

Zzyzx: Destinations Across
Paranormal America 2

by

Hugh Mungus

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This book is dedicated to
causing question.

"I certainly believe in aliens
in space. They may not look
like us, but I have very strong
feelings that they have advanced
beyond our mental capabilities...
I think some highly secret govern-
ment UFO investigations are going
on that we don't know about, and
probably never will unless the Air
Force discloses them."

-- former Arizona Senator,

Barry Goldwater

"I happen to have been privileged
enough to be in on the fact that
we've been visited on this planet,
and the UFO phenomenon is real."

-- Apollo 14 astronaut, and sixth person to walk
on the Moon, Captain Edgar Mitchell

"It's time for the truth to be brought out in open congressional hearings. Behind the scenes, high-ranking Air Force officers are soberly concerned about UFOs. But through official secrecy and ridicule, many citizens are lead to believe the unknown flying objects are nonsense. To hide the facts, the Air Force has silenced its personnel through the issuance of a regulation."

-- first Director of the CIA, Vice Admiral

R.H. Hillenkoeter, Retired

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Introduction

The paranormal exists. Still, many deny its presence. More often than not, those who discount anything beyond prosaic rarely read history. As stated in our previous volume, concepts outside human comprehension, one year, become commonplace, the next.

Ponder this. Physicians once drilled holes in patients heads in order to release evil spirits believed to be the source of physical afflictions. Prior to anesthetic, the sick were bequeathed a bottle of rum with which to dull the pain of excruciating medical operations. The simple act of doctors donning masks in order to stop the spread of bacteria wasn't even considered for thousands of years, since the concept of germs was unknown.

Advances in medicine have definitely pushed mankind into the realm of what was once deemed paranormal. So, do you still conclude anything beyond the scope of human perception is impossible?

"Of course. I have to see it to believe it," you exclaim.

"Okay. Do you have to see oxygen to know it's real?"

The obvious answer to that question is, "No." You're certain oxygen exists because you continue breathing, and don't suddenly fall over dead.

"Do you have to see wind to know it's a valid force?"

Once again, "No." You witness the effects of wind all the time; i.e. trees bending in a breeze, leaves swirling around

a yard, houses being blown over in a hurricane. And yet, although you constantly observe the results of wind, you never actually view this invisible energy.

"How about gravity? Ever seen this mother of all forces?"

Again, the answer is, "No." Still, you're certain such a power is possible, simply because we haven't all floated into the ionosphere.

"Can you see an atom with your naked eye?"

"No," and yet you take for granted your entire body, everyone you've known, and everything you see around you, is comprised of nothing *but* atoms. Three hundred years ago, humans were unsure atoms existed, let alone how to split them in order to create immeasurable power.

Dark energy, dark matter, microwaves, radiation (alpha, beta, gamma, etc.), radio waves, sound waves, wireless transmissions (cellular, Internet and satellite) are but a handful of alternate realms existing around us all the time, even though, to our naked eye, they're invisible.

To reiterate, just because we can't see something, doesn't mean it's not there.

Science has proven the human eye perceives in a limited visible spectrum. What exists in the ultraviolet, or the infrared, beyond our scope? And what of those realms of which we know nothing? To conclude the human optical center witnesses everything around us seems pretty absurd, doesn't it? To assert that homo sapien sensory perception is all-encompassing would be a delusion.

An example of this is the analogy of the anthill and the ten lane superhighway, as proposed by leading theoretical physicist Michio Kaku. Consider the following.

You're an ant. You're building an anthill with thousands of your insect buddies. Your edifice resides fifteen feet from a ten lane superhighway in full swing. Every hour, tens of thousands of motorists and their vehicles pass by you at breakneck speeds.

The first question is, "Do you, the ant, see the superhighway, and all that's occurring on it?"

The second question is, "If you do see the superhighway, do you comprehend it for what it is?"

The answer to the initial question is, "No. You don't see the superhighway and all the activity upon it."

"Why?"

Simply stated, fifteen feet is quite a distance for an ant; far too great an expanse for this type of insect to visualize. Even if you, the ant, were to make your way toward the superhighway, the massive stretch of asphalt, let alone the towering cars upon it, are too large for such a comparatively diminutive creature to view. It would be akin to a human standing at the base of a structure that stretched beyond the horizon in every direction, as well as upward into the magnetosphere. This person would be unable to see the edges, or the top of the building, because of its enormity in comparison to him, or herself. Therefore, somebody

standing at the base of such an immense object wouldn't realize it for what it was.

Which brings us to our second question. "If you, the ant, could see the superhighway, and all the activity upon it, would you understand what you were viewing?"

Again, the answer is, "No."

The explanation is simple. "How could an ant possibly understand the meaning of a superhighway, and the cars traversing it, if the ant doesn't grasp the purpose of vehicles and the thoroughfares upon which they travel?" An ant's intellect is limited to what it can perceive.

Viewing humans as the ants in this scenario, it's plausible there are forces our limited mentalities can't comprehend.

By preventing ourselves from learning all we can, and denying the existence of that we don't know, we run the risk of forever being the ant.

A friend related an experience he had in a college lecture class. The topic of discussion for that day had been astronomer Galileo Galilei. Galileo was a champion of Heliocentrism; the idea the Earth and other planets in our Solar System revolve around the Sun.

Prior to Galileo, only a few dared propose this conclusion, for fear of execution by the Church. Such was the case of poor, intrepid Giordano Bruno; a clergyman burned at the stake in 1600 for teaching Heliocentrism. In any event, Galileo was one brilliant dude for his time, suffering years of house arrest for believing what we know today is true. Galileo also invented the first telescope, thereby rescuing

humankind from an era mired in erroneous astronomical beliefs. Preceding the advance of the telescope, the human species was unaware of the majority of celestial bodies within our Solar System, let alone those outside it.

As the class discussion of "G-squared" ensued, our friend raised his hand, stating, "I'm smarter than Galileo."

Fellow students turned in astonishment. The accusations flew. The scathing remarks sliced the air like poisoned arrows. When the commotion subsided, the professor asked our friend to defend his position.

Our buddy pointed to his fellow classmates, in turn, exclaiming, "You're smarter than Galileo. You're smarter than Galileo. You're smarter than Galileo. In fact, we're all smarter than Galileo."

According to our friend, as generations progress, they consecutively become more intelligent. Two hundred years ago, the greatest minds on the planet didn't even know germs existed. Today, the *common person* fights germs effectively with astringent, narcotics and sanitizer. Three hundred years ago, gas-powered vehicles were something straight out of a science fiction novel. Today, John Q. Public works on his car at his own home. Airplanes would've been viewed by colonists as aerial demons, but in contemporary society, people fly in them all the time.

Our friend's point was rational. If humankind progresses, intellectually and technologically, the average individual hundreds of years from now will have access to more knowledge than scientists, today, and therefore, be more intelligent.

It's imperative that humans continue to learn. Should we assume we know it all and, thereby, become stagnant, we run the risk of extinction. There's just too much threatening our existence that we don't understand. Should we educate ourselves, we have a chance of pullin' our asses outta the fire.

It's important to keep an open mind, but in the essential words of skeptics everywhere, "not so open that our brains fall out." Don't take anything at face value. Constantly question. Constantly learn.

What follows is a compilation of some of the more intriguing paranormal tales we've encountered in our Stateside travels.

"Are they real?" you ask.

Your guess is as good as ours. We've carefully investigated the topics, herein, providing you with the facts, as we've uncovered them. We're hopeful you'll conduct your own research into the proceeding material, so that the enigmas laid at your feet can be solved.

:)

Hugh Mungus

Fantasma Colorado (Arizona)

"The Devil killed her, I tell you! It was the Devil, himself!" the panicked woman shrieked.

The damsel in distress collapsed in her husband's arms as the man gazed outside at the mangled, female body. The front yard was bleached with blood. Blood and a pureed hand, or maybe it was part of a face. From this distance, it was difficult to tell. Massive hoofprints ringed the area around the cadaver. Thick, red strands of something, perhaps hair, littered the ground.

A second man, the slain woman's husband, rushed outside, collapsing to his knees and weeping over what was left of his dead spouse.

Inside the modest home, the rancher turned to his agonized wife. The woman gazed up, sensing her husband's skepticism. Her tear-stained face contorted. "I know you don't believe me, but the Devil was here! He visited our house, damnit!" the woman pointed to the crushed cadaver outside. "What else could have done that?!"

Miles away, seventy-two hours later, Lucifer made a second appearance, trampling the tent of two prospectors in the middle of the night. Escaping injury, the men scurried from their demolished shelter, as a monstrous beast galloped into the blackness. A search of the area turned up the same crimson fibers and enormous hoofprints that had been left behind in the wake of the first encounter.

Both tales spread across 1883 southeast Arizona faster

than Syphilis in a Wild West whore house. Folks began whispering of a malevolent entity; Fantasma Colorado, the Red Ghost, that was terrorizing the region. Could the mortified woman who witnessed the first attack be correct in her assessment? Had the Devil truly manifested itself in the flesh?

From his perch on the ridge, Cyrus Hamblin could see the beast clearly. Word of the infamous Red Ghost had reached local newspapers, and Cyrus was one of the unlucky few able to read in these parts. Now, staring down at an angry camel, the man wondered if this animal was the cause of all the commotion. Had this been an ordinary dromedary, he felt certain those who experienced its wrath would recognize it for the beast of burden it was. Here in the afternoon Sun, though, the animal's fur gleaming red like demon rage, the camel appeared anything but mundane.

Strapped to the brute's back was something bizarre. Something horrible. Squinting, Cyrus swore the object leashed atop the monster was a decomposing, human corpse.

A number of weeks later, the beast was again spotted. This time by prospectors anxious for target practice. Although not a single bullet from the rowdy group found pay dirt, the deafening reports of revolvers had caused the camel to sprint for its life. In the fracas, the head of the beast's disintegrating rider came loose, landing at the feet of the astonished men.

Simple deduction painted a portrait of a lost settler facing dehydration, strapping himself to the back of the camel in hopes the beast would find water before it was too late. As the dromedary is inherently an angry species, this

particular one probably became even more enraged having to carry a fetid carcass through blazing heat. Such being the case, perhaps the animal exacted revenge on anything human within its path.

Sightings of Fantasma Colorado dissipated until 1893 when a gentleman by the name of Mizoo Hastings would gun down a beast thought to be the nefarious Red Ghost. By this time, the monster had relieved itself of its pesky passenger and was traveling sans slain skeleton. However, rawhide straps believed to have once secured the corpse to the camel were still attached to the animal's back. Oddly enough, the leather bands were affixed in a way the passenger could have never fastened, himself.

Had the man atop the animal been alive when attached to the creature, sent off into the desert as capital

punishment? Was it more likely somebody possessing a maniacal sense of humor, a cadaver and a camel simply slung the body onto the beast to get a laugh? Perhaps we'll never know.

One thing is certain, though. Reports of camel sightings in Greenlee County, Arizona persist to the present day. Not indigenous to the region, these beasts were imported by the U.S. Army in the 1850s as a possible means of transportation. The program fell apart as the animals, although well suited for the terrain, were naturally irate.

Some claim the fabled Fantasma Colorado still gallops across the desert in the "Grand Canyon State." Should you care to take a look for yourself, Greenlee County, Arizona can be accessed via U.S. Route 70, U.S. Route 191, State Route 75 or State Route 78.

