I think I have', she replied, then we both rushed back into the lounge to see if Sally was OK, but she was totally unphased, still happily gazing at the TV; Beverley then took me to one side and explained what had just taken place.

She said she was just sorting out some records to listen to when a sudden noise made her look at the window; and what she saw there totally freaked her out.

The curtains were not completely closed, just over the first window next to where she was standing, which was like an alcove; abruptly, there had been three thuds on the central glass pane; Beverley immediately stepped back in astonishment and saw a towering black figure standing there; 'he' had returned yet again!

Bev described the being's black-covered hand thumping the glass pane, while he was looking directly at Sally, pressing himself right up against the window; next thing she knew, he had vanished into the heavy rain; but just for those few moments, Beverley saw the entity at close proximity, with the lounge ceiling light casting some brightness onto him through the windowpane; she described him perfectly; the visored helmet-like head covering... the apparent absence of a neck... even down to the rain glistening on the black surface of his form.

As Sally and I live alone in the house, Beverley was convinced that it must be a very tall biker prowling around; but who would be out in heavy rain like this? he would have to be stark, raving mad; she insisted that I phone the Police, which I did, just to appease our guest... and they said that they would patrol my area for the next few days to make sure we were safe; in a way, I was glad Bev thought it was a biker... I let her believe that, as I do not think she could have handled the truth as to what she had REALLY seen; it may have deeply traumatized her.

You see, Beverley had a serious health problem; she suffered from severe epilepsy - so, I had to be most careful not to scare her and trigger one of her Grand Mal Seizures.

While we were having dinner, Beverley asked whether my ex-husband would come and stay for a night or two, as she still felt very uneasy about what had happened; so I phoned Rob and told him about the situation; that we had a prowler looking in our lounge window, and how we had reported it to the Police; he seemed worried after what I told him and agreed that yes, he would stay over for a couple of nights.

Thankfully, nothing more happened regarding the huge black figure over the following days and nights, (well, not that I'm aware of anyway) and hasn't since.

I didn't notice the connection immediately, but I started to realize that these visits by the figure maybe because I have this association with disability. There's Sally with her problems, High Hurlands, which was a specialized Hospital for handicapped children... and now, poor old Beverley with her handicap too; well, it's enough to make anyone wonder.

You know, Sally was often saying that she'd had 'bad dreams'. I never understood why that was, as her vocabulary is very limited and she was unable to explain further as to what was in those 'dreams'; until that is, a few things clicked into place after Bev's encounter; now, things were beginning to make a modicum of sense.

It's a long-shot I realize that, but if my theory is correct, it would seem this tall, dark-clad alien hybrid, robot or whatever he was, may have a special interest in the handicapped, and very possibly those who care for them as well.



June 1983: Looking back through my diaries, a somewhat curious thing happened, on one, lovely Summers day; I was cleaning the bedrooms, and my trusty ex-Naval Telescope which was a good antique, made of solid brass, very heavy and kept on its tripod... had just been dusted; I had carefully positioned it on the inside window ledge temporarily, to free-up the floor space as I cleaned the rest of the room; I had net curtains up at the window and the telescope was in the corner of the wide ledge behind the glass, as the other window was open but on its latch; then something quite unfathomable happened.

Even though it was a still day, as if from nowhere, there was a sudden, powerful, gust of wind; and I am not kidding, the net curtain curled backwards somehow, and wrapped itself around that telescope like an invisible arm; I watched to my horror and amazement, how in a split-second, the curtain had lifted the telescope up and deposited it out of the window on to the concrete path below; of course, it goes without saying really, that the instrument was shattered and the brass all bent... a total write-off.

As crazy as this sounds, I think something wanted to stop my UFO spotting activities; well, I wasn't going to let that deter me from sky watching; as soon as I could, I went down to a local photographic shop and purchased a pair of high-power binoculars; nothing, or no one keeps this girl down!

I have detailed in my book, some quite nasty abductions, and this has been for the sake of other woman abductees who have lived through similar things; along with those male abductees who have to endure much swelling and bruising of their vital parts etc., which can often be just as distressing and painful as what we females have to go through in the hands of our alien kidnapers.

On that score, things calmed down a bit here.

Sure, there had been the odd time where I had my suspicions, but nothing quite like the extent of what I had experienced back in the late 70's up to 1982... and possibly, to some extent, the same could be said for Sally as well.

In the late 1980's, unidentified triangular aircraft were being witnessed by many people; this was quite a regular matter over the North West Surrey/North East Hampshire area; my parents and my sister lived right on the border and would often give me reports of what they had seen; from the elevated position of my house I could see over that area - and I too, saw these unusual flying triangles from time-to-time; what we dubbed 'the horseshoe craft' would sometimes come in as well; the suggestion was that they even landed; their stealthy movements usually took place at dusk; and this kind of activity went on throughout the 90's.

Secret military ops, involving the testing of exotic hardware, was my guess at the time.

Late 1980's and into the 90's: Farnborough and its surrounding area changed dramatically; it had always been Ministry of Defence land around here, but back then, at least local people were allowed to walk there, unless the red 'ammunition testing' warning flags were flying; now, there were 'trespass prosecution' signs telling people to 'keep out', on practically every entrance to these spaces.

During this time, farms and farm land had been aggressively commandeered by the military for miles around; also roads were being severed and new roads constructed at an unprecedented rate; for instance, the old Drovers Road was affected; that dated back at least a 1,000 years and ran from Salisbury to London; primarily, this was originally used for taking sheep and livestock to market... with its route marked at intervals by ancient standing stones; this had now been severed by the new hi-tech development facility called QinetiQ; basically, all they have done is grassed-over some of the road, but this means that the motorist now has to make a much longer journey if they need to travel West to Fleet; the Minley Road was severed back in 92; this had been a perfectly good thoroughfare, but now locals have to detour about 2 miles around the new road in order to continue on the Minley Road, which is no more than a stone's throw away from the original road that goes up to Blackbushe Airport on the A30.

The mid-1990's and The Magic Kingdom: At the start of my time working for the MoD more than 50 years ago, I signed the Official Secrets Act: but what I now wish to reveal, does not even break my confidentiality declaration; this is information received from other people, including a whistle-blower who formerly held a sensitive government post; admittedly, many of the things that I am about to pass-on to you the reader, cannot easily be substantiated, but I am reasonably satisfied that there is a great deal of truth to their claims... claims which come on very good authority.

Here we go: There is both a secret military command centre (often called a war room) and an advanced, developmental headquarters... all hidden miles underground beneath what is designated as 'The Magic

Kingdom'.

D.E.R.A. - The Defence Evaluation Research Agency in Farnborough, was completely re-structured some years ago by the Global Alternative Asset Management firm - the Carlyle Group.

It became a branch of the organization QinetiQ – one of Europe's principal science, aerospace technology organisations.

This location is now privately referred to as 'The Magic Kingdom'; QinetiQ Farnborough exists within what has become the Cody Technology Park; their massive facility lays to the West of the Farnborough airfield; despite its relatively pleasant, corporate appearance, I happen to know that this place is covered by heavy covert surveillance and other forms of security.

1/3rd of QinetiQ is owned by an American company called the Carlyle Group, who itself was massively funded by money flowing out of Saudi Arabia, and even from the Bin Laden family! Yes, Carlyle have/or were involved with the Saudi Binladin Group, the \$5 Billion construction business run by Osama's half-brother. The infamous Carlyle Group are actually heavily involved in the US Army and its directors include former UK prime minister John Major and former US president George H. W. Bush, (as well as his father George W. Bush Senior – now deceased), James Baker and other prominent or former public officials.

My having an informant who actually worked there, enabled me to learn a fair bit about this place; using various different methods of information-gathering, I have monitored DERA, (now QinetiQ) very closely throughout the years, and noted from their recruitment advertisements alone, how they have taken-in the crème de la crème of all the folded companies which they absorbed, (such as my old employers Marconi, along with Plessy, Ferranti and many more), under their umbrella.

Make no mistake, QinetiQ has massive mining interests, (think mining, think excavating, think burrowing, think drilling, think underground!) it even assists the mining industry with VIRTUAL REALITY TRAINING using computer-based virtual reality simulators.

Rumour has it that the US military have built at least 140 Deep Underground Military Bases. These are known as D.U.M.B.'s - which is a doubly ironic acronym, as many people really are too dumb to realize what is happening around them; or perhaps more accurately, they simply don't want to know... and are quite happy in their ignorance thank you very much.

There are estimated to be nearly 15,000 DUMB's worldwide!

Reportedly under construction since the late 1940s, these sites are on average, the size of a small city, 10 - 30 miles across with an average depth of 4 miles. In recent times, they have been carved out by massive nuclear-powered laser drilling machines and connected by underground 'Maglev' train lines. Maglev is a title derived from magnetic levitation. The bases are alleged to be stocked with food/supplies and even have the ability to grow crops with artificial lighting.

Why do you think governments around the world are building huge networks of underground cities? Why are they so secret? Where do you think the money comes from to build these?

In the event of finding itself under attack by nuclear missiles, much of Britain would be razed to the

ground; Farnborough would be obliterated on the surface due to it being a red-hot enemy target because of its military command centre, and its multinational development capabilities, as QinetiQ is now listed as the world's 52nd-largest defence contractor; very good reason to secretly go subterranean with the greater part of this multi-billion-dollar project.

For much more about QinetiQ's ultimate secret, please go to the following address which takes the reader to a detailed, although now slightly outdated and flawed, (a non-corrected, original rough draft... as-is) dossier compiled by B.E.A.M.S. <http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/Farnborough%20-%20%27The%20Magic%20Kingdom%27%20%20A%20BEAMS%20Presentation.pdf>]

Even above ground, QinetiQ is a very futuristic-looking place, and has today become the leading-edge technological site for the whole of Europe; something which is certainly no secret, as the company openly boasts about this fact in their PR literature.

Is my revelation a breach of national security? Hardly, and in any case, those on-high know that only a minority, (if anything) are going to take notice of what I have to say, as I do not hold any great position of authority.

Just like the top-secret Area 51 facility in Nevada, and how that officially did "not exist" for decades... if what I am exposing here 'does not exist' either (as it is bound to be claimed), then our Government/military have absolutely nothing to fear from me talking about it - do they?

Another point of interest which may equally apply to QinetiQ, is that my contact says he knows several people currently employed at other British underground facilities, where acquired alien technology and genetics programs are being carried out!

Technical information required to construct Interdimensional Technology, may have also been secured from an off-world intelligence, enabling aerospace corporations to create secret programs.

Naturally, one would have thought that such knowledge must command a very high price; conceivably, a deal would have been struck with the aliens; logic dictates that paper currency wouldn't be of any interest to them - so what else could we have traded in exchange?

Please kindly remember, that when considering what I have to say from my diaries isn't something that has just been plucked out of the air, or invented by an over-active imagination or some conspiracy theory; this is based on sound evidence derived from my contacts, personal encounters, observation, well-founded interpretation and absolute dedication.

In the Summer of 1993, an informant of mine (who wishes to remain anonymous) contacted me to report that she and her 2 young daughters had been out cycling over Hawley/Hornley common, on their way to the A30, then on to Yateley, to visit her brother and his wife for a few hours; it was the Summer holidays, and at that time every year, they used to make this same trip on their bikes; but this year, things didn't quiet go as planned!

As they peddled across Hornley Common they came up against a huge steel fence that wasn't there previously; a military road had even been constructed within this fence; my friend was shaken, when a distant voice shouted 'oi, get out of here' - 'this is private land'!

The cyclists looked about them - shocked; what was going on? this had always been a public right of way; instead, they went down a small track by the side of the steel fence, when 2 army lorries rapidly arrived and stopped on their new road; vehicle backs were flung open and loads of men in radiation suits jumped out, rushed into the undergrowth and disappeared from view!

My friend was quite flustered by what had just happened, but didn't want the girls to see her like this, so, she said to them, 'don't worry, we will take the path by the Minley Road which leads past the Gibraltar Barracks up to the A30... that's easier.'

Now here, is where this account becomes much more remarkable; later that year, after feeling a bit put-off from cycling the journey as they normally had done following that military encounter, my friend and her kids again made their trip to see her brother and family, but this time by car; on the way there they cut down Vigo Lane, which is near Blackbushe Airport; as she turned one of the bends, she was confronted by an incredible sight; a long, straight line of different size, opaque, cupola-shaped structures stretched right across the road; these ranged from large, (about the extent of a football), to medium, down to the smallest... more tennis-ball size.

Initially, she didn't want to drive over these domes as they might damage the car; so, my friend told her girls, 'I'll just see what these things are'; she was very apprehensive, but she got out and gingerly put her hand down to touch one of these unusual-looking items, when her fingers went straight through it; she recoiled in disgust, but immediately got up and jumped back into the car; then, hoping for the best, she quickly drove over these strange things without any apparent harm, and then on to Yateley, reassuring her kids not to worry... 'someone was probably playing a prank' she said.

Back in the 1990's I was monitoring our airfield on an almost daily basis; this was busy with planes flying in and out practically all the time; one evening in February 1993 around 6 pm, something immediately took my eye; there, in the flight path to the East of the airfield over North Camp, were 3 orange globes hanging in the sky; as I looked on, another one just appeared out of thin air making 4; this was an interesting set-up; then, from the West, came a white passenger Jet; it descended quickly, just skimming the runway, then incredibly, it flew up again and headed straight for the orange spheres - at which point they all vanished in an instant!

The plane turned again and flew down over the British Aerospace buildings and accelerated away back out West.

As I have often said, there is definitely something strange about Farnborough!

FLY AT YOUR OWN RISK!

August 1993: it was a hot thundery evening, and my friends from Mencap and myself were taking our Club members to the Way Inn pub, Farncombe for an evening of skittles and a chicken-and-chip supper; during our return journey to Aldershot in the mini bus, there was a huge flash of lightening which lit the A31, the Hogs Back, up in silhouette; it was a wonderful sight, and my friend Jean remarked that the split-second, flash-induced profile had looked a bit like a UFO.

In return, I quipped 'what do you know about UFOs Jean?' and she said 'you would be surprised what I know.... I could tell you a few things'; the look on her face revealed that she was being deadly serious, so

I got around to asking her if she would like to come and have a coffee with me one evening, in order that we could have a good chat... which she agreed to.

The point is, Jean worked at Heathrow Airport, and being someone of a highly inquisitive nature, I wanted to subtly pick her brains about what she knew.

We met-up as planned, and she went on to tell me that the airport was having major problems, and there seemed to be no realistic way to sort it out; she said that things were getting so bad, that the pilots were thinking of going on strike because of the situation there!

She continued... 'the pilots decided to go to the top bosses at Heathrow, to tell them how they were being buzzed by UFOs on just about every other flight route they flew on!' and they were getting increasingly worried about passenger safety, as well as their own.

They had the headache of trying to make snap-decisions about landings and take-offs as they were being hounded by small, but highly-maneuvrable light forms, that deliberately flew around the passenger aircraft, or suddenly hovered in the airspace right in front of the planes causing pilots to take evasive action; and with them sometimes ending up in another flightpath!

The unidentified flying objects were described as ranging in colour from dull grey, black, white to glowing and roughly spherical in shape.

The pilots explained that there had even been a couple of direct impact 'dings', as well as plenty of near misses.

