

PHENOMENA

The Official UPIA & MAPIT Update

ISSUE 13 - MAY 2010

ALIEN ABDUCTION OF CHILDREN

OR IS THERE
ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

IN THE NEWS

LATEST INVESTIGATIONS

**A PARANORMAL VISIT TO CHESTER
AND MUCH MORE!**

**DR. PAUL LEE
INVESTIGATES**

Paranormal Vs.
SCIENCE



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THE FOURTH KIND?*

MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE



**SAINSBURY'S CAR PARK
COMES UNDER SIEGE**

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Editorial.



I would like to start by giving a big thankyou for all the help and effort from our contributors. Phenomena Magazine is now 12 months old and is getting better by the month.

Both MAPIT & UPIA are surprised at the amount of good feedback we have had from our readers. In this Anniversary Edition you will find a wide range of subject material be it UFOs, The Paranormal, The Supernatural and, Alien Hybrids. Each month we try to include up to date information on all subjects.

Even though Phenomena Magazine does have regular contributors we are always looking for new ones. We encourage interested parties to submit their articles or advertisements either by contacting myself or through our Phenomena Magazine Facebook Group.

It is also a good time to check out our other Facebook Groups such as, UPIA's, MAPIT's, and Paranormal News...

Over the last month there has been a slight decrease in reported incidents, probably due to many shooting off on their Easter Breaks. So... I decided to join them, as I had 12 locations to visit in Wales and needed to conduct a couple of interviews. One of which took around five hours and was regarding a woman's lifetime experiences of UFO sightings and Alien Contact. I was also to interview her husband who also had witnessed the strange UFOs whilst in her company. The experiences are now also shared with her son, daughter and grandchildren. As they discussed their experiences the more I began to feel that the couple were being truthful and that their accounts were authentic. The incidents date back to the late 40's where as a child she watched a disc shaped object move backwards and forwards in the sky over their home in Failsworth. In fact, a small crowd of people stopped to watch the event that lasted over an hour. Strangely, people got bored of watching it and went in...

You can hardly imagine that sort of thing happening today, but maybe back in the 40's people did act differently towards the subject of UFOs. Nowdays, all Hell would break loose. I am currently writing up a report which will be featured in Phenomena Magazine at a later date.

Editor : Steve Mera
s_mera@yahoo.com

Distributor : Dave Sadler
sadler_dave@yahoo.co.uk

Contributors

Peter Robbins, Esla Sebastian, Gareth Harding, Steve Mera, Richard Lord, Lisa Dowley, Richard Freeman & Dave Sadler

IN STRANGE LOCATIONS

Wales is a wonderful land of legends, myths, tales, some of them a little tall, but never the less a great place to visit and carry out some research. Recently I had heard of some strange going's on at a ruined 15th Century Church in Anglesey.

There had been numerous sightings of strange white balls of light seen travelling amongst the overgrowth and standing graves. The church is currently under reconstruction for about the next ten weeks and a couple of the lads from the construction team claim to have seen these balls of light on more

than one occasion. Described simply as a wispy ball of light that moves around slowly and seen to grow smaller and dissipate. Of course such sightings had immediately been attributed to the paranormal, after all, the sightings had taken place in a graveyard.



On visiting the location I quickly discovered that the church is almost completely surrounded by marshlands. A closer inspection of the area revealed rotting plants baking in the afternoon sun and a slight sent of methane. It would be no surprise to me if under such conditions that Marsh Gases could manifest themselves as *Ignis Fatuus* which in latin for *Fire Foolish*; and also known as *will-o-wisp, jack-o-lantern, friar's lantern and hinkypunk*. It is often described as a ghostly ball of light sometimes seen at night or twilight over bogs, swamps and marshes.

It resembles a flickering lamp and is sometimes said to recede if approached. Much folklore surrounds the phenomenon. I was more than happy to give my conclusion over to the construction team, which, I have to admit, looked relieved. I believe they will be able to continue their work at the church without the worry of ghostly manifestations.

The location is surrounded by approximately 5 miles of marshland with one dirt road in and out. As you gaze across the marshes you can spot the odd ruined building in the distance. It seems on this occasion a rational explanation had been found... *Ignis Fatuus*.



An American in Suffolk:

Some Reflections, Observations and Updates on three Decades of Research into Britain's Rendlesham Forest UFO Incident

By Peter Robbins

This coming December will mark the 30th anniversary of the United Kingdom's best-known and best documented UFO incident. As such, it is a good time to begin reviewing some of the specifics of the case. Larry Warren and I spent almost ten years (1987-1997) compiling the book, 'Left at East Gate' and seeing this project through. I see no good reason to attempt a summary of its four-hundred-and-ninety pages here. Rather, the intention of this article is considerably less formal:

1. to set down some random afterthoughts on the book and the events which inspired it,
2. to recall a few of the people and situations that (quite appropriately) never made it into print,
3. to examine whether or not Left at East Gate had any impact on official government policies pertaining to UFOs in the United Kingdom,
4. to report on a few updates to this story.

OBSERVATIONS AFTER THE FACT.

First, the 'incident' itself was not so much a single event as a series of occurrences that took place in rural Suffolk, East Anglia over the course of a three-night period. While the complete story of what really happened may never be revealed to those of us without 'need to know' security clearances, Left at East Gate remains the only book yet to be written or co-written by one of the actual military eyewitnesses and to be supported by years of independent investigation. Its publication brought the story to a wider, more serious audience, especially in Great Britain.

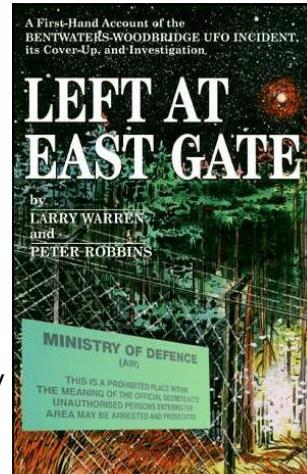
With the odds of profiting financially from a UFO-related book poor to nonexistent, one should be clear that in taking on such a challenge, that you should be looking elsewhere for some satisfaction and recompense. For me, the biggest perks have remained the people I've met as a result of my involvement, and the associated travel. Research and investigation for the book took Larry and me back to England repeatedly from 1988 until 1995, both together and individually. Left at East Gate became a British best-seller in 1997 and took us back to the country twice, first for a month-long book tour of England and Wales, and later for a BUFORA conference in Sheffield. But I expect to continue visiting the United Kingdom as circumstances allow for the rest of my life. Why? Because I've made good friends there and would like to continue visiting them; because there are still many sites, cities, and districts I want to visit or revisit, and because of the continuing developments in the Bentwaters-Woodbridge incident (and sightings in the area do continue).

By the time I met Larry in July 1987, I had already logged in about a dozen years in UFO-related reading, research, writing and lecturing and thought myself respectively knowledgeable in this area of study. But with the wisdom of hindsight I can state without hesitation that when we shook hands on this project, I had no real idea of what I was getting myself involved in. Neither could I have imagined how thoroughly all aspects of our book would come to dominate my time, my thoughts, my actions and my peace of mind for almost a decade. I became obsessed with finding out everything I could about the truth of what had really happened in, around and above those Suffolk woods in late December 1980, and what had really happened to my co-author.

LARRY WARREN'S ROLE.

There is no question in my mind that had Larry not possessed the unique combination of courage, idealism and tenacity he does, the other witnesses who have now gone on the record would have never come forward. Nor would Her Majesty's government have come to release the one hundred and fifty-odd incident-related documents it did in the summer of 2002. Nor would the citizens of the United Kingdom have developed any substantial understanding or awareness of what transpired in their own back yard.

Larry Warren was an eyewitness to the most dramatic event of the Bentwaters UFO incident, observed the cover-up going into place from the start, then was the first to go public with what he knew. He helped me to gain some needed understanding of the Air Force mindset, and at least as valuable, helped me to appreciate the impact this experience had on him personally. Larry's choosing to put caution aside and become *the* whistleblower in all this – the very first of the men involved to actually go public with what he knew – was an act of rare and genuine courage. It was also an act that he paid a particularly high price for as his personal account in *Left at East Gate* illustrates. The post-traumatic stress Larry suffered for his trouble expressed itself in a sometimes-brusque, in-your-face manner, and a (justifiably) less than trusting nature toward many in the UFO research community. Such actions combined with his long ago having acknowledged giving an incomplete account of his involvement when he first went public, then completing it at a later date, was interpreted by some investigators as evasive, however if you read his full account of events you see this action in an extremely different light. During our long professional association, Larry and I have certainly had disagreements on how best to accomplish the goals we set for ourselves, but they have never diminished my respect or admiration for his motivations or courage.



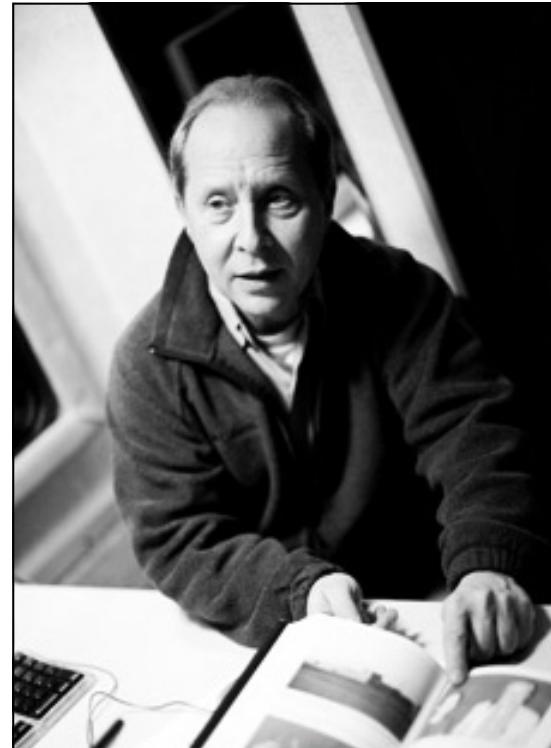
MYTH, ALLIGATION AND A PREPONDERENCE OF EVIDENCE.

I am proud of the impact *Left at East Gate* has had in England, but sometimes wonder how much more I might have accomplished or turned up if I'd been a professionally trained, experienced investigative reporter. Like many in ufology, I am self-trained in this area and a fair amount of that training has been on-the-job. It took me a good year early on to fully recognise that no matter how I proceeded on the Bentwaters incident, any clear-headed analysis of the information we were pulling together would still be confounded by a veritable stew of fact, allegation, fiction, innuendo, rumor and myth. While the incidents in total contained aspects of almost every type of UFO evidence previously on the record, they also contained an assortment of wildly divergent elements, almost all of which I would have been glad to relegate to the realm of bad espionage fiction, science fiction, English ghost stories and Cold War cover-up, that is if they hadn't proved to be true or at least worthy of some further investigation.

What were some of the 'wildly divergent factors' we faced, and what ultimately constituted the evidence and proof we published around? Well, American intelligence abuses and oversights; a subplot of a major US treaty violation, seemingly deliberate altered perceptions of witnesses, abductions and missing time among some of the key USAF personnel involved; accounts of a secret underground facility, alien intervention and (or) seeming alien intervention, and National Security Agency involvement in the cover-up of said events. Simultaneously, the Bentwaters incident straddles almost every known area of specialty study known to ufology: multiple eyewitness testimony (both military and civilian) confirming the reality of the incidents and their cover-up; fully authentic military reports and memos underscoring how seriously officials took the incident and its implications; historic evidence in the form of previously documented UFO incidents in the same locations; confirmations of ongoing, pre-December 1980 UFO incidents in the same locations; air-to-air and ground to air confirmations of the historic and primary events; RAF radar reports, photographic evidence of the areas in question; physical evidences in the form of affected vs. unaffected soil samples, unusual/unexplained impressions in the soil with an unusually high background radiation count in the impressions themselves, and unusual/unexplained health complications for at least several of the eyewitnesses and an original Air Force paperwork confirming this in Larry's case. I do not know of any other event in UFO history that can make the same claims.