The Possessed Pioneer Saloon (Nevada)

Traveling north to Las Vegas, Nevada, along I-15, one rockets past a turn-off for the burg of Jean/Goodsprings. Most folks are driving at triple-digit speeds through this stretch in order to get drunk as hell at the Flamingo (the brainchild of murdered mob boss Ben "Bugsy" Siegel), or hook up with some outcall "pros" at any of the gambling meccas along the Strip. At one time, Jean did sport a couple casino/hotels, itself, but not much else. In fact, this vanishing hamlet is now home to only one gambling establishment, since the Nevada "Crash" Landing closed in April of 2007.

Should you take the exit for Jean/Goodsprings, you'll continue west down a road few traverse. This is the two-lane highway ninety-nine percent of Southern California

motorists pass, while pondering, "I wonder where the hell that shitty-lookin' road leads to."

Said "Intrepid Interstaters" need question no more. Seven miles down State Route 161, you'll run smack dab into the town of Goodsprings; pretty much a twenty-four hour bar known as the Pioneer Saloon. The place is packed! Bikers, "bluehairs," businessmen, drunks, limo drivers, tourists and "working girls" party their asses off at all hours of the day or night. Allegedly, less visible, ethereal guests frequent the Pioneer, as well.

This is the tavern in which Hollywood icon Clark Gable drank himself blind. Gable's wife, Carole Lombard, had recently gone missing after her plane crashed at nearby Mount Potosi. Search crews were unable to reach the actress' downed aircraft for days. As he awaited the

outcome of his wife's disappearance, Gable abused his liver, inadvertently burning holes in the bar top with cigarettes that would slip from his fingers, as he periodically passed out. Claims of Carole Lombard's spirit wandering the premises in order to console her distraught husband linger to this day. Indentations left by Gable's mishandled Marlboros along the cherry wood bar are still visible. But, Carole Lombard's entity isn't the only ghost said to haunt the Pioneer Saloon.

The full-body apparition of an aged prospector allegedly sits at the brass rail in the wee hours of the night, simply surveying its surroundings.

One spirit at the Pioneer who doesn't have the best of intentions is that of Paul Coski; a massive individual who loved booze more than life itself, and boasted the menacing

reputation of being able to beat up any two other men, simultaneously.

Supposedly, Coski was sent "six feet under" by a pair of bullets to his side when he was caught cheating at cards. The bar brawler's coroner report still hangs on a wall of the establishment, providing a piece of history, whilst simultaneously covering up the twin bullet holes created during the felling of the ornery man.

According to tale, Coski's spirit is seen from time to time in the darker regions of the saloon, bleeding from its side, and glaring down at unsuspecting clientele. Just as quickly as this imposing apparition is spotted, though, Mr. Coski's ethereal presence apparently vanishes before it can do any real harm.

A back room of the Pioneer Saloon houses a memorial to Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, as well as a showcase for the numerous Hollywood blockbusters filmed in this little slice of nowhere. Pics of Cheech 'n Chong poundin' beers at the bar, and publicity shots of Sandra Bullock in "Miss Congeniality II" line the walls.

The Pioneer Saloon is located in Clark County, Nevada, within the city limits of Goodsprings (population somewhere around two hundred). From Interstate 15, take exit 12 and head west approximately seven miles until you reach the rustic building on the right known as the Pioneer Saloon. You may feel as though you're in the middle of nowhere, but don't be surprised if a movie crew, paranormal investigator or famous spirit pulls up a barstool beside you and shares a beverage,...or twelve.

Wanna know more about the Pioneer Saloon, also coined "Nevada's oldest working tavern?" Visit their official website at: www.pioneersaloon.info and become a part of the incredible history.

Pioneer Saloon

310 West Spring Street

Goodsprings, Nevada 89019

702.874.9362

San Antonio's Haunted Tracks (Texas)

Shredding metal combined with the shrieking train whistle as the locomotive ripped through the school bus. The only sounds more horrifying were the screams of the children inside the vehicle meeting their respective demises. Those in the front of the big, yellow motor coach died instantly. Those in the rear weren't so fortunate, as the powerful train dragged what remained of the vehicle along the tracks for half a mile. Eventually, the bus would sever in two, dislodge and come to rest in a field. Inside, many, if not all occupants, including the driver, would be dead.

"Life is timing," I thought to myself. This was one instance; a bus filled with children, stalled on rarely used train tracks, of poor timing.

I envisioned the scene as I parked my car at the base of the incline, facing uphill. Thirty-feet before me were the very train tracks upon which the horrible accident had allegedly occurred. I stared into the night. A coyote howled.

Something large to my left rustled in the brush. With or without a busload of spirits and a "Gravity Hill," this was one scary place. The street names were those of people; according to legend, a tribute to the school kids who had lost their lives that fateful day. The whole scene was eerie. Why the hell was I out here?

I popped the trunk and rummaged for the baby powder. Was this another urban legend, or would it really work? The tale purports if you park your car at the bottom of this incline, face it uphill and release the brakes, the souls of the children who died in the bus wreck will push your vehicle to safety over the tracks.

Oh, yeah. The baby powder? Was I gonna shoot nine-ball at a local dive bar later and make some "beer money?" Was I a championship weight lifter, who just happened to stop in San Antonio to test out another urban legend before taking Olympic gold?

Survey says, "Neither of the above." As if our tale of terror hadn't intrigued folks enough to attempt piloting their cars uphill without power, this legend came with an eerie addendum. It's been reported that, should those putting the "rubber to the road" sprinkle talcum powder over the backs of their vehicles, they'll have a morbid surprise awaiting them once they've completed their supernatural experiment. Opening the baby powder container, liberally spreading the fine particles over the trunk of my car, I wondered, "Would child-sized handprints really appear along my automobile?"

Firmly grounded in this dimension, I also pondered if talc was harmful to an Earl Scheib ninety-nine dollar paint job.

Fuck it! I pulled the top off the receptacle and dumped the entire bottle of white stuff over my vintage, two-toned Chevette. All in the name of science, right? Parascience, that is. Throwing the empty container in the backseat, I hopped behind the wheel, released the break and got ready to roll...uphill.

It's a popular urban legend. A school bus crash, a gravity-defying hill, savior-like spirits who leave evidence behind in our dimension. The question is, are we talkin' reality, or is this a modern-day campfire story?

Gravity hills allegedly exist, nationwide. Most states lay claim to at least one. Some of the tales are tied to spirit

entities, while others supposedly result from planetary magnetics gone awry. Without doubt, San Antonio boasts one of the most popular versions of this saga.

We don't recommend you parking your car at the base of train tracks and risking a traffic accident. After all, we don't want future generations relating the story of your spirit pushing cars uphill. Still, the tales of these eerie spots are entertaining.

The San Antonio haunted tracks are located on Shane Road in San Antonio, Texas, in the southeastern portion of the city. When traveling on Interstate 410, take exit 42 and turn south onto Southton Road. From there, make your second right, which will be Shane Road. Three-quarters of a mile ahead, the fabled railroad tracks, which are still being used, await. Exhibit caution should you visit.

A Ghost Ship in the Salton Sea (California)

Ghost ships. The phrase evokes images of abandoned, rotting sea vessels floating ethereally upon frenzied waves. When envisioning a spectral sloop, one rarely pictures a landlocked cutter mysteriously appearing amongst sand dunes a hundred miles from the ocean. Yet, that's exactly the type of anomaly purportedly sailing the Salton Sea in the Colorado Desert of Southern California.

Now an inland body of water, the Salton was believed to have been, in the past, connected to the Pacific Ocean through a series of deltas. In fact, many conquistadors were convinced that California was actually an island.

According to tale, in the late 17th century, a Spanish

galleon carrying precious pearls, navigated the Salton Sea in search of an alternate route to the Pacific.

Due to lack of precipitation, the deltas upon which the ship entered this mysterious body of water simply vanished. The vessel became trapped within what is now the Continental U.S., cut off from the ocean. As a result, the crew ran the galleon aground, and ventured through the desert on foot. Although it's believed the sailors eventually reached a friendly settlement in Mexico, accounts of the men, from that point on, remain scarce.

It wasn't until 1775, approximately a hundred years later, that the abandoned ship, long since engulfed by swirling sand dunes, began inexplicably reappearing.

His name was Manquerna, and he traveled by night in

order to circumvent the blistering, daytime desert heat. His task was pure adventure, as he made a living scouting the fundamental charting of California. On one particular exploration, Manquerna was shocked to discover a massive Spanish sailing vessel embedded in the sands before him. The ship appeared not only a hundred years old, but also a hundred miles off course.

Upon boarding the galleon, Manquerna discovered it laden with pearls. Procuring what he could, the man disembarked and documented the location of the ship. Manquerna then hired a small band of soldiers to aid in his quest for the remaining riches. Unfortunately, shifting sands had hidden the location of the vessel. The galleon, and all its treasure, were once again lost below the dunes.

In 1870, "The Los Angeles Star" published a group of

articles regarding Charles Clusker; an adventurer hell-bent on uncovering the ship's whereabouts. According to the publications, Clusker, himself, forever vanished into the desert, during an ill-fated excursion to find the phantom galleon.

1878 produced a troupe of German prospectors who witnessed the vessel hovering through the wastelands. Intrigued, a member of the group set out after the vision, only to be discovered days later, dead from thirst deprivation and, oddly enough, completely nude.

Butcherknife Ike, a seasoned miner, claimed to have uncovered the three-master in 1905. Unfortunately, Ike's assertions were never verified, and the ship once again slipped through the collective grasp of treasure hunters.

The most conclusive evidence supporting the existence of a ghost ship in the Salton Sea came in 1915. It was during this year that a Native American sauntered into Yuma, Arizona, making several purchases, whilst paying for his acquisitions with handfuls of pearls. The man reported to have spent the previous evening in a partially buried sea vessel, filled with buckets of the precious gemstones. When offered several hundred dollars, should he divulge the whereabouts of the ship, the man took the cash, and spent the night in lavish accommodations. Craftily, he vanished into the desert before those seeking his services awoke the following morning.

Numerous treasure seekers over the decades have mounted expeditions in search of the famed Spanish galleon. To date, all have met with defeat. Shifting sands could attribute to the elusive nature of the ship, as the

desert easily reveals sizable objects, one day, only to hide them, the next.

Whether or not this meaty hunk of folklore harbors any truth, those relating the tale often add their own delicious spice, claiming that, over time, the ship has been bleached white by swirling sands. Thus, the galleon now glows in the fullness of the desert Moon, while the spirits of perished sailors walking its decks sing into the night.

Since the precise location of the ghost ship remains a mystery, your best bet for finding antiquated riches in the Southern California Desert would be to visit the Salton Sea. This inland body of water is located south of Interstate 10, in both Riverside and Imperial Counties, off either Highways 86 or 111. Bring plenty of water. It's friggin' hot out there, and the sea is far too salty from which to drink.

The Bridgewater Triangle (Massachusetts)

Known as Hotspots of High Strangeness, they're becoming more and more prevalent around the world.

What are they?

Most paranormal locations are renowned for a single type of supernatural anomaly. Haunted houses are inhabited by spirits. UFO flaps delineate locales rich with sightings of aerial anomalies. Cryptozoological regions are territories in which strange forms of wildlife are encountered.

Could it be possible, though, that environs exist in which all these enigmas, and more, are present?

Spend an extended period of time within the Bridgewater

Triangle, in southern Massachusetts, and the answer to that question may be a definitive, "Yes."

Similar to the Skinwalker Ranch in northeastern Utah, the Bridgewater Triangle is a domain in which not only one type of unexplained phenomenon has been recounted, but a variety of anomalies are allegedly experienced.

The Triangle encompasses two hundred square miles, designated at its points by the hamlets of Abington, Freetown and Rehoboth. It's no wonder the infamous Hockomock, or "Devil's Swamp," a marshy area known for its paranormal activity, resides at the heart of this region.