Basically, from the pilot's point of view, these UFOs were seen as pests.

It was obvious that the situation was putting a lot of strain on the pilots and crew; however, passengers on these troublesome flights were usually unaware of what was happening, as the crew usually thought it better not to inform them, even though some did catch glimpses of these spheres on occasion; but if anyone questioned what these things were, staff reassured them that it was merely an optical illusion.

As far as the pilots were concerned, this couldn't go on any longer; so they asked their bosses to look into the problem, but their reply was along the lines of, 'we will, but realistically, what do you expect us to do? we don't know what they are yet, but we're sure that these objects pose little danger; and added 'this is a multi-billion-pound concern; flights can't just stop; our advice is that you should just carry on as usual.'

Once again money was, is, and always will be, more important than anything.

Jean went on to explain how the pilots got together and decided to do something constructive themselves, and so, incoming pilots began giving those outgoing, a log of where the latest sectors of UFO activity were; forewarned is forearmed as they say, and these report-logs now prepared the crew if they were likely to be buzzed by these objects.

This information-exchange by commercial airline pilots, is now a common, but not widely known practice.

It is funny how one thing leads to another, and how that chance comment from my friend as we travelled in the mini-bus, led to this information-coup about Heathrow and the associated UFO threat!

And this threat doesn't only come from the sphere-type UFO either; a few years back there was even a well-documented case of a jumbo jet having a near-miss with a black, triangular object, as the plane was coming into land at Manchester Airport...

It is only down to the fact that these air personnel are so rigorously trained, that a catastrophe of epic proportions was narrowly avoided over such a heavily populated area. It is very rare that such accounts get into the newspapers... but this one was splashed across the front pages of many broadsheets and tabloids, as the near-miss event was so significant.

Anyone reading about the 'pilot's dramatic brush with terror' must have been both shocked and amazed, yet at the same time, assuming that this was just a one-off, an extremely rare occurrence.

But this is an unwise assumption to make; as my Heathrow revelation serves to illustrate, UFOs are buzzing our air corridors on a frequent basis.

There was a suggestion made during our talk, that many emergency landings and even crashes of aircraft (both commercial and private) as well, (of which there is an average of about one per week worldwide), were in fact of a highly suspicious nature, and some may have even been caused by brushes with these unknowns.

Yet, Jean's admission didn't entirely come as a surprise to me: As a trained sky watcher, I've actually witnessed such activity myself plenty of times; you see, from where I am situated, Heathrow Airport is no more than 20 miles away from Farnborough as the crow flies; their planes fly over here regularly, and circle above the Surrey Heath area, (which is quite visible from my lookout point) waiting for clearance to land.

One such example, precise date lost; I recall how, on a lovely, clear evening, and only just beginning to get dark, I was upstairs in the bathroom, when I heard the sound of a helicopter not far away from the house; so, I went to my bedroom window and noticed this blacked-out chopper hovering over the Hawley Lane.

Nothing too unusual in that, until I saw the likely reason why it was blacked-out!

Up on the Surrey Heath, top-end of Camberley, was this multi-coloured UFO... disc-shaped, which was hanging quite low over that area, right beneath the Heathrow aircraft flightpath; as I gazed in astonishment, up to 5 smaller, glowing objects were rapidly ejected from the disc.

The ejections all came out in a line; then I noticed that, arriving from the Heathrow direction, 3 passenger jets flying at different altitudes; they turned over Frimley, then, the small UFOs started buzzing the planes, flying around the wings, fuselage and tail section!

A single orb broke away from the others, and flew ahead of one of the planes; it flew straight at the cockpit, only veering-off at the last minute, before travelling along the top of the fuselage; then, a few minutes later, another 2 planes were circling to land, when they also got buzzed by the orbs; with all this

activity, I'm not sure how the main disc left the scene, but this had now gone; and it was interesting to see that the helicopter remained hovering in its same position for the best part of the evening.

As I said, the Heathrow Airport management are well aware of the regular visitations of UFOs; they used to run an in-house paper called the Sky Port News, and I have also talked with the editor who ran it, and he has confirmed much of what I have said here.

So, I guess if such interaction is going-on between planes and UFOs at Heathrow Airport, it does not need a brain surgeon to work out that the same type of activity could be happening at other major airports also!

The general public are blissfully unaware what is going on above their heads, as they are too busy with their daily lives to hardly ever look up.

Of course, this disturbing facet of air travel is rarely covered by the mainstream news media.

The powers-that-be have no wish to cause widespread panic by such reporting, unless, (as with the Manchester incident), a leak occurs, and suppression of the truth becomes impossible.

The **10th of October 1994** was a day that everything changed forever in my life... I call it a turning point.

I woke up feeling very ill with a migraine, which is actually a common occurrence with abductees; but I had my daughter Sally to look after, so staying in bed wasn't an option; I was also in pain due to my right arm hurting.

As I washed and dressed, it was then that I noticed on the inner part of my right forearm, a large, painful, black bruise; this was about 3ins long and nearly 2ins wide and had distended veins within it; I took care of Sally then collapsed in my armchair; somehow I got through the day; the problem was, that I had a Sunday School meeting at a place called Sunshine Corner at 7.00 pm that evening; and to get there I would have to drive about 7 miles to the church, and there was no one to take my place here; looking back, I really don't know how I coped.

I went upstairs after our dinner to get changed; the nights were starting to get chilly so I thought I would put my white jumper on; this was purchased brand new in the Spring; I had only worn it once and so, I had hung it up in my wardrobe, mint and clean: I was so upset when I took the jumper out again to put it on; it was covered in unusual brown/orange splatter stains, with the wretched substance seemingly fused into the wool; the worst mark of all on this jumper, was on the inner part of the right sleeve, which corresponded exactly with where this nasty bruise had appeared!

I went cold, and shook from head to foot at the sight of these stains; what could they be? how on earth had they got there? I asked myself.

So, I put something else on and made my journey to the church.

As much as I loved our class full of children, I don't know how I got through the evening, well, in fact, I do, as I was lifted in prayer, and it does work!

I got back home exhausted; Sally was already in bed and in a short time so was I, except I was too frightened to go to sleep, because I kept thinking about my injuries and the mystery jumper stains.

Just minutes into my trying to solve this riddle, I started to get mental flashbacks; one after another, going back through a timeline... right back to the bedroom visitors - my abductors!

For anyone entering my recollections at this juncture, I should clarify that mental flashbacks are where abductees have sudden, usually powerful, recall of an experience or elements of a past experience.

The timeline I saw, was of me being taken in the field when I was 5, by a tortoise-faced being, (which I now assume was a reptilian) with me dressed up in a distinctive Tom Boy suit that I used to wear, which had been created by Mother from hand-me-down clothes... with patches on the elbows etc.; of course, that was an episode which I have already partly covered in a much earlier chapter of this book to maintain a fairly accurate chronology of events; but this replay wasn't just a vague recollection like before... it was so vivid; it was as if I was re-living it all yet again!

I watched these flashbacks of visitations and being appropriated and taken onboard the alien craft, as if I was being shown a film; these visuals illustrated well, just how these clever Aliens had interacted with me throughout the whole of my life; they had replayed this to me for some unfathomable reason, but it affected me psychologically, to such an extent that I was in a near mental breakdown state.

The next feature was this latest abduction which is corroborated by the severe bruising on my arm; but just how that all fits in with the jumper left me confused; I now remember being on their ship, I recall them sticking things into my flesh... perhaps the stained jumper was the aliens twisted way of leaving me a ghastly souvenir of their exploits... I simply do not know.

Because I had Sally, wallowing in self-pity and despair was not an option; I had to get through this... somehow.

Often then, I began to find myself staring at the wall; sleep was difficult, and I had no one to speak to about it at home; so, I decided to try and seek outside help from an Alien Abduction authority.

I had heard that Tony Dodd (an ex-policeman) who had been working with Alien Abductees, was worth making contact with; he lived in Grassington West Yorkshire, and had experienced quite a number of UFO and Alien encounters himself; so, that's what I did, carefully explaining my situation to him; he asked me a lot of questions, and said at the end 'you have ticked all the boxes - you are definitely an Alien Abductee', and even suggested another person for me to contact; her name was Mrs. Margaret Fry.

As she was a specialist on Welsh abductions, I told her about my journey home just past Swansea through South Wales and finding my husband and myself on the outskirts of Cardiff by the Severn; she said she had heard of many alien abductions from this place; it was a real hotspot alright; that was the kind of verification I needed, the final push to start me on the road to thoroughly researching the Alien Abduction phenomenon.

One of the main reasons why I chose to embark on this mammoth task, is because being an Alien Abductee is often such a friendless place, you are totally on your own; years ago, if you were to mention what was happening to you... you would likely lose your status in society; your job, marriage, or partner, family and friends, and to keep what is going on to oneself, is a heavy burden; thus, I made up my mind, that I would be here for others going through this same nightmare.

I made a journey to the Newsagent W. H. Smiths in Aldershot: I went inside and browsed through the titles within the huge department of books on UFOs and many related subjects, but there was nothing about Alien Abduction!

My heart sank with disappointment, I really needed that type of book for my research; so I was just making my way to the exit, when something nudged me to turn round and take a closer look again at those bookshelves: no sooner had I turned, there, on an apparently empty shelf at the end isle, was just one lonely book, right in the middle but laying on its side; I went over and picked it up; surely this was something irrelevant to my needs; but no, quite the contrary; I began flicking through it; this was written by Professor David Jacobs Associate Professor of History at Temple University in America; a man most famous for his work researching alleged alien abductions.

This was his first book; I walked over to the cashier and paid for the volume, most contented with myself that I had just found exactly what I had been searching for.

So, I started reading Dr. Jacobs publication as soon as I arrived home, yet, after a few pages I began to get a bit agitated, I don't know why; and then in the book it stated '**if you find this is hard to read then you're probably an abductee, so put the book down for a while**'; but I needed to find out more about the brown/orange stains that had unaccountably appeared on my jumper; so I read on.

What I eventually discovered from this book, was that in American Abduction cases, this exact type of stain on victim's clothing had always evaporated before the substance could even be analysed; but mine was still on my jumper!

I now realized that it was vitally important to keep this garment safe, because hopefully one day, I would be able to get the jumper marks evaluated; so, I bagged it up and put it away in a cupboard.



Late February 1995: A Sunday evening; it had been a showery day; the time was now 7 pm: I was sky watching from my bedroom; as you may know from previous entries in this book dear reader, my house is at a very high elevation, thus, I have a commanding view over the whole area.

Even though it had rained earlier, we now had a clear interval in the weather, and out of a cloud above Deepcut Barracks, a large, multi-coloured, energy plasma-type object with no visible signs of propulsion, descended and settled on, or very near, the huge water tower in the army grounds.

I monitored the entire event through my powerful binoculars; and I could see that the UFO remained there for a few minutes before briefly disappearing.

The object was quite disc-like in appearance, and just throbbed with pulses of every imaginable colour... a beautiful thing to behold.

There is no way on this earth that this was not seen by personnel in the camp, such was the size and brilliance of the object.

Not long afterwards, the grounds there were plunged into darkness; then I spotted, coming in from the West, a very special aircraft; it flew over the area, turning over Deepcut to start its descent towards the Farnborough Airfield; as soon as it had carried out these manoeuvres, the plasma-disc instantly rematerialized over the water tower and hung there for another few minutes.

Next, the craft rose up and went into some cloud that was drifting in over the area, at which point, the disc was completely lost from view.

And I was to have an incredible surprise next day as well... double verification!

My care worker arrived at our house to give me a break with my daughter, so I could go shopping; Leanne, (who doesn't mind me quoting her first name) was clearly very excited about something; so, we sat down with a cup of coffee and she told me all about it.

I learned how she had been out with her boyfriend at the famous Lakeside Complex, Frimley Green, Surrey, having a meal while sitting by the window overlooking the picturesque lake; more importantly perhaps, this view also takes in the area of Deepcut!

Both of them saw something quite extraordinary she said, this huge, swirling, brilliantly lit disc-shape thing was hanging over the Deepcut Army Camp water tower, just as I had observed; they were absolutely flabbergasted at what they were watching!

From that position, they were no more than about a quarter of a mile away from the gates at the base, when suddenly, the UFO they had been studying, momentarily faded out, before reappearing over the water tower again!

Other people who were having a meal and working at the restaurant, must have also witnessed this UFO; but what they couldn't see, (because of tree-growth partially obscuring this part of the area), was an unusual-looking aircraft coming in from the West, (the likes of which I have never seen before) turning and descending slowly over Frimley Green and Farnborough to make a landing on the Farnborough Airfield; it was most odd, almost as if the plane had some connection to the UFO; at the bare minimum, the pilot of that aircraft must have at least caught a glimpse of what was going on over the camp.

This incident further reinforced the already compelling evidence I have collected; evidence which strongly supports the idea that QinetiQ Farnborough, is home to one of the most highly classified UFO units in Britain!

Spoiler alert: although you will be able to read all about this in greater detail through Link 19, I'm afraid that I may now lessen the readers surprise slightly, by mentioning that there is a 16-foot flying saucer replica situated in the grounds of QinetiQ, that the general public are unlikely to be aware of! When the place was in its infancy, this creation was then affectionately known among staff as 'The Farnborough Flying Saucer'; I provide paperwork to prove this; it was built as a nod to 'the future of aviation'... a structure, which, I think the reader will agree when they see it... IS a bit of a giveaway! Please do study that PDF dossier on Link 19 very carefully, you will find it most enlightening.

Hide it in plain sight... in plain sight old chap... no one will ever notice; most people are too busy or simply don't have enquiring minds enough to see what is right in front of their very noses!

As many will have heard through the news, between 1995 and 2002 four unexplainable soldier deaths occurred at the Deepcut site: 'The Deepcut Four' as the case became known: The Army insisted the deaths were suicides, but all the families disagreed. Inquests at the time returned three open verdicts and one of suicide; yet allegations of bullying and harassment continued following a leaked Police report, and, in 2004, the government announced a review by Nicholas Blake QC, who concluded the four deaths were probably self-inflicted.

But independent ballistics expert Frank Swann, who investigated the deaths initially for the Police and

later the families, had said he thought it was "highly unlikely" many of the fatal bullets were fired by the recruits themselves.

All I am saying, is that it would not be the first time that bullying had been used to try and suppress the truth; and in this case, to silence those young soldiers about Deepcut and what they may have witnessed there.

The Spring of 1995 - Supernatural Happenings? One day while on one of my regular visits to Mum and Dad's house, my sister, knowing I would be there, called round wishing to speak with me urgently; we went outside for a private chat, and she confided in me that there had been some kind of 'bother' at her children's school, but she and the other parents had no desire to get social services or the Police involved; they didn't want the children damaged any more than they already had been.

She went on to say, what we need is a researcher in all things Paranormal, as this 'bother' involved some kind of haunting; and after learning about my own personal interest in the subject, and knowing me as a good sister who could be trusted implicitly, she asked me to be the one to help; she added that it may take time before her 2 children, (my niece who was just 10 years old and my nephew 7 years old) would be ready to completely open-up about the unconventional things that had been happening there; and no doubt, it would be the same for the other children at school as well.

So, out of curiosity more than anything, I agreed to investigate the matter as soon as I could.

