

UFO



The Closest Encounter
The True Story of Calvin Parker

Written by Martin Powell
Art by Jason Gleaves

Based on the book by Calvin Parker
With the Participation of
Calvin Parker and Philip Mantle

*I STILL DREAM ABOUT THOSE
DAYS. CAN'T HELP IT.*




*IT'S FUNNY HOW SOME DREAMS
REPEAT THEMSELVES OVER & OVER.*

*AND HOW REAL THEY
CAN STILL FEEL.*



LIKE THEY'RE NOT DREAMS AT ALL.





*AS REAL AS WHEN IT
WAS REALLY HAPPENING.*



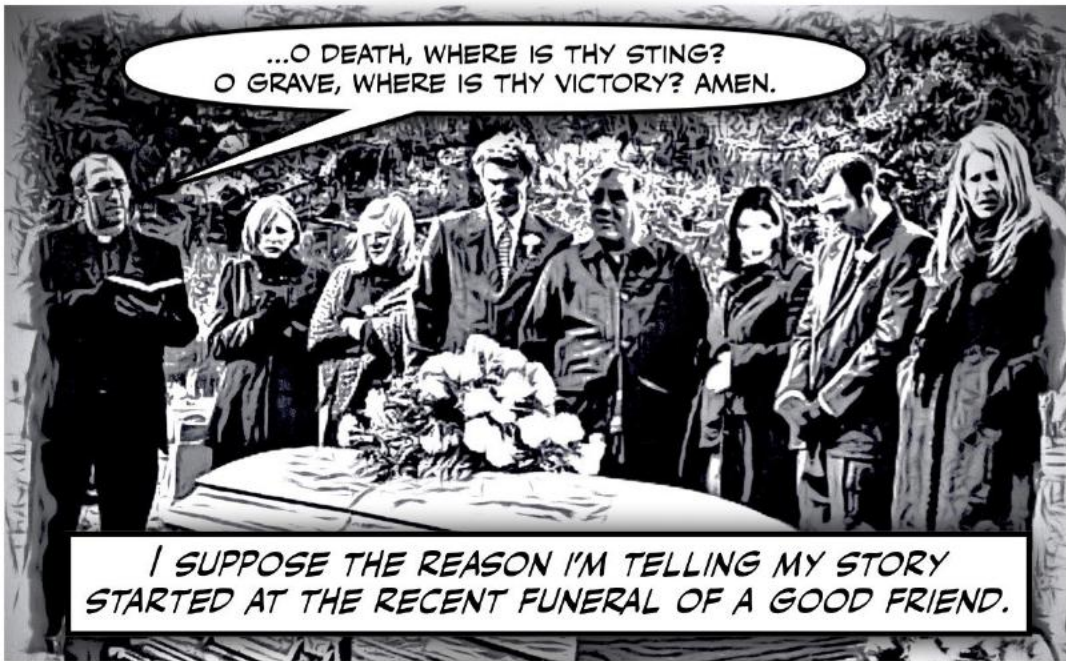
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...



*...THE ONLY THING WORSE
THAN LONG,
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS...*

*...IS WHEN THE NIGHTMARES
COME BACK AGAIN.*





...O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?
O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY? AMEN.

*I SUPPOSE THE REASON I'M TELLING MY STORY
STARTED AT THE RECENT FUNERAL OF A GOOD FRIEND.*



EXCUSE ME, BUT I SAW YOU SIGN
THE VISITOR'S BOOK BACK
AT THE FUNERAL HOME.

ARE YOU THE SAME CALVIN PARKER WHO WAS
KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS?



IT IS YOU, RIGHT?

HEY, WAIT UP A MINUTE—
I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

JP

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT GUY IN THE GRAVEYARD?
I WISH FOLKS WOULD FORGET ABOUT ALL THIS
AND JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.



MOST OF WHAT THEY'VE HEARD
ARE JUST MADE-UP RUMORS, ANYWAY.

I'D BEEN DEALING WITH THAT SORT
OF THING FOR YEARS.
FOLKS BRINGING IT UP WHEREVER I WAS,
AND I JUST WANTED IT TO GO AWAY.

Y'KNOW, CALVIN...I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT.

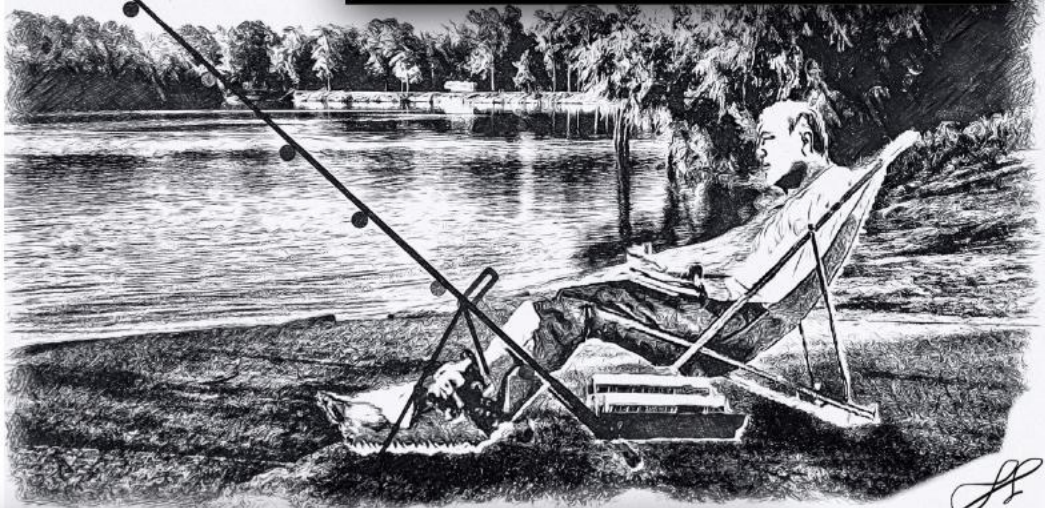


WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A BOOK AND
TELL THE STORY IN YOUR OWN WORDS?

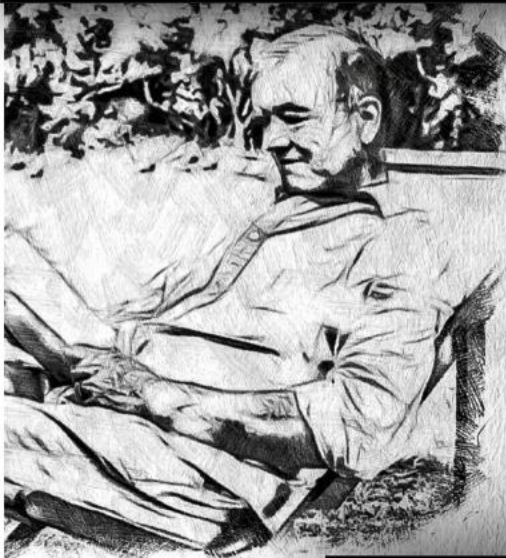


"THAT WAY EVERYONE WILL KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED"

SO, REALLY, THIS BOOK WAS MY WIFE'S IDEA.
PRETTY GOOD ONE, TOO, I THINK.



AFTER ALL, WAYNETTE'S BEEN LIVING
WITH THIS FOR ALMOST AS LONG AS I HAVE. IT WAS
HIGH TIME TO FINALLY TELL WHAT REALLY HAPPENED..