Over the years, the Triangle has been recognized for its black helicopter encounters, cattle mutilations, cryptozoological creatures, dirt circles, ghostly haunts,

man-beast confrontations, massive dog attacks, meteorological curiosities, poltergeist activity and UFO sightings.

The Bridgewater, like the Skinwalker Ranch, is theorized to be a possible portal between alternate dimensions. Reports of anomalous activity within the Triangle are nothing new. Inexplicable spacecraft have been witnessed above this region since the mid-1700s. To this day, spook lights are observed bounding down Elm Street in the town of Bridgewater, near the Rehoboth Cemetery and adjacent the Raynham Dog track. Home to numerous Native American burial sites, the Triangle is often considered blighted soil.

The hamlet of Freetown is said to be cursed by the Wampanoag tribe, from whom colonialists purchased the land in 1659. The Freetown-Fall River State Forest, in

particular, is noted for its violent history, which includes an abnormally high suicide rate, ritualistic animal sacrifice and Satanic-based homicides. To this day, local authorities continue to investigate mysterious cattle mutilations in the area. Freetown law enforcement also discovered a subterranean bunker within city limits, that housed numerous diminutive chairs, complete with restraints, surmised to have been intended for children.

Within the Bridgewater Triangle resides Dighton Rock; a forty ton, granite boulder initially located in the Taunton River. The slab has since been relocated to the Dighton Rock Museum, just north of Fall River. According to scholars, this enigmatic crag contains mysterious pre-Columbian inscriptions. The anomalous markings lining the eleven by four-and-a-half foot stone, and who made them, continue to baffle scientists. Since 1677, scholars have

unsuccessfully attempted to decode the rock's petroglyphs, which include carvings of "human heads and bodies, crosses, misshapen letters, broken lines, and other singular forms." The only thing experts seem certain of is that the Dighton Rock inscriptions span thousands of years in their making. What's more, some theorize a number of the markings on the artifact may be of extraterrestrial design.

Between the 1970s and '80s, Hockomock Swamp fell victim to a rash of encounters with a beast known as the "Hockomock Swamp Creature." The monster was apparently the Bridgewater Triangle's version of Bigfoot; a half-man, half-ape aberration, reaching immense physical proportions and covered in coarse hair. One witness asserted the creature in question was observed lifting the rear of a local police vehicle.

Men in Black; anthropomorphic individuals garbed in dark attire and sporting warped facial features, have also been encountered roaming the Triangle.

Pterodactyl-type beasts, with wingspans of eight to twelve feet, are periodically reported circling the skies above Hockomock Swamp. One such recounting was, in fact, logged by a local police sergeant.

The bizarre anomalies allegedly inherent to the Bridgewater Triangle far extend the limits of this chapter. Suffice it to say the two hundred square miles between the towns of Abington, Freetown and Rehoboth, Massachusetts, may be one of the most mysterious and unusual places on the planet.

A Donut-Eating Ghost? (New Mexico)

You're bound to stumble upon the Kimo Theater in Albuquerque, New Mexico, while investigating the haunts of Route 66. Opened in 1927, the same year "The Jazz Singer" (Hollywood's first sound movie) hit the Big Screen, the Kimo has featured stars the likes of Tom Mix, Ginger Rogers, Mickey Rooney and Vivian Vance ("Ethel" from the "I Love Lucy" show).

But you're here for the paranormal, aren't ya'? Without further hesitation, read on.

Back in the '50s, a young boy named Bobby Darnall was killed at the Kimo Theater, when a boiler exploded beneath the lobby where he was standing. Since the tragedy, the

child's entity has been seen playing along the stairwells of the venue's vestibule.

According to numerous actors and stage hands, Bobby's presence loves to perpetrate pranks on cast and crew, alike. Some of the boy's antics seriously interfere with an evening's performance; i.e. tripping thespians (not on LSD, either), toying with sound equipment and radically changing lighting schemes.

In order to appease Bobby, cast members began fastening donuts to a water pipe backstage. More often than not, the sugar-coated confections would completely vanish by the following morning. Any treats left behind were almost always found with mysterious, child-sized bite marks in them.

The Kimo Theater is located at 423 Central Avenue in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Give 'em a call at 505.768.3522. Take a self-guided tour throughout the venue, and be sure to bring a camera. The southwest architecture, complete with backlit steer skulls, is stunning, and you never know when Bobby may be feeling photogenic.

www.cabq.gov/kimo

The Curious Case of Stan Romanek (Colorado)

"I looked out the window and saw this bright light. It was zigzagging around. I went up to the pilot and asked him if he had ever seen anything like that. He was shocked and said he hadn't...It was a bright white light. We followed it to Bakersfield, and all of a sudden to our utter amazement it went straight up into the heavens. When I got off the plane I told Nancy about it."

-- then-Governor of California, and later-40th President
of the United States, Ronald Reagan

"It was a fairly steady light until it began to elongate. Then the light took off. It went up at a 45-degree angle, at a high rate of speed. The UFO went from a normal cruise speed to a fantastic speed instantly. If you give an airplane power, it will accelerate, but not like a hot-rod, and that's what this was like. The object definitely wasn't another airplane. But we didn't file a report on the object because for a long time they considered you a nut if you saw a UFO."

-- Governor Ronald Reagan's pilot, Bill Paynter, the night the aforementioned politician witnessed a UFO

The extraterrestrial peered through the window,
purposefully directing its gaze toward the camcorder lens.
Stan trembled as he watched the videotape replay.

"Could this really be happening?" the Denver native's mind
raced.

An alien peeking into his house wasn't typical evening
entertainment.

As Stan viewed the playback from his camcorder, the pitch
black eyes bulging from the diminutive face glanced from
right to left.

"How was any of this possible?" the Colorado homeowner
wondered. The window through which the creature had
been leering was on the second floor; seven feet off the

ground! Stan knew damned well there wasn't anything between the lawn outside and the sill. No scaffolding. No trellis. Nothing. No place for a being of this size, let alone an average human, from which to hoist itself up to the window.

This wasn't the first time Stan had captured the image of an extraterrestrial on camera, either. In fact, he had been playing a game of cat and mouse with not only anthropomorphic entities, but also Men in Black, mysterious balls of light, nefarious, unmarked helicopters, ominous phone voices and UFOs since 2000. This latest incident, although earth-shattering, was but a single event in a slew of inexplicable occurrences. Still, the regularity of these phenomena didn't make the four-foot tall alien staring back at him from the blackness outside, any less disconcerting.

After catching glimpses of the creature running off into the

night, Stan wondered how much more he could endure. It hadn't just been eyewitness experiences, after all. How could he forget the abductions? Surreal episodes from which he awoke to find himself locked outside his own home, sporting fresh wounds and the unexplainable bloody nose.

Stan recalled he didn't even believe in this stuff. After all, wasn't it only four years ago he was poking fun at those who expressed an interest in anything remotely paranormal? UFOs, especially those of otherworldly origin, were the brainchildren of delusional minds, weren't they? Through his video camera's viewfinder, Stan watched the recorded version of the creature duck below the window one last time. "Am I goin' fuckin' nuts?" the frazzled man wondered.

Whatever had been outside obviously hadn't come from

Earth. If not from this planet, though, it must have traveled from a location an almost incomprehensible distance away. "Why would something so highly advanced traverse vast expanses to look in my fuckin' window?" Stan pondered.

Little did Stan Romanek realize, but the footage he shot that evening would be a source of great ridicule from not only the UFO community, but skeptics, alike. In 2008, Stan would release his videographic evidence during a Denver media convention, and immediately face disparage from those who viewed it. What he believed was confirmation of exoplanetary life was reduced, in the minds of many, to nothing more than a hoax. Although Stan's raw video had been verified by expert analysts, from a post-production standpoint, as untampered with, there were those who failed to accept Romanek's assertions. One group went so far as to reproduce the scenario Stan encountered that

fateful night, using a mock-up alien and over-the-counter editing software.

Stan conceded it was possible some esoteric faction may have been playing tricks on him, but then the question became, "Who was this arcane force?" Moreover, "Why would anybody go to such great lengths to alter one ordinary man's life?" Again, none of it made sense.

Stan Romanek was born in Denver, Colorado, December of 1962. Being the son of an Air Force officer, Stan and his family moved throughout the Midwest on a constant basis, relocating to strategically advantageous locales, such as Minuteman missile installations. To this very day, Stan remains unaware of the capacity to which his father was employed by the government. From early on, Dad's secrets remained obscure.

When Stan was only four years old, and living in Northwood, Colorado, he recalled his older brother Jimmy witnessing an enigmatic craft hovering over the town's water tower. Jimmy related his experience to his mother, who responded with disbelief. It wasn't until Stan's father returned from work that night, asserting he, too, had observed an aerial anomaly that day, that Stan's mother listened more intently.

Still, the incident hadn't involved Stan and, as a result, he'd forgotten it for some time. Oddly enough, Romanek even failed to recall several childhood episodes in which he was visited by a woman with uncommonly large eyes, who spoke to him without opening her mouth. What's more, this bizarre, fleeting acquaintance claimed Stan was somehow "special," intimating he was part of something more than merely human.

It hadn't been until 2000 that Stan Romanek began experiencing the paranormal once more. Shortly after the dawn of the new millennium, Stan found himself attempting to videotape the majestic scenery of Colorado's Red Rocks Park, only to discover he was being watched by the most peculiar, airborne object he had witnessed, to date. An alloy craft, comprised of numerous spheres rotating in a counter-clockwise motion, was keeping pace with his van. As Romanek attempted to photograph the conundrum, the vessel suddenly vanished into the heavens, resulting in a small sonic boom.

As with numerous encounters Stan has allegedly been privy to over the years, he wasn't the sole witness to this event. In fact, other observers in the park that day attested to having seen the same craft. Even more bizarre were the

twin F-16s that appeared out of nowhere, racing after the enigmatic vessel.

It was about this time Stan professed to hearing strange, audible clicks when speaking on his home phone.

Perturbed, Romanek called his telecommunications company, who subsequently discovered a bugging device on the line in question.

Shortly, thereafter, whilst waiting in line at a restaurant, Stan found himself approached by a gaunt individual in business attire, who whispered in passing, "It's not over yet."

As if these events weren't disturbing enough, electronic devices would inexplicably fail when in Stan's presence.

Within a year, he went through nearly ten home computers, as the machines would short out not long after he'd unpack

them. Street lights quit whenever Stan was near, and touch lamps would continually turn off and on in response to his close proximity. Most troubling, though, was the way birds were suddenly attracted to Stan. The effect escalated to detrimental proportions, when literally dozens of fowl flew into the windshield of Romanek's van one day in an apparent, mass suicide.

UFOs began targeting Stan in the most innocuous of places. The enigmatic craft would often engage in a sort of hide-and-seek with Romanek.

Such was the case on a return road trip from Pennsylvania that found Stan, his then-girlfriend Lisa and their friend Mark traveling back to Colorado. The entourage were followed by an inexplicable, airborne craft that hid itself strategically behind clouds whenever the group attempted to

photograph it. Only after repeated efforts, were Stan and his companions able to capture this massive, metallic disc on camera.

As if multiple sightings weren't enough, on the evening of September 20, 2001, Stan would allegedly be the target of an extraterrestrial abduction. After he and others witnessed a thirty foot, crimson globule above his place of work, Stan headed for the shelter of his home. Little did he know, he'd soon encounter three diminutive, anthropomorphic creatures on his apartment's front stoop. Although the physical attributes of these beings were almost human, enormous eyes and nearly non-existent mouths forewarned Stan he was face-to-face with a species not of this Earth. What's more, Romanek would be unable to overpower the creatures, who clearly had intentions of seizing him.