WHY THE LACK OF AMERICAN INTEREST?

Considering the above myriad of evidentiary materials, the overwhelming number of American service personnel who were caught up in the incident, and the place which the Bentwaters-Woodbridge UFO incident has come to occupy in international ufology; why has it remained so neglected by US researchers? In the almost thirty years since these events occurred, only two books on the subject has ever been published: *Left at East Gate & You Can't Tell The Public* by Georgina Bruni. I think the reason for this is several-fold. First, we are laboring under the influence of a kind of innately American chauvinism, ie: if it didn't happen here, how important can it be? After all, we've got Roswell. No matter that literally all the principles are long gone and with few exceptions the evidence trail is now ice cold. The fact that almost everyone who was involved in the Bentwaters-Woodbridge incidents are still very much alive seems to have gone by the wayside here, despite the fact that many of the individuals involved have followed Larry Warren's lead in adding their accounts and statements to the record. In the event there is ever a serious congressional investigation of the subject of UFOs, any and all of the American personnel involved could potentially be subpoenaed to testify. It's a sad fact of life that many Americans seem to discount the importance of occurrences that take place outside our borders. Such shortsighted behaviour is no less true in ufology than it is in international affairs, and the xenophobia that fuels this dynamic only the naysayers and debunkers.



METHODOLOGY AND INVESTIGATION.

One of the reasons that Larry and I spent such a relatively long amount of time on *Left at East Gate* was to insure that every lead, from the soundest allegation to the wildest back story, could be checked as well as our skills and resources allowed, then either rejected or incorporated into the narrative in as unbiased and as grounded a manner as possible. But losing myself in this process had a decided downside. As the months of work melted into years, my obsession with the case became more entrenched. My generally above-average social skills began to wane, as did my normally lively sense of humor. I experienced bouts of what I would now characterise as paranoia, and my personal and professional life both suffered considerably. For several of these years I held all but my family and closest friends at arm's length and became quite reclusive. Ironically, the one area of my life that continued to function is a relatively 'normal' way was to continue working as a writer. The elements which kept me on course to complete my part of the book and get it into print was a combination of stubbornness, idealism, fascination and anger; essentially the same factors (minus the actual involvement) that were so effectively driving my co-author. In effect we had grown to share the same sense of impracticality that comes with entrenched idealism, and without which *Left at East Gate* would have never been completed.

A FEW OUTTAKES.

No matter how deeply you involve yourself in researching matters extraterrestrial, inter-dimensional or other-worldly, you still end up spending your time with human beings and getting yourself into situations that are decidedly terrestrial. Larry and I certainly met some memorable people and had our share of unusual experiences on the road to completing *Left at East Gate*, a few notes on which follow.

AIRPORT EPISODES.

I returned to New York from one trip to Suffolk with several pounds of soil packed in tightly sealed laboratory containers that I'd packed in my suitcase. The wide-mouthed plastic jars had been given to me by the technician who would be conducting the soil analysis at the Springborn Environmental Laboratory in Wareham, Massachusetts. The dirt had been drawn from the site of the third night's incident with random control samples taken from unaffected parts of the filed. Flying back to JFK in New York, I considered not declaring the packed containers at US Customs but then thought the better of it. American customs forms specifically ask if you are carrying soil, and while my samples might be confiscated at the discretion of customs officials, I hoped for the best and put a checkmark next to the word "soil."

At customs I was of course asked why I was bringing soil into the country. "*It's for a book I'm working on*" I replied. The inspector then asked me what the book was about. "*A UFO incident that happened in England*," I answered and watched as he involuntarily raised an eyebrow. "*A UFO was supposed to have landed on the spot that some of the soil was taken from*." "*Please take your bags and follow me*" was his response. We crossed the huge room and I followed him through a door. Once inside I was asked to open my bag and take out the sealed plastic quart containers. In the meantime the customs agent called over several colleagues, then asked me to tell them all about the incident. I realised that I had crossed over into unofficial territory and for the next few minutes gave the four of them the short version of the story and answered their questions as best I could. When I'd finished, the inspector asked where and when the containers were being sent. "*Tomorrow, by UPS*," I answered and gave him the name and location of the lab. He took a large loose leaf binder from a shelf and checked to see if the Springborn Environmental Laboratory was listed and nodded in the affirmative when he found it. "*And you have no intention of opening any of these containers before you send them to the lab?*" After I assured him I would not break the seals on any of the containers he told me I was free to go, then wished me good luck with the book, as did two of his colleagues. I exited the room and the airport wondering what they thought would be released on the world if I *did* break those seals...

A considerably hairier episode followed several years later at London's Heathrow Airport. I had ended this visit as Nick Pope's houseguest and the night before leaving had packed up five copies of his newest book, "Operation Thunderchild," for mutual friends in New York. For those who may not be aware, Nick was the Ministry of Defence Executive Officer who was also one of the United Kingdom's best-known UFO authors and investigators. After shaving that morning I tossed my small electric razor into my suitcase where it landed on the neatly stacked pile of quality paper editions of Nick's book, then tossed in a T-shirt, zipped the case closed and waited for the car service that would take me to the airport. At the check-in I was asked the expected questions, including had anyone given me anything to carry with me, to which I answered yes in reference to the books. I expected that this would be followed up with a request to know what this was. The question was never asked. Sizing me up in a glance, the woman behind the counter instead asked me to take my luggage and follow her across the terminal. After some closely spoken words with another airline employee, I was turned over to this gentleman who then asked me to come with him.



He led me to one of those scanner machines you put your bags in to be x-rayed, but this one was the largest such device I'd ever seen, about the size of a car. The security personnel then asked me to put my luggage on the conveyor, one bag at a time. My carry-on and suit carrier passed through slowly and emerged out the other side, but my large bag remained somewhere in the scanner. The technician at the screen continued to scrutinize it for several minutes and the expression on his face only said "problem." He soon called over two other security personnel who studied the screen from over his shoulder, their expressions quickly matching the operator's. Then the three of them looked up at me: this was obviously not going well. A quick huddle followed and the valise finally emerged from the far end of the device. "*Please take your bags and come with me*," one of the officials said with a poker face. I did as I was told, but frankly never broke a sweat: no matter what they may have suspected, I knew there was nothing provocative in the bag, but very much respected the fact that *they* seemed to feel otherwise. Two of them accompanied me into an examination room and asked me to put the bag in question on a small table. I was then asked to open the bag. Both men were noticeably tense and touched nothing, only pointing at the black valise. "*What is under there?*," one asked pointing at my T-shirt. "*Books*" I responded, and showed them the stack. "*And what is that on the books?*" "*An electric razor.*" "*Please pick it up.*" I did. "*Now, please disassemble it.*" I did. "*Now please flip through the 'books,'*" again I followed their instructions. They then turned away from me, spoke briefly and quietly, then turned back and told me it was alright to repack my bag and continue on my way. Both were noticeably calmer. "*Everything's alright then?*" I enquired. "*Yes,*" the seemingly senior man answered. "*May I ask what the problem seemed to be?*" The two glanced at each other, then back at me. The answer was not immediate, but it was more relaxed than anything that had been said to me since this episode had begun. "*We are trained to look for certain material profiles in baggage, and we saw one in yours. Your electric shaver sitting on top of those books looked just like a profile we're trained to look for. In this case, an electric detonator sitting on top of a good amount of plastic explosives.*" Oh, "was all I could say. Now I understood, feeling a little blast of tension for the first time. "*In future then, when I pack, I should make sure that I don't place the razor on top of any books?*" "*It would be a good idea,*" he answered, with just a hint of a smile. I couldn't help smiling too as I headed back for the check-in, imagining the fantasy tabloid headline, "MOD Man's UFO Book Sets Off Security Alert at Heathrow."

BOOK TOUR

The small London-based publisher Michael O'Mara Books Limited worked hard to give us the maximum opportunity to reach the United Kingdom's reading public. Due to growing public interest, what was first envisioned as a one-week/four city speaking tour actualised as a month-long fifteen-city book tour. Just before picking up our rental car we met with Michael O'Mara at his office.

There he gave us a brief prep talk, a copy of the best UK road atlas available, a cell phone, a thousand pounds in cash to cover our expenses for the month, and two, relatively massive red-bound copies of our day-by-day (and in part, hour-by-hour) tour itinerary. This was followed by a brief but serious reminder to stay on the correct (left) side of the road. We thanked him, picked up the car and were on our way. Larry drove and I navigated, and yes, we managed to stay on the correct side of the road for the entire trip. Aside from the many appearances O'Mara Books had scheduled for us, we would do no fewer than twenty radio interviews, most of which were with BBC affiliates around England and Wales, as well as a handful of television appearances. I was most proud of the fact that we stayed in hotels only three out of thirty nights. All other nights we would stay with friends, acquaintances and sponsors. Without their kindness and support we would have had a considerably more abbreviated book tour. Our audiences ranged from dozens to hundreds and the venues varied wildly. They included theatres, guildhalls, bookstores, common rooms of counsel flats, a town hall, a public house and a college, the last two being particularly memorable.

The pub talk fell on a Sunday and took place in the back room of a drinking establishment in the Midlands. It drew the smallest crowd we encountered that month, about seven or eight rather tough working-class lads, one woman in a noticeably bad mood, and one dog in an even worse mood. With the exception of the dog, all assembled drank and drank heavily throughout our talk. We were interrupted regularly as our audience simply stopped us at various points to discuss the merits of what we were saying as though we weren't even there. The dog would bark occasionally, only to be quieted by the woman. I got the impression that neither was terribly impressed by our talk. At the other extreme, our final appearance, at London's Imperial College of Science and Technology, was the high point of the tour. We were at the top of our form and the organizers would later write that our talk was "...the best joint presentation ever delivered" at any of the many events they'd sponsored over the years. It was a wonderful way to end the official part of this memorable visit.



DID OUR EFFORTS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

Make no mistake about it: hard-working, dedicated individuals *can* make a difference; they can even affect history - if they believe in themselves, have the where-with-all to stick to their goals, get a few breaks along the way, and perhaps most important of all, have the support of people who believe in them. The UK edition of *Left at East Gate* went on sale within a week of the general election that first brought Tony Blair to power, and our publisher sent the new Prime Minister a copy of the book, along with our best wishes and congratulations. A response was not long in coming. The June 9 note, on 10 DOWNING STREET stationary, was from the PM's Assistant Private Secretary and read, "Dear Ms. Tyler (our UK publicist), The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for your letter of 5 June with which you kindly enclosed a review copy of *Left at East Gate* by Larry Warren and Peter Robbins. Yours sincerely, Mrs. M.S. Ailes."

Back in the States that September I received a letter from Mr. Martin Cave, a reader of ours in Surrey who'd attended the lecture we'd done in Sheffield the month before. Mr. Cave had written to his local members of Parliament regarding their reading the book ... "*I also wrote a letter to our Prime Minister,*" he added, "*since you said he had already been forwarded a copy.*" "*I enclose a copy of the response I received from his office...*" Martin's note was on the same 10 DOWNING STREET notepaper as ours and also signed by Mrs. Ailes. It noted, "...*The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for your letter of 20 August. I regret that the Prime Minister has not yet had an opportunity to read Left at East Gate. Yours sincerely...*" I occasionally wonder if Tony Blair ever did read our book, and that is not a vanity-driven question: he very well may have by now. We know for a fact that members of Parliament have, as did members of the Ministry of Defence, where it was even (well) reviewed in the Ministry's monthly in-house magazine, *Focus*.