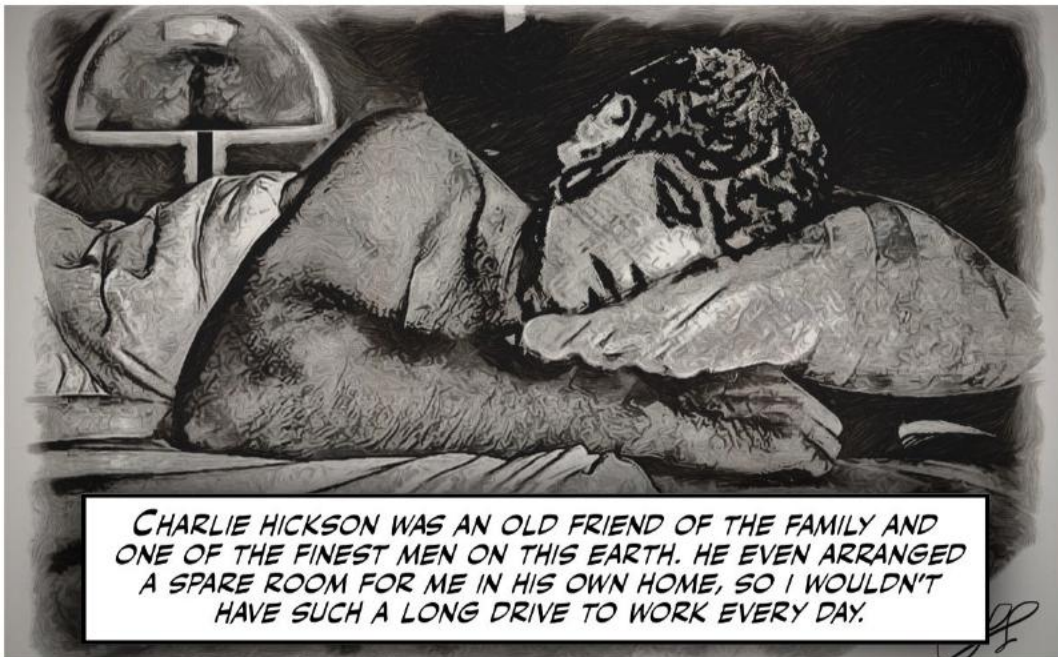
ONCE AND FOR ALL.

PASCAGOULA, OCTOBER 1973.

CAN'T
THANK YOU
ENOUGH.
CHARLIE.
GETTING
THIS NEW
JOB MEANS
WAYNETTE
AND
ME CAN GET
MARRIED
THAT MUCH
QUICKER.



HAPPY TO
HAVE YOU
ONBOARD,
SON.



CHARLIE HICKSON WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY AND ONE OF THE FINEST MEN ON THIS EARTH. HE EVEN ARRANGED A SPARE ROOM FOR ME IN HIS OWN HOME, SO I WOULDN'T HAVE SUCH A LONG DRIVE TO WORK EVERY DAY.



YES SIR, THINGS WERE REALLY LOOKING UP AND I HAD MY WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF ME.



I COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THAT MY FIRST DAY ON THE NEW JOB WOULD ALSO BE MY LAST.

PRETTY ROUGH DAY, CALVIN.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT DOING SOME FISHING BEFORE WE HEAD FOR HOME?

OKAY, THIS IS IT, THE DAY EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT.

OR THINK THEY KNOW.



THE PASCAGOULA RIVER, THURSDAY OCTOBER 11TH, 1973.



SURE IS.

NICE AND PEACEFUL
HERE, AIN'T IT?

WHAT THE HELL--?

IS...IS THAT THE POLICE?



CHARLIE?
WHAT IS THAT--?!



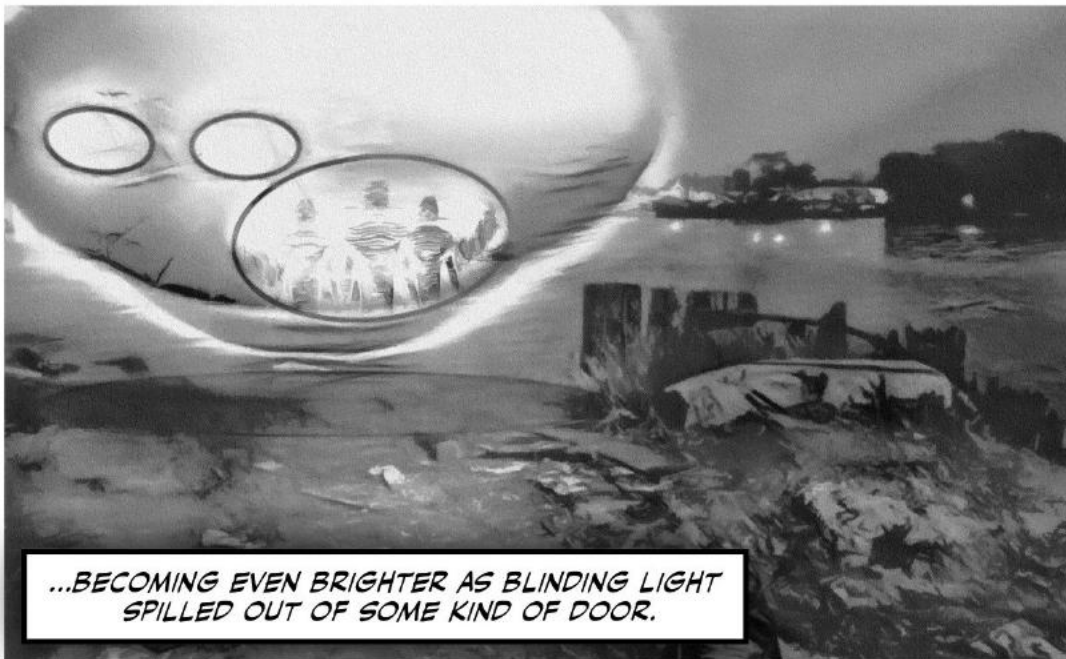
JUST AS IT WAS GETTING DARK,
WE NOTICED SOME HAZY BLUE
LIGHTS BEHIND US.



IT'S COMING
RIGHT AT US!

I AIN'T NEVER
SEEN NOTHING
LIKE IT!

*BEFORE WE KNEW IT, THE THING WAS HOVERING JUST A
COUPLE FEET OFF THE GROUND...*



*...BECOMING EVEN BRIGHTER AS BLINDING LIGHT
SPILLED OUT OF SOME KIND OF DOOR.*

AND MY BLOOD RAN COLD.



BUT THERE THEY WERE.



IT JUST COULDN'T BE REAL.





SUDDENLY, WITHIN A HEARTBEAT, THE CREATURES WERE UPON US.



I HEARD A HISSING SOUND, WHICH I'VE COME TO BELIEVE WAS SOME SORT OF INJECTION IN MY ARM.



AFTER THAT, THERE WAS NO FIGHT LEFT IN US. CHARLIE AND ME WERE FLOATING WEIGHTLESS TOWARDS THE GLOWING DOORWAY.

ONCE INSIDE OF
THE SHIP-OR WHATEVER
IT WAS-I LOST
SIGHT OF CHARLIE.



LEMME GO!
WH-WHAT'RE YOU
GOING TO DO?!



IT WAS JUST ME...AND THEM.

I WAS TAKEN
TO A SMALL ROOM,
BRIGHTLY LIT-BUT
I DIDN'T SEE NO
SOURCE FOR THE LIGHT.



THERE WAS SOMETHING LIKE AN
OPERATING TABLE WAITING FOR ME.

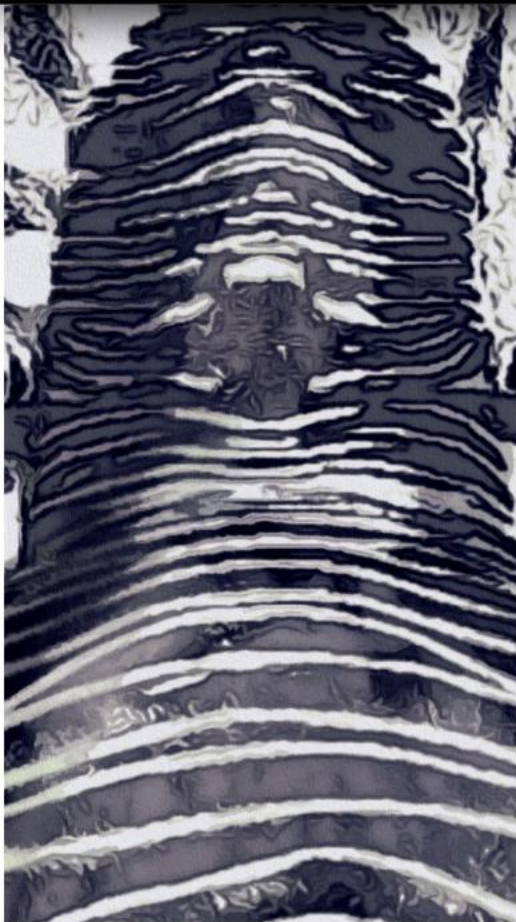


PLEASE...I-I JUST WANNA
GO HOME...PLEASE...