From that point on, Stan recalls awakening in bed, lamenting over the most bizarre, yet vague, dream he's ever had. Distinct divots in his back, and torn skin on his wrists, seemed to support Stan's belief that something nefarious occurred the previous evening. Even so, details of what transpired during the night, eluded Romanek.

Intrigued by Stan's assertions, Fox News interviewed the Denver resident. For some unbeknownst reason, the segment didn't air until eight months later. At the moment the program was scheduled to broadcast, a monumental blackout occurred, affecting twenty thousand local residences. Even more suspicious was the fact that electricity was restored exactly one hour later, precisely when Stan's interview ended. It was as though some inconspicuous human element was involved with the anomalies Stan was encountering.

And then came the shocking revelation. A hypnotic regression revealed the details of Stan's abduction.

Romanek remembered a luminescent room in which he found himself adhered to a wall by some invisible force.

Stan took note of his environment, which was apparently constructed for creatures smaller than humans. Even more curious was that Romanek couldn't recall seeing a single sharp edge anywhere around him.

The same anthropomorphic creatures who had initially approached Stan on his balcony, now came into view. As if telepathically, a tranquil voice within his head informed the terrified man he needed to collect his wits. Subsequently, an ordeal ensued in which Stan felt his captives remove several hunks of flesh from his lower back. After being rendered unconscious, Romanek recalled awakening in the

center of the room, whilst the apparent female of the group cleansed his wounds with some form of liquid.

Stan began a telepathic discourse with his apparently sympathetic captor, inquiring as to where the creatures originated from, and what their intentions were. The being answered Romanek's queries with cryptic symbols.

Eventually, she commandeered the conversation, revealing to the frightened man that, "Something significant is about to happen." With that, the creature stared intently into Stan's eyes, and his thoughts were inundated by visions of great catastrophes to humanity. The images were so intense, they caused Stan's knees to buckle, as he collapsed to the floor.

The frazzled man's obvious response was, "Is this what's going to happen? Is this what you're showing me?"

Initially, the creature failed to answer, but Stan would later be informed by those temporarily incarcerating him that the cataclysmic events were possible outcomes for humankind, should the current situation on Earth continue.

It was during Stan's initial regression that he began drawing what later became an extensive series of mathematical equations, the likes of which could only be understood by highly educated astronomers, cosmologists, mathematicians and physicists. These formulas were always conceived while Stan was either hypnotized, with his eyes closed, or asleep, in complete darkness.

Romanek's enigmatic representations were determined to be complicated physics regarding planetary alignments, space travel and wormholes. Stan's nocturnal scribbles also yielded reproductions of the Drake Equation (used to ascertain the number of species within our galaxy that could

possibly possess advanced intellects), and a mysterious, theoretical substance known as Element 115. The fact that Stan possessed a sixth grade proficiency in mathematics made his cryptic formulas that much more astounding.

Romanek's inexplicable experiences didn't end there, though. Spook lights, in the form of red orbs, followed Stan and his family wherever they went. These crimson balls of luminescence apparently possessed advanced intelligence, as well as the ability to traverse solid walls. Whilst usually benign, these conundrums were also known to destroy electronics, searing through both plastic and metal.

And through it all, that inauspicious, human element continued, as if someone possessed a keen knowledge of what was going on. In June, 2002, Stan's wife Lisa was the

recipient of a disturbing, anonymous E-mail. The electronic correspondence read, verbatim:

"This is regarding Stan Romanek. I understand this might be a little hard for you to accept but it's all real. As you know by now this UFO case is very important, but what you don't know is how important! It seems that the people upstairs are making a statement and Mr. Romanek is the conduit. I, for one, would like to see this happen. But there are those in the organization I work for who do not. In fact, the reason for this contact is so that you know that Stan is in danger! I have tried to contact Mr. Romanek, but Stan is stubborn, and I am sure he believes these warnings to be a hoax.

Unfortunately, time is running out. It has taken a lot of work, but I have managed to keep your location out of the picture...I have contacted others in MUFON {Mutual UFO

Network} who have been working closely with Stan. I hope you don't take this lightly; there is a lot at stake here!"

Periods of intense activity were often followed by lulls in the anomalous action, leading Stan to believe things might return to normal. Unfortunately, such was not the case. A rudimentary crop circle, perhaps the residual of an enigmatic craft, was found on the Romanek's lawn, following another of Stan's alleged abductions.

On more than one occasion, when some of the family's digital, point-and-shoot cameras went missing, they reappeared with mysterious photographs on them of classic gray aliens. The pictures seemed to suggest the extraterrestrials photographed had been fumbling with the devices, inadvertently opening the lenses, and accidentally taking pictures of themselves.

After hearing unexplained sounds on their outdoor deck, Romanek and his wife ventured into the backyard, only to discover their lawn furniture scattered about the property. Such would be the case for two consecutive evenings, until the chairs in question inexplicably ended up in a concise configuration on the roof. Resultant of these incidents, Stan took a number of random photos into the blackness engulfing his yard. His efforts were rewarded, when he examined the pictures and discovered the face of a typical gray alien peering back at him from between the deck's railing slats. Although Romanek hadn't recognized the enigmatic presence as he was taking the photographs, the creature appeared to have been mere feet away from him in the darkness.

Any recapitulation of Stan's ongoing occurrences would be remiss without mention of Audrey; a foreboding, electronic

voice who made her presence known via telephone. On July 25, 2004, Clay Roberts, one of Romanek's friends, found the following message on his voice mail, spoken in the computerized tone of a British female:

"Hello, Clay. I apologize for being so forward. It did not take us long to get your phone number. Our surveillance is mostly for passive monitoring, but it does come in handy. I cannot tell you who I am for safety reasons, but I can tell you that your perceptions of Stan Romanek and his experiences are real. And yes, there is a connection with Stan's family and the military, but it is anyone's guess what the visitors do with Stan. What is important is why they chose him. As you have probably noticed, Stan is slightly different. The way he thinks...the way he perceives the world seems to be a little more advanced than usual. His nonverbal communication and abstract thinking skills are off the map. So yes, he is

slightly different. The interesting thing is that Stan has no idea who he really is. We believe the visitors are going to make a statement and it will be interesting to see what part Stan will have as this unfolds. There are a few of us in high positions that are tired of the lies. We look to the day when everything will be revealed, knowing it will be enlightening for all, but there are those in specific agencies that would disagree, and for many reasons, most of which has to do with ego and power, and they are getting aggressive because they are scared of the inevitable...If anything 'funny' were to happen, it would look suspicious...and they do not want to draw attention to themselves...Stan is doing all the right things, but he needs support. Stay focused on your goal, but keep an eye out without overly exciting Stan and Lisa. They have a lot to deal with as it is. This has taken a great deal of effort, contacting you, so please watch what you say and who you say it to. The immediate people

involved in this case are okay. But some of Stan and Lisa's friends are not who they seem."

To this day, Stan, Lisa and Clay purport to being baffled by the origin of the correspondence, although they have determined the voice, itself, was produced via a retail computer program, known as Audrey. Hence, the endearing moniker.

To properly encompass the ongoing, anomalous activity Stan professes to encounter (yes, Romanek's experiences continue to this very day) would require an entire book. Fortunately, such a publication exists. Should the sampling of what we've presented here be of interest, get your grubby, little hands on a copy of Messages: The World's Most Documented Extraterrestrial Story, by Stan, himself. Said book does far more justice to the material than

we ever could. After all, Mr. Romanek has purportedly lived through the preceding, whereas we've simply done our best to relate relevant aspects of it.

Via www.youtube.com, view some of the alleged extraterrestrial and UFO footage Stan has shot, himself. Watch Mr. Romanek's "20/20" interviews, or analyze his appearance on "Larry King Live," and draw your own conclusions.

Valid or not, the above book is a fascinating "read." It's closing message seems quite pertinent. In the words of Bill Maher, via "Religulous," "It's simple. Grow up, or die." It's obviously time humanity developed cohesion within itself. To continue otherwise, would court assured disaster.

The Hornet Spook Light (Missouri)

What exactly is a "spook light?"

If we had the answer to that question, we'd be rich and dating supermodels. As far as we're aware, nobody knows what spook lights are, or what causes them.

A number of anomalous illuminations can be attributed to reflections, car headlights, atmospheric or geologic disturbances and even swamp gas. But what of those curious, radiant enigmas we can't explain?

This same query has been posed for over a century in regard to the Hornet Spook Light; a paranormal irregularity seen nightly from the diminutive community of Hornet, Missouri. For more than a hundred years, a

multi-colored sphere has been witnessed after sunset traversing east to west along an unpaved, four-mile road near Quapaw, Oklahoma. Since this strange light is most often viewed from either the hamlets of Hornet or Joplin, Missouri, the monikers Hornet or Joplin Spook Light have been attached to the aberration.

Native Americans traveling the area as early as 1836 watched in amazement as this bizarre illumination bounded through the rural region. The first written record of the enigma came in an 1881 publication known as the "Ozark Spook Light."

The light, itself, is said to be comparable in size to somewhere between a baseball and basketball. The radiance is often seen floating and spinning, at times with tremendous velocity, over a dirt road known as the

"Devil's Promenade." Some claim to have witnessed the Hornet Spook Light well above tree level, swaying back-and-forth, akin to a lantern being toted by an unseen force.

Purportedly, the most opportune time to witness this abnormality is between 10:00 P.M. and midnight.

Thus far, the cause of the spook light eludes investigators. Even the Army Corps of Engineers seems puzzled by this radiant enigma.

To explain away the Hornet Spook Light as mere car headlights would be contradictory, since the anomaly was witnessed prior to the mid-1800s, long before such inventions existed. The theory that the spook light may be rising swamp gas seems valid until one considers the illumination in question, unlike gas, isn't influenced by rain

or wind. Furthermore, the radiance produced from the Hornet Spook Light is abnormally intense, suggestive of a type not naturally occurring.

Speculation that natural, atmospheric discharge may be at the source of the mysterious light seems quite possible. Below the surface of the Earth, massive plates of rock are constantly shifting due to a process known as plate tectonics. According to theory, at the intersections where these slabs meet, electrical sparks can be emitted. These areas of connectivity are known as fault lines; regions often associated with earthquake activity. A zone inclusive of the Devil's Promenade, reaching from Missouri to Oklahoma, was rocked by four, known earthquakes during the 1700s and, thus, may be a region in which active plate tectonics occurs.

Frequency and "playful" mannerisms sets the Hornet Spook Light apart from other unexplained illuminations.

What do we mean by "playful?"

How about a light that reportedly appears inside moving vehicles? A light some claim produces heat as it floats by those walking the road. Certain witnesses profess to having watched the Hornet Spook Light race alongside cars, or stop and hover mere feet in front of bystanders.

The radiant peculiarity has spawned a mass of ghostly explanations. Some feel the light is the spirit of a beheaded, Native American chief who perennially hunts for his missing skull, lantern in hand, down the Devil's Promenade. Others spin the yarn of a miner whose family was kidnapped by Indians whilst he was away. Accordingly, the prospector,

toting a handheld torch, searches eternally for his lost wife and children.

Devil's Promenade and the famed spook light, therein, is located twelve miles southwest of Joplin, Missouri. From the city of Joplin, travel west on Interstate 44. Just prior to crossing the border into Oklahoma, exit onto Star Route 43 and head south four miles. At this point, you'll reach a crossroads, aptly named Devil's Promenade.

Be sure to bring a camera, some friends and a sense of adventure.

Oatman and Its Haunted Hotel (Arizona)

A stop along Route 66 funkier than an acid trip in an amusement park filled with psychotic clowns, is Oatman, Arizona.