Of greater significance however, on October 28, 1997 *Left at East Gate* was brought up by name in Parliament, an honor only two other UFO-related books share. It was serving MP and former Ministry of Defence Chief of Staff Lord Peter Hill-Norton who did so. The published Parliamentary Proceedings of October 28 note that Hill-Norton asked Lord Gilbert, then Secretary for Defence, "*Whether the allegations contained in the recently published book, Left at East Gate, to the effect that nuclear weapons were stored at RAF Bentwaters and RAF Woodbridge in violation of UK/US treaty obligations are true.*"

Lord Gilbert's response was understandably noncommittal: "*It has always been the policy of this and previous governments neither to confirm nor deny where nuclear weapons are located either in the UK or elsewhere, in the past or at the present time. Such information would be withheld under exemption 1 of the Code of Practice on Access to Government Information.*" This was followed by Hill-Norton's asking three more questions drawn directly from our book, all similarly answered by the Secretary for Defence.

It should also be noted in closing that the Ministry of Defence's 2000 release of event-related documents, memos and letters established something we had long suspected – that the so-called Halt document, RAF Bentwaters' Deputy Base Commander Col. Halt's one page memo of January 13, 1981, was indeed taken seriously by British Defence Intelligence. This while the Ministry had steadfastly maintained that *whatever* events took place in and around the twin bases was of "no defence significance." Nothing could have been further from the truth, and the truth after all, was what Larry Warren's and my ten years of work together was all about.

Ministry of Defence Chief of Staff Lord Peter Hill-Norton has stated the following. "***The Official Response is that there was No Defence Significance. Therefore, if nothing took place at Bentwaters / Woodbridge during December 1980, then that would mean the security officers and a deputy commander were hallucinating whilst in control and charge of then a nuclear housed facility, or if something did take place such as what had been reported, unidentified flying objects in close proximity to the facility and breaking flight restrictions. Surely either are of GREAT NATIONAL SECURITY***"...

Childhood Alien Abduction Stories

Why Parents Need to Listen : By Esla Sebastian

While many people scoff at the possible reliability of childhood alien abduction stories there are many reasons why parents need to listen to their kids' stories. In addition to the potential of a real alien abduction experience, childhood alien abduction stories and symptoms of alien abductions can actually be signs that something else is seriously wrong.

For example, alien abduction stories often can be linked to sleeping disorders and other traumatic experiences. In order to figure out the root of the alien abduction story you need to observe your child and really listen to what they are saying.

Terrestrial Traumatic Experiences vs. Extraterrestrial Traumatic Experiences.



The first thing that parents need to determine is if the alien abduction syndrome symptoms are related to an earth bound traumatic experience. For example, the child may have witnessed something that was so disturbing that they could only process it as a fantasy story about aliens. The child may have also experienced physical, emotional or sexual abuse at the hands of a friend, family member or stranger and the alien abduction syndrome symptoms that you are noticing are actually symptoms of Posttraumatic Stress Disorder.

To examine these possibilities you need to start tracking the symptoms that your child has and start recording the stories that they are telling. This can be done by keeping a journal or by video taping your child. You will also want to make notes about any physical anomalies and behavior changes that your child exhibits. If you notice suspicious injuries, sleep disturbances and radical behavior changes, or if you notice that they are having sudden and violent aversions to certain situations, locations or people, then you need to take them to a doctor for evaluation of possible abuse.

Sleep Disorders vs. Alien Abduction.

The second possibility that childhood alien abduction stories could indicate is a sleep disorder. There are many sleep disorders that can lead a child to think that they are being visited by aliens. One of the most common disorder is called sleep paralysis. This disorder is triggered by sudden changes in blood pressure and various biological events that impact the brain's chemistry that regulates sleep. When an incident of sleep paralysis occurs the person falls into a REM sessions, however, instead of being unconscious, the brain is semi-conscious. This means that the person has no idea if they are asleep or awake as they can process both real stimuli and imagined stimuli from their dreaming mind. This creates terrifying scenarios where hallucinations are projected into the room where the person is sleeping and they interact with the person, however, that person is paralyzed and cannot move their major muscle groups or speak. The best way to determine if this is the root cause of the childhood alien abduction stories is to monitor your child when they are asleep. You can set up a camera in their room that has night vision. This will show you how much they move during the night, if they walk in their sleep and if they talk in their sleep. If you notice that your child is sleeping with their eyes open on the nights when they have their alien abduction experiences, then chances are they have sleep paralysis. If you suspect this then you do need to talk with your child's pediatrician as sleep paralysis can be a side effect of more serious problems like sleep apnea and low blood pressure.



Always look for rational explanations before coming to such fantastic and extraordinary conclusions...

The Reports 'They' Tried To Ban

The Secret UFO REPORTS

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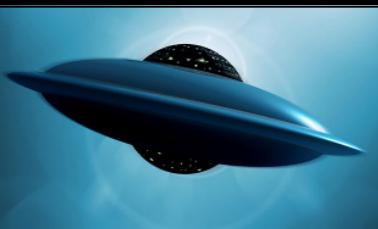
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UFONEWS UK MAGAZINE

UFO GAVE ME A PARKING TICKET.



THE Sun

Published April 11th 2010.

SPOTTING a UFO and claiming colour blindness are just some of the bizarre excuses given by drivers for not paying Parking fines, it was revealed today.

The UFO spotter said he was so shocked by what he had seen that he drove into a bus lane, according to parking appeals made to Southwark Council in south London. Another cheeky driver said: "I'm colour blind, so I thought the yellow line was green."

Other reasons given to the council over the last two years have included:

:: It was raining. I thought I could park anywhere if the weather was bad;

:: I don't know what the yellow lines mean;

:: I had to pick up and take an injured dog to the vet and did not want the animal to endure any unnecessary extra pain by limping further to the car;

:: I was only sleeping in the back of the car. The parking attendant could have asked me to move the car instead of giving me a ticket, although he would not have seen me as I had a blanket over my head.

Gill Davies, director of environment and housing at Southwark Council, said: "The imagination of some of these drivers is quite impressive, but UFOs and colour blindness unfortunately do not count as legitimate reasons to overturn a ticket."

News...

THE Sun

Fighter Jets chase UFO down the M5.

By Vince Soodin : April 10th 2010.

TWO fighter jets are filmed whizzing over the M5 - apparently in pursuit of a UFO. A mystery cameraman took footage of the military aircraft chasing the shiny orb. The 30-second clip is believed to have been taken from a West Midlands service station car park.



Expert Nick Pope, who probed UFO sightings for the MoD, said: "This is one of the best videos I've seen. It could be a new drone - that might explain the military jets. "But you don't normally test-fly secret projects in daylight. Alternatively, this could be the real thing - a UFO in our airspace and military aircraft scrambled to intercept, probably due to it being tracked on radar."

The MoD refused to comment on the alleged sighting, but confirmed it would scramble jets to meet an air threat. West Midlands Police said: "We are not aware of any reports of unidentified aircraft near the M5." Watch the video at:

<http://www.thesun.co.uk/sol/homepage/news/2926995/Fighter-jets-chase-UFO-down-the-M5.html>

THE Sun

Jordan calls in Ghost Busties.

April 6th 2010.

SPOOKED Jordan is calling in a ghost-buster to help her go house-hunting - so her next home doesn't give her the willies. The busty model, 31 - real name Katie Price - wants to sell her current £2.5million mansion because she is convinced an old lady haunts the top floor and a male presence hangs around her sunbed. She has asked TV psychic Sally Morgan to check any new property she finds before she moves in with hubby Alex and kids Harvey, Junior and Princess Tiaamii. Sally - whose show *Psychic Sally: On The Road* is on LIVING - said: "Spirits are drawn to Katie. "I believe they were attracted by the negative energy created when she and her ex husband Peter Andre split up. "She's an extreme person - just the type of personality spirits are attracted to. "She's open to the idea they exist, but wants proof. That's why they manifested themselves in her home.



"Friends say Jordan is too afraid to be alone in her seven-bedroom house in Woldingham, Surrey, where she lived with Peter before they split last May. Sally, 58, said: "Katie could attract spirits wherever she lives. "She's nervous about something like this happening again.

"I have told her I will be happy to carry out a psychic survey if she finds a place she wants to buy. "I'd feel if there were any presences. I'd be able to discover how long they'd been there, who they were and, most importantly, whether Katie's psychic energy would disturb them."



MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE.

BY STEVE MERA.

Once known as the 'Queen of the North', Morecambe was a thriving town until the 80s.

Its sunny seaside front would often bring thousands of tourists each year visiting the country and western bars, the now closed Frontier Land amusement park, the occasional gatherings of punk rockers in celebration of their culture and numerous scooter rallies. But Morecambe does have a much darker side.

Winter Gardens, an old disused Victorian Pavillion has become renowned for its supernatural spectres and paranormal happenings. The building dates back to 1870 and sits on Morecambe's Front Pier. It is said that the building is somehow split in half. On one side witnesses report friendly encounters with spirits that are thought to have visited or worked at the location, but on the other side of the building witnesses report evil spirits, demonic activity and severe incidents. Of course some of the known incidents may be nothing more than tall stories. A shadowy presence has reportedly been seen along with the feeling of being watched numerous times in the former ladies toilets situated on the first floor.



Often the shadowy figure is accompanied by the sound of muttering. The ghostly apparition of a seamstress is said to haunt one of the dressing rooms as well as a dark entity that lingers around the bar area. A number of staircases are said to be regularly haunted, especially those that connect to the upper circular auditorium and lower basements where many have reported poltergeist type disturbances such as, objects being thrown around. There have been hundreds of reported incidents at Morecambe's Winter Gardens which continue to date. I could not imagine a more prominent paranormal location... That is... until I came across a late Victorian terrace which was also situated on Morecambe's Sunny front that would put the incidents at Winter Gardens to shame...

Martin Heggs was no stranger to the paranormal. He had grown up in a large house that had apparently been haunted by the ghost of 'George', well... that is what his mother had named it. Strange sounds would often be heard throughout the house and attributed to this friendly ghost. In later years Martin moved into a flat on Bold Street, Morecambe where again he had witnessed strange activity. On one occasion he recalled waking in the night to see a figure of a man stood at the end of his bed with one foot resting on the bed frame. As he cleared his eyes for a better look, the figure faded away. Martin also remembered having an unusual experience. One that he can only describe as an 'Out of Body' episode.

That particular night was like any other. After being in bed a while Martin suddenly felt himself get up. As he glanced around he could clearly see himself lying in bed. Strangely, he did not panic. Raising up towards the ceiling he found himself somehow passing through it and entering the room above which belonged to folat above which was occupied by three muslims. He remembered being amused at their sleeping arrangements which simply consisted of them sleeping on the floor at irregular angles.

A short time later he found himself floating downwards through the floor and into his bedroom. He slowly decsended into his body then suddenly awoke clearly remembering his experience. The following morning Martin had confronted the residents of the upstairs flats and had told them of his experience. He was shocked to find out that the residents did in fact sleep in the same manner he had previously seen the night before. The room was exactly as he had seen it. Surprising, considering Martin had never been in the upstairs flat before. Martin recalled having three such experiences there before leaving and moving into a late Victorian Terrace flat on Marine Road West, Morecambe in 1997.