THE UGLY THING NEVER
SAID A WORD TO ME.

IT MOVED QUICKLY, AND WITH PURPOSE,
LIKE SOME KIND OF ROBOT.



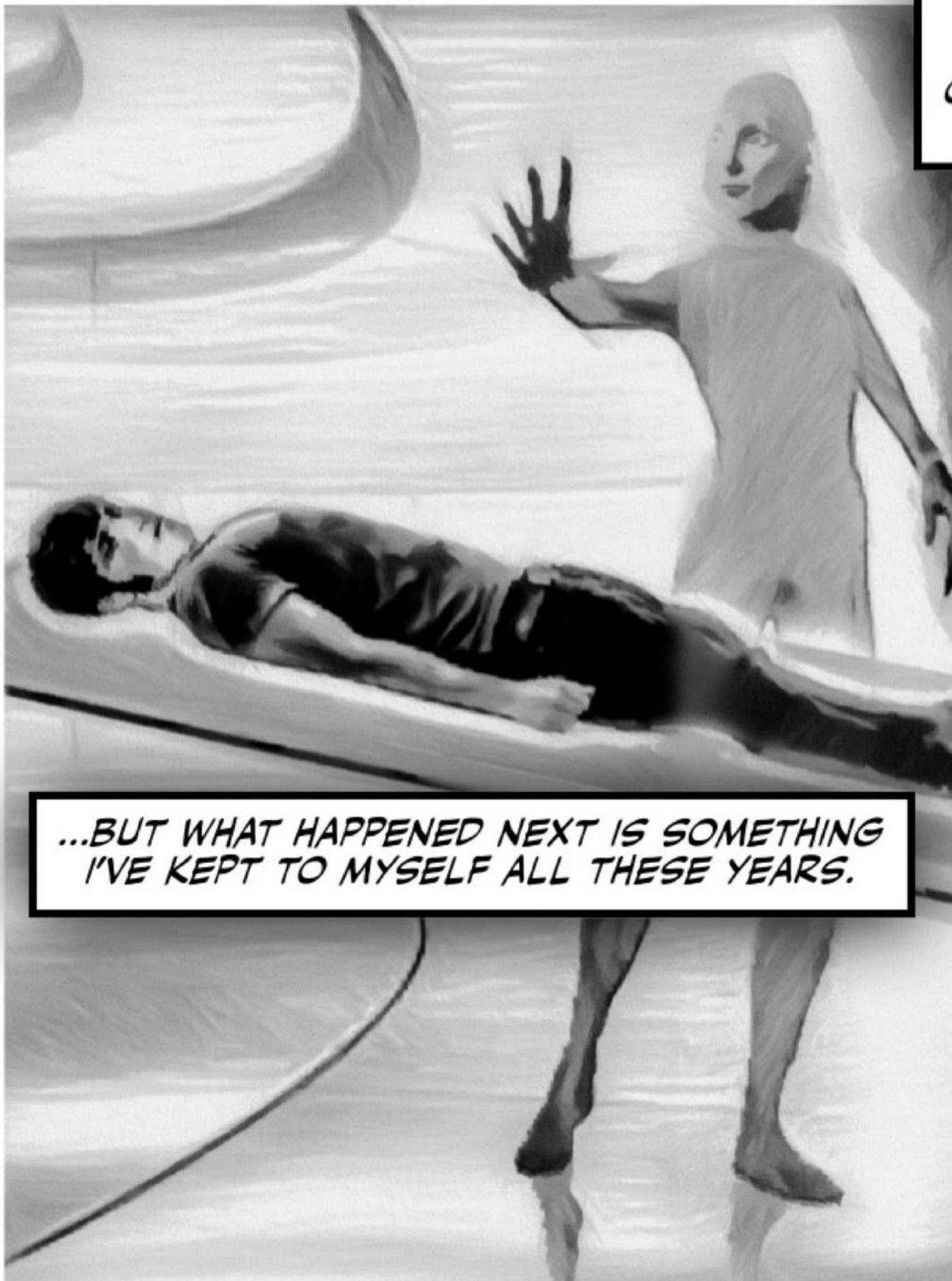
I WAS PARALYZED, DREADING
WHATEVER WAS COMING NEXT.

SUDDENLY, IT LEFT ME ALONE IN THE ROOM...

*...AS A CLICKING NOISE CAME FROM
SOME KIND OF MECHANICAL BOX THAT
FLOATED ALL BY ITSELF...*

...SWIRLING ALL AROUND ME.

*AND THEN, THERE WAS
ANOTHER PRESENCE
IN THE ROOM WITH ME.*



...BUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IS SOMETHING I'VE KEPT TO MYSELF ALL THESE YEARS.

*NOW YOU FOLKS MIGHT'VE HEARD OR READ
ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE AND ME
ON THE TV, OR MAYBE IN THE NEWSPAPERS, BACK
IN THE DAY...*



UNTIL NOW.