After the Summer holidays, Sunshine Corner started up again at the Chapel in Tongham Surrey; I took my sisters' two children there with me in the car; as we drove past their old school in Ash Vale, one of them said quite randomly, 'there's a ghost in that school Aunty Hil', and we also see it in our new school too!

I must admit, to begin with, I expressed a degree of amusement at this remark... thinking that the child was joking. I thought to myself, you have got to hand it to kids, their inventiveness knows no bounds!

It had been a while since I first learned about what was happening at the school, and since then, due to local authority cuts, the children had been transferred from Ash Vale School over to the Holly Lodge School, just down the road.

It was a busy first evening back at Sunshine Corner, and we all had a happy time until something banged on one of the windows; most of the kids there were not particularly bothered, but my niece and nephew went pale. I took them in a private space away from the other children and asked them what the matter was, they said it could be the ghost; 'it does naughty things Aunty Hil'.

'Stay where you are and I'll go outside and have a look', I said.

On the sportsground next door, I noticed some boys were playing football, and every now and then their ball would come whizzing through a gap in the hedge, and it was simply THAT hitting the window... not a ghost; I went back and informed the children that it was only a football causing that noise, and the look of relief on those kids faces was priceless!

I thought, logical explanation... kid's over-active imaginations... case solved; and that would probably be the end of the matter; but it wasn't to be so simple.

During the day, a brand new church organ had been delivered, and Derek, who was in charge of Sunshine Corner and also the organist there, was busily testing the instrument out, querying how it sounded; while this was going on, I took the opportunity to ask my niece and nephew whether they would draw for me, this ghost they had seen; so I got some paper and pencils out for them; my nephew said it was a

bit too hard for him; my niece also tried, but eventually asked me to draw the picture for her instead, guided by her instruction.

My sketch turned out as a figure with a black face and piercing red eyes!

He was dressed in what looked a little bit like a white cook's hat with a small plume and then a one-piece white suit with a black belt round the middle, a badge on top of his left sleeve that was shaped a bit like a comb, black gloves and black shoes; as unlikely-a-concoction it may have seemed to any passer-by ... this WAS a faithful rendering, according to the nods of approval I received from the watching kids.

Everyone there agreed, this was a very accurate depiction.

I asked, 'what's with the red eyes?' and they explained to me that his eyes 'glowed very bright red' at times.

They went on to say how this 'ghost' man would appear in the field above the playground, then sit under a tree near the playground when the children were out at breaktime; my niece explained that he had 'a kind of flute', and he would take it 'out of his hip', put it up to his chin and lower lip, (not to his mouth as one would expect, the kids were most specific about that point), and create strange sounds; his weird music always summoned the children's attention.

Another point that the kids made clear is that 'the teachers couldn't see him'.

My sister also informed me about something else that happened at the kids old school; she told me that there had been a disco on the last day of term in the evening; everyone, including the parents and teachers were having fun; in the interval, as it was a hot evening, many of the children were outside playing about, when suddenly they started screaming and running into the hall saying that the 'funny man' was out in the school field; probably thinking that this may have been some peeping-tom pervert, the parents and teachers all rushed out to the field, only to find upset children shouting about how the 'funny man' had scared them before disappearing into the darkness.

Surely, this was far more than children making-up stories... there were just too many saying similar things.

When dropping their children off at Holly Lodge School and picking them up, this incomprehensible figure was reportedly spotted by some parents as he hid behind trees and bushes that were at the edge of a large park,-come-cricket ground, nearby; I was told, how this figure would stand there, in full line of sight with the playground and some classroom windows; but despite quite a few attempts to apprehend 'him', no one could ever get close enough to take any action.

My niece was now in her last year at Junior School; the parents of one of her friends ran and owned the local store just a bit further down the road from the school, so on her way home, accompanied by three of her pals, she visited the shop for some sweets; and after they had made their purchases, whilst hanging around outside, this strange figure emerged before them and pointed to a little Asian girl in the group, (who was the daughter of the store proprietor) "you, I want you", directing his finger at her.

Then he raced round the side of the shop and into its back garden, and out of view.

The girls dashed into the shop and immediately, the owners wife spotted how distressed the children all were and took them to one side; then they told her what just happened; furious, the girl's father heard this and quickly ran out of the back of the shop into the garden just in case this character was still loitering out there; but after a good scout-around he found nothing; with the kids now too frightened to even leave the shop, their parents were called to come and take them home.

After this incident there was a meeting of the concerned parents; and it was suggested there that the children be taken to school and brought home by car, or at least always have a parent or adult in attendance.

My nephew and his friend reported seeing what was possibly a large alien being in the Harrington Lane area by their school; because it had affected my nephew so much, my sister didn't press him any further for details; she believed him implicitly, but left him to find his own way through the situation; she added, that he has her full support on the matter should he need it.

Later in the year, some of the children started to become frightened of going to bed.

Parents asked their children just why it was that why they were so scared; they replied that they were seeing strange lights coming through into their bedrooms - and some said that they could see a small, dark person looking through their windows, even though that was upstairs!

Parents were now at their wit's end; and, as for the young girl at the shop, the parents sometimes found her bedroom door jammed shut, unable to be opened; and when this happened, they could hear her talking to somebody inside.

After these visitations, the girl was asked what was going on - but she had no memory of events.

My niece and nephew started fearing bedtime to the extreme, along with many of their friends also.

Even for somebody like me, the whole thing was becoming a bit too muddled to get to grips with, and I've dealt with enough odd stuff down the years as you can see; but a few months on from this, something caused me to consider these events in a different way.

The turning point was when I discovered in later years, that my niece had developed a new fixation; she had started to spend her pocket money on Grey Alien dolls; those with the large black almond eyes, in all their forms; inflatable types, material types, large and small, with others hanging from the ceiling; my sister invited me over for a coffee, then she took me upstairs and I was quite shocked to see so many of these Grey Alien dolls everywhere, dozens and dozens of them in her bedroom.

The parents became most troubled about their daughter's sudden fascination with grey aliens, and had a discreet word with her, but she was most guarded in conversation whenever that matter was raised.

During our chat, her Mum recalled how, once, while waking in the early hours, she got the distinct feeling of an unusual presence in her house; on another occasion, she even heard some odd noises occurring in the upstairs quarters; the mystery about these occurrences was never solved.

As a childhood victim herself, it was clear that my sister strongly acknowledged the reality of Alien visitation; she had even spent some time recently reacquainting herself with this topic through reading a

specialist book on the subject; and then she fully unburdened herself to me, about how she now held a strong fear of her daughter being abducted, just as she seems to have been when about the same age.

I wonder, is it possible that the whacky-looking man seen by the kids, was in fact one of the greys in disguise? Or possibly even, a reptilian? Because, at the end of the day, no one can be absolutely certain that the greys and the reptilians aren't allied in some way; although, in my own personal experiences, apart from my abduction by the tortoise-faced entity I mentioned earlier, I haven't found any evidence of that nature – such as seeing a grey and a 'rep' in the same scene as it were.

But the children's specific detailing of 'red eyes' (an attribute often reported in many reptilian creature encounters) is the only thing that causes me to raise this question.

Might they possess the ability to morph their own form or shape into one with a friendlier appearance... such as that funny fella? was 'he' the alien's idea of a clown perhaps? Something more palatable for youngsters to see rather than a creepy alien creature, as-and-when certain outdoor situations arise?

There, I will leave that case for the moment.

Unsure of the exact date here, but one day, not long after all of this red-eyes and alien toys business, I had my good friend Daphne come over to our place for a visit; when I answered the door she looked pretty tired, and I said 'you look like I feel'; she said that she had been up late scrutinizing a strange aircraft that was flying time-and-time again over her roof; this went on from 12.45am and for about half an hour and after that.

The whole household found it hard to sleep; she explained that her and her family didn't think it was a helicopter, as they couldn't hear any rotor blades, only a vibrating sound; and looking out of their bedroom windows, they could see this strange pipe thing with a blush pink light coming out of the end of it; Daphne described it as 'bobbing up and down on the high treetops by the school grounds.'

As she was walking down her road next day, a neighbour, an elderly lady who lived about 2 doors from her, came out into her garden and said, 'what on earth was going on in the night' as she thought something was about to crash into her house; it was flying so low that it frightened the life out of her.

Well, Daphne and I discussed the situation and decided to phone the Aldershot News; we were put through to the reporter who deals with all night flying and Army activity, as he would print any scheduled military aerial exercises in the paper to forewarn local people that their nights may well be disrupted.

His name was Carson, and he was pleased we had phoned; he told me that he lived in Aldershot, and the week before, at precisely 4am, the sky became lit-up like daytime by unexplained bright lights; not only that, but outrageously loud aerial noises were waking everybody from their slumber; he added that nobody got any more sleep after this, and that he had contacted the Farnborough Airfield Control tower staff about the matter.

They denied responsibility for all the commotion and told him to contact Odiham airfield and the smaller airports, which he did, also the Army, but neither of them had any idea about what was going on.

Carson asked to me to give him a week and then get back in touch again, as he might have some news by then.

Friday night - the 14th July 1995; there was a family gathering, which included my Uncle; he was one of the top bosses of the Royal Aircraft Establishment Farnborough, and later the Defence Evaluation Research Agency - now QinetiQ, as well as being a director of the Janes and Carroll Aviation concerns.

He was a famous aviator in his own right and taught many prominent people how to fly, (even members of our Royal family) and I was fortunate to have some flights with him myself over the years from the Farnborough Airfield; also I was given some flying lessons in which he said that I performed very well; so I used that opportunity to diplomatically ask him about all the unscheduled aircraft activity here, low flying, late night/early hours etc.; to which he replied **that sort of thing shouldn't happen, as it contravenes British aviation law.**

A week later we phoned the reporter Carson, but he had drawn a blank; nobody knew anything about the matter... or, so it seemed.

In the early hours of October 18th, 1995, the craft had returned; now, it seemed much closer than it had ever been before; so, I went to the window to have a good look.

I was right, as it was low above the Fernhill School roof and it was putting down laser-thin beams of light in a zig-zagging motion, down onto the tops of buildings.

This was NOT simply helicopter searchlights, which I was most familiar with, having seen plenty of Police helicopter activity over these parts... no, these were something quite exceptional!

Being in such a splendid viewing position, and watching through high resolution binoculars, with the craft so close, I should have now been looking directly at this aerial machine, yet I couldn't see its fuselage at all; it appeared to be completely cloaked... invisible, save for its flickering light beam!

It seemed as if it was imitating the colour of the sky!

This activity went on for some time.

I later made some inquiries with a couple of insider contacts of mine, and learned that a certain defence company in the U.S. were in the embryonic stages of developing a unique camouflage system that allowed military aircraft to blend into their surroundings, effectively becoming invisible to hostile thermal imaging systems.

I felt that was a load of old baloney; 'embryonic' my eye!... such technology was WAY past the developmental stage, judging from what I had seen; it has been in deployment for some time, and was currently in use right above us in 1995!

I took dozens of snaps with my very basic Halina point-and-shoot camera, but annoyingly, all the images from several rolls of film that I shot, came out over-exposed; which I was, and still am, very cross about... a fine photo opportunity wasted.

Anyway, next, what I now referred to as the CPC or 'cloaked pulse-craft', flew over Orchard Close, then, right above the school, and began putting down beams of light on all the rooftops again; then it lined-up with the Old Manor House.

That house had a few animals in its grounds, a donkey, some ducks and chickens etc. - and the sound from this vehicle really set them-off, as they were making one almighty racket; and then the CPC started to make a circular beam of light on to each building there, before moving on, all along on the line of houses where I live.

Incredibly, this went on till' it got as far as 2 doors away, when it suddenly flew back over the school, then flew over to the other school on the Fernhill Road, Cove and went through the same procedure of putting thin shafts of light on each rooftop; and this is all that was visible, just its light beams... not even a silhouette of the object!

Because it was flying so low, it was difficult to see where it went next, because of buildings and trees obstructing my view.

8th of May 1996: Things are now getting really serious!

My daughter Sally and I were woken from our sleep at 2am; it resonated like the CPC again, but now flying at an angle above our house, yet it was impossible to make out; this went on until the beginning of daybreak, which was around 3.30am, when a strip of light appeared on the Eastern horizon; whatever next? I thought.

Looking from the back, bedroom window, I spotted the leading-edge of some type of aircraft fly over the house; then it whizzed over to a cornfield to the right of us - before 2 golden orbs suddenly fell out of the sky down to earth!

I had to rub my eyes in disbelief!

Then I heard an alarming commotion; it was many horses at the Equine Centre whinnying throughout the fields, together with dozens of birds in the trees flapping their wings in a disturbed manner, as well as other more distant, wildlife noises.

To explain... we live near the edge of Hawley Park, and this Centre has 3 large fields where the horses graze until their owners take them for a ride.

Something was very wrong; I think my daughter Sally and I only managed to get about 4 hours sleep in all.

At 8am, I phoned the Equine Centre and one of the stable staff members answered the phone; she had just arrived on site, and I told her what had been going on since 2am, and advised that she should check the horses there; she replied that when the other workers arrived, they would go together and have a look.

Frustratingly, there was nothing much more I could do at that point, except one thing... I did take a quick ride in the car on the road that went around the fields; there, I noticed that all the horses in the field were gathered in a group at the corner, huddled with their heads down; that wasn't normal.

It took until the 28th May, before I had any answers to what had gone on at the Equine Centre.

This day was my birthday and my husband at the time had booked a table at our local pub for lunch; a

waitress came over to take our order, and without any prompting, randomly announced that she does waitressing work 'to pay for her horse stabling fees'; 'really', I said, thinking she was merely angling for a decent tip; but, during this brief conversation, the waitress explained that she actually DID have a horse, and he was stabled at the very Equine Centre near where we lived!

This was an opportunity to perhaps get some inside info... and I discreetly asked whether she would mind if I was to put a few questions to her about the centre, a bit later on, after the meal; so, after asking her for this private word and getting some disapproving looks from my husband for doing this, me and the waitress later found a quiet spot; before asking her any questions though, I revealed what I had witnessed in the early hours of the 8th May.

She said 'that's interesting, because a horse HAD been found there with straight cuts to both its back legs'; it turned out that all the fences in the field, in fact anything that could have caused unintentional wounds on this poor creature, were checked out by owners and staff; but they found nothing that could have caused such injuries.

So, just to gauge the girl's reactions, and without giving too much away, I said, hypothetically, if a military aircraft came down in those fields, then took off again, what would you say? she replied, well, that would certainly explain a lot, as they found no tire marks or anything to suggest anything coming into that field where her horse was.

As so much was happening in my area, I contacted a fellow Ufologist who was fascinated to learn what was going on in Farnborough, and it was arranged that he would come here to check the place out; it was a lovely sunny Sunday, the 18th August 1996; we met near the train station, his name is Kenneth Parsons; he was/is Director and founder of the British Earth and Aerial Mystery Society.

It took quite some time to take him on a tour and show him whereabouts things had been happening, then we stopped at a pub for a drink; he said Farnborough was very interesting and well-worth investigating further; we had so much in common and soon became good friends after that, and phoned each other frequently, as Ken lived in Bedford in the Midlands at that time.