The large 4 story terrace had been modified into 4 separate flats. Mr. Leeman the landlord owned two terraces next door to each other which were occupied by several tennants. Martin was to have the top floor flat. Derek lived on the second floor and had lived in the terrace for around 17 years and was considered a sitting tenant. Mr. Swan lived in the ground floor flat. Martin was soon to find out that the previous paranormal incidents he had witnessed had in no way prepared him for what he was to experience in his new dwellings. To begin with, Martin's flat would often go through bouts of unusual fragrances. Suddenly from nowhere a highly scented perfume would fill the rooms of the flat without explanation. This seemed to become a regular occurence. Martin would occasionally assist the landlord with decorating and general maintanence. On one particular occasion Martin was next door helping the landlord with some DIY. He was fixing some skirting board in the top floor flat. Martin had placed the hammer down to his right and a jar of nails on the floor to his left whilst he placed the skirting board up tight against the wall. Holding the board in place he reached out for the hammer but could not feel it, he turned to find that the hammer had completely disappeared, as he glaced to his left he noticed the jar of nails had also gone. Martin knew that no one had come in the room with him and was sure that something paranormal was responsible.

Martin finished the job by using his own hammer and nail he had back at his flat.

Martin also use to experience his sofa vibrating. When he first felt it, he jumped up and looked out of his window expecting to see some large vehicle like alorry or bus going past, but there was nothing. As time went on the sofa began to vibrate more often, even to the point of moving up and down. It would first start off very faint, and then slowly but gradually build up to a violent shake. Martin got so fed up with this he would often shout out 'Stop IT!', and surprisingly, it would. It seemed as if something intelligent was often playing tricks on him and when he would eventually shout out, it would suddenly stop. That is... until the next time. Not much is known about the terrace houses situated on Morecambe's front apart from that they are late Victorian and were lived in by relatively wealthy familes. Having four floors and dumb waiter they would have more than likely had servants which may have been housed in the basement which are also a large size. During the first and second world war, injured soldiers were taken to these buildings to conveless. Nurses would often attend the wounded.

During the winter of 1998, Martin was woke up around 3.00am by an unusual sensation of something moving under the quilt. Something relatively large was moving up from the bottom of the bed. Martin quickly pulled the cover back to reveal a dark figure touching his legs. But there was something else beside the dark figure. Martin strained his eyes to make it out. Then suddenly it came into focus, it was some type of animal, scruffy looking with

hair sticking out in all directions and with an ugly dog shaped face. Martin panicked kicking out at the cover and whatever was there. He watched the quilt flow back down to the bottom of the bed and the bulge underneath the quilt simply diminish in size. It was as if the intruders had simply faded away into the quilt.

Martin was shocked, he had never experienced anything like this before. What was this figure, and more importantly what was the strange creature that accompanied it? What did it want? Martin had thoroughly checked the room afterwards but found nothing unusual or out of place.

A couple of days later Martin woke from sleep again to see two unusual cloud like shapes in his room. Up near the ceiling. They were both around the size of a football. One was light gray in colour and the other one was slightly higher and black in colour. Martin just lay there watching them. They were both completely static. Eventually Martin just turned over and went back to sleep. Unusual occurrences were taking place so often, Martin was kind of getting used to them. He was often woken up during the early hours by something stroking his hair. As soon as he would wake the feeling of a hand on his head would simply go. Martin also became frustrated at the fact that important letters, keys, can opener and other items would simply go missing and not turn up for a day or two; finally discovering them in the place where he had looked several times. Such items going a-miss was also a regular occurrence.

During December of 1999 Martin was woken from sleep yet again. He looked up to see a number of apparitions looking at him from behind a partition. He could clearly see three nurses and a gentleman at the back. All were looking at him with a smile on their faces. Martin watched them for several minutes before turning over and going back to sleep. He had learnt not to bother confronting such things, and thought it best to ignore them and let them go about their business. The following night Martin woke around 3.15am. Martin instantly knew that when waking at such times he was often not alone. This time was no different. He raised himself up and was immediately greeted with the sight of an apparition of a young girl. She was stood staring at a small bag of cufflinks situated on the chest of draws. The cufflinks were nothing special, Martin had got them out of a Christmas cracker. The young girl was clearly visible and was wearing a dark blue velvet dress with white collar and cuffs. The dress had a white trimming and she had her hair tied back. Martin looked down to see what shoes she was wearing and was immediately reminded he was looking at an apparition. The young girl had no feet. Her legs could be seen but anything lower than her shin was faded away and could not be seen. He watched the girl for several seconds before she turned and walked off into some type of mist or vortex. It was as if she walked off into the distance even though this seemed quite impossible as Martin's bedroom was not that large. The following night, Martin left the cufflinks out just in case she was to return, but, she was never to be seen again...

The paranormal disturbances always seemed to be more common during the winter months. However there were incidents that regularly took place throughout the year such as unusual odours, odd sounds, the vibrating sofa and things going a-miss. In August of 2000 Martin believed he had another out of body experience. He clearly remembered waking and sitting up looking down at his sleeping body. He then recalls walking from his bedroom, down the stairs and out of the front door. It was not until he had gone down a nearby road when he suddenly thought that he needed to get back. He was a little anxious at the thought of not getting back to his body. He rushed back to his flat and found himself yet again looking down at himself on the bed. At this point Martin seemed to fall into his body with an almighty thud. At this point Martin woke up in discomfort. The jolt was clearly unpleasant and not one he would like to experience again. Martin ended up staying up all night. Since this incident Martin has never had another out of body experience, nor wishes to.

By 2001 Martin had changed bedrooms in hope of getting a good nights sleep, but the strange events continued. He would often watch an unusual shadow on his bedroom wall. Sometimes the shadow changed into birds or miniature people. He would be sat up in bed watching the event unfold. On many occasions the shadow looked to be a dark mass and Martin would get out of bed to investigate. He quickly realised that the shadow, was no shadow at all. In fact it was dark shape that was not produced by light or shade. Martin found that he could produce a shadow of his hand on top of this dark shape. This strange mass would come and go but tended to be seen during the night. In November of 2001 Martin was relaxing one evening. He had been listening to some music and got up to make himself a cup of tea. He walked from the living room to his kitchen which went past the stairs. As he passed he caught sight of someone out of the corner of his eye. Realising what he had seen, he took a few steps back and looked up the stairs. At the top was an apparition of an elderly woman. She was coming down but had changed her mind and turned around and headed off around the corner of the landing and out of sight. She was dressed in a long black dress with a white collar and had long grey hair. At no time did she make eye contact with Martin. Again (just like the young girl Martin had seen in his bedroom) there was no sign of her feet, they seemed to just fade away. But what was the most unusual thing was that the woman was at an angle. It seemed as if she was leaning to the left. Martin went upstairs to check on things but on investigation, there was no sign of the phantom lady.

Over the following months the flat was plagued by a different kind of smell. The pleasant odour of fragrance had no been replaced by terrible smell of something rotting. The pungent odour was regularly smelt throughout the flat and no explanation could be found. Martin had come to light scented candles around the rooms in hope of overcoming the lingering bad smells. Furthermore money had gone missing along with a pair of scissors and the tin opener. This was very frustrating. In February of 2002 Martin's girlfriend moved into the flat with him and she too was to experience the paranormal at first hand. Margo who had recently separated from her husband had been an acquaintance of Martin's. She was not told of any of the disturbances taking place at the flat. However, Martin was not the only person to have had previous paranormal incidents pop up in his life. Margo was also no stranger to the paranormal...

As a child Margo grew up with her four sisters and a brother in her parents house on Hamshire Street in Cheetham Hill, Manchester. She recalls numerous paranormal incidents taking place. In her bedroom was a large dresser with three draws which was clearly old. She remembered how difficult it was to open and close the draws. She would have to pull the draw out bit by bit, first the left side, then the right. The draws being totally made of wood, often banded up. It was these very same draws that would regularly open and close on their own during the night, often spilling their contents on the floor. What was unusual was that when this happened, the draws were always seen to open and close easily. The old dresser was an antique and would more than likely be worth a fortune now. Many times she would be lying in bed with her sisters listening to the draws opening and closing. She and her sisters were all scared as to what was responsible. Next to the dresser was an old wardrobe that Margo used to climb in. She would often sit inside the wardrobe on its shelf with the door shut during the rather bad thunder storms of the 1960s.

A strange sound would often be heard around the house; most of the time coming from underneath the beds. This was the sound of a box of matches being shook. Many times the sound could be heard but Margo and her sisters were too scared to check under the bed. On one particular occasion, Margo remembers her hair being pulled during the night. She described it as a hard tug that hurt. She had not been in bed long and was not yet asleep when it happened. During the night footsteps could often be heard walking about the landing and attic staircase.

On one particular occasion, Margo's sister was asleep in her cot in her parents room. Once again the footsteps started. Margo's father was so convinced that an intruder had got into the house he ripped a wooden bar from the cot and rushed out onto the landing to confront the intruder, but no one was there. Margo's sister Janet was also sure she had seen the phantom visitor. One particular night she screamed out after seeing a tall dark figure on the upstairs landing. The family dog (Rex) a large German Shepperd was always keen. An intelligent dog that did not take kindly to strangers calling in. On many occasion he had set off after an intruder in the back yard. A fearless dog. That is until Margo's father tried to take him up to the attic. He cried out and struggled so much that Margo's father could not hold him any longer. Rex would never venture near the attic stairs, as if scared of something. The attic was like any other attic apart from that feeling. The feeling we all may have encountered one time or another. An overwhelming feeling of being watched. As if a heavy oppressive presence was baring down upon you. No one every spent much time in the attic due to thyem feeling uncomfortable.

When Margo was around 11, she and her older sister Diane (14) were babysitting the younger ones whilst her mother and father were out. She and her sister were to put them to bed. Later in the night she and Diane had gone to bed themselves. It was not long until they heard their father come in. Their mother was obviosly not with their father at this time but more than likely was to come in behind him a few minutes later as she had done many times in the past. A few minutes later Margo heard the letterbox go. She waited for the sound of her father answering the front door... But silence befell the house. Again another knock at the door. Margo sat up listening more intensely, again nothing could be heard. It was not until she heard her mother shout through the letterbox to be let in she got up. She and her sister went down to let their mother in. She opened the front door and then turned around to find her father on the floor out cold. Her mother rushed over to him. He had clearly been beaten and knocked about the head. Blood could be seen on his face. Her father eventually gain consciousness. He had no idea what had happened. He had not been drinking heavily. He came in, shut the front door and headed into the lounge. That was the last thing he could remember before gaining consciousness. Rex the pet dog was fine and showing no signs of discomfort. On checking, no doors or windows were open. It was clear that no intruder had been in the house. Whatever had attacked her father remained a mystery. Some time later Margo and her family moved from Hampshire Street to another house, in Blakeley, Manchester. The Hampshire Street house was pulled to the ground concealling its secrets forever.

Margo had not discussed her paranormal experiences with Martin. In fact, it was probably the last thing on her mind considering her recent marital breakup and the fact that her son was leaving the country and going off to live in Australia. But, it was not long before the subject of the paranormal came up. She had recently moved in to Martin's flat and on one particular afternoon she had gone for a lay down. Some time later she woke to the sound of someone rustling through bags in the next room. She thought nothing of it and put it down to Martin. That is until she heard Martin downstairs walk from the lounge to the kitchen and switch the kettle on. She sat up. At this time the rustling had just stopped. On investigation she was correct. Martin was downstairs. She told Martin that she heard someone rustling through her bags upstairs, but all Martin could say was '*'Don't worry about it, you'll get use to it, just ignor it'*'. At this point, Margo knew that the flat may be haunted.

In March of 2002 Margo was once again having a lie down. This time she was in the lounge on the sofa. When suddenly she started to feel the sofa vibrate. At first she thought it was obviosly down to a passing vehicle, but the vibration did not subside. It started to become more violent.