*ANOTHER SMALLER, LIGHTER GREY BEING
HAD QUIETLY ENTERED THE ROOM.*



*IT SEEMED TO BE A FEMALE,
AT LEAST I SORT OF
SENSED THAT IT MIGHT BE.*

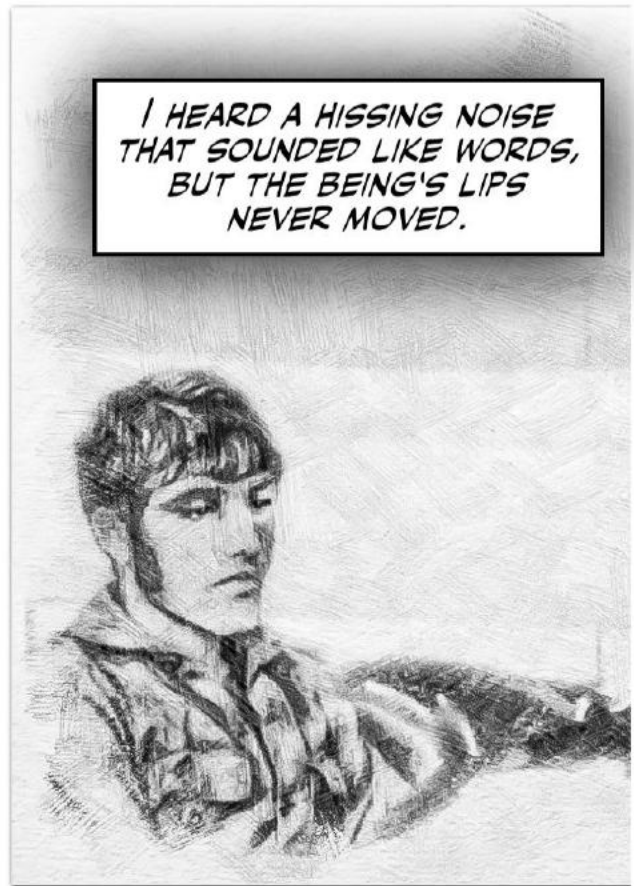
*IT WAS VERY PLEASANT-LOOKING
COMPARED TO THOSE UGLY
FACELESS THINGS...*



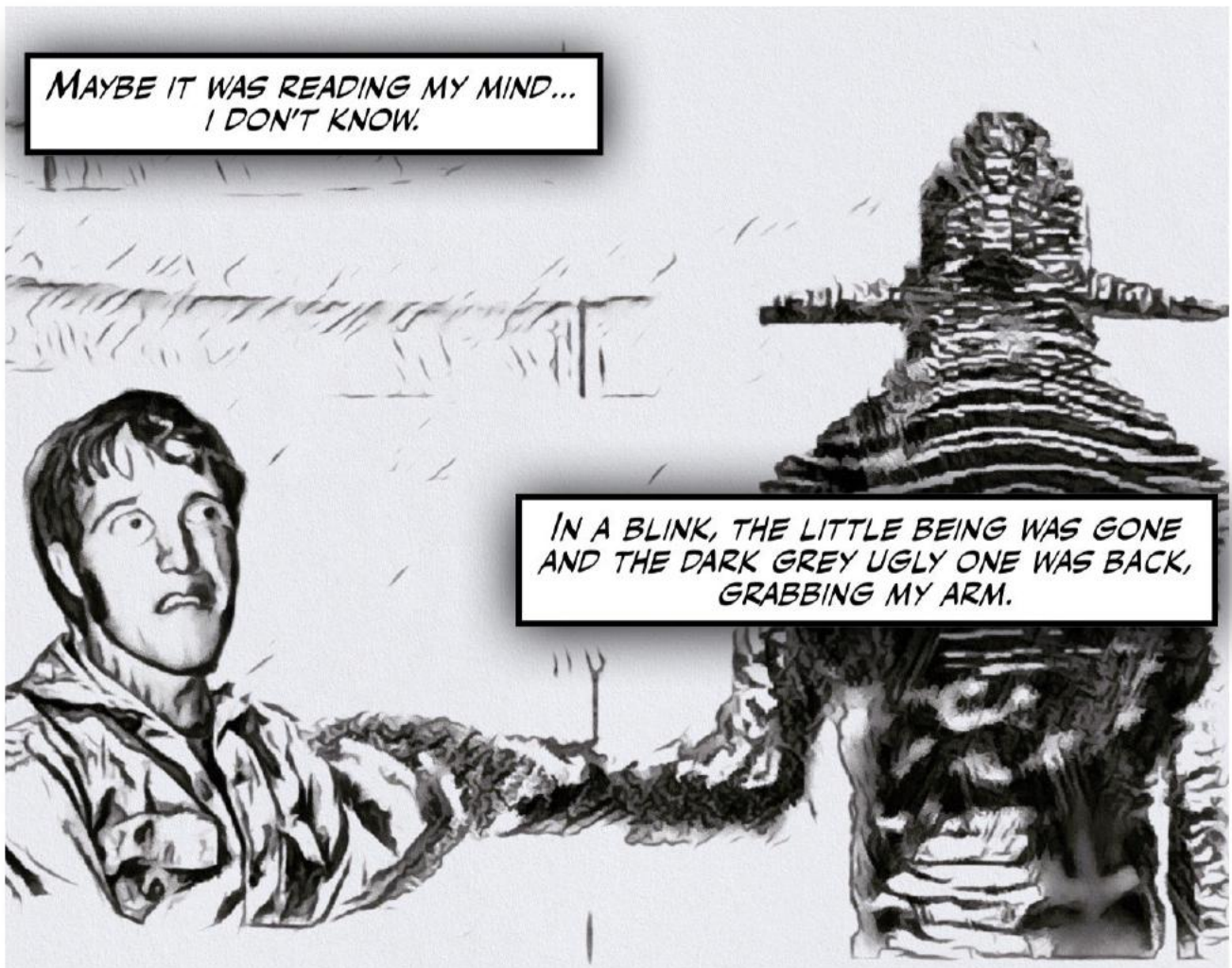
*...AND ITS BIG BROWN EYES
SOMEHOW MADE ME FEEL SAFE.*



DON'T...BE AFRAID...



I HEARD A HISSING NOISE THAT SOUNDED LIKE WORDS, BUT THE BEING'S LIPS NEVER MOVED.



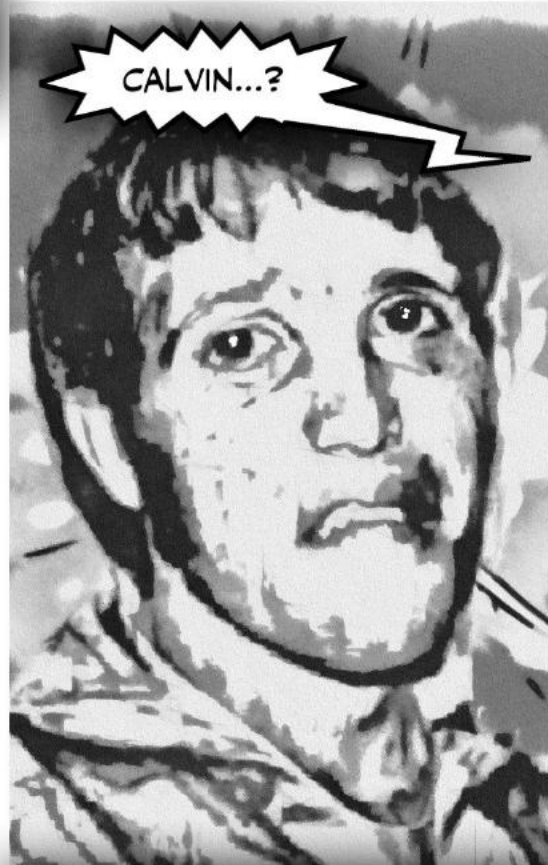
MAYBE IT WAS READING MY MIND... I DON'T KNOW.

IN A BLINK, THE LITTLE BEING WAS GONE AND THE DARK GREY UGLY ONE WAS BACK, GRABBING MY ARM.

*IT FLOATED ME OUT OF THE CRAFT,
ALMOST TO THE EXACT SAME SPOT
WHERE IT HAD FIRST GRABBED ME.*



CALVIN...?



*I KNEW NOTHING EXCEPT CONFUSION
AND FEAR, UNTIL I HEARD CHARLIE'S
VOICE BESIDE ME.*

CALVIN ARE YOU OK?!

TALK TO ME, SON!



*I COULDN'T MOVE.
I COULDN'T EVEN
PUT MY ARMS DOWN*

ALL OF A SUDDEN, I SNAPPED OUT OF IT.



CHARLIE...CHARLIE...

IT'S ALRIGHT SON.
TRY TO SIMMER DOWN.

...WE D-DON'T DARE TELL
ANYONE ABOUT THIS!



NOBODY CAN KNOW!



WE HEARD THIS ZIPPING NOISE, LIKE A STRONG WIND, AND THE CRAFT
WENT STRAIGHT UP, DISAPPEARING FROM SIGHT...



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CHARLIE-BEFORE THEY COME BACK

...UNTIL IT WAS GONE.



I COULD BEARLY EVEN STAND UP.



BUT WE WERE BOTH STILL TOO WEAK TO MOVE MUCH.



LOOK THERE, CALVIN! YOUR WINDOWS ARE ALL CRACKED ON THE PASSENGER SIDE. HOW'D THAT HAPPEN?

FINALLY, WE STUMBLED BACK TO MY CAR.

I DON'T CARE-I JUST WANNA GET AWAY FROM HERE.

THAT'S NOT ALL THAT WAS WRONG.

I-I DON'T GET IT, CHARLIE. IT'S A NEW CAR AND IT WON'T START.

JUST KEEP TRYING, SON.

AFTER A FEW MORE TRIES,
THE ENGINE FINALLY TURNED
OVER, BUT IT SOUNDED
REALLY ROUGH.

BUT WE WERE GETTING AWAY
FROM THAT PIER. THAT'S ALL
THAT MATTERED.

ONCE ON THE ROAD AGAIN,
CHARLIE WAS GETTING MORE NERVOUS
BY THE MINUTE. FINALLY, HE BLURTED IT OUT.

CHARLIE AND ME RODE AROUND FOR A WHILE,
FINALLY ENDING UP AT A DOWNTOWN DINER.

COME ON, CALVIN. LET'S GO IN AND TRY
TO SETTLE OUR NERVES.



WE SAT IN THERE FOR
A LONG TIME WHILE,
BARELY SIPPING OUR BEERS.
NOT TALKING.

BOTH OF US WERE STILL SHAKING.



ONCE ON THE ROAD AGAIN, CHARLIE WAS GETTING MORE NERVES
BY THE MINUTE. FINALLY, HE BLURTED IT OUT.

LOOK, CALVIN, WE'VE GOTTA TELL SOMEBODY.



LISTEN, SON...WE'LL JUST
SAY THAT YOU PASSED OUT AND
DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING..

NO, CHARLIE-WE CAN'T!
THEY'LL THROW US IN THE
NUTHOUSE OR WORSE.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING.

CHARLIE HAD CALLED KEELER AIR FORCE BASE FIRST, BUT THEY SAID THEY DIDN'T HANDLE UFO REPORTS NO MORE, SINCE PROJECT BLUE BOOK HAD SHUT DOWN.