September 25th, 1996: the phone rang and it was my friend Carolyn; she detailed how she had been badly shaken after beholding a gigantic UFO that she and some other witnesses had seen the night before; Carolyn detailed how she had been visiting friends in Heatherside, the top-end of Camberley right opposite the Heather Ridge School, with her eldest daughter, and as they were about to leave, standing by the open front door with her mates, they noticed a ghostly-looking contour of something big moving through the sky; then, to everyone's surprise, the object began to expand exponentially; according to Carolyn, it now measured at least the size of the whole school and its playing field combined!

The unidentified was flying slowly at low altitude; it was dark and silent; the spectators could see 5 red and white lights down one part of it, and red and white lights on what looked like fins either-side of this giant.

Carolyn and the other eye witnesses, all stood with mouths open and speechless; the flying oddity was now heading in the Farnborough direction; the circumstances were overbearing; fear then began to

affect them; Carolyn's daughter started to cry and flung her arms round her Mum, and the others were shaking; what could it be? how could it be? how can anything this big even be airborne?

From what I was told, the whole sighting lasted only a few minutes, but it seemed much longer to those watching this incredible activity.

Then the object was no more... it just dissolved into the sky, she suggested.

I agreed when Carolyn declared that LOADS of other people must have seen this as well.

Echoing her suggestion, I replied **'I bet they did, but as always, local folk are too damned scared to speak out; the army think they can do what they like around here'.... and in many ways, they can!'**

That said, I did not personally believe for one moment, that the military were solely responsible for this and many similar outrages over the years; in my opinion, this was something more as the result of human/alien cooperation.

The fact is, that I am bound by my oath of confidentiality, both as an abduction counsellor and as a former MoD employee; I have to be careful with my choice of wording as there is only so much that I can disclose here; suffice to say, I have had, and still do have, a few military and ex-military personnel on my books... (individuals who sought counselling help from me after virtually being on the point of breakdown as the result of learning certain things) and they have divulged to me some information detailing EXACTLY what is going on.

-THE NIGHT OF THE MANTA RAY VISITATION-

The evening of October 22nd 96; weather was dry and mild with high cloud; I was coming home from Sunshine Corner children's church classes in Tongham and it was about 7.45pm; as I was driving North down the new valley road A331, to the Frimley interchange, I got towards North Camp and there was an unusual flash of light in the sky over in the distance of upper Camberley; this wasn't lightening, and those of us in the business, who can quickly distinguish between natural and UFO-related phenomena, know, how an event like this can sometimes be a precursor to a triangle sighting.

After seeing this, I tried to get home as quickly as I could without flouting the speed limit, then went upstairs, put my pyjamas on and stood by the window in the darkness of the bedroom, watching and waiting, binoculars at the ready.

Initially, absolutely nothing out of the ordinary was visible in the area; until, high above the Farnborough Football Ground, as if a doorway or portal had opened up, something just came through the sky; it began to form before my eyes; first I could see a dropped nose... a whopping-great fuselage - then it became a complete manifestation; all black, and so big that it dwarfed the pitch.

Incredibly, this is one of the very few occasions I have seen a complete structure of one of these usually, (cloaked, as I suspect) UFOs... totally UNCLOAK before my eyes.

This remarkable vehicle had fins with red and white lights on its leading edge and back; the aircraft now before me, had to be around 1000ft across; to see this huge form fly slowly at around 40 miles' mph, while making its way over Cove, Farnborough, sent a shiver down my spine.

We have some quite large building constructions in central Farnborough, but this craft dwarfed everything, including the Royal Aircraft Establishment complex; it did a roll at this point, which was spellbinding to watch; there's no other way to describe it... simply spellbinding!

Immediately, the image of a 'Manta -Ray' popped into my mind... which seemed quite a good analogy at the time and still does.



Then, the Manta was flying at a low altitude, slowly, until it neared the Holiday Inn Hotel, (which was called the Queens Hotel in those days), then it turned down over the British Aerospace facilities, again huge buildings; this time it went up on its side.

I cannot emphasize enough... this thing was colossal, yet it moved so gracefully, and looked most elegant in the air... yet, a tad sinister.

I was in a cold sweat watching this spectacle, shaking from head to foot; I mean, forget anything that has ever appeared at our Farnborough air shows - this was the aerial sensation of all time!

I noticed that all the anti-collision lights on the buildings over the airfield were switched off and the place was in darkness, which itself was most unusual for this hour.

There was a thin section of woodland in the central part of the airfield, (which was actually due to be felled) and when the Manta descended even lower, it circled around these trees twice; then, the last thing I saw of the craft was its left tail-fin.

I truly thought that is it... the Aliens have arrived! and maybe I wasn't so far wrong with that idea after all.

I came downstairs very excited and my husband said 'what's wrong with you', I said you might well ask; you see, why I didn't call him up to witness this spectacular event for himself is because he was an unfeeling, uncaring, hardened sceptic when it came to such matters... that's one of the reasons why we didn't really get along in our marriage.

He had worked for the MoD for many years, but because he DID witness a host of weird goings-on while employed there, (things which he actually confessed to me at the time) he was subsequently quizzed by military officers and returned a totally changed person; ever since his debriefing he has lived in denial.

But, when I told him about what had just happened, he said he would go on his bike down to the Airfield and check it out; I then phoned Ken, my UFO investigator contact, and gave him as many details as I could; he must have noticed how shaken I was and suggested that I had a stiff drink to calm me down... which it did, even though I'm not normally a drinking sort of person; and that helped.

At around 11pm, my husband arrived home and told me that he had viewed the airfield from Arrow Road in Cove; he had taken my binoculars with him and said that he surveyed the area and noted that everything was in and darkness and silent, which even he thought was slightly unusual, (the master of understatement that he had now become) but he couldn't see this huge craft anywhere on the airfield and suggested that it may have been taken round the back away from prying eyes.

I thought, this was a ridiculous idea, because truly, a classified program craft like that couldn't be easily hidden away... not unless there was a secret opening to a subterranean level there; now, you can get my thinking here.

Rob said, there was only one chink of light which came from the side entrance of a hanger by the patch of woodland; through the binoculars he could see men wearing white coats coming in and out of this door and going into the trees; then, a short time later, these men were seen carrying back boxes and equipment, taking it into the hanger through the side door; this went on for quite some time before the flurry of activity ceased.

My friend Daphne came for a visit 2 days later and she said, I was going over to my sons' house near Oak Farm School and I saw something very odd; it was a flying row of red and white lights, going in-between two houses; I asked her what time she saw this and she told me that it was around 8.30pm... the same time as the Manta Ray was flying over Cove; of course, she was amazed when I recalled everything that I had seen that evening.

[Please go to the following address for more information about this
<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/hilary-porter-4.html>]

December 16th, 1996, 7.50pm: As a member of our local am-dram society Playmakers, I was just leaving to go to rehearsals when I heard a familiar sound; it was the pulsed craft again; strange, as it had never been over this early before; now, surely, this will be witnessed by many people.

I just caught a glimpse of its triangular, 3-lit corner silhouette going over the Hawley Park Equine Centre, before it turned and went over the Fernhill School and on to the Hawley Estate; I was now driving down

the Hawley Lane towards the Farnborough Road, the A 325 when I saw this craft putting beams of light on the roofs of homes on Hawley Estate.

When I got to the A325, the traffic was going at a snail's-pace; also, it was crawling along over the Frimley Interchange, which was useful for me, in order that I could keep an eye on the sky; then I could see to the North of the interchange, that the pulsed-craft was now flying slowly over this road putting a beam of light on every vehicle traveling North!

I mean, surely people would protest about this intrusion on their privacy! If this Big Brother-like activity did not hit the headlines tomorrow I thought; of course, that was wishful-thinking... it wasn't reported anywhere that I could find.

Often, people can be so incredibly servile and blinkered... that it irritates me.

I managed to get over the bridge, and was now facing south on the A331 on my way to the Mytchett Centre; this location gave me a good view of the craft; it now hung above the bridge over the interchange between 60 and 70ft up in the dark night sky, then to my absolute astonishment, it instantly decloaked itself! Another complete unveiling... WOW!

I now saw it so clearly... a white isosceles triangle, sharply-pointed, measuring about 30ft long by 15 ft. wide... a lovely simple, crisp, flawless design; it was still putting accurate, pencil-point columns of light on all the traffic going North; then, after about 30 seconds it cloaked-up again; I was so lucky to have witnessed this remarkable happening.

THE TRIANGLE DECKLOAKED 16TH DEC. 96. 7.55 PM
A331 FRIMLEY INTERCHANGE



I arrived at the Mytchett Centre rehearsal room and got everyone outdoors to see this aerial activity, which was now happening over the Frimley water treatment plant; it was darting about, stopping dead then darting back and stopping dead again, all at breakneck speed; almost hyper-leaping; humans couldn't withstand G-Forces like this - its absolute madness; it had to be an unmanned aerial vehicle I thought.

Most of the actors there came and stood outside, craning their necks to get a better view, just studying this amazing sight; a couple of onlookers nervously mumbled something about how this 'had to be a helicopter', including the director of our play; but she herself worked for the Army, and logically, that would be her natural, almost programmed response.

Another person came back with 'I've never seen a helicopter making manoeuvres like that before! '... to which the Army woman merely shook her head in disapproval and tutted; rather ironically, in a few weeks, she and her husband were due to leave Sandhurst, as their outfit was moving to Shrivenham in Wiltshire; that was because the QinetiQ headquarters had been created here in Farnborough (on the site of the old Defence Evaluation Research Agency - DERA) and now virtually everything would be run by the Americans.

In the early hours of Boxing Day morning 1996, at about 1.30am, the triangle flew low over the horse fields... the animals and the Manor house once again; it started the old Donkey off ee-awing, dogs barking and the chickens were clearly all distressed as well; they made a hell of a racket; then the cloaked FT flew round the Hawley area, once again putting beams of white light down on the house

rooftops there; then it hung silently in the sky for a time.

The night was clear and moonlit, and looking through the binoculars in these conditions, I could see the lighting on the edges of this triangular form very well; yet, on this particular visit, it didn't just have its characteristic red and white lights around the edges; the whole object was now changing its appearance up there; it went all orange, then iridescent green, turquoise blue, red, pink and yellow; next, it came as no surprise to me when the flying triangle took-off at great speed towards the Hants/Surrey border and vanished... just as it had done before.

In 1997 there was still much UFO activity going on over the Surrey Heath and the Hampshire Border; numerous other locals reported disc-shaped craft and quite large triangles to me; I was watching them too; my sister's son and his friends were playing one day in the Spring on the edge of Surrey Heath; there was an old empty house at the top of their road; they climbed through a broken-down fence in the garden area; the children were now right by the bridge that took them along to the entrance of the woods close by.

They were having a great time mucking about in the trees until one of them spotted the Red Eyes entity staring through some undergrowth; one of the lads shouted to the others that Red Eyes was watching them, and the boys just fled the area - running all the way home.

My niece was in her last term at the junior school in 97 - and she told me that they had sports day and Red Eyes was there too; she went on to say that her and her friends were about to take part in a race; one teacher went over to the girls and shouted at them to get a move on, but they just seemed to be sitting on the grass in a trance; trying a second time, and shouting even louder, broke their daze, and the girls got to their feet, staggered away and proceeded to assemble in their places for the contest; but they later explained that it was Red Eyes which had entranced them, causing them to become frozen to the spot.

Just before my niece and her friends left Holly Lodge School in the Summer of 97, they were working in their classroom when the Red Eyes entity actually materialized through the wall and watched the children doing their school work; I asked my niece how she and the boys and girls reacted to this appearance of Red Eyes... to which she replied that he 'made them feel calm'; so I asked her how he did this? and she said with his flute instrument, and with his eyes, they go brilliant red, and that makes us all peaceful and we get on with our work, then before the lesson is over he just vanishes.

May 1st, 1997, 9.20pm; I heard the pulse sound of the triangle again, as clear as you like; so, I put my shoes on, grabbed my camera and went outside and determined that the craft had now moved further over towards Fernhill School; I ran down the road quickly and could just make out its lights in the distance through the trees of the school field; I squeezed through the fence of the grounds and furiously began snapping pictures with my camera; I tried to remain as calm as I could, and shot the faint outline of this craft, taking picture-after-picture, frantically winding-on after each exposure, as it began moving back and forth to Hawley Estate and then on a reverse journey to the school again - taking in the Manor house on the way as it turned.

I could not make out any fuselage at all on this object, yet I could see that it was triangular in shape and completely equilateral from its three lights, one of each, which were positioned at what I assume were

its corners.

The craft then quickly flew off to the East and was lost from view.

I was very lucky this time; 2 of my photos came out well, but the rest were blurred and blank; I will now describe what these successful captures show...

They are pretty sharp and blur-free which is miracle in itself, considering the only very basic, fixed-focus camera that I could afford back then; the best of the pair reveal 2 clear, bright orange lights, one on each corner, and a third object making up the perfect triangle at its other corner, that I can only describe as looking like a ball of iron filings on a magnet - with a tail - pale orange in colour!

The other shot shows similar - but with one of its corner lights reduced to a pinprick, and again the 'iron filings' ball, (inverted commas) exactly the same, minus its 'tail', with the 3-cornered assemblage having turned several degrees while in flight.

Clearly the craft was cloaked, save for the sound and its few corner trace giveaways.

Although quite bewildering to look at, these pictures for me were the kind of smoking gun evidence that I was after.

[Please go to the following address for more information about this
https://www.deviantart.com/myalienabductionart/art/Tristitched-772844621?ga_submit_new=10%3A1542391305&ga_type=edit&ga_changes=1]

It was a very wet June 1997: As actors, we were meeting on our usual Monday evenings at the Mytchett Centre; we were working on a play, but something kept taking my eye over in the sports field; so, at 10pm when the evening rehearsals finished, I went straight over to see what was there; I was totally gob smacked; it would appear that the FT (Flying Triangle) had made a landing on the field in the last few days, leaving a perfect, massive imprint on the ground; I slept in fits-and-starts all night, and was up early; and while my husband was still at home, I ventured back to the Mytchett Centre playing field; most of the entrance gates were locked at this early hour, but luckily, the side gate was left open for some reason, so I went across to the ground trace.

First thing I noticed upon close examination was that the soil was slightly lighter inside than the surrounding soil; also, some of the grass and weeds had grown at least twice as fast around the ground trace in just a few days; that was one of the unusual aspects that first attracted my attention while working in the hall and looking out across the grounds, having seen several examples of rapid growth of plant inside some crop circles; you can see by my photographs, the enhanced growth over a period of about one month.

Another thing that impressed me were its dimensions... it looked a perfect match!

So, this was a case me of reeling-off several snaps then getting out of there before the caretaker or someone spotted this well-intentioned trespasser; as luck would have it though I needn't have gone to so much effort, because that marking remained visible in the grass for a few days longer more until the mowers did their job!

[Please go to the following address for more information about this
https://www.deviantart.com/myalienabductionart/art/Ground-Trace-1997-772876282?ga_submit_new=10%3A1542407507&ga_type=edit&ga_changes=1]

On one of the drier nights in June 1997: I had this second-sense, hunch or inner-feeling, (call it whatever you like) to go to the front door of my home; I suspected that this could be a forewarning of a UFO appearance; it is important to explain that there can be such psychic elements involved when seeing UFOs... a factor that is much underrated.

It is a precognitive state that lays dormant within all of us, until triggered by something; it has happened to me countless times, Ken has experienced the same, and I know from conversations, it has happened to many others too.