This quaint burg is home to roughly a hundred residents. Located amongst forgotten desert ridges, Oatman found life as a tent city for local miners during the early 1900s. Accommodations in these parts were scarce until 1902, when the Drulin Hotel (eventually renamed the Oatman) was constructed. Boasting eight rooms in which prospectors sought shelter from the elements, the venue became popular in 1915 when a pair of gold hunters discovered a ten million dollar vein in the area.

As with most Wild West towns, construction comprised

entirely of wood makes for a great bonfire, and Oatman went up in flames three separate times. Vital life's blood, however, would be pumped through the hamlet's arteries in the form of Route 66 which, upon completion, careened travelers on a straight shot past Oatman.

Today, the burg is filled with tourist shops, the allegedly haunted Oatman Hotel and roaming burros. At night, a pack of perhaps fifty donkeys retire to the surrounding hills. During the day, these playful pack mules saunter into town, greeting carrot-wielding tourists wandering the municipality's major thoroughfare. Most stores lining Main Street sell the above-referenced, phallic-shaped veggies to feed the local ass population.

The interior walls of the bar at the Oatman Hotel are lined with one-dollar bills, permanently placed by the venue's

clientele over the course of decades. As such, the estimated value of the saloon's wallpaper is roughly sixty thousand greenbacks.

The trend began when prospectors would saunter into the waterin' hole, call for some much-needed hooch, pay for their beverages and affix a dollar bill to the wall as pre-payment for libations the next time they came to town. Man, if only booze was that cheap now, we'd be drunk all the time, as opposed to the ten hours of sobriety we strive for, per week.

The Wild West was a big place, not easily traversed on horseback, so a number of these thirsty travelers were one-time customers. Thus, the mass of dollars accumulated, until it became trendy for anybody entering the venue to slap their hard-earned cash against the sheetrock.

The Oatman Hotel is also where Clark Gable and Carole Lombard spent their wedding night, after "tying the knot" in nearby Kingman. Legend has it, ol' Clark loved to gamble, and sought solitude when not sweeping Hollywood starlets off their feet. The "Tinseltown" icon often vacationed in Oatman, trying his luck at several of the hamlet's now-defunct poker tables.

Purportedly, both Gable and Lombard's spirits have been seen, and photographed, wandering the Gable/Lombard Honeymoon Suite. Allegedly, the ethereal presences of these former celebrities appear very much in love. Disembodied laughter and whispers emanating from the couples' fabled room are reported to this day.

The spirit of "Oatie," a miner who drank himself to death behind the saloon, also reportedly continues to haunt the

Oatman Hotel. A native of Ireland, Oatie traveled to America seeking fortune. His journey across the Atlantic was successful. Unfortunately, the same can't be said for that of his family's, who died on their way to the States. Distraught, Oatie "hit the bottle" with a vengeance, and the rest is history.

Oatie's visitations are harmless and prankish. From time-to-time, the lingering Irishman's spirit can be heard playing bagpipes about the hotel. This good-natured apparition is claimed to open and close the lone window of his former residence and sometimes yank the covers off his bed.

The Oatman Hotel is located at 181 Main Street in Oatman, Arizona, on the left hand side of the thoroughfare when entering via Route 66. The streets in Oatman roll up at dusk, so plan your trip to the community during daylight

hours. Should you be traveling from Kingman, prepare for a winding ride at a "snail's pace" through a scenic portion of the "Mother Road."

From Interstate 40, take exit 44 and keep your eyes peeled for signs to Oatman. At this point, you'll have about twenty-three miles of pavement in front of ya'. From California, Oatman is approximately thirty miles east of Needles. Vehicles sporting extended wheelbases; a.k.a. motor homes, RVs, etc, should take heed, as switchbacks along Route 66 are common. If traveling in an oversized automobile, access Oatman via Highway 95 from Interstate 40, traversing the Topock exit at the border of Arizona/California.

Although the Oatman Hotel no longer takes borders, the bar

downstairs, a definite tourist hotspot, continues to remain open.

928.768.4408

A Black Mailbox on the E.T. Highway (Nevada)

"I'm a pilot and I know just about every machine that flies. It was bigger than anything that I've ever seen. It remains a great mystery. Other people saw it, responsible people. I don't know why people would ridicule it."

-- former Arizona Governor,

Fife Symington III

"It was enormous and inexplicable.

Who knows where it came from?

A lot of people saw it, and I saw it too. It was dramatic. And it couldn't have been flares because it was too symmetrical. It had a geometric outline, a constant shape."

-- former Arizona Governor,

Fife Symington III

What do dead, bloated cows, a lack of radio stations, the longest runway on the planet and an absence of telephone poles have in common?

These seemingly disparate elements can all be found, quite readily, near, or at Area 51; perhaps the most top-secret military facility in the world.

Actually, during our travels to neighboring Rachel, Nevada, we learned the pair of deceased, turgid bovine we passed in the middle of the highway wasn't an every day occurrence. We were informed, however, the unfortunate scenario has happened before, and tends to involve unsuspecting cows, an eighteen-wheeler and its groggy operator.

Lest we forget the ubiquitous "cattle crossing" signs. These

bastards are everywhere. You wanna talk "free range?"

This region epitomizes the term.

And how about a possible high-speed chase emanating from Area 51, involving a red Hummer and a large, white Bronco? We still have yet to mention the photo we shot of an anomalous, aerial craft during our desert sojourn. And let's not overlook the three mini-tornadoes we witnessed simultaneously skipping across arid caliche.

For a place in the middle of nowhere, seemingly devoid of human existence, there sure as shit is a hell of a lot goin' on near "Dreamland;" a.k.a. Area 51.

Inclusive on one's itinerary of places to visit for serious Groom Lake (another sobriquet for this clandestine base) explorers is the infamous "black mailbox." Now beige, this

private postal drop demarcates a spot where UFO hunters, at one point in time, gathered nightly, searching the skies over Area 51 for anomalous activity. Located on Highway 375 (state-named the "Extraterrestrial Highway"), between mile markers 29 and 30, the original mailbox was supplanted with a more contemporary version for practical reasons.

Contrary to common misconception, the aforementioned letter receptacle is not the property of Area 51, but rather belongs to one Steve Medlin; a local rancher owning the sole farmstead in Tikaboo Valley. Prior to changing out the old mailbox for the new, our herdsman friend, on more than one occasion, discovered tourists rifling through his mail, hunting for top-secret documents. Allegedly, the poor dude's letters and packages would often come delivered sporting fresh bullet holes. The latest version of the

renowned mailbox is bulletproof, complete with a lock to deter curious "researchers." The original black mailbox was auctioned off for a thousand greenbacks in '96 to a UFO fanatic.

The dirt thoroughfare leading south from the well-known landmark is aptly named "Mailbox Road," and intersects after five miles with Groom Lake Road, which leads to the fabled base.

Area 51, itself, was the renowned testing facility for the U-2 spy plane, the SR-71 Blackbird, the F-117A Stealth Fighter, the Bird of Prey and who knows what the fuck else.

Numerous conspiracy theorists surmise the government has also been developing a top-secret aircraft at the base able to reach speeds faster than Mach 5 (five times the speed of sound), known as the Aurora, or SR-91.

According to tale, the skies above Area 51 were so filled with inexplicable aircraft during the late '80s and early '90s, that UFO hunters were able to view spectacular atmospheric shows, nightly, from the vantage point of the black mailbox.

This region became particularly popular after Robert "Bob" Lazar, a purported physicist, claimed to have been contracted out by Area 51 to reverse engineer extraterrestrial spacecraft. According to Lazar, he had not only seen alien vehicles during his stint at S-4 (an affiliated site, contiguous to Area 51), but had also witnessed one of these vessels in flight. In addition, Robert attested to encountering what he perceived to be an extraterrestrial entity at the above base. Whether or not Bob's claims are valid is still a hot topic amongst ufologists. That being said,

Lazar's allegations drew UFO hunters to the black mailbox like Oprah to Twinkies.

The level land around the postal drop is a good spot for skywatching. During summer months, especially on weekends, one may still encounter fellow UFO seekers there, scanning the heavens after dark.

Should you tire of losing your life savings on progressive slots, and hanker to witness unidentified flying objects, point your car north onto Interstate 15, from "Sin City." Veer left on Highway 93, and continue north until you hit Highway 375. From there, travel northwest.

Skip those two-for-one margaritas on the Strip because you've got a hundred and twenty miles of desolate asphalt ahead of you prior to reaching the black mailbox. Keep an

eye out for free-roaming cattle, as the aforementioned livestock may outweigh your car, and can often be found lazily crossing the two-laner stretching before your humming example of "Detroit steel."

The Needles, California UFO Crash of 2008 (California)

"I have seen three objects in the last seven years which defied any explanation of known phenomenon, such as Venus, atmospheric optics, meteors or planes. I am a professional, highly skilled astronomer...I think that several reputable scientists are being unscientific in refusing to entertain the possibility of extraterrestrial origin and nature."

-- astronomer who discovered the now-dwarf planet Pluto, Dr. Clyde W. Tombaugh

"We have contact with alien cultures."

-- former NASA astronaut,

Dr. Brian O'Leary

May 14th, 2008. The small hours before dawn brought a mystery to the tiny town of Needles, California, that continues unraveling to this very day.

Witnesses claim, on this date, something inexplicable crashed to Earth slightly west of the Colorado River; an object which may have left tangible proof of its arrival. In fact, numerous ufologists believe physical evidence of the wreck in question could still remain at an undetermined spot amongst the harsh terrain of this region.

Frank Costigan, ex-chief of security for LAX Airport, and now-resident of nearby Bullhead City, Arizona, professes to having observed the crash around 3 A.M. According to Costigan, whatever the anomaly was, it emitted enough light to illuminate the sky. Racing from northeast to southwest, the velocity of the object diminished prior to

speeding up again, as if under intelligent control. Moments later, Costigan lost sight of the enigma behind a crop of hills. Frank awaited the audible report one would expect to accompany something massive, out of control and Earthbound. Instead, claims the ex-police officer, whatever hit the planet that night made no noise in doing so.

David Hayes, owner/operator of local radio station KTOX, would be traveling to work mere hours later. Along his trek, Hayes caught sight of a procession of dark, ominous vehicles speeding into the nearby desert. Armed with military license plates, the convoy in question seemed to be a sort of surveillance transport. Having the misfortune of making eye contact with a driver in the formation, Hayes asserts one of the mysterious vehicles in question would later park itself outside KTOX, as though its occupants were monitoring the station's owner.

A separate witness to the anomalous crash reported observing the fiery enigma come to Earth approximately one hundred yards west of the river. At first, the onlooker believed whatever struck the planet was perhaps a plane, although he could find no explanation for the lack of audible reverberation resultant of the incident. While attempting to call 911, the eyewitness viewed a fleet of black helicopters arriving on scene no more than twenty minutes after the occurrence. Amongst the vehicles was a Skycrane, which lifted a radiating, oval-shaped object from the ground and flew off in the direction of Las Vegas, Nevada. According to the observer, the anomaly, itself, was roughly the size of an eighteen-wheeled truck trailer.

The mystery thickened when KTOX radio received a phone call from a colleague in Laughlin, Nevada, asserting the aforementioned gambling town's local airport had been

overrun by Janet planes on the evening of the alleged wreck. Janet aircraft are unmarked vehicles which transport Area 51 employees to and from the infamous secret base in the "Silver State."

Shortly after the incident, the foreboding, black suburbans witnessed about Needles vanished as quickly as they'd arrived. Whatever fell from the sky also disappeared, although perhaps not without a trace.