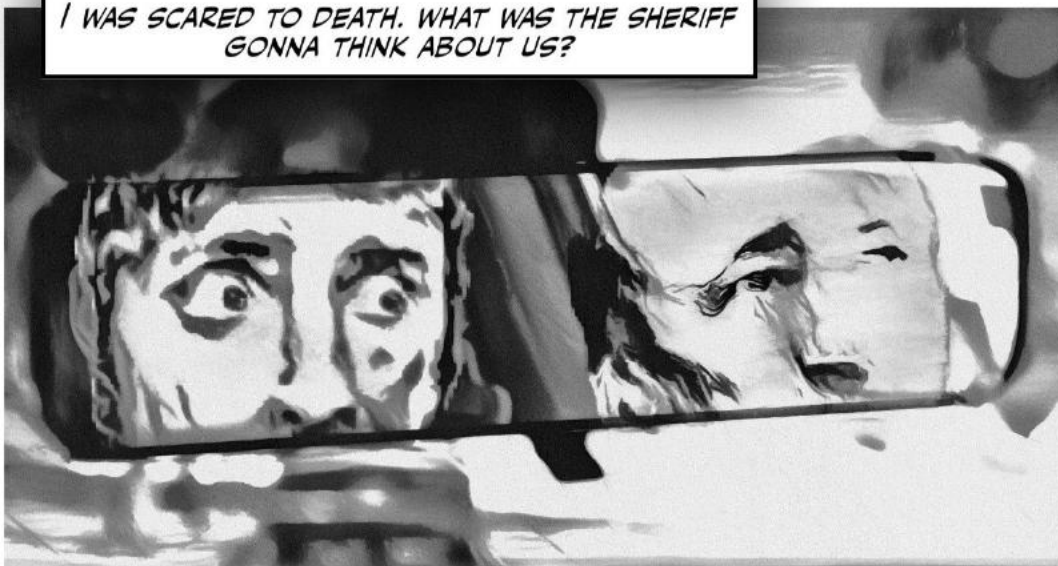


THEY TOLD CHARLIE TO CALL OUR LOCAL AUTHORITIES, INSTEAD.

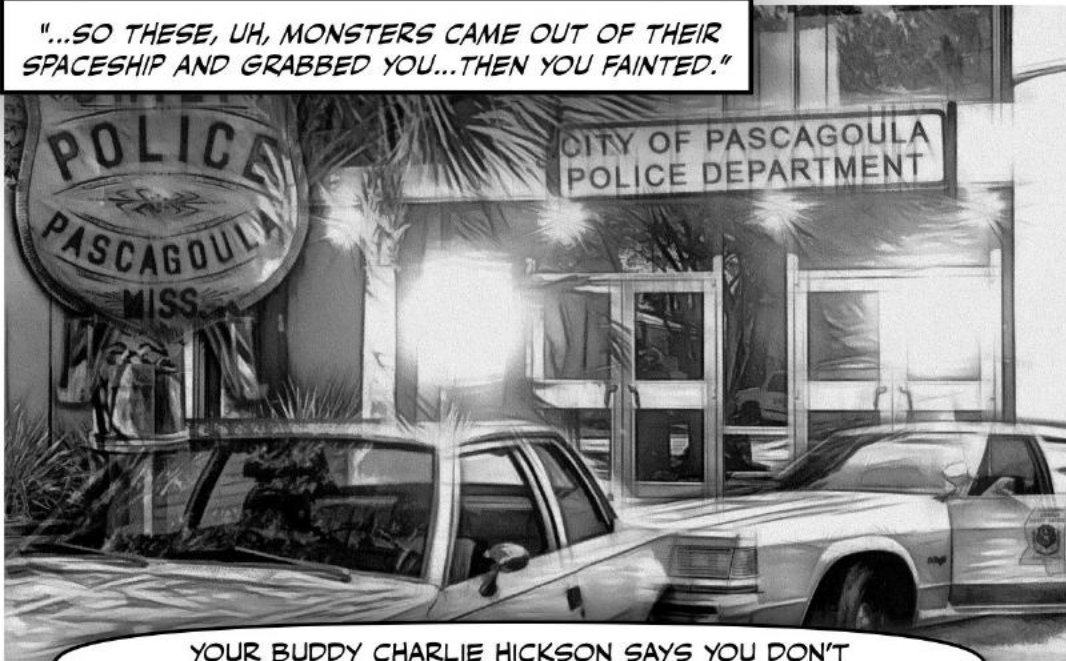


THE SHERIFF TOLD US TO STAY PUT, HE'S ON HIS WAY.

I WAS SCARED TO DEATH. WHAT WAS THE SHERIFF GONNA THINK ABOUT US?



"...SO THESE, UH, MONSTERS CAME OUT OF THEIR SPACESHIP AND GRABBED YOU...THEN YOU FAINTED."



YOUR BUDDY CHARLIE HICKSON SAYS YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE. IS THAT RIGHT, CALVIN?



UH, YES SIR, SHERIFF.

I JUST FAINTED DEAD AWAY-FROM FRIGHT, I GUESS.



I DON'T REMEMBER NOTHING ELSE.

NOTHING AT ALL.

THE SHERIFF LEFT ME & CHARLIE ALONE FOR A WHILE. AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T KNOW WHY. IT WOULD BE VERY IMPORTANT LATER.



NOT SURE I CAN TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS.

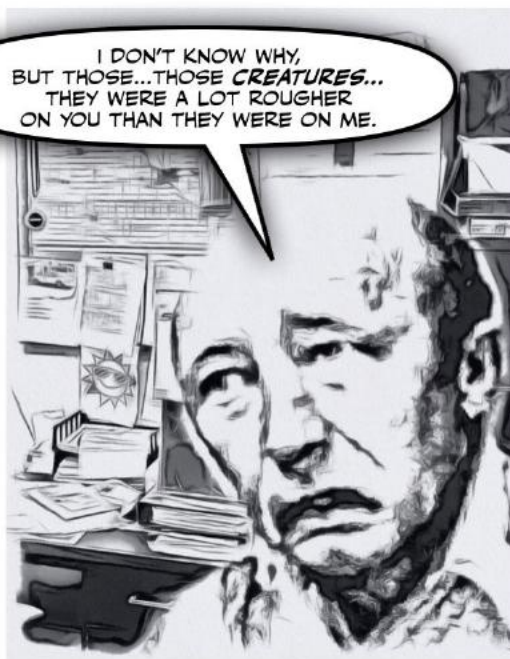
CHARLIE...I NEED TO GET HOME... OR SEE A DOCTOR OR SOMETHING.



I'M DAMN NEAR CRAZY. I JUST CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD.

EASY, SON...I KNOW. TRY TO SIMMER DOWN.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THOSE...THOSE CREATURES... THEY WERE A LOT ROUGHER ON YOU THAN THEY WERE ON ME.

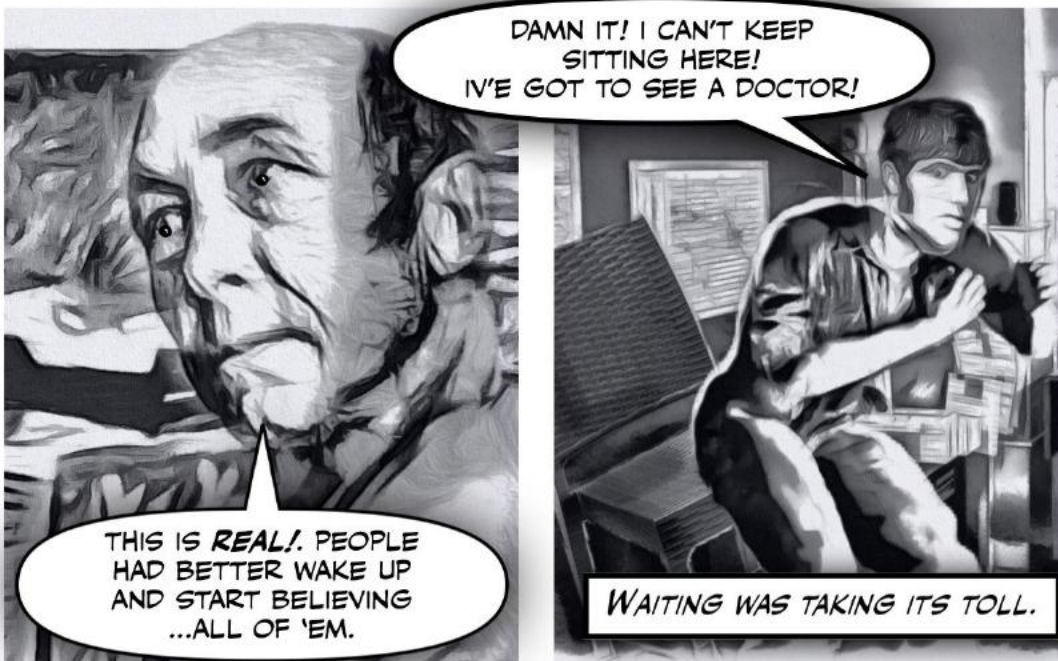


I WAS HELPLESS...COULDN'T MOVE...I--I WAS ALL FROZEN UP LIKE I'D STEPPED ON A RATTLESNAKE.