Margo lifted up from the sofa which by this time was shaking quite hard. She jumped up just in time to witness the shaking abruptly stop. Martin later told her of the incidents he had experienced in the flat. Margo went on to experience the sofa vibrating numerous times and learnt just as Martin had to shout out 'Stop it!'. In which it would abruptly and profoundly stop.



Saturday March 23rd 2002. Martin had gone out to do some shopping and Margo was alone at the flat when she clearly heard the flat door open and close. It had a distinctive sound due to the brushes on the bottom of the door rubbing against the carpet and the rubber draft insulator around the door would also make a certain sound when closing. She went down expecting to find Martin but no one was there. She checked the flat door but it was closed and locked. She began to feel as if she was being watched and walked back and to from the kitchen to the lounge in anticipation of the next paranormal event. Martin soon came in and Margo explained what had happened. It was clear that Martin had not been back to the flat earlier...

April 2002. Martin, now sleeping in a different bedroom with his girlfriend Margo had woke up and quickly realised that he could not move. It was as if he was paralysed. Martin glanced to his left and could see a dark figure sat next to him. Knowing the figure was not Margo he started to panic once again. He somehow knew that the figure was that of a female. Martin was trying his best to overcome the paralysis and managed to free himself a little and sit up. He instinctly thrust his arm forward in an attempt to push the figure away. As he did the figure moved back away from him. Martin watched in horror as the figures face somehow morphed into the face of a previous girlfriend. Martin felt that he had won this battle and leaned forward even further to grab out at the figure, which in turn seemed to fall away from him as if it had simply collapsed in on itself and vanished. Martin then woke Margo to tell her what had gone on. He was quite surprised that she had not woke up during his experience considering all the comotion.

May 2002. Once again, like many other times, Martin had woke up during the early hours; but this time there was something different. He woke finding his legs were being held up in the air at 90 degrees by a much stronger force. He struggled desperately to free himself. He could clearly feel two hands holding on to his ankles tightly. Martin couldn't free himself from the grip and shouted out for Margo time and time again; but she wouldn't wake up. Martin tried to pull his legs back with all his might. Then suddenly whatever it was let go of him just as Margo woke up. Martin was physically exhausted. He told Margo that he had shouted out for her several times but she refused to wake up. Margo could not understand this as she had always been a lite sleeper and often woke at the slightest noise. After this recent experience, Martin started to question numerous pressure marks that he had found on his body.

On a few occasions Martin had even found marks that resembled bruises yet were not painful to touch. A few days later Martin's friend Alan had come to visit. Alan a self confessed spiritualist believed something evil was present in the flat and after staying over one night, he woke at 4.00am with the feeling of a presence in his room. Alan was so unsettled he never stayed over at the flat again.

June 2002. Martin woke around 3.00am with the feeling of someone lying up close to him. Martin knew it wasn't Margo as she was not on that side of the bed. He could clearly feel the presence of a figure pushing up against him and like previously was female. As the figure started touching him on his legs he could see that the bedroom was relatively light due to the moonlight shining through the window. This time Martin got a good look at this thing that had been interrupting his sleep for so long. The first thing he noticed was the huge amount of hair she had. It was long and silver/grey in colour as well as stuck out in all directions, but her face was that of a woman in her prime. Maybe between the age of 20 and 30 years. Whatever it was it advanced and started to get on top of him. This time Martin realised that he was not paralysed. Somehow he was aloud to move. He decided to take advantage of this situation and prove to Margo that this thing was real. Without thinking he quickly reached out and grabbed its wrist as tightly as he could. He felt the entity try to pull itself free but Martin squeezed down on the wrist even harder as he shouted out for Margo over and over.



Martin now realising he was in a desperate struggle to hold onto this thing started to kick out in hope of waking Margo. Again he shouted out for Margo, but she would not wake. He recalled thinking 'what's wrong with her, why won't she wake up?' Margo, Margo, he screamed, but she would not stir. At this point the entity came closer to Martin and let out a most horrific shrill. It was like nothing he had ever heard before. The terrible noise persisted down Martin's ear and he was struggling to hold on to the entity. Closing his eyes tightly the noise got louder. Martin had one last attempt at waking Margo but it was no good. He could not stand it any longer. Martin let go and immediately felt the wrist quickly pull away from him. At that the noise abruptly stopped and the figure vanished. Martin was completely drained, he hardly had the energy to turn over and wake Margo up. As he struggled to look around he was shocked to find Margo waking up. She had woken just as the entity had disappeared.

Martin now knew that this was no coincidence. Somehow Margo had been subdued during his experience...

Over the next couple of weeks Margo had heard a strange alarm sound travel around the flat from room to room. She tried desperately to find where the noise was coming from but could not. The strange disappearances of certain items continued just as the odd smells and vibrating sofa did. Martin also on one occasion felt something sit on his lap, as if it was a small girl. It was now the second week of June 2002. Martin and Margo had been relaxing in the lounge one evening when Martin shouted to Margo to throw over his cigarette lighter. As she threw it over to him, the lighter vanished. Both watch in amazement as the lighter simply vanished in mid air. A few minutes later Martin opened his tobacco pouch to find the lighter within. Complete puzzlement fell over his face. Martin had never kept his lighter in his tobacco pouch as little bits would often get into the lighters mechanism and stop it from working. Neither Martin or Margo could explain what had happened. The lighter just disappeared in mid air and then suddenly turned up in a place where it would not normally be kept...

By the later part of June 2002, Margo had moved out of Martin's top floor flat and into the basement flat. Derek who lived on the second floor would not divulge in conversation about the paranormal and Mr. Swan who lived in the ground floor flat was often heard swearing and shouting such things as '*Leave me alone you Demons*'. He was often heard shouting and banging things around, but when Martin confronted him about the excessive noise, he simply got up and left. Mr. Swan was gone by the following day never to be seen again. A couple of weeks later Mr. Swan's flat was rented out to a tenant by the name of Trotsky. The disturbances continued for the next couple of years. Martin had learnt not to talk about keys, money, or other certain items whilst in his flat because they would always be found missing when you went to get them. It was as if a spirit or whatever it was would often play tricks. As an example, Martin could not ask Margo if she wanted some soup, or beans because the tin opener would suddenly go a-miss. Just as money would go missing especially if Martin had been talking to Margo about his finances.

In 2004 Martin and Margo heard that the landlord was selling the terrace and both were given notice to move out. They had become aware that the paranormal disturbances were taking place throughout both terraces and that numerous tenants had experienced phenomena first hand. Also that a few other properties in the vicinity had also strange things happening in them. Martin and Margo left Morecambe in March of 2004 and moved into a three bedroom house in Manchester where they went on to have a number of other strange experiences, which included strange muttering sounds, balls of light and odd dark shapes that would be seen to run through the lounge or scramble up the walls. The disturbances are not so frequent nor severe, but do continue to date...

Investigators Perspective.

I'm not sure why Martin and Margo have had so many unusual experiences in their lives and why they continue. Some would suggest that being introduced to the subject of the paranormal at an early age opens a doorway or allows you to be more susceptible to such phenomena. However there does not seem to be any evidence to support these theories. I guess that sometimes, certain people simply have more experiences than others. One thing is for sure. Having so many experiences, and especially from an early age can certainly encourage a strong belief in the subject. Maybe belief is the connection. Many have suggested over the years that one needs to believe in such things for them to exist. I agree... well... to some degree. I certainly believe that people have such experiences, as I have had a number of them myself simply by being in the right place at the right time.

This theory would also support the fact that skeptics rarely or never have such experiences. One can only ponder as to the reasons behind phenomena and those that witness it.

In Margo's case. As a child she claimed to hear unusual noises such as footsteps. Drawers on her dresser would open and close, and she claimed to have had her hair pulled. Similar experiences were also witnessed by her sisters, brother and parents. Considering the ages of the children, the environment they lived in and when, one cannot help suggest that the disturbances were more poltergeist related as opposed to a haunting. Object movement such as drawers opening and closing is a commonly reported incident when discussing poltergeist type incidents. Also, Margo claimed to have her hair pulled which is almost always heard of when researching poltergeist disturbances in association with children. It is generally thought amongst parapsychologists that poltergeist phenomena is nothing more than

uncontrolled forms of Psychokinesis or (PK). Once referred to as Telekinesis, this is said to be the ability to move objects simply by the power of the mind be it that the child or children responsible are aware or not of their ability. Traditionalistic views in regards poltergeists would have us believe that such activity is produced by an intelligent entity that is attracted to energy that adolescent children produce. It is also written that these entities are attracted to families that are undergoing some type of stress, be it financially or relationship related. Some have even gone as far to suggest that these entities are fallen angels or demonic beings that have never been human. Sounds scary doesn't it... but I assure you, such speculation is unlikely to be true.

As for Martin's experiences at his flat... well... that's a different story. To begin with most investigators would suggest that some type of interactive haunting was taking place. Unusual odours, apparitions and object manipulation can be attributed to poltergeist type activity as well, however, there were no children living at the flat and the disturbances had continued for years. Poltergeist activity is often associated with a child and it is this focus that somehow is responsible for the said phenomena. Well... unfortunately, it's not that clean cut. During 25 years of research and investigation I have come across a number cases where the incidents could be attributed to both a haunting and poltergeist infestation. Sometimes the two are next to impossible to distinguish from one another. This is what seemed to be taking place at Martin's flat. However, as time went on Martin started to experience a bedroom intruder. Some investigators would suggest that such experiences were Succubi related.

A Succubus is said to be a female demonic entity thought to have sexual intercourse with sleeping men. The opposite being an Incubus which are sometimes known to attack sleeping women. During medieval times succubus incidents were said to be more common. A Succubus (plural succubi, from Latin *succuba* "prostitute") was known to be a female demonic entity that seduced men (especially monks and priests) in dreams to have sexual intercourse with them. They were thought to draw energy from their victims or others sleeping near by which would often enable them from waking up. Succubi could allow their victims to wake when they wanted them to. Drawing this form of energy could somehow sustain them, and in some cases, until the point of exhaustion or death. In mythology Lilith was said to be a succubi. Nowdays the name usually is more associated with a leading female demon. According to the *Malleus Maleficarum*, succubi are said to collect semen from the men they slept with, in which incubi would then use in hope of impregnating women. Children so begotten were thought to be more susceptible to the influence of demonic spirits.

Honoré de Balzac wrote a short story concerning a trial that took place in 1271 in regards a she devil or succubus in the guise of a

woman, who amongst other things had the capability to use her hair to entangle her victims. From the 16th century, the carving of a succubus on the outside of an inn was said to indicate that the establish was also used as a brothel. The appearance of succubi significantly vary just about as much as that of demons. In general; there is no single definitive depiction, however most reports talk of alluring women with unearthly beauty and also the opposite such as an old hag. The only two things these reports share is that the hair of the succubus is said to be plentiful, long and in most cases grey in colour. Even in modern times the blame of nocturnal emissions and other sexual occurrences are, in some cultures and circles, blamed on a demon of sins such as a demonic entity as referred to as a succubus. A 'Mare', in regards the word 'Nightmare', was a term to represent demonic forces that could cause suffocative panting, or an intercepted utterance with a sense of pressure on the chest which would occur during sleep. It is these symptoms that were often associated with succubi and incubi incidents during medieval times. The pressure upon the victims chest would often be associated with the succubi or incubi sat upon it. In some cases there have also been reports of strange small creatures, sometimes gargoyle in appearance which are thought to accompany such demonic entities.