Frank Costigan believes an object the size of a semi trailer, traveling at high velocity, should have left physical evidence upon impact. Perhaps burn marks or debris remain in the aftermath of the wreck. Since the region is far from easily traversable, it may take a team of dedicated researchers to uncover latent proof.

Game for an adventure? If so, head out to Needles, California and see what you can dig up. Be certain to arrive prepared. The area in which the mysterious, Earthbound craft came to rest is overgrown with indigenous scrub, making exploration arduous.

Part of San Bernardino County, Needles is located in southeastern California, abutting the state of Arizona. Access the small town via Interstate 40 or Highway 95. Route 66 also careens through the heart of the hamlet.

The Dreamy Draw UFO Crash (Arizona)

"I think it's time to open the books...
on the question of government
investigations of UFOs. It's time to
find out what the truth really is that's
out there. We ought to do it, really,
because it's right. We ought to do it
because the American people, quite
frankly, can handle the truth. And we
ought to do it because it's the law."

-- former White House Chief
of Staff, John Podesta

"There is a serious possibility that we are being visited, and have been visited for many years, by people from outer space; from other civilizations."

-- former Chief of Defense Staff for the UK, and former head of NATO's military committee, Admiral Lord Hill-Norton

Most folks are aware of the legendary tale birthed outside Roswell, New Mexico, July 7, 1947.

How is it, then, so little is known of a reported extraterrestrial spacecraft accident a mere three months later? An incident yielding defunct alien bodies and another intimate look at exoplanetary technology.

October, 1947. Southern Arizona. Above an area currently known as the Dreamy Draw Dam, a craft of otherworldly origin allegedly hurtled Earthward to a violent death along a sand-strewn mesa. Although specifics vary regarding the crash, most accounts assert the aforementioned vessel came to rest at the base Squaw Peak mountain, adjacent downtown Phoenix.

A pair of dead alien beings, respectively four-and-a-half-

feet tall, were supposedly retrieved from the downed vehicle by a local individual, who ended up storing the mysterious corpses in his home freezer. Shortly, thereafter, a horde of Men in Black descended upon the scene, confiscating the bodies and whisking them away into the night.

According to legend, the spacecraft, itself, was concealed beneath an urban sprawl now known as the Dreamy Draw Dam. Already in possession of an alien craft from Roswell, the Army Corps of Engineers simply built an infrastructure over the ruined space vessel, in order to hide their discovery.

Numerous locals claim the dam serves no practical purpose, as the region never accumulates enough precipitation to warrant the need for a levee. Maps

delineating the dam's location are few and far between.

Should one happen upon the structure, don't expect to find any demarcations denoting the word "dam," because there aren't any. The fact that the area in question is surrounded by "No Trespassing" signs, forewarning of heavy fines and incarceration to those opposing their cautionary notice, only adds fuel to the fire of the legacy.

Information regarding the alleged events at the Dreamy Draw Dam in 1947 is more difficult to come by than a blowjob administered with a mouthful of Scotch Bonnet peppers.

Stockpile all this onto the reality that the Dreamy Draw Dam is located just south of Highway 51, and you've got yourself a modern-day mystery.

High Strangeness at the Skinwalker Ranch (Utah)

Two hundred pounds. Two hundred godforsaken pounds!

That's how much the wolf approaching Tom Gorman must have weighed!

"What wolf weighs two hundred pounds?!" the rancher's mind raced. "They just don't get that big." Tom knew it. So did his family. And yet, before the Gormans stood a beast that, on all fours, was chest-high to a six-foot tall man. Even more bizarre? The wolf, if that's what it was, seemed completely tame.

Ed, Tom's father, extended a quivering hand, petting the rain-slicked fur of the monstrous beast, while the animal eyed the Gorman family. Abruptly, the massive creature

raced for a nearby corral, ensnaring the head of one of Tom's prized Angus calves between its jaws. With powerful force, the enormous predator worked its squealing captive partially through the bars of the enclosure.

Tom raced forward, kicking the beast, while Ed unloaded a series of home run blasts via a Louisville Slugger upon the abomination. Tad, Tom's son, yanked a Magnum pistol from the family truck and tossed it to his father. Without hesitation, Tom fired three slugs into the bloodthirsty animal. The wolf seemed unfazed, yet relinquished its death grip on the calf.

Tom squeezed the trigger a fourth time, placing a round in the monstrosity's heart. The first shot, alone, should have killed the creature, much less the following three bullets. Yet, the anomaly sat peacefully, gazing back at the rancher.

Wounds across the beast's hulking frame, much less signs of blood, were nonexistent. Tad handed Tom his .30-06; a rifle that can slay elk. The cattleman pumped another two rounds into the wolf. A hunk of shoulder flesh and fur ripped free from the animal. The creature merely stared back at his attacker. A moment later, the beast turned and trotted away.

Tom and Tad raced after the anomaly, which accelerated quickly, escaping behind a grove of Russian Olive trees. Losing sight of the speedy animal, the father-son pair were able to follow the beast's trail to a clearing twenty-five yards from a nearby river. It was there the animal's tracks simply vanished, as did the wolf, itself.

This isn't a work of fiction, but rather one of numerous accounts experienced by the Gorman family on an isolated ranch, known as the Skinwalker, in northeastern Utah.

For the Gormans, this wasn't the last encounter with the wolves, either. Ellen Gorman, Tom's wife, would be visited by another member of the oversized pack, this one a good head taller than her Chevy Chevette. In fact, the beast was so large it needed to lean down in order to peer through the driver's side window at Ellen, as she slowly entered the outskirts of her ranch property.

But the wolves were only the beginning. Over a period of eighteen months, the Gorman family witnessed a deluge of the paranormal; including cattle mutilations, dimensional portals, ethereal beast encounters, poltergeist activity, spook lights, threatening aircraft of unknown origin, UFO sightings and vanishing livestock. The anomalous events were to become so frequent and jeopardizing, the Gormans would eventually move from their property, fleeing for their lives.

It was 1994, and Tom Gorman had just purchased four hundred and eighty acres of homestead in the "Beehive State." Tom was hopeful the transition from small town New Mexico would be a positive one for him and his clan. A more wholesome existence; herding prized cattle in God's country, should be just what the Gormans needed. Little did Tom know he was relocating his family to perhaps the most renowned anomalous hotspot on the planet. It was soon theorized this tucked away region of Utah may be a rift between dimensions; a type of portal through which all sorts of enigmas found foothold. To the Gormans, however, the ranch became a nightmare. By 1996, the family was ready to sell the place for a song, as had the owners before them.

Navajo tribal hierarchy includes an individual known as the medicine man, highly renowned for his knowledge of positive healing. According to legend, an evil counterpart,

called the Skinwalker, also holds place within Navajo tradition. Pure malevolence, with strong ties to the underworld, the Skinwalker is the antithesis of the medicine man. A familiar trait of this immoral half-man, half-spirit is its ability to transform into any animal. Hence, its name.

Whether or not the folklore of such a creature is true, the rash of unexplainable activity on the Skinwalker Ranch is difficult to deny. Equally mysterious is the fact that local Native Americans refuse to set foot on the homestead, for fear of negative reprisals from unknown forces.

Trouble began for the Gormans almost immediately after moving to the Skinwalker. Ellen Gorman questioned her own sanity, as she would set cooking utensils down in the kitchen of her new home, step outside for a breath of fresh air, and return to find the items missing. Equally

disconcerting was discovering the implements somewhere strange, like the freezer or microwave.

Displaced objects became commonplace around the Gorman household, as Tom's seventy-pound post digger vanished, only to reappear later, lodged high within a tree. Ellen would often arrive home from the grocery store, stock what she'd purchased, leave the kitchen, and return to find the items she'd shelved spread all over the floor.

Strange headlights began appearing on the property in the middle of the night. During one such incident, annoyed that anyone might trespass upon his land, Tom approached the source of the illuminations; what appeared to be an RV-type vehicle. As Gorman neared, the machine receded into the darkness, gliding over fence lines and fifty-foot tree lines, before noiselessly disappearing into the night.

With an increase in bizarre activity around the Skinwalker, so too came an expansion of Tom's curiosity. On more than one occasion, Gorman found himself creeping stealthily about his property, stalking some type of anomaly.

One frigid evening, Tom inadvertently discovered a massive aircraft hovering silently above the ranch, as if searching for something. Although initially pegging the strange vehicle as a cross between an F-117A Stealth Fighter and a B-2 Stealth Bomber, Tom quickly realized the awesome machine was noiselessly floating no more than twenty feet off the ground. Gorman had the sensation whatever the craft might be, it was somehow defying gravity. It was only when Tom accidentally made a slight noise that the machine whirled around to face him. Frightened at what might occur next, the rancher held his breath and the silent craft floated away, vanishing into the darkness.

A separate incident made Tom witness to a large rift in the sky over his property. As these apparent rips in the atmosphere became common, all four members of the family viewed them at one time or another. Although often near dark outside, bright blue sky appeared inside the tears. Multiple layers became obvious within the strange lacerations. Even more unsettling was the time Tom observed a large, black, triangular object emerging from one of the rifts. To the rancher, it appeared he was getting a rare glimpse at something from an alternate dimension entering his own space and time. This type of speculation was painful for a devoutly religious family to consider, but what else could explain such bizarre anomalies?

During the winter of '94, the strange events on the ranch became threatening. Tom found himself on horseback, following the trail of one of his top breeding cows through

the snow. By the animal's gait, Gorman surmised the cow had been desperate, and running at full speed. But running from what? The heifer's were the only tracks as far as the eye could see. When Tom followed the trail to a massive clearing, what he witnessed chilled him to the bone. There, in the middle of an open expanse, with nowhere to go, the frenzied tracks simply stopped, with no sign of the cow anywhere. As Tom rode back to the house, he pondered what type of force could be powerful enough to lift a half-ton head of livestock into the night sky during a driving snowstorm. Gorman would never see the animal again.

For a cattleman who prided himself on perfection, the loss of one cow per year was too much to bear, let alone the four that would simply vanish in similar fashion over the next three months. It was when numerous heads of cattle turned up mutilated that Tom became seriously concerned for his

family's livelihood. Even more frustrating was the fact the ravaged animals were being killed and disfigured in broad daylight, often mere minutes after the Gormans had seen them alive.

Along with the ubiquitous fear of financial ruin came a different type of terror for the family. This particular horror manifested itself in the form of spook lights. Normally, a far-off illumination of varying size that disappears when pursued, in the case of the Skinwalker's enigmatic effulgence, the orbs were actually aggressive, flying mere feet from both Tom and Ellen. What's more, up close, the illuminations appeared manufactured, with glass-like housing containing a continuously moving, blue liquid. On numerous occasions, the Gormans were left cowering as the orbs whirled around them, apparently capable of evoking deep-seated anxiety.

One particular episode solidified the eerie omnipresence of whatever unseen force was controlling things on the Skinwalker Ranch. The end of June 1996 brought a stranger to the Gorman property. A tall, blonde man who had heard tale of the area's mysterious attributes appeared one day, asking if he could meditate on the land. Although Tom was hesitant, the stranger's near pleading led Gorman to acquiesce. Tom took the visitor to a clearing a mile from the house, and the man began his introspection. Off in the distance, the rancher became aware of an eerie cowbell resonating. The sound puzzled Tom, since none of his animals wore the crude devices.

Behind a nearby copse of trees, Gorman could see something moving at a high rate of speed. Something big. Eyes closed, continuing his meditation, the blonde visitor took no notice, as a monstrous wraith, mired in what

appeared to be heat waves, broke from the woods and raced toward him. Before Tom could warn his peaceful visitor, the enormous beast towered over the blonde man, bellowing forth a thunderous roar that shook the ground.