DO...DO YOU THINK THE SHERIFF WILL LET US GO?

I DON'T KNOW. HE DOESN'T BELIEVE US. NOBODY WILL.



DAMN IT! I CAN'T KEEP SITTING HERE!
I'VE GOT TO SEE A DOCTOR!

THIS IS *REAL!*. PEOPLE HAD BETTER WAKE UP AND START BELIEVING ...ALL OF 'EM.

WAITING WAS TAKING ITS TOLL.

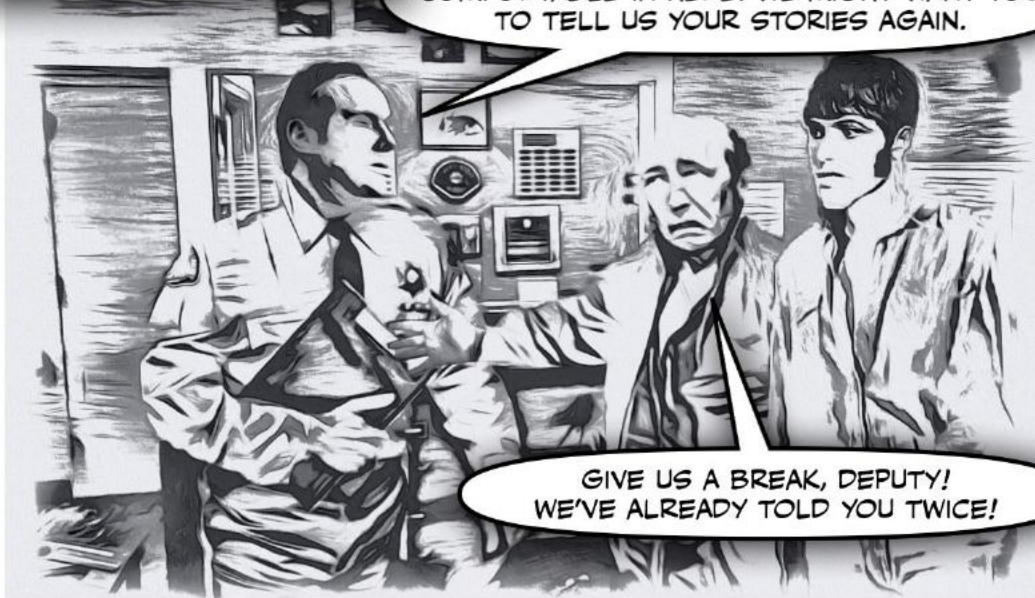
THE DEPUTY SHERIFF REAPPEARED, AND WE HOPED HE'D LET US GO HOME...



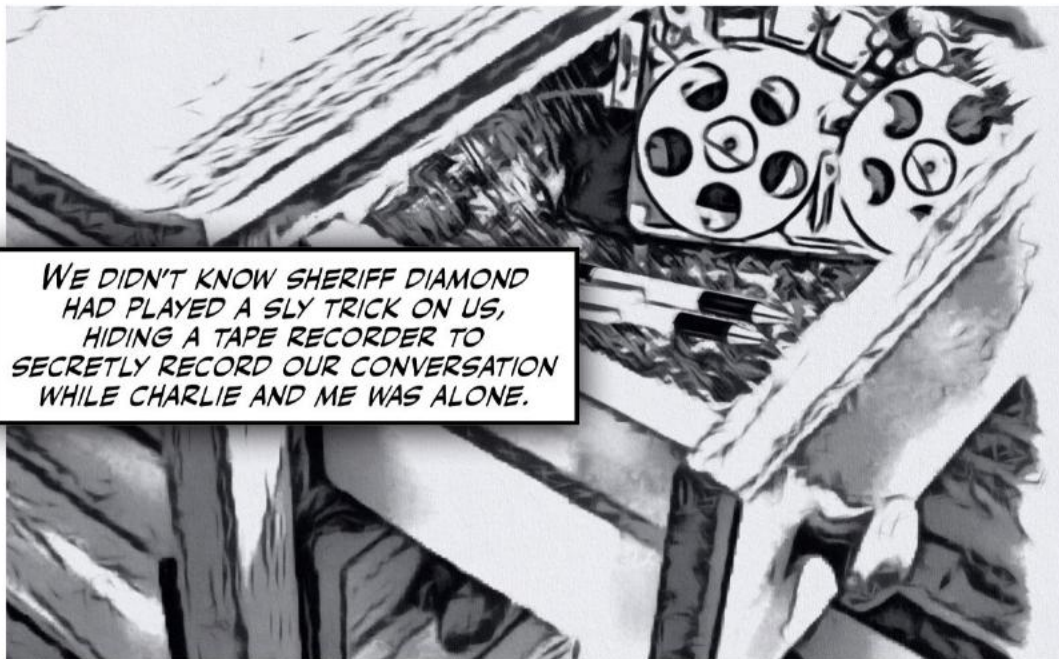
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, FOLLOW ME.

...BUT THAT WAS NOT TO BE.

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE IN HERE. WE MIGHT WANT YOU TO TELL US YOUR STORIES AGAIN.



GIVE US A BREAK, DEPUTY!
WE'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU TWICE!



WE DIDN'T KNOW SHERIFF DIAMOND
HAD PLAYED A SLY TRICK ON US,
HIDING A TAPE RECORDER TO
SECRETLY RECORD OUR CONVERSATION
WHILE CHARLIE AND ME WAS ALONE.

SO, WHILE WE WERE WAITING & WORRYING,
JUST WANTING TO GO HOME...

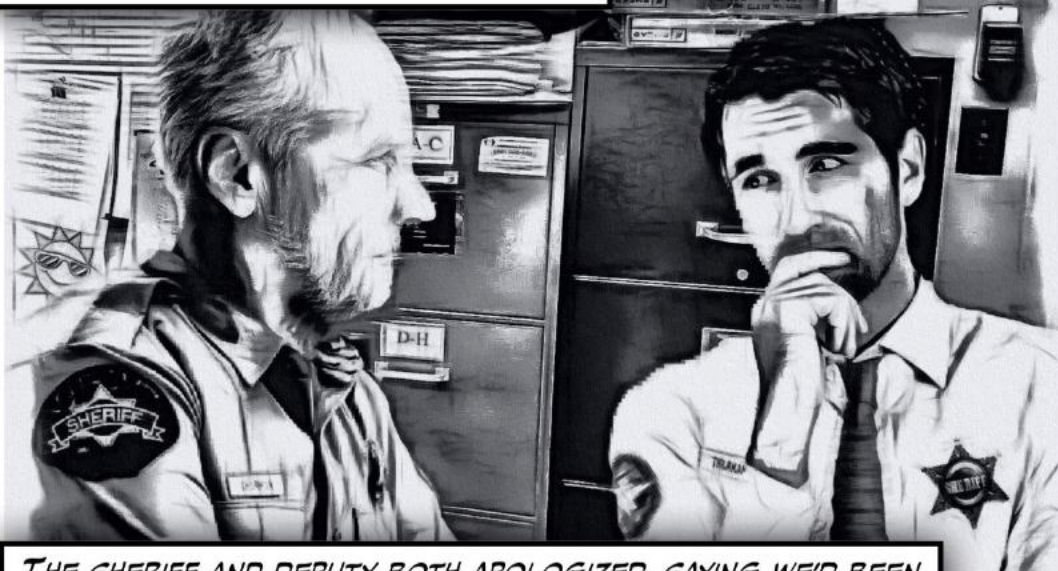


...THE SHERIFF & HIS DEPUTIES
WERE LISTENING REAL CAREFUL
TO THAT SECRET TAPE RECORDING.