The views of a parapsychologist on the subject of such night time visitations would more than likely suggest the experience being the effects of hypnagogia. The stage of drowsiness before sleep when the subject can have an hallucinatory episode. That's all fine... but the problem I have been faced with, like many others, is that why should so many reported succubi incidents take place in locations where said paranormal phenomena takes place which have been experienced by multiple witnesses? Could this be some form of evidence to suggest that such succubi incidents are in some way paranormally associated?

There does seem to be evidence to support that physical interaction can take place between phenomena and witness.

In the case of Carlotta Moran in which a woman was physically attacked by unseen forces (which was portrayed in the movie 'Then Entity'). Parapsychologists found evidence of paranormal phenomena taking place in her home. The attacks continued for a number of years, outlasting any documented report of poltergeist infestation, but eventually subsided after Carlotta had moved home a number of times. The Smurl family from Penselviania also experienced similar disturbances. On one particular occasion Mr. Smurl was physically attacked by a female entity that attempted sexual intercourse. He reported that the face of the entity would often switch between a beautiful woman and an old hag that had hair stuck out in all directions. No matter how much you research the subject of demonic entities or succubi, you will find interesting similarities with other reported incidents world wide.

We might not so eagerly laugh at these entities, if we were to explore the findings of David J. Hufford, Professor and Director at the Doctors Kienle Center for Humanistic Medicine at the Penn State College of Medicine. In his book, *The Terror That Comes in the Night*, Hufford notes the remarkably consistent content of the hallucinations of victims of sleep paralysis. He is especially amazed at the similarities of those who have claimed to see the Old Hag. Hufford points out that the hag attacks have been documented in countries all over the world. Many of the victims had no knowledge of the folklore surrounding these attacks.

Perhaps the explanation to that lies in Carl Jung's theory of consciousness. Jung believed that when our dream visions rise from the personal unconscious, they reveal themselves through personalized associations, recollections, and reflections. But Jung also spoke of the collective unconscious. The collective unconscious is a function not of biography but of biology. To this area of the psyche Jung ascribed those dreams and patterns of symbolism that have a transpersonal quality.

So... in Martin's case, I can only suggest one of two things...

1. That Martin's experiences of apparent supernatural visitations at night were the effects of hypnagogic hallucinations and dreams, whilst coincidentally living at a location where numerous paranormal incidents were experienced by multiple witnesses.



2. That Martin was in fact having some type of physical interaction with a type of paranormally orientated phenomena that has been referred to as succubi activity.

Whatever was responsible for the profound activity at Martin's flat in Morecambe from 1997 to 2004, remains as much a mystery today...

By Steve Mera.
Special Thanks to Mr. Heggs & Margo.

<http://www.paranormalmagazine.co.uk>

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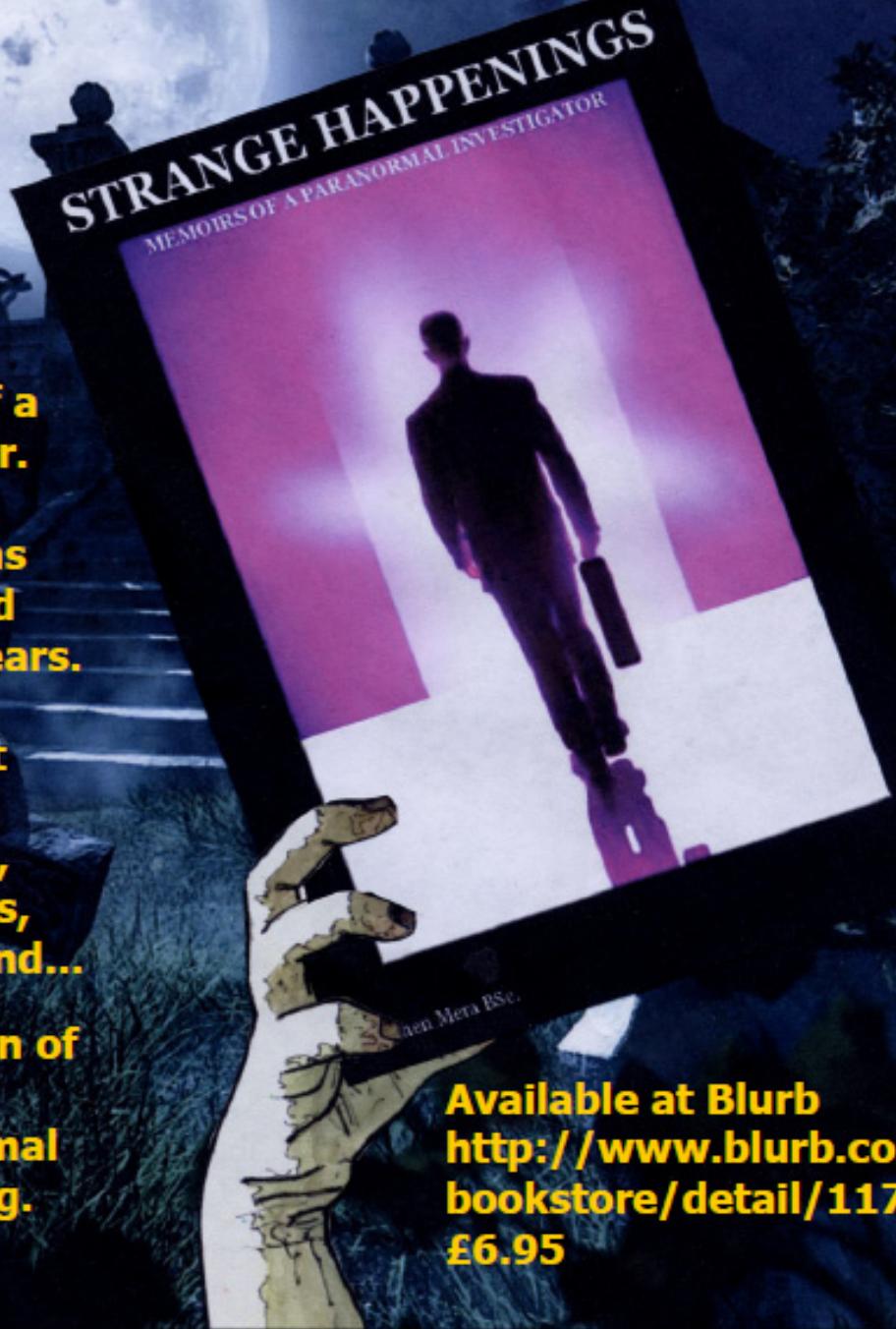
STRANGE HAPPENINGS

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BY STEVE MERA

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Stephen is the Chairman of MAPIT - Manchester's Association of Paranormal Investigators & Training.



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The Fourth Kind Film Review

By Gareth Harding

Aliens in Alaska. Milla Jovovich gets up close and personal with little green men in The Fourth Kind. Don't believe a word of it! Read a review of the film below. The title and tagline of The Fourth Kind tells us of the existence of four kinds of alien encounters. This may come as a surprise to some, who thought that Richard Dreyfuss being shepherded aboard a spaceship in the desert by little men with big heads was about as close as you could possibly come to meeting extra terrestrials. But apparently we were wrong. A quick check of the internet gospel (Wikipedia) reveals a whopping 7 (seven) kinds of alien encounter. The first being a sighting. The second is alien observation. The third involves observation of 'animate beings' in relation to a UFO (whatever that means). The fourth, and the one of interest here, is human abduction by said aliens. Comically, the fifth kind purports to be consensual, regular interaction with alien beings (Christmas, birthdays presumably). However, you're only one painful step away from the sixth kind, which is tragically classified as anyone killed as a result of an alien encounter. And, finally, the seventh kind is a human-alien hybridisation; something which, on inspection, the movie industry has already extracted enough mileage from (think Johnny Depp in *The Astronaut's Wife*, or Sigourney Weaver's last outing as Ripley in *Alien: Resurrection* for example).

The Fourth Kind - The Set Up (and this really is a set-up)

Once it's established that we're dealing with alien abduction, as an audience you're then put through the frankly ridiculous notion that The Fourth Kind is actually based on a true story. This is something that director Olatunde Osunsanmi (who penned the screenplay also) assumes will be all the more palatable if he and star Milla Jovovich appear as themselves on camera and explain this to us. It isn't. Jovovich is representing Dr. Abigail Tyler, a psychologist, who - after the fatal stabbing of her husband (also a psychologist) while at home in their bed one evening – took it upon herself to continue the research her partner was conducting on several residents of the Alaskan town of Nome. The subjects have been haunted by strange night time visions, almost dreamlike experiences, and in a bid to retain certain events have requesting hypnosis sessions with Dr. Tyler. During regression it appears that each vision is linked by one common experience - the haunting sighting of an owl outside each victim's bedroom window. Symbolic of some kind of extra terrestrial activity? Supposedly. Dr. Tyler aims to get to the source, convinced that the answer somehow holds the key to her husband's murder.

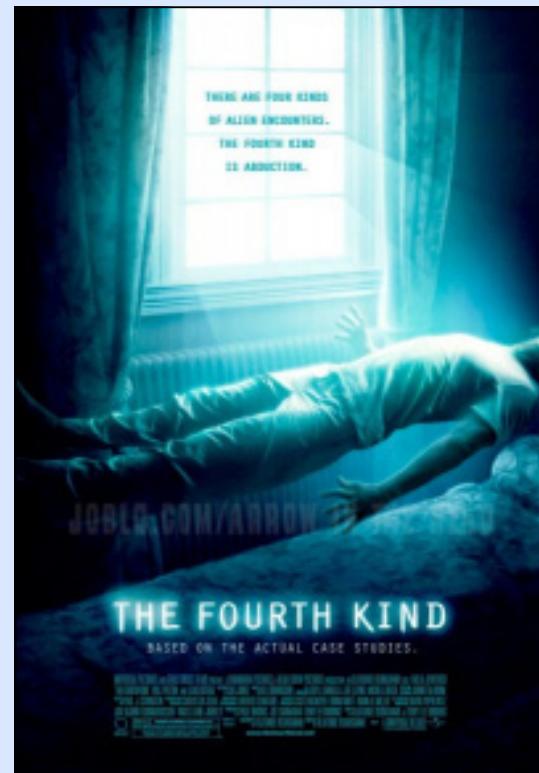
Narrative Structure of The Fourth Kind

The real Abigail Tyler appears on screen relatively early, depicted in interview with the film's director. This is a technique that's used throughout the film in order to force home the point (as if we hadn't picked it up already) that this in fact is a REAL story (honest). However it's something that would be mildly effective had the actress playing the supposedly 'real' Abigail Tyler not been such a woeful actor. Even director Osunsanmi's seems slightly uncomfortable playing himself while conducting the interview. His sheepish expression at Abigail's strained description of her alien encounters is a dead giveaway that we're having our legs pulled.

Abigail's story is told retrospectively with a mixture of archive interviews and footage of her hypnosis sessions with Nome's alien-stalked residents. In unison we're also presented with dramatised reconstructions starring Jovovich (as Tyler) and the people that influenced her story. Abigail's gradual decline from doting mother and consummate professional to a dishevelled wreck of a woman on the brink of mental breakdown is a little fanciful to say the least. A split screen approach is employed to throughout much of the film, showing us the real footage alongside the reconstruction. It's a technique that only serves, once more, to convince us of the story's authenticity (ok we get the message!) and at regular intervals the plot is interrupted with excerpts from Tyler's interview with Osunsanmi. What is glaringly obvious is that there seems to be so much archive footage of the events that surely this story, if as true as the creators make out, would have been better off as a documentary rather than a feature film. Regrettably it may also have been more entertaining.