Jarring from his reverie, the man scrambled backward in terror. The huge anomaly returned to the cover of trees in mere seconds. It took Tom several minutes to calm his hysterical visitor. Needless to say, the man vowed never to return to the Skinwalker Ranch.

In Tom's mind, the episode validated the immense power of what he and his family were up against. The sight of the creature looming above the meditating man also proved the forces at work may no longer be hesitant to harm humans.

Tom's worst misgivings were justified after a group of blue,

fear-inducing orbs appeared on the property one evening. Curious to see what might transpire, Tom unleashed three of his dogs on the whirring objects. Within moments, the rancher realized he had made a grave mistake. The spook lights proceeded to lead the canines behind a growth of trees, and systematically incinerate the animals. It was at this point Tom realized he would be putting his family in tremendous danger, should they remain on the property. Within hours, the Gormans had vacated the ranch.

Circulating via nationwide newspaper, the family's tribulations grabbed the interest of a collaboration of expert investigators known as the National Institute for Discovery Science. Backed by one of the wealthiest men in the country, NIDS was hell-bent on probing the paranormal. It was time for a new chapter to begin on the Skinwalker

Ranch. A chapter in which science and technology collided with the unknown.

In 1996, Tom Gorman sold the Skinwalker Ranch to NIDS. The group purchased the land for a mere two hundred thousand dollars, and began studying the strange enigmas occurring on the property.

NIDS was an anomaly, itself, being the first well-funded accumulation of top scientific minds focused on the sole purpose of paranormal investigation. Backed by Las Vegas real estate mogul, Robert Bigelow, this team had kept a watchful eye on local news coverage of the Skinwalker, realizing the important scientific opportunity presented them in obtaining the Gorman property.

Armed with a pair of Ph.D. accredited scientists and a group

of top-tier technologists from multiple disciplines, the organization headed out to the ranch to see what they could find. In the meantime, the Gorman family relocated to a more diminutive farmstead twenty-five miles away. Tom Gorman signed on as ranch manager of the Skinwalker, in order to hopefully clarify some of the mystery surrounding the property.

Immediately upon venturing onto the land, the team felt collectively uneasy, as though they were being watched. But watched by whom? Or what? NIDS began their tour of the ranch with an investigation of four, distinct cattle mutilations that had taken place prior to their arrival. On the western portion of the land, Tom lead the team to a pair of mysterious, circular cavities in the ground. Gorman claimed these types of holes were often remnants left behind by inexplicable, nocturnal aircraft.

With a full briefing of the anomalous events taking place on the homestead, NIDS hashed out a course of action. For the first time, whatever enigmatic presence was inhabiting the area became the prey, as opposed to the pursuer. This would later factor in greatly with a number of conclusions reached by NIDS regarding the Skinwalker.

Although many scientists involved in the project argued that advanced technology would be the key to success, an opposing faction concluded that low-end surveillance would yield optimum results. Tom, himself, sided with the latter of the two camps, stating that his best opportunities for capturing paranormal activity came when he crawled about the land on his stomach, armed with only an antiquated video camera. Gorman theorized whatever ethereal presence was occupying the property had to be of greater intelligence than he was. It was as if the unseen force could

pierce whatever veil Tom was existing upon, while he, conversely, was unable to gain ground on his enigmatic pursuer. The only time Gorman felt he was getting the drop on the strangeness was when he covertly lay in waiting, using minimal electronic equipment with which to capture evidence of aberrant activity.

Despite Tom's recommendation, an extensive network of detectors, night vision equipment, still cameras and video recorders were deployed to ensnare enigmas not only in the UV spectrum, but also the electromagnetic, as well as the magnetic.

A pair of reconnaissance teams, armed with a multitude of surveillance equipment, were sent into the field on a nightly basis. Both squads were comprised of one or two paranormal researchers and at least one scientist. An

advisory board, inclusive of fifteen top scientific minds, would fly into Las Vegas for regular debriefings from the groups conducting field investigations. The role of this consulting committee was to systematically determine the validity of the evidence compiled by the researchers at the ranch.

Throughout October and November of 1996, the NIDS crew shuttled from Las Vegas to Utah, not only conducting nightly investigations, but also interviewing neighbors of the Skinwalker. Apparently, the Gormans' old ranch wasn't the only property upon which paranormal activity had been encountered, although it did seem to be the epicenter of the bizarre disturbances. The team recorded dozens of interviews with local residents who had experienced the unexplained.

A particularly horrific account came from a Mr. Gonzalez, who had discovered one of his cows, a pair of its legs broken, lying in a field on his property. Fearful his animal was in shock, Gonzalez raced to his ranch house, retrieving a blanket with which to keep the creature warm. When the herdsman returned five minutes later, the cow had vanished. Cattle in the aforementioned condition can't just move on their own. With no boulders or trees to hide behind, the fact that Gonzalez wasn't able to see the heifer simply didn't make sense. Perplexed, the rancher returned home. An hour later, Gonzalez was shocked, as he peered out his window and viewed the cow in question fifty yards from her original position. This time, however, when the man raced out to examine the animal, all four of her legs were broken. Gonzalez theorized the cow must have been lifted into an aircraft and, on two separate occasions, dropped from a considerable altitude. This was the only

explanation for her broken limbs. Why, then, hadn't the rancher heard nor seen the surmised aircraft? His land was flat, and provided no place for aerial vehicles to hide.

Only three nights following the Gonzalez interview, the NIDS team would experience an enigmatic encounter of their own. On the evening of November 13th, at 1:30 A.M., two crew members viewed a brilliant, yellow light racing toward them from behind a nearby ridge. Emitting no sound, the aerial luminance circled the pair of investigators before speeding off into the darkness.

It was an episode that set a precedent for NIDS's overall experiences on the ranch. Neither team member had been prepared to witness anything divergent and, thereby, were caught off guard. It was as if the light had played an advanced game of hide-and-seek with the investigators.

As temperatures dipped below zero, the NIDS team headed for the warmer confines of Las Vegas, but remained on call, should anything abnormal occur on the land. January 21, 1997 brought just such an incident, when Tom Gorman phoned the group, reporting bizarre injuries to three of the calves on the property. According to the ranch manager, mutilation to the eyes and ears of the animals in question occurred during a severe snowstorm the previous evening. Conditions this drastic would have prevented predators from venturing into the open and attacking the animals, who were kept inside a closed corral. Yet, photos taken by Tom clearly showed a cow with a shredded ear, and another two cattle with holes poked in their eyelids.

On March 10th, things escalated to a point of great concern. Tom informed NIDS something inexplicable had dismembered a prized calf during the day, while he and

Ellen were in close proximity to the animal. According to the cattleman, neither he nor his wife heard nor saw a thing.

Five hours later, three members of NIDS had flown in from Vegas and were examining the carcass of the dead beast. Whatever killed the calf had been exceedingly powerful, able to rip the animal's leg bones from their knee sockets. Even more peculiar was the fact that the creature's four severed appendages were positioned methodically around the body, itself. As if this wasn't strange enough, the internal organs of the cow were missing, and the corpse devoid of blood. Not a single drop remained in, on or near the animal. One of the beast's ears had been sliced off by, what the NIDS veterinarian determined, was a razor-sharp instrument.

Three of Gorman's dogs, no strangers to tracking predators,

had subsequently huddled in their respective kennels, refusing to come out for food or water. The fourth canine, who had alerted Tom to the attack, and raced off in the direction of the calf's killer, hadn't returned to the ranch, and would never be seen again.

With the partial NIDS team on site, another incident would rock the property after 11 P.M. that evening. Around this time, the remaining dogs on the land began barking maniacally. In response, Gorman and the crew jumped into the ranch manager's pickup, and raced onto the homestead. Viewing a cow in trouble, Tom aimed his vehicle at a nearby tree. That's when all four men present saw them -- two massive, reflective eyes gazing forth from the darkness. Braking the truck to a halt, Gorman grabbed his rifle and fired a shot at whatever lie waiting in the close foliage some twenty feet above the ground.

The two eyes blinked out. Tom raced to the spot beneath the tree, only to discover the area abandoned. The rancher would once again catch sight of the creature, and fire two more rounds into it at close range. Again, the anomaly would vanish, leaving the four men cautiously searching the snow for what Gorman described as a four hundred pound beast. Although there were no traces of blood, a pair of huge tracks, with apparent talons protruding from their heels, were discovered in the snow.

Later discussing the incident, Tom informed NIDS he had seen a pair of creatures; one in the tree, the other on the ground. Able to fell a predator from five hundred yards, Tom claimed to have hit both beasts, one with the initial round, the other with the last two. The rancher described the aberrance on the ground as a monstrous feral dog, weighing in excess of four hundred pounds.

NIDS was left with almost no physical evidence to substantiate what they had witnessed. This trend would prove indicative of the group's overall experiences. The strange continued on the ranch and, yet, palpable proof as to the identity of its perpetrators would remain just out of reach. Anomalous events never followed any type of pattern. Thereby, the scientists were unsure where to focus their data collecting equipment. Still, the fact the investigative teams were able to corroborate one another's reports, ensured the researchers that something beyond their comprehension was occurring. Overwhelming neighbor testimony also lent credence to the supernatural origin of what appeared to be happening. If the Gormans were fabricating a yarn, their efforts were thorough. To achieve such a monumental accomplishment, collusion with countless acquaintances over a vast radius around their property would have been necessary. Of course, this

begs the question of motive. Why would such a capacious and varied grouping of people commit a hoax? What could they possibly gain? Money wasn't a catalyst, as the Gormans never made a dime from their story, and neither did any of their neighbors. In fact, neither the Gormans, nor those contiguous their property ever attempted to benefit monetarily from their assertions. Quite the opposite occurred, as Tom and his family, along with other ranchers in the region, lost considerable capital after suffering copious cattle losses.

The entire time NIDS was on the property, Tom's dogs, normally indomitable, became skittish, backing away from mysterious, unseen forces, often refusing to eat for days, whilst hiding in their kennels.

On one particular occasion, four two thousand pound bulls

vanished into thin air, only to be discovered squeezed inexplicably into a trailer barely large enough to accommodate the animals. According to Tom, the enclosure in question only possessed a single door, that had been locked for years. Blankets of intact cobwebs encasing the doorjamb validated the ranch manager's claims. How could eight thousand pounds of cattle pass through this portico, without displacing these webs? It was a feat David Copperfield couldn't accomplish, and none of it seemed to make sense. When examined by NIDS, metal bars surrounding the trailer displayed astronomical amounts of magnetization.

The scientists began to feel some type of force was toying with them, as doors would open by unseen powers, locks would strangely go missing and ranch dogs routinely escaped their kennels.

Even when four NIDS members observed an intense luminescence amongst nearby trees, they were unable to capture the anomaly on video. As the mysterious radiance vanished, the men scoured the area for trace evidence. Wearing night vision goggles, one of the scientists spotted a massive, black entity moving through the copse in front of him. Whatever he gazed upon was large enough to block out the stars, prior to its disappearance into the darkness. Abruptly, the man began screaming. Racing to their colleague's side, the group discovered their associate bewildered and horrified. The frazzled scientist claimed that whatever he had encountered somehow penetrated his thought processes, informing him it was watching the researchers. The individual, an esteemed academic, appeared to have his entire belief system shaken.

Among the more prevalent enigmas witnessed by NIDS

were the inexplicable lights that displayed signs of intelligence. These conundrums often exhibited malicious intent. Such was the case when at least two mysterious, blood-red spook lights attacked Tom's herd, causing the animals to race headlong over a fifteen-foot cliff. When all was said and done, two more cows would be injured, one would die, and a fourth would be aborted.