OUR FEAR & CONFUSION, IN THE TONE OF OUR VOICES, WAS UNMISTAKABLE. MINE, PARTICULARLY, WAS ON THE BRINK OF HYSTERIA.

AFTER THEY HAD LISTENED TO THE TAPE, THEY STARTED TREATING US DIFFERENTLY.



THE SHERIFF AND DEPUTY BOTH APOLOGIZED, SAYING WE'D BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH, AND TOLD US TO GO HOME.



THEY FINALLY BELIEVED THAT SOMETHING REAL HAD HAPPENED TO US.



UH, SHERIFF...
PLEASE
KEEP ALL THIS
BETWEEN US.

BEFORE LEAVING, I ASKED A FAVOR.

OKAY?

IT WAS A RELIEF WHEN HE PROMISED
TO KEEP OUR CONFIDENCE.



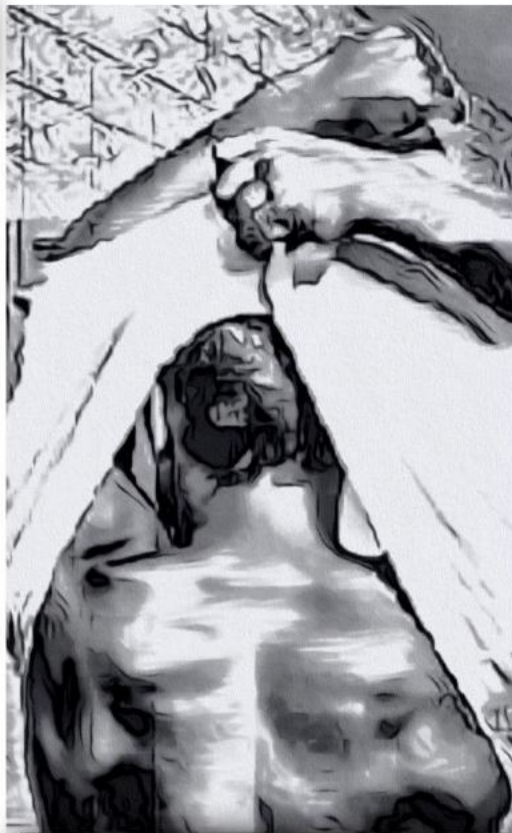
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HOW WAYNETTE
WOULD TAKE ALL OF THIS.

CAHARLIE & ME BARELY SAID ANOTHER
WORD TO EACH OTHER ALL DURING THE RIDE HOME.



GUESS WE WERE ALL TALKED OUT.

BY THE NEXT MORNING,
I HADN'T SLEPT A WINK.

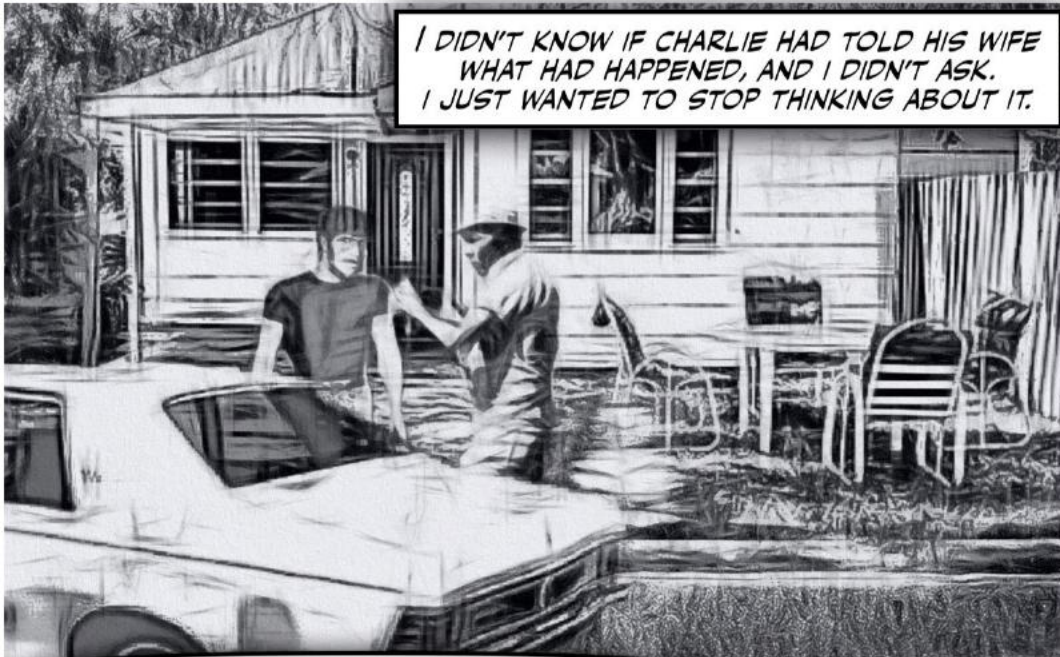


I COULDN'T HELP THINKING
ABOUT WHAT THOSE CREATURES
DID TO ME. I WONDERED IF
MAYBE THEY'D INFECTED ME
WITH SOME KIND OF BACTERIA.

I FOUND SOME BLEACH & POURED
IT ALL OVER ME, WASHING IT ALL OFF
IN A LONG SHOWER. STILL,
I DIDN'T FEEL CLEAN.



I MADE SURE TO GATHER
UP EVERYTHING I'D BEEN
WEARING THE DAY BEFORE,
EVEN MY SHOES
AND THREW THEM AWAY.



I DIDN'T KNOW IF CHARLIE HAD TOLD HIS WIFE WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND I DIDN'T ASK. I JUST WANTED TO STOP THINKING ABOUT IT.

SURE YOU FEEL LIKE WORKING TODAY, SON?



YEAH, I JUST WANT TO START FEELING NORMAL AGAIN.

SUDDENLY, I FILLED UP WITH PANIC.



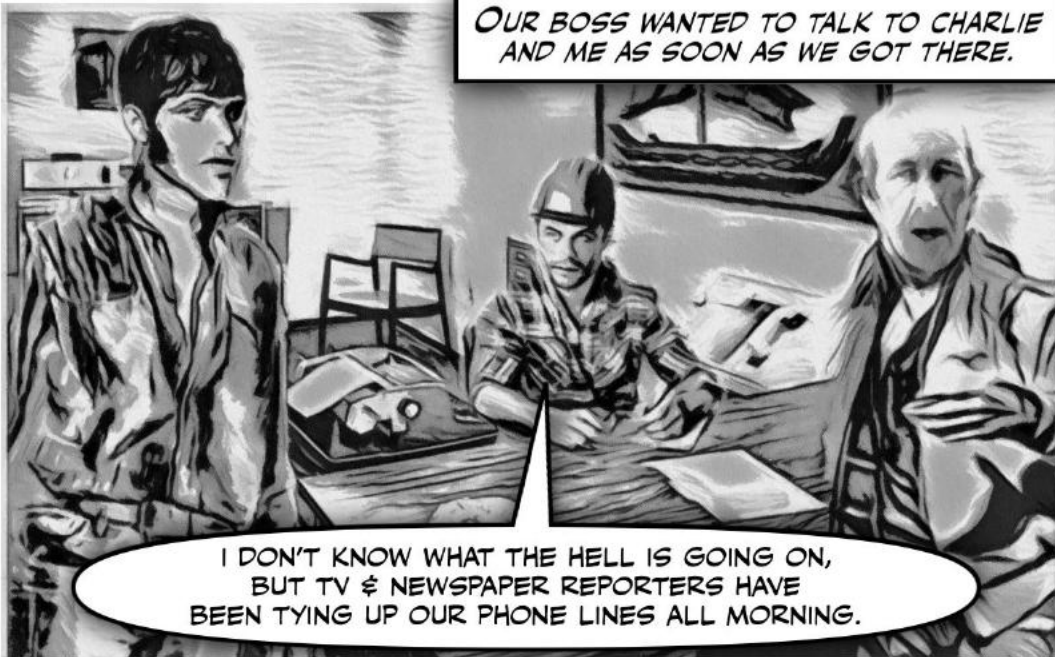
CHARLIE...WE NEED TO SEE A DOCTOR. BOTH OF US. WE MIGHT HAVE SOME KIND OF GERMS ON US...IT COULD BE DANGEROUS...OTHER FOLKS MIGHT GET INFECTED.