There had been a thunderstorm on this evening and it was now about 11pm; when I looked out the front door, I saw the large remnants of some dark, grey nimbus cloud to the East of the area; and within this patch, I could see a sizeable shadow, which was shaped roughly, well... like a triangle... (surprise, surprise) whereas the rest of the sky was comparatively clear.

No, it was not the craft this time, but I think this formation was somehow meant to catch my eye... a 'cloud sculpture', as one might poetically describe it as.

Within a minute or so, 3 brilliant white orbs with swishy tails emerged and began flying high above the area; it was like an aerial ballet; the spheres came together and twirled round and intertwined with each other then flew-off in all directions; I had the strongest feeling that they knew I was watching; after about 20 minutes of this, suddenly one of the orbs flew straight into the cloud near the odd triangular patch; the other 2 flew up above to the top-edge of the cloud, where they briefly danced about then just dropped down into another part of the cloud remnant.

All was quiet for a few minutes, but I kept on watching, then out from the top of the cloud came 2 of the orbs; they glided over the same area and started swishing around; but there was something I noticed that they hadn't yet done regarding my standpoint; they never once went quite up to the telephone pole, or the phone wires; so I started to talk to these orbs telepathically, and with respect.

I feel respect is important.

It might sound a bit new age, but often, by expressing one's deep admiration for these objects, does seem to prompt a reaction in them.

I asked the spheres to please fly beyond the telegraph pole, and also the phone wires to my left; no sooner had I asked this of them, they both entered into their previous aerial ballet routine; it was truly wonderful to behold; and then they came past the telegraph pole and phone wires, doing exactly as I had asked.

I lost all track of time as they graced the sky with their presence; I then realized it was almost 1 am!

I thanked them for such an interesting display and that I now had to go to bed; the orbs then departed

towards and into the cloud... and when I took a last look, I noticed that the triangular cloud had gone also.

It took a while for me to settle down after such an enthralling evening.

December 1997: As mentioned previously in this book, I vowed back in the Summer of 95, that I would be there to support victims with their Alien Abduction traumas, and during this time, through Home Study Courses with Practical Tuition, I learned how to professionally help others; but little could prepare me for what was about to happen.

My partner-to-be Ken, invited me to give a talk about Alien Abduction in Kempston, Bedford, on the evening of the 2nd December at the BEAMS local studies group; he thought it would be therapeutic for me in way, to speak publicly for the first time, (we all have to start somewhere) and he distributed printed flyers everywhere he could which gave details of my forthcoming lecture, urging anyone who thought that they might be an Abductee to attend.

The day came, so, I travelled by train and arrived at Bedford at about 2.30pm then took a taxi to the flat of our host Emily Crewe, a lovely lady with quite a history in UFOs herself; her knowledge stretched right back to the days of George Adamski, (younger readers may have to look that name up) a controversial contactee claimant at the time, who she had personally met during one of his now famous lectures, and had come to know before that even, through a number of correspondences with the man.

Emily herself, had a very interesting close encounter in 1940, whilst she was working in the ATS... the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service in Stansted, Essex. [Please go to the following address for more information about this <http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/1940.html>]

I arrived at the side door and went through to a small hall which had a visitor's suite; suddenly I got a bad feeling about this part of the complex; inwardly, I half-hoped that there may be an alternative visitor's suite somewhere else; regardless, I made my way to Emily's flat, and what a lovely greeting I received; she was a delightful lady and we hit-it-off right away.

Bless her, as it was a bitterly cold day, she had even cooked a hot meal for me in readiness!

We chatted for a while and then Ken arrived; after we all discussed the evening to come, we went down to view where I was supposed to sleep - and disappointingly, it was the very place I had seen earlier; it's not that there was anything materially unpleasant about the apartment where I was due to stay, it's just that I had a sudden flash-vision that the Grey's would abduct me that night if I slept there; but I couldn't be rude and say anything, so I thanked Emily for arranging this accommodation for me, and then we went down to the hall where the B.E.A.M.S. monthly meetings took place.

Ken set-up the slide projector, and I arranged my notes and pictures that I had brought to talk about, while dear old Em' set to work in the lounge kitchen brewing tea for the members and visitors.

Then, the first people started to arrive and one-by-one, gradually, the numbers built up.

I began my talk, and although I had been a little nervous, this being my first time ever speaking to a crowd about my experiences, everything was going smoothly.

Yet, what I had noticed while regarding the audience, was that there were about 12 people in the crowd who just stood out from the others... each looking at me in a slightly unusual, almost puzzled way.

Their faces all seemed oddly familiar; but how-so? as I had never been to this part of the country before.

As soon as the 20-minute interval came, this group of about 12 individuals, (mostly women, and just a couple of men) gathered around me, and although talking over each other somewhat, they were saying things like 'I seem to know you Hilary'; 'this is like Déjà vu for me', 'it's as if I've known you for years' and that sort of remark... and I responded that I also had this overwhelming sense of familiarity about them as well; but that was just plain silly I thought, how could this possibly be? I had never even been on TV at that time or appeared in magazines and such-like.

So, with our cups of tea and individual plates of biscuits in our hands, this entourage and myself gathered in the lobby outside the hall, to get to the bottom of how we all seemed to know each other so well.

To cut a long story short, it transpired that we were all Alien Abductees, including the 2 men; and how we arrived at this conclusion was through discussion and comparison of all the scoop marks and scars that we had on our arms, legs, and bodies.

We must have looked ridiculous to an outsider, as we were busy rolling our trouser legs up and pulling sleeves back, examining these unaccountable wounds on each other; some of the women had to verbally describe some of their more intimate injuries to me.

It is fair to say, that even I was surprised at how so many marks and accounts were identical.

But of course, the \$64-thousand-dollar question for us all, was how did we know each other? why were our scoop marks and other scars so similar?

Time was running out, as I had to start the second half of the evening... then suddenly, almost at the same time, that mental penny dropped... yes, we concluded, it's quite possible that it was when we are abducted and up on the alien abduction ships: THAT'S where the familiarity between us originated; we had seen each other up there!

That idea made good sense to all of us, and we were instantly one with each other; they all wanted to make contact with me after this talk - and I with them, which I gladly agreed to; and so, we returned to the meeting and continued with the rest of the evening still buzzing from this revelation.

We didn't have email in those days, so it would have to be by telephone and letter, and for a quite a few years, that's exactly what we did; they would contact me when they had been abducted, and tell me about their experiences - and I did the same.

I learned all sorts from this - but it was particularly interesting how many of them also recalled having out-of-body experiences in-between their more disturbing grey visitation episodes... a detail which I thought highly significant, and which served to further my more recent understanding concerning the similarities between OBE's and alien abduction.

Comparisons between the two phenomena strongly suggest a connection, as I have detailed earlier in

this book.

Eventually, by sheer word-of-mouth, friends of these friends, and family members of those friends... people from all walks of life, heard about what had happened at Kempston BEAMS meet, and started to contact me.

As it happened, I simply could not bear the thought of sleeping in that visitor's room, so Emily kindly put me up in her flat; happily, neither of us were bothered that night by any unwanted visitations from our little grey friends.

I have always kept every person fairly anonymous when writing about my experiences, as I am doing here; that is so important, because generally, friends and family are likely to be cynical about this topic and cannot fully appreciate what people like us have gone through - or are still going through; not to mention what employers might think if they should discover anything!

Being a victim of alien intrusion - and never quite knowing when the next episode may occur, or how people around you may react should they find out about your predicament, can be a very awkward position to be in; this is why we must all stick together!

1998 (In brief - unsure of the exact month): Maybe these papers had changed ownership or something, because miracle-of-miracles, I spotted a couple of half-dozen-line or so, write-ups in the local rags about people who had reported seeing strange lights above horse fields and the owners finding their horses mutilated.

The first one was in Badshot Lea, on the Surrey/Hants border near Farnham; bright lights had been reported being seen coming down from an unusual-sounding aircraft; I suspect that was the white triangle again; then there was the case of a horse in Maybury near Woking; it was discovered dead and badly mutilated in the owner's field.

In July 98, a Friday evening, my friend, (name withheld) and her daughter, were traveling down the A30 on their return journey back to Farnborough; they had been to Basingstoke, and had just gone through Murrel Green; it was exactly 10pm, when in the distance, the two witnesses saw a fiery sphere descending from the sky; by the time they got to the village of Hartley Wintney, roadblocks were being set up on the A30, and the 2 witnesses and many other road travellers had to make a diversion on to the A323 to Fleet.

When my friend arrived home, she called me to tell me something had happened and was still happening on the A30; as an employee of QinetiQ she phoned her place of work to report what she had experienced; the staff member on the other end, said that their phone hadn't stopped ringing for over an hour with reports of a flaming object falling to earth and causing a serious blaze in the woodland.

Next day, the national papers carried accounts of several "meteors" (inverted commas) coming from the West over Cornwall; one was reported to have abruptly veered left and headed up the West coast of Britain; this was seen by witnesses as far North as Blackpool; the other bodies turned North East over central Britain, and the last one went East.

Such wonderful manoeuvrability for small rocks that supposedly came from outer space!

Recently I purchased an infrared monocular which enables me to see in the dark; and I have watched many UFO spheres coming down to land; they appear to be light forms rather than structured craft.

With this scope, I have since come to realize, that there are quite a few more of these unaccountable objects passing through our skies than I could ever have imagined; I've even watched a couple of objects do the exact opposite thing to what might be expected, and rise up into the heavens at phenomenal speed!

At the end of October 1998, my Sisters daughter was invited to have a sleepover at her friend's house in a small development built by the MoD; this is located by Mytchett Place Road, opposite Keogh Barracks Surrey; her friend's father is a soldier at the barracks; next morning when the girls opened the curtains, they were aghast to spot the shadowy Red-Eyed figure again; he was walking at the edge of the woods, along the dirt track where the ground rises up there onto the rest of Surrey Heath.

The girls screamed and felt petrified; as both have had previous encounters with ol' Red-Eyes, they didn't feel at all happy about venturing outside.

A note added to this entry many years later; as my sister's kids grew up and eventually married, no more was seen of this figure.

Of course, the explanation we get from sceptics and mainstream science about this type of thing, is that it is nothing more than our minds playing tricks on us, our eyes seeing things in a fraction of a second that aren't really there—illusions.

The trouble with such cynics, is that they are usually people who have never experienced this type of phenomenon for themselves; I saw the genuine looks of helplessness and worry on those kids faces back then... even the teachers and parents of those children had difficulty in hiding their concern; could all of that really just be dismissed away as over-active human imagination?

I think not!

Early Monday morning 1st September 1999; just after midnight, the CPC, (Cloaked, Pulsed Triangle) started making circles over my home again; as it likes to do, it then flew over the horses in the park behind us, then over the Fernhill school, then across the houses at the bottom of the hill, then up and over my home, then over the park; insanely, it did this about 6 times!

I am so tuned-in to this craft and often stay awake into the early hours monitoring its movements, while everyone else is presumably tucked up under their duvets.

Yesterday, I purchased another camera after my old heap of junk finally packed up; and after scouting around the area, taking a few scenic views with it, I unintentionally left this in the glove compartment of my car; so I went downstairs, popped my shoes on and was just about to open the front door, when the mystery flying triangle tore right over our house; I grabbed my camera out of the car, but the craft was moving at such great speed and soon went into the distance; luckily though, it circled, then appeared to come down in the Hawley Park; I quickly tried to take a photo while the triangle was still airborne, but for no good reason, the camera's winding mechanism jammed on me!

Once again, all the horses whinnied across the fields, and as per usual, when this aerial oddity flew over, there was a cacophony of noise from the wildlife; then suddenly, everything went quiet.

It was a warm night and I stood by the open window on the landing; suddenly a horse screamed out as if in pain: I have never heard anything like this before; after about 2 minutes I started to smell burning hair wafting over in the light breeze; then the disgusting odour of burning flesh!

Tears began trickling down my face; I felt sick in the pit of my stomach!

I was sure that this was as close to an animal mutilation that anyone has witnessed before, by smell and sound alone.

Previously, I had spoken to one of the lasses at the local stables and asked her why they didn't keep the horses inside in their stalls for safety rather than leaving them out in the fields at night, but I was told that keeping them out in the fields was the lesser of two evils; after having the animals indoors they had sometimes been found next morning to have thrown themselves around, presumably spooked by the sound of this craft, which resulted in some serious injuries.

Many readers may already know about the signs of Animal Mutilation, but a few of you might not even be aware that such things even happen; so, for those who are not familiar with this subject, let me briefly explain.

Animal mutilation refers to livestock (usually cows, allegedly sometimes horses or other animals such as pets as well) are found dead or maimed under unusual and anomalous circumstances.

When an animal is killed, organs are often removed with apparent surgical precision: the cuts reveal laser-type burns, with absolutely no traces of blood ever found at the scene and no signs of human culprits.

I was so upset about what I am sure had happened to that horse, (or maybe horses) I found it hard to sleep; at 8.20am I again phoned the equestrian facility and the girls there were just coming on duty but hadn't been able to inspect the horses in the fields yet; I explained what had taken place in the night, and advised them not to go out alone after a number of horse mutilations had been discovered around here over the years. The staff member I spoke to thanked me and the call ended. I did not receive an update however and assume that the horse centre now wishes to keep such incidents closely under wraps for fear of scaring away potential clients.

In mid-January 2000: The cloaked triangle flew in over the Equine Centre, and I am positive that another mutilation had taken place, very similar to the horrific case back on September 1st 99. I watched, heard and smelt this attack just as before... again, it was gut-wrenching!

Once more I called the equine centre early in the morning, but this time I had the attention of the owner of the place herself; I politely informed her that an unidentified aircraft had landed in the park and very likely a horse mutilation had taken place in the night; to say she was angry would be an understatement; her reply was nothing but abusive language and I was told never to phone there again; I replied, thank you... 'you have told me everything I needed to know'.

Make no mistake - evidence supporting the reality of animal mutilations is strong; from my researches I

have learned that it is rife all over the British Isles, and many other countries too; but it is obvious that many farms and stables are trying to conceal these unexplainable injuries and deaths every which-way they can, possibly for reasons of livestock insurance claims; and the powers-that-be, in the military and government, equally wish to keep a lid on this disturbing situation for their own reasons.

On April 3rd, 2000, Ken Parsons became my partner and moved to Farnborough; here, we established The British Earth & Aerial Mysteries Society headquarters that same month.

2004: -A true and accurate report of a probable ghost encounter in Farnham, Surrey

Farnham is said to be the most haunted town in Surrey, and one day back in the Spring of 2004, it certainly lived up to its reputation, when my partner Ken and I, decided to investigate this place as a part of our field researches.

The reason that we singled out Farnham is because its parish church is a significant landmark on the Pilgrim's Way, the ancient route from Winchester to Canterbury, something we are most interested in; parts of this building actually date back to the middle ages and it stands on foundations of a 7th-century Saxon church!

We headed towards St Andrew's via the West entrance, along a very old flagged pathway flanked by aged buildings: Apart from its lovely Gothic revival stained glass window, we found the interior of the church itself quite standard and a bit boring to be honest; so we left and went to have a look around to see if we could perhaps spot any unusual architectural carvings outside; the two of us walked in an anti-clockwise direction along the pathway as we continued our exploration.