It should be noted the most common type of UFO sighting involves mysterious lights. Strange illuminations have been witnessed not only throughout the modern era, but by Native Americans, as well. Lest one forget the unexplained "foo fighters" observed by Allied and Axis pilots, or the strange spheres ineffectually tracked by radar and fighter jets over the White House in 1952. What these enigmas are remains anybody's guess, but their appearance, especially at Hotspots of High Strangeness, seems prevalent.

When one observes a possible portal to another dimension, as did two of the NIDS team, on the evening of August 25, 1997, perceptions of reality are never the same. Whilst on a ridge, surveying the property below them, two scientists witnessed a glowing opening in the distance. This egress grew in the lens of their night vision binoculars. As the anomaly, which appeared to hover above the ground, expanded to at least two feet in diameter, the men realized they were gazing into a type of tunnel. What happened next defied all logic. From within the portal, a black, faceless, four hundred pound humanoid emerged, stepping onto the ground and walking into our current dimension. Moments later, the opening receded, until it vanished completely. Following suit, the entity disappeared, as well, but only from view, as the men realized they were now alone, in the dark, with a being from another reality.

Cautiously, the scientists set out to acquire evidence from their sighting. After all, what good is an encounter, if there is nothing empirical to document the occurrence?

Unfortunately, the creature never made another manifestation. The pair of scientists did, however, detect a distinct odor in the vicinity where the beast had crawled on its stomach and elbows into our dimension. A thorough search for footprints revealed nothing, as the ground in the region was too hard to absorb impressions.

Although NIDS investigators had experienced numerous mystifying events, the team possessed little to confirm their encounters. As such, the scientists mounted six CCTV cameras at one of the more active regions on the property. After a year without disturbances in the area, Tom noticed that three of the devices were no longer working, their electronics violently ripped out of them. Fortunately, an

undamaged camcorder had been pointing toward the vandalized cameras. As a result, whomever, or whatever, eviscerated the equipment should have been caught on video doing so. Upon examining the footage from the operating camcorder, NIDS was astonished to find no unusual activity on the tape, even during the time stamp displayed at the moment the three other devices were destroyed. It was as if whatever had annihilated the equipment not only did so invisibly, but also without displaying physical signs of the attack, itself. "Was such a thing even possible?" the scientists collectively wondered. The incident exemplified a force possessing not only great strength, but also cunning; reminiscent to the precise dissecting of the calf on the property more than a year prior.

Eventually, the activity on the ranch dissipated, although anomalous disturbances and sightings of strange creatures

continued throughout the Uinta Valley. Despite the fact the individual members of NIDS witnessed the enigmatic whilst at the Skinwalker, they felt they had missed their opportunity to capture evidence validating these experiences. This shortcoming may be attributable to the group's inability to approach the phenomena with furtiveness, employing minimal technology, as Tom had suggested. In the end, the team conjointly pondered how they could have yielded more conclusive results.

The fear emitting from the Gormans was almost tangible, whereas NIDS displayed a more intrepid demeanor. The assemblage of scientists hunted anomalies, whilst the Gormans were the hunted. Tom and his family had minimal technology at their disposal, as opposed to the barrage of electronics employed by NIDS. Had these variances in approach produced the disparity in results?

In the words of one NIDS delegate, "We know so little in terms of what the overall scope of these phenomena are that it's just embarrassing to try and make some conclusions at this point. Imagine that you have a phenomena that is very selective as to how it exposes itself and to whom. So if you have a tailgate, football stadium-type of atmosphere and everybody's got hotdogs and hamburgers and they're barbecuing and waiting for the UFOs to come down, I don't picture a continuation of the activity."

In conclusion, the National Institute for Discovery Science spent eight years, total, on the property that has come to be known as the Skinwalker Ranch. Such exhaustive field research is, thus far, unparalleled in the realm of the seemingly paranormal. NIDS is certain the enigmatic disturbances on the ranch were not the result of an elaborate fabrication by the Gorman family, themselves.

Tom and his clan are reputed to be "rock-solid, firmly grounded, honest people." In addition, "dozens of the most disturbing incidents were personally witnessed and documented by NIDS scientists and researchers. The Gormans did not -- and could not -- manufacture them." Tom and his family have subsequently moved out of state and, to this day, refuse to accede to interviews or journalistic coverage. Financially, the Gormans have gained nothing.

"Could whatever enigmas once present on the Skinwalker Ranch have been so collectively intelligent, that they orchestrated who would experience their presence, as well as, when and where these encounters would occur?"

Answers to such questions currently elude us, which may forever may be the case, unless a concerted, and empirical investigation of the paranormal continues.

Epilogue

And still, you query, "Why investigate the paranormal?"

The logical response is, "Why investigate the normal?"

If something's normal, it's commonplace. You, and anybody else on the planet understands, or has access to the ability to comprehend it. Investigating the normal is the equivalent of continuously jackin'-off. You won't get anywhere, and humanity, as a whole, won't progress.

It's only when folks probe the paranormal that new questions arise, to which new answers develop. Thereby, learning occurs. Resultant of such erudition comes the advancement of the human species. The longer we wank ourselves off with useless ideals like gender, money,

politics, race, religion, sexual proclivity, and anything else that separates us from one another, the longer we'll go nowhere. Check out Carl Sagan's "Pale Blue Dot" on www.youtube.com. Don't worry. It's only about four minutes long, and extremely entertaining. While we're busy feuding over whether or not Jesus was the true Savior, the relevance of Black History Month or who's cooler, Democrats or Republicans, the cosmos continues on. It's only a matter of time before that infinite force throws something at us we're unable to handle. If we've been too busy bangin' our heads against the Wailing Wall like a Goatwhore fan at a Death Metal concert, we're gonna get stung.

Instead of dealing with the known, or even worse, the insignificant, we should be studying that which we don't understand. In a rational world, our largest budget should

be expended upon the exploration of space, not on perpetuation of war. In our reality, though, the opposite is true. How are we supposed to learn if we don't explore the unknown?

That's where the individual researcher becomes imperative. It's highly unlikely you'll find educational institutions offering anything but the same old, oft-propagandized pabulum. The world is full of books. Read 'em! Don't rely upon contrived academic systems, reaching for your pocketbooks, to "teach" you. You're smart. Study true history. Travel. Question. Educate yourself.

Recall the anthill versus superhighway aphorism in the Introduction to this book? We, as humans, are the ants. The superhighway is the unknown. Allow that picture settle in. The possibilities become endless. We could be standing

next to a superhighway of imperative information our entire lives, and never know it. Alternate dimensions, extraterrestrial life and multiple universes could be right in front of our faces. Ironically, every day, we wake up, go to work, come home and fall asleep, never noticing these other existences.

"How is all of this possible?" you question.

Looking back at the anthill/superhighway scenario, the true question becomes, "How is all of this *not* possible?"

Humans tend to perceive the world from an arrogant, thereby naive, vantage point. On the whole, we believe other creatures see, and experience, the world in the same way we do. Don't believe us. Take a look at folks who dress their cats and dogs in human-type clothing, or speak to that

particular animal as if it can comprehend what they're saying. The brain of an average adult human weighs about 3 pounds (between 1,300 and 1,400 grams), accounting for 2 percent of our total body mass. The brain of an average adult, domesticated cat is a mere 0.066138 pounds (30 grams), comprising 0.9 percent of that animal's overall bulk. Since domesticated dogs vary greatly in breed and size, an accurate measure of K9 intelligence is difficult to assess. Suffice it to say, though, a dog's brain in comparison to its comprehensive body size is astronomically less than the same comparison in humans. We're not tryin' to be dickheads, here, but if your cat or dog were an adult human, it would almost assuredly be severely retarded. We know. Cats are cute. So are dogs (unless, of course, those bastards are chasing you while you're jogging). The fact remains, though, physiologically, it would require an extreme aberration for either of these domesticated animals

to view you, what you're doing to them, or the world around them, on the same intellectual level as you. The brains of your beloved pets are simply far too small, in comparison to their overall bodies, to compete with the much more abundant gray matter inherent in humans. Yet, we rarely stop to ponder this fact, believing Champ enjoys being dressed in a woolen sweater and matching beanie, as much as you enthuse at seeing him wear such garments.

The same holds true for the way we tend to view animals in the wild, as well as birds, fish, insects, etc. For some reason, most human's feel these creatures see the world in three-dimensional color. In actuality, scientists now know multitudes of species see only in black and white. Numerous organisms are unable to view things spatially; i.e. some creatures can't see depth, and simply view a two-dimensional world.

Consider this. What if all humans were born blind from birth? What if this had always been the case, from the very first anthropoid, to people conceived today? Could our species understand the concept of a visual world, let alone that one existed around us? Even though we were able to touch plants, rocks and water, would we ever understand these things had an optic form?

Astrophysicists, cosmologists and theoretical physicists have proven the extremely high probability of extra dimensions beyond the four (if you include time as a dimension) we currently understand. If these alternate realities exist, what resides within them? How will we know unless we question?

Beyond these additional dimensions may be what scientists refer to as the Multiverse; a reality comprised of infinite

universes. Just when we thought *our* cosmos was too vast to fully explore. Where does it all end? Does it ever end? Who knows? The one thing fairly certain is that we won't discover the answers through self-absorbed, Earthbound concepts like gender, money, politics, race, religion and sexual preference.

Don't believe us? Take a suitcase full of one hundred million dollars to the Moon, on a one way flight. See how useful that cotton/linen combo is to ya' when you're gasping for air inside your pressurized spacesuit. As you begin to freeze, you won't even be able to start a fire with all that cash, since there's no oxygen in gas form on the Moon. Hence, one hundred million dollars, or any denomination of cash, is quite plausibly completely useless in 99.999... percent of our Universe. The same can be said for our ideologies, sects and doctrines. And, yet, we continue to

cling to the antiquated and useless, while so much of the unknown awaits, ready to be explored.

It's highly unlikely we, as a species, are "chosen." If we were, why are we such fragile creatures; a thin, epidermal layer to protect us, unable to survive even slight cosmic changes? In the mindset of astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson, how come we're born with two legs, instead of four? After all, with four, couldn't we run twice as quickly? Why do we possess only two arms? If we doubled our amount of limbs, wouldn't we accomplish infinitely more within our short lifetimes? If we're at the top of the food chain, why does bacteria and disease eat us when we're alive? Why do other organisms, far smaller than us, devour us when we're dead? The obvious answer is that we aren't the be-all end-all.

To summarize, the investigation of the paranormal is imperative. It's what true science is about. To explore the known is redundant, isn't it? Unless humans examine what we don't know, learning, for us, will cease.

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About the Author

Thus far, Hugh Mungus' life has seen more variety than Frank's hats on "30 Rock." From dating a porn actress named "Chocolate," to scanning the skies for anomalous craft on the fringes of Area 51, Hugh has indulged in a few of life's innumerable pleasures.

In high school, Mr. Mungus was informed by an English teacher he would never be a writer. To date, Hugh has written eight books, countless articles, coverage on hundreds of screenplays and over sixty scripts of his own.

A college videography professor told Mungus he would never become a filmmaker. Currently, Hugh has produced over forty flicks, two of which were accepted into film festivals. Mr. Mungus has also "shot, chopped and scored"

a dozen episodes for his wildly unpopular online, paranormal series "Zzyzx."

Forced out of the graphic design program by his instructors at a major university, Hugh was informed art was a talent that eluded him. Today, Hugh creates websites, computer graphics and online animations.

It's your choice to believe what folks tell you you're capable of. It's also your choice to experience what you want in life.