The Fourth Kind – Poorly Executed

The Fourth Kind borrows heavily from the strategy of 1999 indie hit *The Blair Witch Project*, whose reliance on unknown actors, camcorder footage and fake websites professing the Blair Witch's existence formed a clever and (importantly) unique approach to marketing a movie. The simple fact is, cinema audiences are now wary of the same technique and reluctant to be fooled by a second time, especially by such a poorly orchestrated joke. Asking an audience to buy into the notion that a small Alaskan town has been blighted by a series of alien abductions – a fact that the world has so far overlooked - is just plain stupid. It's easy to get more than a little annoyed watching this film's half-baked approach. While there's nothing particularly wrong with Jovovich or Elias Koteas (who plays Abel, a fellow psychologist who aids Dr. Tyler in her quest to convince the local authorities of the aliens' existence) the actors portraying the 'real' characters are so poor that they seriously denigrate any creativity or sense of unease that Jovovich or director Osunsanmi create throughout the reconstructions. The ability to give a naturalistic performance is quite clearly beyond them. Seriously have a re-think if you're about to pay to watch this movie. Only take the plunge if you're seriously bored, stupid or want to be convinced of your own ability as an actor.



DR. PAUL LEE

Paranormal Vs. SCIENCE

The scientific process is designed to incorporate the following processes:

1. Develop a theory and therefore, predict the anticipated results;
2. Test the theory by experimentation, eliminating any possible contaminants;
3. Analyse the results and compare with theory;
4. Change the theory if agreement is not observed;
5. Repeat this flow process until good agreement is achieved between theory and experiment.

The only human inputs to the above procedure are those that require intelligence (steps 1,2,4 and 5) and deduction (step 3). The paranormal world is almost exclusively human-based observations. This is crucial: the human body is a terrible judge of environmental conditions, and must, if possible, be completely divorced from the data gathering process. Humans are prone to hallucination, drunkenness, drug usage, persuasion, personal beliefs, fatigue etc., which makes any of our observations questionable. In a court of law, forensics is always placed before eyewitness testimony. Of course, a theory is only as good as the knowledge available; Newton's ideas on gravity remained intact for over two centuries until it was superceded by Einstein's General Theory of Relativity earlier last century. Likewise, ideas incompatible with contemporary scientific dogma and politics eventually entered mainstream existence, for instance, meteors, ball lightning, and evolution theories. Likewise, with regard to theory, it is sometimes stated that theories are easier to disprove than prove. This is sensible, which is why most results must form a reasonable agreement (allowing for experimental errors etc.) with theory. However you need to have theories that can be disproved by experimentation otherwise they are not science. However, it is very important to note that a null result (i.e. one that disproves a theory) is just as important as a confirmatory one.

The paranormal investigative process seems to follow the notion that: "Observations are made of certain phenomena". Any explanation of these phenomena is done, not on an evidential, argumentative, discursive basis, but on a belief led system. However, in science, there is nothing wrong with data collection - and reporting, in the hope that one day a theory will emerge to describe the observations. However, these collected data must be credible - not anecdotal. But it is not customary to start with an observation and work backwards to a premise - which is exactly what we would have to do with ghosts. This is unsatisfactory as there may be a large number of factors that could influence observations. Scientific theories and supporting evidence is meant to be repeatable - that is, in laboratory (controlled) conditions, and are peer reviewed. In layman's terms, this means that any scientific reports are submitted to review by fellow scientists, also experts in the field. Gaps in logic, and flaws in the theory and experiment are discussed, and hopefully, may be clarified, or a fresh experiment must be attempted before such "new" knowledge is accepted. But any new evidence and research must have some basis in previous work - even if this means only using the most fundamental of scientific principles. I suspect that most parapsychology groups at Universities only study aspects such as ESP, precognition etc. because they CAN be controlled in a lab.

The usage of controlled environments - as described above, is a serious matter to prevent fraudulent results; obviously in spontaneous cases (ghosts), this can be very difficult, if not impossible to achieve and provokes criticisms of paranormal investigations. Also, the notion that any results can, and MUST be repeatable and reproducible are very difficult to reconcile with paranormal theories, as ghosts do not seem to be able to be summoned at will. Both sets of observers - scientists, or paranormal investigators may rely on the politics of the time; and these may be personal or may be imposed by their research team-mates. There is nothing wrong with this, as long as it does not distract from the research effort, and peer review will remove those biased comments and opinions so as to ensure fair, and open-minded research is performed. There is none of this in the paranormal world, as there is just too much acceptance, and not enough questioning of the data that are available. There is also a lack of awareness of technological aspects, their limits and capabilities etc.



Finally, one statement issued by a scientist to retort against the lack of a scientific approach by paranormalists goes as follows: "If the sceptics don't like a theory, then it is up to THEM to come up with an alternative, and test it if necessary." Extending this maxim, it is also fair to say that any theories upon which new theories rely must also be testable - which, sadly, in the paranormal world, is lacking. How does one test for ghosts? What does one measure? How do you qualify it (explain it) or quantify it (put numbers to it)?

Theories vs. Science

The body is today thought of as nothing more than a collection of chemicals, firing off electrical impulses that govern our movements and thoughts. The brain is more complex and is not fully understood, but it is believed to operate on a similar electro-chemical process. But if that's all it is, then where is intelligence, thought, memory etc. stored?

Does it simply rot away when we die? The common theory trotted out by Paranormalists is that "Energy cannot be destroyed or created, it can only change forms". This is true, but in the case of the body decomposing, the energy simply ebbs away in terms of stored chemical energy; also, the process of Entropy is invoked to describe the energy as a system that is unobtainable due to the random, disordered nature of the system. For instance, an ice cube goes from an ordered state (in a regular lattice of water molecules - low disorder - low Entropy) to a state of liquid water (random movements - high disorder - higher Entropy). Entropy tends to increase: this is the 2nd law of Thermodynamics. So, how can a ghost suddenly reassemble itself into a visible form without breaking this universal law?

Then there is the matter of sentience; if this is stored in the brain, then how can it survive death? As a soul? To be acceptable to science, this needs to be explained (note: NOT explained away), understood, and then experiment can test for it, but even so - what do we measure exactly? Intelligence? How do we do that? There are other problems attached to ghost sightings too. If a ghost is supposed to be the imprint of the last few moments of someone's life (left by some violent action) upon the environment, then why do so many ghost sightings seem so mundane, such as a serving maid walking across a room in the dead of night? Also, if some ghosts are recordings, then why do they wear clothes? And what about those stories of inanimate objects, such as aircraft? This brings us to the concept of the Stone Tape Theory; that spirits are somehow stored in the fabric of a building and are played when conditions are right. This interesting theory - which does not explain sentience - has been in existence for about a century, but has not been conclusively proven experimentally, and it is unclear how one could do so. Iron ores in the floors and walls of some old buildings may contain magnetic material as found in audio and video tapes, but even so, the mechanism behind full audio and visual playback are unknown at the moment.

With respect to recording such data using equipment; sometimes visual and audio "evidence" is recorded, but more often as not, it is not picked up. This makes many sceptics feel that such phenomena exist solely in the mind. But if so, this may mean that advances in neuroscience could help to describe a lot of sightings in terms of brain chemistry. Already work in this area has suggested that people with abnormal amounts of the neurotransmitter dopamine in their brains are more prone to belief in such things as the paranormal. There are some tantalising theories about the proximity of ghosts to fault lines, and that micro-tremors may lead to a rise in sightings. Again, one of the theories relies on the electricity so generated during the movement of the Earth's plates to affect the human brain into hallucinations. It may be that sensitive seismometers, plus measurements of the fluctuation in the Earth's magnetic field may enable some correlation to be made with ghost reports. There are not many theories that can be tested against science; one that may be is the notion of the cold spot. Sometimes these are measurable, sometimes not - the latter case implying that the human body is reacting to something, and it may be negative ions. Laser-pointer thermometers are good for immediate results, but they have a disadvantage that they only measure what the laser contacts, so unlike a thermometer, it can't measure air temperature.

Infrasound is a recent, tested theory that proves that low frequency sound waves can disrupt the human body into feeling uneasy. Again, with equipment, this is measurable, but does not provide proof for the paranormal. Finally, dowsing, pendulums, crystals etc. are to be avoided. If you want to investigate in terms of science, NEVER try to explain one unknown in terms of another. Another motto to remember: if something seems mundane.... Then it probably is. No need to conjure up images of ghosts to explain those troublesome trivial clicks heard in the night as the house cools down and settles.

Scientific Experiments.

Many of the experiments that might be attempted are beyond the reach of small amateur groups; the equipment is either very specialised, very expensive and/or very difficult to interpret.

For instance, the sensitive magnetometers (sensitive enough to measure the fields that can affect the human brain) used by ASSAP require a laptop to run. Incidentally, faulty electrical wiring has been reported as a possible cause of some paranormal experiences (namely, the effect on the human brain). Relaxation techniques may be a good pre-investigation exercise; if the theory is true that ghosts are more prevalent during periods of distraction, or in a less focussed mental state, then this would help to prompt their appearance. This would be valuable, because the effect of relaxation on the human brain is known, and this would provide good data on a possible brain-environment connection. Some possible measurements that could be performed are detailed in the "theories vs. science" section. But it is very important to realise that, the greater the human participation, the more dubious the results. As explained, human observations are suspect, and it is standard these days to have automated experiments, as equipment is deemed to be faster, more precise, can measure more variables simultaneously, and is less prone to making mistakes (which would be picked up during testing and diagnostics - not something that the human brain could avail itself to!).

If many of the above described parameters - temperature, electromagnetic fields, ion count etc., could be measured and correlated with someone's sighting of an apparition, it would, in my opinion, go some way towards describing a ghost's signature - even if it can't explain them...



Sainsbury's Under Siege.

In October of 1999 a Sainsbury's supermarket near Kent had been recently constructed and opened to the public. Two weeks into their launch a few customers had given mention to an odd occurrence taking place in their car park. It was not until January 2000 that the customer claims were taken seriously. It would seem that one particular car park space was somehow manifesting an invisible wall or barrier. Yes! Sound ridiculous doesn't it. But, customers parking in this particular spot had told staff at the supermarket that they had damaged their vehicles as they drove into the empty space. Alan Packman, a local resident had literally brought the manager out to show him his damaged car. On investigation nothing was ever found. It would seem that whatever was responsible was somehow invisible and would only manifest for seconds at a time as numerous other vehicles had parked in that space without having any problems. No one knew what exactly to do.

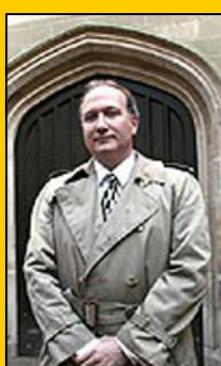
On February 16th 2000 Alison Muer came into the store looking a little shook up. She was to be the next victim. Driving her BMW into the empty space came with a price. She suddenly felt a severe jolt as if she had hit something. Again, on inspection nothing was there, yet damage to the front bumper could clearly be seen. It was not until a few weeks later that the manager had one of their bottle bins placed in that particular car park space. Since then, there have been no more problems.

It's not often that you come across such reported incidents. For MAPIT, it was a first. An investigation of the location found no unusual electromagnetic energy, geomagnetic energy, radiation, microwave fields, temperature fluctuations, compass deflections.... Nothing. In fact, it seemed by all accounts to be a normal car park space. But something had to be responsible...?

During research of invisible barriers or walls, I only came across information regarding Irish myths and legends, that spoke of fairy forts. It is said that wandering too close to such forts can entrap you behind an invisible barrier. There was an old legend of a young girl who had wandered too close to a fort and was trapped for two days. She watched in dispair as her family walked past her shouting her name. She bagged the invisible wall, screaming out to her family who obviously could not see nor hear her. On the second day she reached out to the wall and was shocked to find it had gone. She ran home to tell her family of her experience...