Where the track splits and meets the path coming in from Downing Street, we were suddenly joined by a very strange young woman who seemed to appear from nowhere and began walking directly behind us; so close, that if we had suddenly stopped there would definitely have been a collision!

We were both thinking how incredibly rude she was.

People were sitting on benches in the grounds, and some politely looked up as if to say 'good day' as we passed them, but we noticed they were not acknowledging the girl, only us.

We furtively glanced over our shoulders several times and became rather concerned; not only because of her uncomfortably close proximity to us, but each time we looked, we saw that she was wringing her hands all the while; the girl was obviously distressed about something and we could even hear her breathing rapidly.

Just our luck I thought, to have a mad woman on our tails.

From what we could make out, she was dressed in something like a 1970's overcoat which had a fitted waist.

Ken and I continued on the upper path round the Church, hoping to get back out onto West Street and perhaps shake off this girl following right behind us; the situation was getting rather silly, so we stopped, (half expecting her to clip our heels when we did so), as we had whispered between ourselves that we were going to confront this person and ask her to either pass by, or at least desist from walking so close

to us; but to our shock and amazement, when we turned around we saw that she had vanished!

Next, we quickly ran back to the Church grounds and checked everywhere, but the girl was not to be seen.

Later, we conducted some internet research hoping to find out whether anyone else had ever reported a similar experience for these parts, but couldn't find anything that exactly matched; however, we discovered the legend of how back in the 1970's, a young woman had climbed the tower of St Andrew's Church, Farnham and threw herself off to her death... although apparently, there is no official record of the claimed suicide.

Was this the very same girl that we had seen?

For us, our strange encounter was simply too much of a coincidence for this not to be the case.

2005: This Morning interview regards stained abduction jumper

In 2005 I appeared on 'This Morning' chat programme; this was hosted by TV personalities Phillip Schofield and Fern Britton who interviewed me regards my stained abduction jumper.

It was a special live edition from Olympia featuring the Ideal Home Show; in another segment, I was interviewed by Phillip and Fern concerning my UFO sightings and alien reports, with UFO sceptic Bryan Appleyard sitting next to me.

To cut a long story short, although Fern Britton was very charming and seemingly open-minded, the show was basically coming from a cynical angle and I wasn't given much of a chance to air my story; but one important fact that I did manage to get across, was when Phillip asked me in his own light-hearted manner, "well, Hilary, have you got any evidence to back up your claims?" at which point I explained about my jumper with the mysterious stains on it and its connection to an abduction scenario that I endured. Mr. Schofield replied something to the effect of... "great Hilary, send it in to us, we would love to get this analysed for you".

I thought he had walked right into that one!

So, I thanked Phillip for his offer, and did as he asked - submitted the jumper to 'This Morning' for their attention - and when it was received I was told that the item would be forwarded to a physicist for some experiments to be performed on it - for which I had to sign a disclaimer allowing them to remove samples in order for them to be forensically tested for any signs of radiation etc. etc... which I did.

I waited 7 months for its return, only to be shocked at how someone, (presumably, someone in a white coat), had cut away the most important area - the large, fused stain which had perfectly corresponded to the bruise and distended veins on my arm following the likely alien intervention that had occurred.

The evidence had now been mostly destroyed, only for them to inform me that they could not find anything unusual on there at all; naturally, I was left fuming at such incompetence... or even deceit.



But here's the twist; from what little staining that still remained - I used my initiative and commissioned an independent analysis to be conducted on the garment by a Professional Forensic Science Company using X-ray photoelectron spectroscopy... and guess what? surprise, surprise... this time, I was informed that the sample they had tested, revealed slightly higher than normal background radiation within its weave! Not bad after more than a decade!

I did have a printout somewhere of the report that they sent me, which despite being carefully filed away, has since gone missing much to my dismay!

In defiance of many frantic searches, we have been unable to locate this important document.

Some people have questioned why I was dressed this way in the first place for any abduction, after all, I experienced this apparent abuse in my bed... and the only logical answer I could come up with is that I must have been put into a semi trance-like state, got up, quickly dressed myself to cover my modesty -

and went willingly with these beings.

As to why I have never sought help from a qualified hypnotherapist in order to reveal buried/blocked narratives of my alien abduction experiences - as all I have been left with are fragmented memories; the same of which applies to most victims of this type of trauma, and I always reply with a similar answer; the reason that I do not wish to be subjected to hypnosis is because I fear that I could be faced with a lot of unwanted and terrifying details of my ordeals; I have a difficult enough time already, living and coping with what I do recall!

It was Easter, Saturday 6th April 2007 when we had this marvellous experience

Our friend Jonathon was visiting us in Farnborough for a long weekend.

During the evening, we all got in the car to go up on the Hogs Back A31, with the intention of conducting a small sky watch there; we arrived at about 8:45pm.

Jonathon, who is a fellow mysteries researcher, had never been to this spot before himself, but for me and Ken, this has become a good place to indulge in our passion, (no, not that!), of searching the heavens for possible UFOs - Unidentified Flying Objects.

We parked-up as we normally do, wound the windows down, and along with our extra passenger, we began our vigil of the sky, with our eyes scanning between the directions of Guildford and across to Jacobs Well.

I remember Ken looking up and saying (jokingly) "please give us a good sighting, nothing like last time, something so small that my camera would hardly pick it up, thank you!"...

...a sarcastic reference to a previous watch that we conducted on this very spot, which was a complete waste of time, where all we had seen were tiny LITS... (Lights in the sky), pinpricks that could have been anything.

It was a night of good visibility, clear with a bit of high cloud; the three of us sat quietly, binoculars and camera at the ready; we had been there a while, and I think that we were becoming slightly resigned to the idea that, (as with much of the time when sky watching), we were not going to see anything out of the ordinary that evening.

But just how wrong could anyone be?

Suddenly in the distance something caught our attention.

Through the cloud, appeared the most beautiful, red/purple mass of light, roughly oval in shape, which was steady, with no flashing, with dazzling rays of brilliance emitting from it.

To our naked eyes this thing was huge, far bigger and brighter than any aircraft lights, and of a most unusual colour, the likes of which we have since failed to match. (Only through mixing the paints in an artist palette, have we come close.)

We all got out of the car, with Ken videoing and me studying the situation through high-powered binoculars; I informed the others that through my 'bins' there were definitely no visible "wings, tail or

navigation lights" in fact, there was no metallic structure at all that I could make out, just this brightly-illuminated oval.

What we were watching was obviously under intelligent control, as 'the mass' began to gently descend in a perfectly straight manner, over in the near distance and down behind some trees...

None of us could detect any sound, which one would expect for an object that big.

It was covering a pretty large area between Stoughton/Jacobs Well near Guildford; now we began calculating the size of this oddity.

Using Guildford Cathedral on the horizon as a reference point, (which is usually illuminated at night) we estimated that the UFO was at least half the size of the building!

So transfixed were we by this aerial spectacle we had even become oblivious to the usual noise of traffic swishing by.

This 'thing' was still as brightly illuminated as it descended, exactly as we had first seen the object at higher altitude; then our view as to exactly where it landed, (if it indeed it did land at all!), became obscured by trees.

Ken tried videoing as much of the UFO's movements as he could.

After this the object was gone; we all gasped and started saying things like "wow, that has got to be in the papers tomorrow", and "we are never going to see anything like that again in our entire lives".

But later, at 9.15 pm, either the same or a similar object, once again appeared through the cloud cover, exactly as it done before, this time though, our guest Jonathon excitedly said to Ken, "have you got a torch in the car?"

'Yes" Ken replied - "quick, shine it at the object" Jon said...

Normally, Ken wouldn't dream of doing such a thing as it could prove dangerous to conventional air traffic, but egged-on by Jon's urgings, Ken unpacked his halogen spotlight and flashed its powerful beam at the UFO, hoping to reveal any possible body/structure that might be behind all its radiance.

I swear, the second that torch beam shone into the sky, the UFO instantly evaporated before our eyes there and then!

This sudden vanishing left us feeling slightly guilty; it was as if, by shining our torch beam on them, we had offended whoever or whatever was responsible for the UFO's appearance; maybe 'they' saw this light as a threat and acted protectively in response.

We thought that we had frightened them away! but we waited to see if anything else would happen, and incredibly it did!

At about 9.30pm something suddenly came through the clouds over the same area... it was our UFO yet again!

As with the first appearance, no torch this time, instead we just watched the object in all its beauty and gracefulness and felt privileged to be witnesses.

We waited half an hour longer, but that was it- the UFOs had finished their show for us: we left the lay-by feeling elated after having experienced 3 incredible sightings all in one night!

Now for the sour news; regrettably, at that period, (as we were a bit strapped for finances back then), all we possessed here at BEAMS was a really early, basic camcorder... a dinosaur, that was fine when shooting in the daytime, yet which struggled to record in the dark as it had no night shot facility; regardless, Ken had taken the gamble and attempted to video the UFO, but on replay, there was little of what we had witnessed, much to our disappointment, but not to our surprise.

Damn it! Ken muttered when he played the tape back; all that could be seen was blackness and fuzz, ...hardly anything had been recorded except static and a couple of frames that showed a glowing red orb, which is not how we saw the object at all.

And, as if things could not get worse, these sightings were NOT reported in any of the local or national papers either.

It was as if no one else had seen what we did, which we find very hard to believe, as it all happened close to a busy dual carriageway!

As the reader will know by now, I am ex-MoD and a trained observer: As for Ken, he has had over 20 years of experience in the field of UFO research, and we can honestly say that what we encountered that evening was exceptionally outlandish, the likes of which we were totally unfamiliar with: We had never witnessed anything like it before, nor have we observed anything like it since.

It definitely wasn't atmospheric phenomena, it wasn't an airship, a hot air balloon, Chinese lanterns, flares nor any sort of conventional aircraft, (as some cynics have tried to suggest), but a legitimate, intelligently controlled UFO. [Please go to the following address for more information about this <http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/Hogs%20Back%202007%20UFO%20Sighting1.html>]

AND

Our observation was remarkably similar in certain respects, to another sighting report that we have since discovered, made by someone else in this area, back in 1977.

Along with 2 other genuine, classic examples of a saucer-shaped UFO being seen at close range on or flying over the Hogs back.

Then there was the amazing case of 77-year-old Alfred Burtoo of Aldershot, UK (Please Google it)

And finally, two large saucer-shaped objects were encountered by a family in a car at Bagshot Heath Surrey, UK (Please Google it).

2013: This is not a diary entry as such, but rather, a reminiscence of something that my niece, now a married woman (who tied the knot back in 2011) revealed to me this year; after desperately trying for a couple of years to conceive, she had sadly now been informed by a specialist who she consulted for

gynaecological examinations, that it is most unlikely that she will ever be able to bear children, following the discovery that she has Endometriosis; this is a condition where the tissue that lines the womb (endometrium) is found outside the womb, such as in the ovaries and fallopian tubes.

Perhaps this is mere coincidence, but harking back to her 'red eyes' encounters that I covered previously, I wonder... I just wonder, if her current condition is the result of repeated tampering by the aliens, exactly as happened to me; accepting that abductions do tend to go through the same genetic family bloodlines.

Naturally though, I kept these suspicions to myself at that time so as not to cause her any unnecessary anxiety.

September 07, 2015: Videoed! Highly unusual craft captured over 'The Magic Kingdom'

My partner Ken recorded this object at approx. 11:30pm over central Farnborough, Hampshire, UK - looking out from Field Road, towards the South East.

I was shouting down to him from upstairs about a craft that I was watching which was performing some very unusual, (and sometimes impossible) aerial manoeuvres; fast, perfect circles, vertically ascending and descending, hanging then jumping, (hyper leaping?) to another part of the sky in a split second!

[Please go to the following address for more on this; note the extraordinary 'tilting/twisting' motion at around 0:37

<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/Strange%20Craft%20Recorded%20Over%20Farnborough,%20Hants,%20UK%20%27The%20Magic%20Kingdom%27%20-%2007%2009%2015.htm>]

Stranger still, apparently, this craft had just suddenly appeared in mid-air at low altitude, as if out of nowhere!

Ken grabbed his camcorder and got to the front door as quick as he could, but unfortunately only caught the tail end of this action. The object had very unusual lighting on it, and was hovering, when he began recording. On the video, you can see where Ken zoomed-in and pulled back a few times, to show that this was a real event with reference points etc.; then suddenly, the object swooped down over the distant rooftops and either landed somewhere near the Farnborough Convent perhaps, (which is in the opposite direction to our Farnborough airfield) or it completely disappeared.

He rushed upstairs for a better viewpoint, but the craft had gone.

This thing was impressive... big, fast, and operating in complete silence - it was unbelievable!

Please note; there was another aerial light out on the horizon at the same time as our mystery craft, (also visible near the beginning of video), which was easily identified; that was simply a helicopter, maybe sent out to investigate our UFO after being picked up on radar? - but that's just a guess: Anyway, back to the main event.

Ken has analysed this recording using screen grabs, and usually through light blasting and other filtering techniques, one can detect any structure that may be present on a UFO - but in this case, he couldn't find evidence of a fuselage - so in our opinion, this definitely isn't an airplane.

I cannot stress this enough, there is absolutely no evidence of any structure behind this object... meaning it was probably cloaked.

We uploaded the video to our YouTube channel beamsinvestigations1, and a viewer, (P N-E2) messaged us and said:

"OMG, I saw this last year... my friend did too - from Queen Elizabeth Park, Farnborough.

So glad I found this video." [End of message]

This, and numerous other sightings of some really inexplicable aerial craft above Farnborough, is proof as far as BEAMS is concerned, (along with others who are actively investigating UFO and alien phenomena) that the military, (and perhaps the aliens as well) do not need to operate in Special Use Airspace (SUA).

They don't have to use places like the Mojave Desert in the States, or say Boscombe Down here in the UK, which are the type of areas usually designated by the military for operations of a special nature... no, these guys conduct their affairs over anywhere they damn-well please; the only limitations they appear to have is that their operations, (and the reader can take that word to mean two things) do seem to be mostly night, early morning hours flying/testing, or whatever mischiefs they are up to.

Around October 2015: Unfortunately, someone from the media discovered the Magic Kingdom dossier PDF on our BEAMS site, and then it went viral...

"EXCLUSIVE: British Area 51? Secret ALIEN research base uncovered in Farnborough."

"PARANORMAL investigators claim to have rumbled a top-secret Ministry of Defence (MoD) alien research centre, hidden deep underground in a UFO hotspot."

"Is This the British Area 51: Claims of Secret Alien Research Centre in Farnborough?"

"Alien research centre hidden deep underground in a UFO hotspot.".... etc., etc.

...and so, it went on, right across the reporting spectrum.

The story became a world-wide sensation... but now, 'the papers' and online outlets were printing things that we had never even said; it was obvious that (probably after a word in their ear from someone in the corridors of power) they were in full debunking mode; and like the gutter press would be expected to do, they had begun twisting our words in an attempt to make us look stupid.

I used the word "unfortunately" just now, for a very good reason; because of our in-depth 'Magic Kingdom' revelation and the media's deliberately infantile reporting about it - we had unintentionally shot ourselves in the foot with our revelations!