So... As for what was responsible for damaging the vehicles remains unknown. I did ask around in regards what was built at that location before the supermarket went up... Apparently, it was just a small field with a public house and car park. I could not find any information in regards anything unusual happening at the location prior to the supermarket being built, yet, I cannot help wonder if the public house that once stood there had an Irish connection or not...



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Parking is available at the venue. Alternative parking is available on Hove Road which is just behind the

venue (see map on website). Refreshments are available throughout the day at the YMCA cafe and there are also alternative food outlets and pubs located nearby.



A Paranormal visit to Chester. By Dave Sadler.

Thorntons Chocolates

Probably the most famous Chester ghost is Sarah, who haunts the Thornton's chocolate shop in Eastgate Street - a ghost after my own heart, spending eternity in a chocolate shop is some folks idea of heaven.

Sarah was said to be a charming young lady who fell in love with an unscrupulous rascal who jilted her on their wedding day. Sarah was so distraught she returned to her home in Eastgate Street and hung herself. Ever since she has caused havoc in the premises. Most events happen in the top floor front room and the cellar, but can happen anywhere. She is never seen, but makes up for it in other ways. The manageress of the shop experienced what can only be called a possession when staff saw her coming down the stairs singing an unknown song and holding her hands out as if lifting a long and heavy dress in order to descend the stairs. She can offer no explanation for this. An American tourist who described the stories of the ghost as rubbish was immediately pushed down the stairs by an invisible hand. An electrician who went to read the meter in the cellar was not down there for long, and ran back up the stairs saying he felt he was being watched by something very unpleasant. Sarah has also proved useful to the local police force - a burglar who broke in and stole the days takings from the safe fled in such a hurry he left behind all his tools and a full set of fingerprints. Sarah was very upset by the Valentines Day display in the shop in 1991. The heart shaped boxes of chocolates were frequently found scattered on the floor of the shop, leaving the ordinary boxes of chocolates that had been stacked in front of them undisturbed. Sarah was quietened for a while in 1965 following an exorcism, but has since recovered and still carries on her tricks to this day.

Farndon Bridge.

On the minor road B5130 in Cheshire lies Farndon is a village on the banks of the River Dee, south of Chester, and close to the border with Wales. Nearby Holt in north Wales is its twin town. Farndon Castle is by the river; it was constructed in the 13th and 14th centuries, and it fell to Cromwell's forces in 1647. Central to the community stands



a most attractive and historically important bridge. This bridge is reputedly haunted by two very different sets of spirits. The first is said to be that of a 17th century royalist soldier, perhaps that of a member of a regiment involved in the battle of Rowton Heath, dressed in full dress of the time of the battle. The second the more famous, and more regularly reported is that of two young children. Many years ago the two young boys were entrusted into the keep of Roger Mortimer, earl of warren, by their father Prince Madoc. Unfortunately Mortimer was embroiled in a plot of treason against the prince. Mortimer held both his brothers and the children's love, and decided to use them in his plot. Madoc soon discovered mortimer's plans and set off to face him, he made for Farndon and arrived at the bridge, their stood Mortimer with the Children. The argument that followed was very heated, Mortimer threatened Madoc with pushing the children into the river, at this point he stumbled, and the two children fell into the depths of the fast moving River Dee. Mortimer was captured and tried for his crimes, the Prince was never the same man again. Now on certain night's the screams and sight of the drowned children can be seen as the episode is replayed. The area is now somewhat a tourist attraction, many visitors and locals have reported their experiences to the UPIA and local media. Whilst UPIA were recently broadcasting on BBC radio Merseyside, this case was again reported by an online listener from the USA. This case is one of the areas most often reported paranormal occurrences.

The Marlbororough Arms.

A wonderfully charming little pub can be found next to the Blossom's in Chester. The Marlbororough arms; as it is spelt on the sign above the door, (due to the sign writer, leaving his work partially complete, before having a large liquid lunch, and completing it as you see it today.) The pub itself has been running for about 150yrs, previously a coach house

for the hotel next door. A terrible fire put an end to its days, with many lives of the attendants and animals lost. A few years later the still half standing coach house was rebuilt, and replaced by the hostelry that still stands there today. Formally occupied by Chas and Kim Pearsall, themselves having several unexplained experiences, Only a few days after taking charge of the pub, the licences were woken at 3am by the sounds of moving barrels.



They ran down to the cellar, but all was fine, no disturbances. They waited until the next day and visited next door, but, of course, people don't crash barrels around in modern hotels, and nobody was in that area all night. Next Kim was cleaning the pub at about 2am and felt as though she was being watched. She looked up from the bar and saw an

apparition of an old lady dressed in a large white bonnet and a lacy Victorian white dress, next to the fruit machine. Since then many folk have noticed odd goings on and lots of items have been found to have moved. Since then many others have noticed odd goings on, items have been moved, one individual claims to have witnessed a tall man in Cromwellian type finery, leaning on the mantle of the fireplace at the rear of the pub. Unfortunately this claim has not been reported directly to the UPIA. A child, dressed again in Victorian clothes has been seen by a few, wandering around aimlessly upstairs, disappearing after a while of being watched. There is a story regarding the cellar. A former landlord was murdered there, when he stumbled upon a thief, his days were ended by the cut of a knife to the throat. UPIA had the opportunity to spend an evening at the pub in April 2000, joined by Kim. Seven hours were spent on the investigation, the only occurrence to be reported was a breeze banging the male toilet door occasionally, this was logged and no other event transpired. A full report was published in the Chester Evening Leader. This is a fine pub, episodes of the Channel 4 soap Hollyoaks have been recorded on site. Chas and Kim are down to earth, honest and reliable, both of whom were originally sceptical of paranormal related incidents, until witnessing things themselves.

The Anchorite Cell and St Johns Church.

Between St Johns church and the river Dee in Chester stands the ancient Anchorite cell, which overlooks Chester's groves. It also believed to be the last home of the 1066 battle of Hastings king, Harold Godwinsson, the Saxon king slain by an arrow to the eye, during the war with William the Conqueror, depicted in the famous tapestries from the era. Or was it Harold who was killed ?



Recently revealed research now claims the pictured man dying to be one of the nights. King Harold is now believed to have escaped to the walled city of Chester, becoming a hermit and residing in the cell with an elite form of monk. This fact is only known as his wife, Queen Ealdgyth was often seen passing food through a curtained window of the cell,

the monks only way of receiving sustenance. Why would the Queen visit the cell if not for secret liaison's with her supposedly deceased husband? Other historical documentation agree with Harold's survival from the battle and his travel toward the North West and Chester. St John's Church is the site of a haunting by a ghostly monk.

This spectre only started appearing following the partial collapse of the great tower in 1881. He has been heard praying, and appears so real, it was only realised that he was not a real monk when he vanished into thin air in front of startled witnesses. A monk, quite possibly the same one, goes to and from the church by the old passage that runs by the side of the west tower and down to the river. At certain times of the year This ghost has also been described as following another route, up from the river bank, through the railings of the present Hermitage, and along a secret underground passage that connects the Anchorite Cell with the church. It has also been described as crossing the bowling green to the Anchorite Cell. This is a spectre which has been seen on many occasions, known as Ergo the monk, could this actually be the most famous ghost in Cheshire, that of King Harold?



The cell now stands as a modernised house. During its renovation in the 1970's many apparitions of monks were witnessed by builders. Reports have also appeared on the internet regarding poltergeist activity at the location. These reports are unconfirmed and probably incorrect. Poltergeist phenomena is very rare, and due to the Anchorite Cell being a residential property, and the occupiers not actually discussing any information concerning its alleged paranormal activities with any media or paranormal related group, we believe this to be untrue...

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LUFTON " On April 17, 2010, I left my home to go to the shops and saw a very bright orange hazy light with a blue glow around it at 9:32 PM. I first thought it was a helicopter flying from the east. I live very close to Luton Airport and I'm very used to planes going over, but this was absolutely silent. I also knew that volcanic ash covered the UK and it was a no fly zone. Then the light started heading upwards and got fainter and then stopped. I ran to get my partner and the light then moved slowly and stopped again, started to flicker, and was gone as if heading upwards. I looked back to the east and there was another light moving the same as the first and did exactly the same disappearing in the same place. I have to admit to being a non-believer but the sight exhilarated me. I saw the lights and there are no flights due to volcanic ash and I just cannot explain it at all.

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AN INTERESTING THEORY!

Lisa Dowley & Richard Freeman.

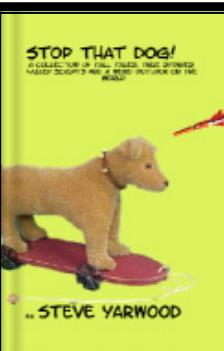
Many supposed mystery big cats around the world exhibit strange colours not found in any known species. Conversely spotted leopards (the most common form in the wild) are hardly ever reported in out of place big cat sightings. Black leopards or 'panthers' are the ones most often seen. If big cats seen in the UK were all leopards then we would expect to see more spotted ones. There are two ideas to explain this. The first is that the leopards in the UK are adapting to a damper climate that favours a darker fur. This very swift evolutionary change is called punctuated equilibrium. The other idea is 'Goliath Gene' theory. I first had the idea when studying reports of giant crocodiles. These crocodiles were always seen in areas where the average size was larger than normal such as Tanzania or the Congo. I thought that in a population of large individuals a freak specimen would occasionally be thrown up in the natural variation. So giant crocodiles were not an unknown species just freakishly big individuals of known species. Now feral domestic cats have always been known to grow a fair bit bigger than average domestics. This may be due to selective pressure to hunt larger prey items. Within a population of feral cats (Australia has hundreds of thousands) the Goliath Gene may be thrown up on a regular basis. Domestic cats are black far more often than leopards and they exhibit other odd colours sometimes spoken of in the reports. Most tellingly almost no domestic cats (save for those specially hybridized with Indian leopard cats) have spots. The giant feral shot in Australia was around 6 feet long nose to tail tip. This is as big as a small leopard or small puma. I think these giants are responsible for a lot of 'big cat' sightings around the world. They may also be meetings between members of the opposite sex both with the Goliath Gene that breed true and produce giant kittens. We may be seeing another type of fast evolutionary jump here. A species in the act of evolution.

HAMILTON, LEICESTER -- I went into the garden to look at the sky on April 15, 2010, at 3:28 AM, in the same area I had seen the orange lights earlier in the evening and saw an object. The sky is black/orange now and this object was not the same orange as earlier one, but still bright and flickering. It faded, and then reappeared a few minutes later in another area, before fading again. I cannot see any other stars tonight as it is cloudy.

SHREWSBURY -- We were walking near the field northwest of town when two huge brilliant bluish white spheres shot up to 400 feet on March 11, 2010, at 10:05 PM. They made no noise as they moved towards the Herongate Estate. Two autos driving by stopped as their engines and lights cut out, and the streetlights flicked on and off as the spheres sped off.

BOWDEN, CHESHIRE — April 26th 2010. Two bright white objects were seen at high altitude moving fast towards the North. The objects made no sound.

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TEL : 0161 374 2978
E-MAIL : S_MERA@YAHOO.COM



UNKNOWN PHENOMENA INVESTIGATION
ASSOCIATION
28, WILLIAM STREET,
BUGLAWTON, CONGLETON,
CHESHIRE, CW2 2EY
TEL : 07805 688610
E-MAIL : SADLER_DAVE@YAHOO.CO.UK
HTTP://WWW.UPIA.CO.UK



THE SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENT OF
PARAPSYCHOLOGY
SEP HEAD OFFICE
85, ROYAL OAK ROAD,
BAGULEY, WYTHENSHAWE,
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