Not because they were doing an excellent job of making a mockery of our claims, (that's what the illuminati puppets do best)... no, the snag is, that all of this unwanted publicity has seemingly caused QinetiQ, and whatever lays beneath it, and indeed behind it, to cease their black budget/alien-type technology testing or whatever they were doing; in fact, since our sensational September 2015 cloaked-craft video capture, we've seen very little in the way of UFO activity around these parts; they seem to be

laying low following the online release of our dossier, and the subsequent press hijacking of it.

Following this, even Nick Pope, employee at the British Government's Ministry of Defence from 1985 to 2006, now a freelance British journalist and media commentator, has climbed on the bandwagon, and publicly confessed that we DO have secret facilities in the UK.

But is there a British Area 51? Yes, and no, he said; Exotic – but decidedly terrestrial.

Cautiously he said, aviation technology has been designed and tested at RAE Farnborough, the BAE Systems site at Warton, and a handful of other locations. But geography is against us Brits. The comparatively small size of the UK means that there simply is not space to do what the Americans do. We do not have deserted areas of hundreds of square miles where we can test fly our shiny new toys in private.

Nick concluded by saying:

Area 51 is now so infamous, and so much a part of pop culture, that its usefulness may have declined.

It may serve now as more of a distraction. The aircraft and drones of tomorrow are being developed and tested right now, but I suspect this is being done not at Area 51, but at a new and even more secret location – somewhere the media and the public has never heard of.

But here's the problem, when asked at another time, about exactly what constraints does his security oath place upon his being able to discuss MoD work? he replied; ***The UK's Official Secrets Act is binding for life, so the fact that I no longer work for the MoD has no bearing here. However, the MoD has itself declassified and released most of its UFO files as a result of the UK's Freedom of Information Act, so I am free to discuss most of my work on this subject. I cannot, of course, disclose any information that remains classified.***

In other words, he can only say so much... but **it would seem, that once the cat is out of the bag regarding a secret base, the military simply move their secret operations elsewhere.**

Is this now the case with QinetiQ, have they since moved their special underground unit to another location?

30th/31st of July and running into August 1, 2016: Was this to be my final alien encounter? "On the weekend of the 30th and 31st of July, 2016 I felt totally unwell; I was uncoordinated and my dyslexia was extremely bad; this came about several days after we went on a sky watch in Winchester on the 29th of July, where my camera picked up a brilliant UFO, although this object was unseen at the time.

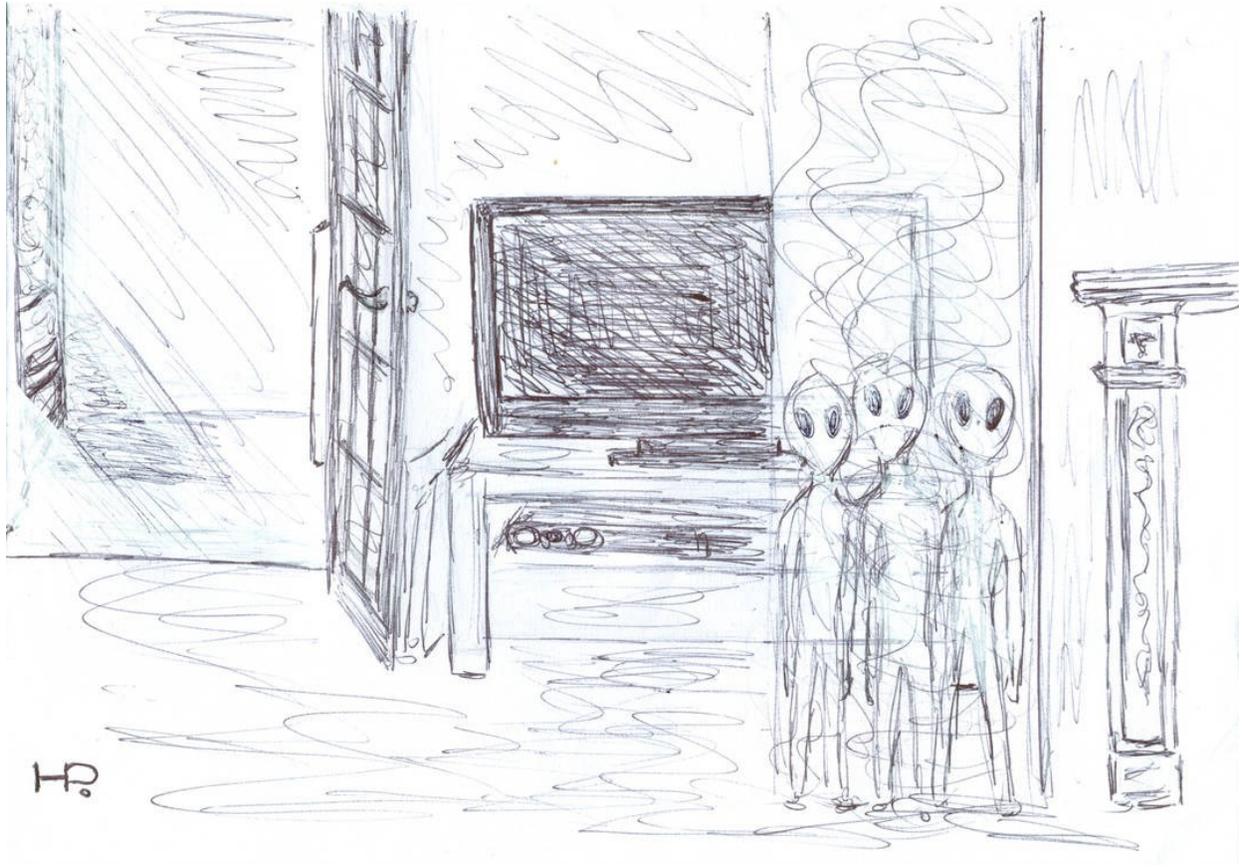
[Please go to the following address for more on this
<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/UnexLightWinchHnts29072016.html>]

I suffer from Atrial Fibrillation, which is a common, abnormal heart rhythm; a couple of days after photographing the UFO, I had an attack that lasted 6 hours; but thankfully, at the end of it, my heart returned to its normal rhythm.

This is how it was triggered; during the early hours, I was so restless in bed, that at around 2.50am I went

down into our living room and settled in the armchair there and fell asleep quite quickly; but this rest wasn't to be for very long, because at 3.40am I experienced a very powerful 'whooshing' sound in my ears, and naturally, that woke me up.

As I began to awaken, but before I had even fully opened my eyes, I noticed a column of dimly lit, swirling mist, and within this was a vertical round pillar containing three of the Alien Grey-types, each measuring approximately three and a half feet tall.



I kept my eyes half shut, (perhaps out of fear) but by now, I was fully aware of the visitation and tried to yell at them, but nothing seemed to come out of my mouth.

"Leave me alone, go away", I was trying to shout, but completely unable to verbalize; yet perhaps they did hear me after all... telepathically, because they vanished shortly afterwards.

Feeling very shaken and so tired, I went back upstairs and straight to bed.

It took much of the week to recover.

I later discovered that 'they' may have tampered with or operated on my mouth, as the inner cheek area is now very sore indeed."

I will end this book by quoting Nick Pope when asked whether he believed in the existence of UFOs, to which he replied: "*We should always bear in mind that the sceptics need to be right every single time, but the believers only need to be right once.*" End quote

All I can say about that is note his choice of words very carefully.

-Checklist; a summary of what to expect regarding alien abduction-

A high percentage of Alien Abduction or Alien interference starts as a small child.

IT chooses you; you do not choose IT!

20 years of being an Alien Abduction Counsellor has been quite a journey, from which an intricate and disturbing picture has now emerged.

Selected females can be covertly groomed by the alien greys in their childhood... and from that point on, abduction will occur on a fairly regular basis, right through adulthood until they reach the menopause.

This may happen in the bedroom as they sleep, in which case it would be on an etheric basis; if the 'target' happens to be outdoors, especially in a fairly isolated setting, (on a country road for example) the greys may still put a victim 'out', (and even inflict collateral damage on nearby partners, parents etc., if necessary, in the form of temporary amnesia) and do what they have to do.

The reptilian-types can abduct us physically, although not from an enclosed environment it seems; again, their definite preference is for an isolated setting; if the target is in the open with limited company, the 'reps' can even use clever techniques of controlling such situations, in order that a snatching can occur; no outsiders will ever be aware of what is actually taking place; these creatures will do what they WANT to do... which may even go as far as sexual penetration; and by all accounts, they seem to take great pleasure from their actions.

With women, fertility declines as they get older, so, once a female is past child-bearing age, (when they reach the menopause) abductions for the purposes of reproductive harvesting will normally cease; however, it has been known for aliens to re-visit their past abduction victims with the view to them being grandparents to the children they have birthed... the benefits of which are abundant to their hybrid grandchildren.

The beings can sometimes be shape-shifters, often like the UFOs they travel in; they can morph into anything that will draw you to them; then you are taken by them, either physically in an outdoor situation, or while in an OBE counterpart state from the usual bedroom scenario, into their domain - their dimension.

You see, unlike our old schoolbooks that used to tell us that there are only 3 dimensions, scientific thinking has since changed; in recent years, some scientists are now speaking in terms of at least 13 different dimensions. If the reader wishes to research this further 'Superstring' and 'Membrane Theory' are certainly worth Googling.

The following problems/conditions/experiences have all been reported by alien abduction victims

Psychological Problems: If I had been given a pound for every time that I received a phone call or email from an abductee telling me, 'please help me, I think I'm going mad', I would be fairly well-off by now.

What many fail to comprehend is, that when one has undergone an abduction experience, either in an OBE/Out of Body State (by the 'greys') or physically, (by the 'reps') victims not only have to cope with the immense stress placed on their flesh and blood bodies, together with operation wounds etc., but also injuries which are invisible; psychological damage in particular.

Difficulty or Inability to have children: Because of all the internal scaring from repeated Alien tinkering, one of the most painful things for many women abductees is the discovery that they may no longer be

able to give birth very easily after this, or in some cases, not at all.

Discharge and other complications: As soon as Selected Females are old enough to produce eggs, these will be extracted by the Alien Abductors; and in order for the Aliens to harvest them, she will be subjected to many invasive, probing procedures, which can cause much internal scarring; as a consequence, they may find that a brown/orange substance is present in their navel and the victim will have no idea how it got there; that is because an endoscopy-type procedure has been used by way of the navel down to the ovaries.

Using this same, or similar technique, alien/hybrid/human eggs/embryo can be implanted back into the woman, which she will carry sometimes only for weeks, or even up to a few months, into the foetal stages, when another abduction takes place, and the embryo/foetus is removed, leaving the woman with no baby and a suspected miscarriage.

Unaccountable Lactation: The breasts of female abductees can unaccountably lactate for many years; this is because when they are taken, (either as an OBE counterpart form or physically) the Aliens want them to feed their hybrid babies and generally nurture them.

Bowel Disorders: I have also discovered that a high percentage of abductees have reported bowel disorders such as IBS; yet, it has to be considered that these are people, who, due to their repeated abduction experiences, frequently suffer from anxiety and depression, which can trigger symptoms.

That is because the colon is in part-controlled by the nervous system, which responds to stress.

If you are concerned about any unusual changes in your bowel habits, it is essential that the matter is reported to a doctor.

Sexual Problems for Male Abductees; many male abductees are required by the Aliens to produce sperm, and often endure painful procedures on their most delicate areas in order for this to happen, which can include bruising and swelling; in turn, this may result in sexual problems with their wives or partners, so relationships can be difficult.

As with women, Male Abductees are sometimes shown Alien Hybrid Babies or Infants, and depending on the victim's age, even Adult Hybrids can be presented to them, and told that they are his or her sons or daughters in another dimension; naturally, this sort of revelation can be mind-blowing to the victim.

Depression and Low self-esteem: An abductee may often feel despondent and/or that he or she is of little worth; they sometimes lack confidence and feel badly about themselves. Abduction victims with self-esteem issues, may prefer to be loners, avoiding public situations whenever it is possible to do so; they may think they are unattractive, awkward and incompetent; but, let me be clear on this point, such feelings are purely all a state of mind and can be overcome; not always easily, but given time, yes.

OBE's – Out of Body Experiences: These can easily be distinguished from mere dreams: You may feel your inner body, (the spirit body counterpart, as I call it) separate, slip or float out from your physical frame; you may find yourself standing beside your bed while in this state of being, looking back at your physical self, asleep in the bed... before journeying away, perhaps to explore.

In a dream, or even a nightmare, one will remember doing fairly mundane things, such as driving in your

car, sitting on a train, riding a bike, or talking to a friend for example; never, would you attempt to do anything that was materially impossible, like you would while in an OBE state; such as, for example, going up to your bedroom wall and passing straight through it like a ghost, to the outside; or flying through the air - a bit like Superman!

In such a state, one may even attempt to touch or pick up a physical object, only to feel your 'hand' pass right through said item; a good analogy, is that a spirit, (and that is practically what you ARE when in an OB state) exists on a spirit 'vibration frequency', and cannot touch solid, earth 'vibration frequency' items; that is a classic out of body experience scenario; you will CERTAINLY know when such an occurrence happens.

Undergoing a number of these experiences for no good reason, may well be a tell-tale sign that you are an abductee; OBE's could be a cognitive confirmation of previous alien visitation, even though you may have little or no recall of such an event ever having taken place; I refer the reader to what I said in an earlier chapter about implanted cover memories.

Feeling of Misalignment: Sometimes, when an etheric counterpart returns to the physical body, (for example - after having been 'taken') a feeling of incorrect repositioning in relation to the physical body can occur; this usually fades away though as the spirit gradually realigns itself.

Poltergeist-type phenomena; mainly at home.

Missing time: One experience common to almost everyone who reports alien visitation, is the phenomenon known as missing time. One interesting example to illustrate this problem comes from The Mysterious Universe; a brief quote... Mr. X of Maryville, Missouri, has experienced missing time and distance; more than once. "The first time I was about ten and I was walking out in the front yard," he said. It was just after lunch.

As he went toward a thick ring of pine trees that surrounded his family's farmhouse, he saw something floating on the other side of the tree line. "It was pale, sort of translucent," he said. "It was passing between our house and the neighbour's house. I thought it was a blimp."

His afternoon suddenly disappeared. "The next thing I remember was coming in for dinner; 5 or 5:30," he said. "I didn't think about it at the time. As a kid, time was nothing."

But five hours of his life were just gone!

Dizziness: I have found that abductees can be prone to inner ear imbalance and whistling in the ears, [not to be mistaken for Tinnitus], which may only be short-lived, but can sometimes last for a while longer... and/or a feeling of Vertigo; if this applies to the reader, as a precautionary measure, I advise that you seek medical attention.

Sudden Dyslexia Attacks: Dyslexia is a problem caused by a disorder in cognitive, (brain) processes; in abductees, attacks can be triggered to a greater or lesser level, by repeated abduction; this can cause problems with a person's reading, writing and spelling abilities.

Migraines: these are often accompanied with bouts of nausea, sometimes lasting many hours; and even

when this has subsided, the person may be left feeling most unwell for days after.

Phobias - as in Claustrophobia, Agoraphobia.

Irrational fears: Examples... fear of water, of clowns, of doctors, of going to bed, of lifts, air travel, flashing lights and too many other things to list here.

Insomnia.

General Light Sensitivity.

Nose bleeds; this can be due to implants high up in the nose, or within the sinus tract, which can be most painful; implants have also been found in many other parts of abductees as well... secreted within the brain, neck, ears, arms, torso and legs.

Heart Palpitations: Palpitations in alien abductees are not at all uncommon; but if these are accompanied by dizziness, fainting, shortness of breath or chest pain, you should seek medical attention if you find that you are getting these symptoms.

Problems in childhood; if you are an abductee you will most probably have strange memories of when you were a child - and it is possible that your own children may be targeted as well... as it tends to go down the family bloodline. Minors who have suffered Alien Abduction may say they have had bad dreams and feel unwell; they might say they have met or dreamed about strange little men, or a man, or a funny-looking creature; please do not dismiss such accounts lightly.

Memory Wipe: Some people who have experienced abductions retain no memory of them -- all traces of the trauma have seemingly been erased from their memory. Yet, under hypnosis, or through random mental flashbacks, many abductees are able to recall vivid details about their ordeal; sometimes, a victim will struggle when trying to recollect specific details of an experience... and this can be a most frustrating feeling, like you are losing your mind almost.

This is what the abductees who I have counselled have had to cope with as they try to get by the best they can; these victims have hailed from all walks of life - housewives, managing directors, university graduates, a solicitor, and even a programme director for ITV!

Static Shocks: Many abductees can suffer quite a few static electricity jolts following an abduction episode, especially whenever they touch anything metal; this can often cause wristwatches, electronic cameras, and kitchen equipment to malfunction or completely blow.

Been there, done that, worn the T-shirt!

November 14, 2018: I can report that while nearing completion of this book, my relatively new computer has now seemingly come under attack; I have had to call an engineer out, when unexpectedly, this machine developed a host of niggling problems; material going missing, files corrupted etc.

Sometimes, my PC behaved as if it had a will of its own.

I don't think it is the greys who are the 'gremlins' here; they, in their own alternative way, have been rather helpful to me by ensuring that everything falls into place; no, this seems to be an opposing force;

someone or some THING doesn't want this material to be released; because, as the reader will recall from an earlier chapter, this kind of interruption has happened before; my previous attempts at writing a book resulted in the manuscripts completely disappearing... a waste of many, many months of effort.

Yet, that painful memory has served as a useful reminder, resulting in me continuously backing-up my work on this attempted publication at every given opportunity; this time I have taken no chances!

There have been innumerable unexpected delays inflicted on the publication of my book; sequences of odd little affairs that I won't even attempt to try and explain here - just too weird to have been mere coincidence; something, has definitely attempted to slow me down.

Early December 2018: A Summary

Looking back now, I have mixed feelings about what has happened to me; on the one hand, I feel quite privileged to have been selected by these entities; yet on the other hand, their clinical intrusions have left me feeling a bit like a lab rat... used!

I have no wish to ever be abducted again, and I am inclined to think that those days are through for me; obviously, I am past my child-bearing age, so thankfully, they seem to be ignoring me now... probably for that very reason; I can no longer provide what they want.

Learning about their multidimensional realms and capabilities was one thing but having to tolerate the often frightening and truly irrational behaviour of these creatures hasn't been so easy; not only that, but I feel that a great deal of information was withheld from me in the process.

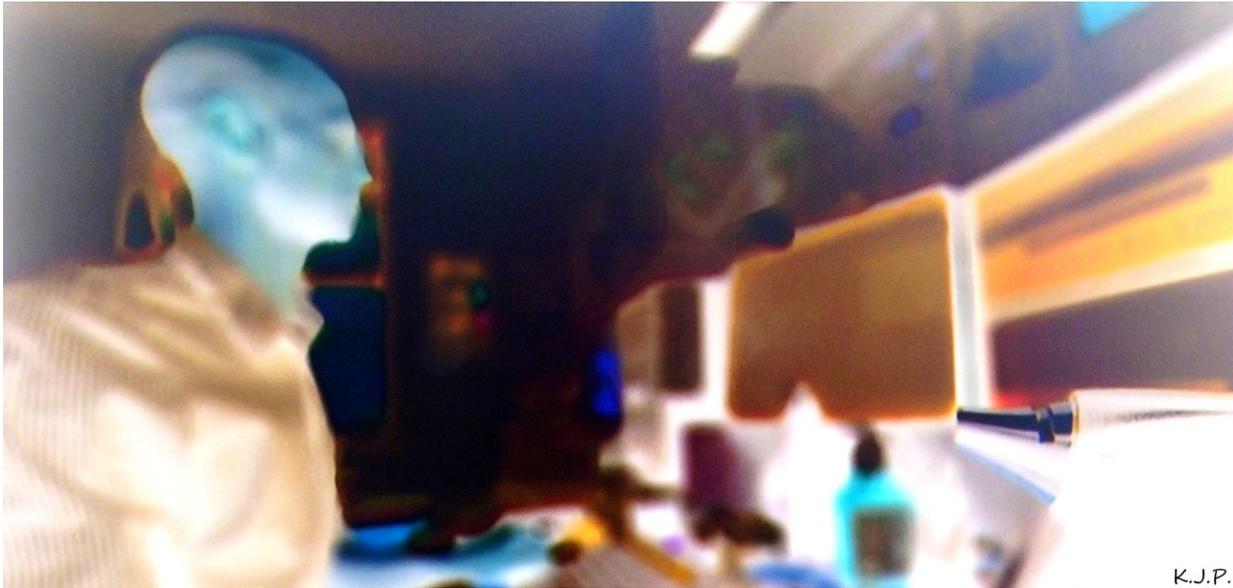
I suspect though, that keeping certain secrets from us like this, may well be for our own good; for one thing, I doubt whether many people on earth could really handle the full, incredible truth; and for us to have complete awareness of these beings and their astral origins, could ultimately prove dangerous... both for them and for humankind.

So, what was it all about? I conjecture that the alien genetics programme involved preparation for the next stage in the evolution of man; why do I think this way? because quite simply, I have seen a number of results of their kidnappings; just some of the offspring from hundreds, thousands, if not millions worldwide, of abducted individuals like me, both on their ships as children, but now I suspect, also walking among us.

Superficially, many are likely to be undistinguishable from average human beings, while others, do sort of give the game away by their marginally unusual attributes.

No offence meant here to anyone who may identify themselves in what I am about to say, but every so often, I have spotted instances in society that aroused my suspicions; certain people on television, and in city crowds as well, that to the trained eye of someone like me, (who has a good understanding of anatomy), vaguely resemble humanoids.

This is the only terminology I can think of to describe some of their traits; cloned-looking, a tad automaton in behaviour; contrived, eyes slightly wider apart than used to be normal... and broad mouths too; often a bit like mannequins – or **humannequins**, (as I have nicknamed them as) in appearance; giving the outward impression of being cold, aloof, unfeeling, uncaring, emotionless; other distinguishing qualities or characteristics are, that they are often tall, skinny with a slightly androgynous look about them... with each, being partly male and partly female in appearance; of indeterminate sex.



K.J.P.

The way I see it is this: Many of these hybrids could be third generation descendants or greater.

Such people can't help, nor even understand, why they look and act the way they do... because after all, they are entirely human, they are real people... they would have no way of knowing that two or three generations back... their nannas may have been genetically tweaked, alien/human 'designer' babies!

Despite some slight genetic and outward disparities, we are now so accustomed to seeing these individuals, most of us could walk past them in the street without barely batting an eyelid; they are born of mortals and are mortal themselves; they should have fully functioning sexual/reproductive systems; so, for all intents and purposes they are human.

I don't think it a coincidence then, how this type of physique has now been widely accepted in society... it has become quite trendy in fact, to look and be that way; now, 'they' (inverted commas) probably number in their thousands globally; in a decade, that could be millions; further on down the line, this could be all of us!

The media would appear to be encouraging this, just as they have always persuaded our tastes and acceptance through subtle psychological manipulation and social engineering; we are all under a type of mass hypnosis.

Winning over the hearts and minds of their easily manipulated puppet-public, (as in a large portion of humanity) is the primary goal for those who daily tug on our control strings.

Late December 2018: Whatever happened to QinetiQ?

I guess that the most valuable thing we have to trade in exchange for certain, cutting-edge alien technologies or their scientific insights, (particularly from the 'reps') would be ourselves, and unrestricted access to our airspace for their abduction motherships.

I believe such an 'exchange' has been going on for some time, and the developments from this used in the deep base engineering construction beneath QinetiQ Farnborough. Just to reiterate in brief, what has been covered in greater detail earlier in this book... here, we are referring to a deep, underground base, set miles underneath the QinetiQ site.

Before our Magic Kingdom dossier was discovered on the BEAMS website and leaked by journalists

internationally, Farnborough was a busy place for UFO activity, and of course, a fair-old number of reported alien abductions/interventions as well.

It goes without saying really, that when they got hold of it, the state-controlled gutter press cleverly re-worded, twisted, ridiculed and sensationalised our report in such a way, as to invalidate any claims that it made, probably to prevent it from becoming the focus of conspiracy theorists the world over.

Up to that point, there had been stacks of reports being made about this area from many eagle-eyed residents; alas, for about three years now, all such activity has suddenly stopped... dead as a dodo.

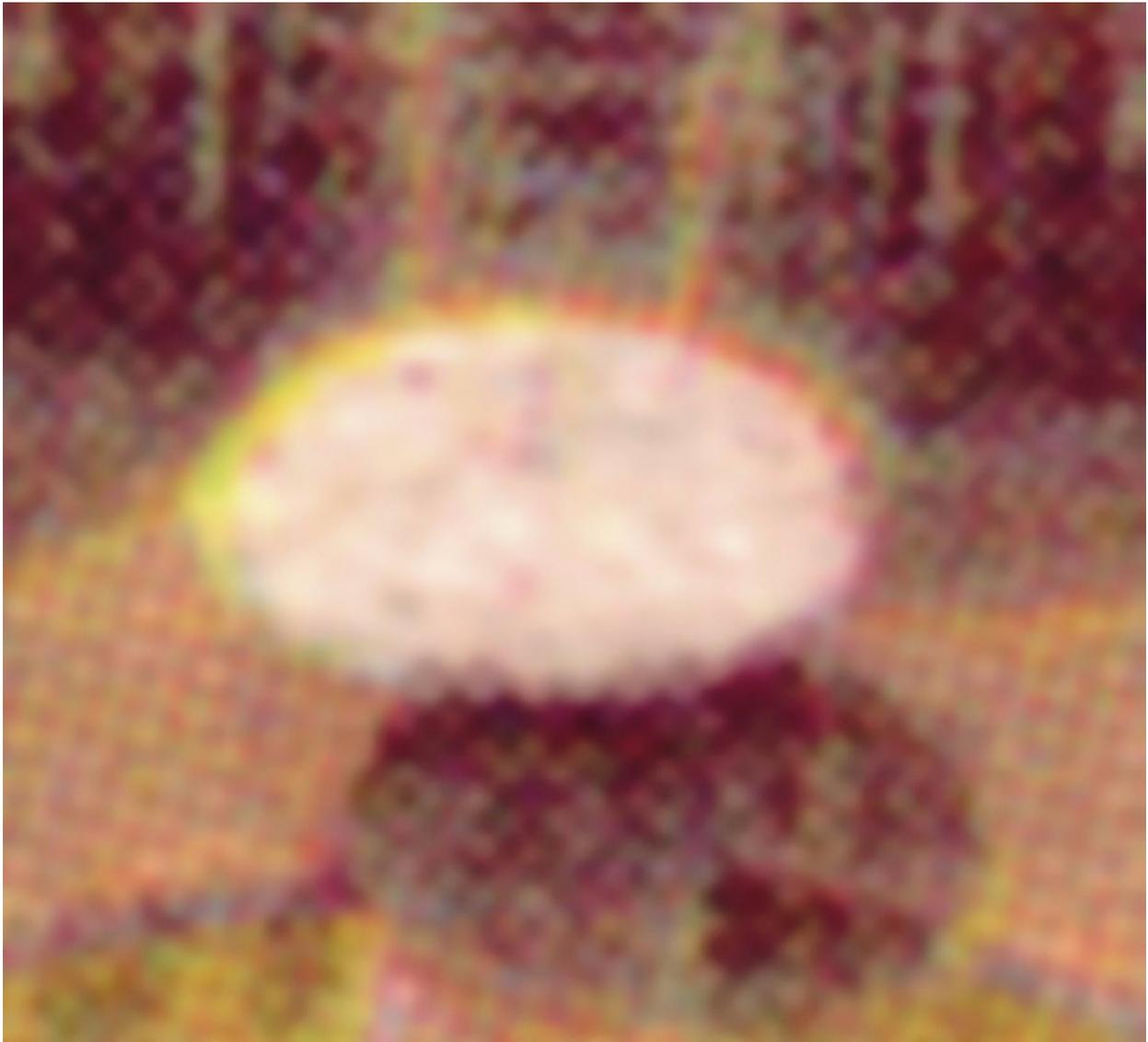
I am beginning to realize now, that although the QinetiQ surface buildings all remain just as they ever were, the main part of this complex, the super-secret, subterranean Magic Kingdom base, may have been either closed or moved elsewhere.

The press-leaking of our document was probably a diversionary tactic; someone high in the corridors of military power, must have realised that the cat was well-and-truly out of the bag for them, and they had no alternative other than to shut down or relocate their operational base.

To where? I haven't a clue; all I know is, the Magic Kingdom was highly likely to have been the UK's answer to Area 51, and then some; and thanks to the media's well-orchestrated debunking campaign against BEAMS at that time, only a limited amount of people ever got to learn anything about it!

Once again, our controller's efforts to affect public attitude and opinion seems to have worked; but we have not gone away... there is still this detailed testimony which remains for posterity.

One thing will soon become clear when examining our special PDF dossier, and that is, even when the QinetiQ site was under DERA, (and here I am talking at least 2001, and decades before that as well, back to the good old days of the R.A.E), this particular part of Farnborough had always been a UFO hotspot; even several of the airmen based here reported seeing flying saucers! Just read the amount of pre-QinetiQ UFO reports that are detailed! And now, QinetiQ are sporting a 16-foot replica saucer in their grounds, a cleverly thought-out piece of architecture designed as a nod to the future of aviation; this is an independent structure, which conveniently doubles as an entrance cover; even the top of its main building has been styled like a flying saucer, particularly when viewed head-on; what does all of that suggest to you?





Here I must end; it has been a lot of hard work pulling all this data together.

I apologise if sometimes this account has been a bit full-on in places; maybe it might have come across as if I have been preaching to the reader, but if so, then that was unintentional; I have no wish to force my beliefs on anyone.

I have never felt a need to employ the tactics of fantasy, sensationalism, literary tropes, or to water down what I have witnessed and learned, just to satisfy the usual rules of creative writing.

For me, real life has been strange enough – far stranger than the exaggerated CGI whimsies they screen on TV these days for all hardcore believers in alien visitation. My recollection, comprehension and instruction to you dear reader, has all been presented here honestly, and to the best of my ability.

Take it or leave it, I hope that you found something within to enjoy along the way.

If you have any questions, or need further help in locating or understanding any of the linked/mentioned documents, artwork, photos and videos, then please email me at beamsinvestigations@sky.com where I will be only too happy to assist.

©Copyright of Hilary Porter