CHARLIE CALMED ME DOWN, PROMISING TO HANDLE EVERYTHING.



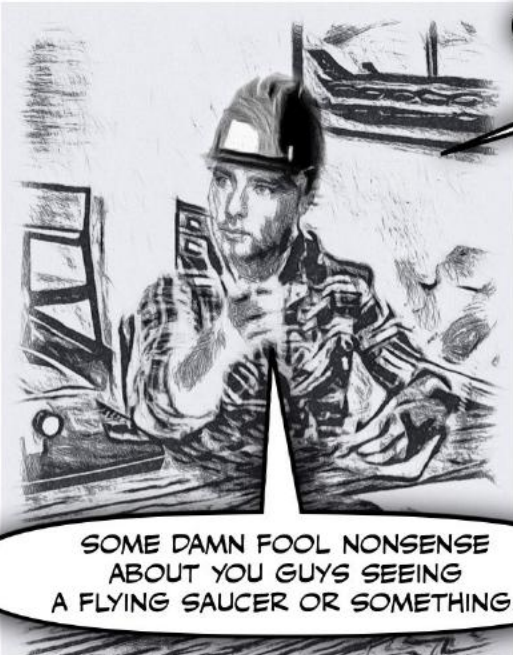
SO, WE STARTED OFF TO WORK, THOUGH MY NEW CAR WAS STILL NOT RUNNING RIGHT AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED AT THE PIER.

OUR BOSS WANTED TO TALK TO CHARLIE AND ME AS SOON AS WE GOT THERE.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON, BUT TV & NEWSPAPER REPORTERS HAVE BEEN TYING UP OUR PHONE LINES ALL MORNING.

WELL? WHAT'VE YOU BOYS GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES?



SOME DAMN FOOL NONSENSE ABOUT YOU GUYS SEEING A FLYING SAUCER OR SOMETHING.



SHERIFF DIAMOND SUDDENLY WALKED INTO THE OFFICE.

THERE'S A SWARM OF REPORTERS CROWDING THE SHIPYARD.



C'MON, MEN. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

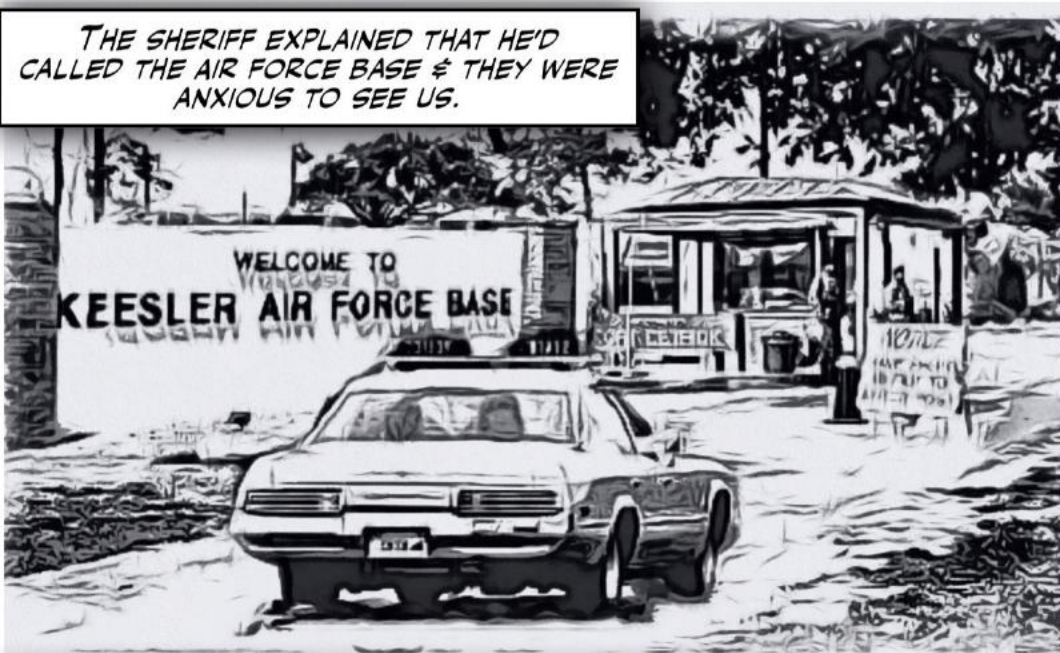
SHIPYARD

I KNOW YOU'RE THINKING THAT I TOLD THE MEDIA ABOUT YOU. WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY FOUND OUT.

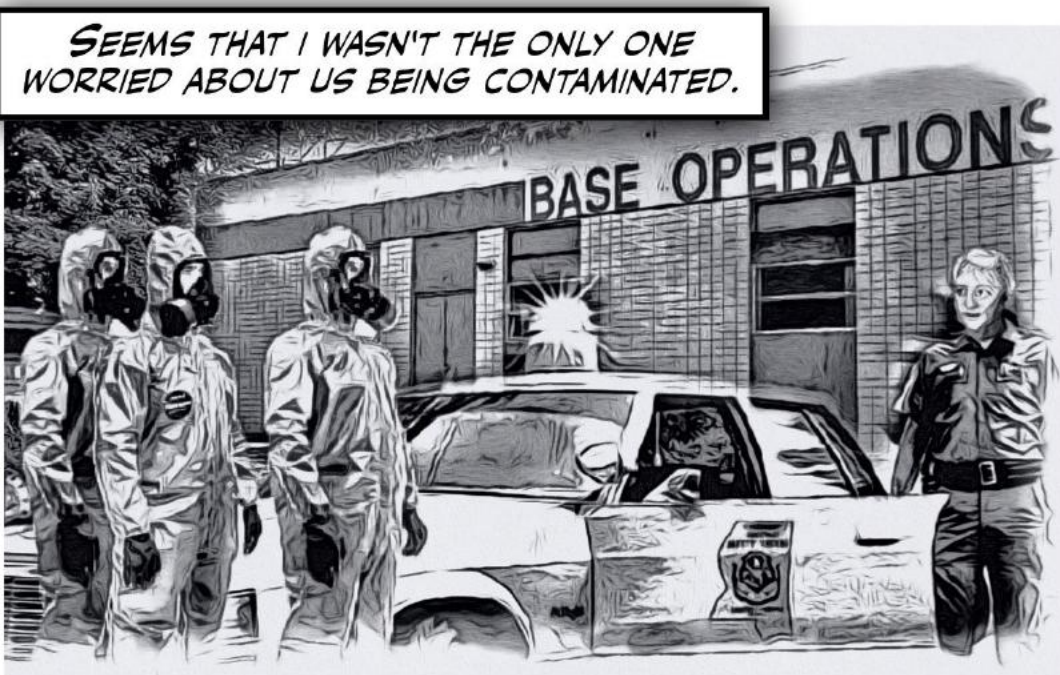


BUT THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT FOLKS WHO WANT TO TALK TO YOU THIS MORNING.

THE SHERIFF EXPLAINED THAT HE'D CALLED THE AIR FORCE BASE & THEY WERE ANXIOUS TO SEE US.



SEEMS THAT I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WORRIED ABOUT US BEING CONTAMINATED.



THEY STARTED TAKING RADIATION READINGS FROM US, REFUSING TO ANSWER ANY OF OUR QUESTIONS.



IT WAS SCARY AS HELL.

SEEMING SATISFIED, THEY WALKED US DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR THAT WAS ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN.



FINALLY, WE WERE GUIDED THROUGH A DOOR WITH DARK WINDOWS WE COULDN'T SEE THROUGH.

ONCE INSIDE, WE WERE SCARED OF WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO US.



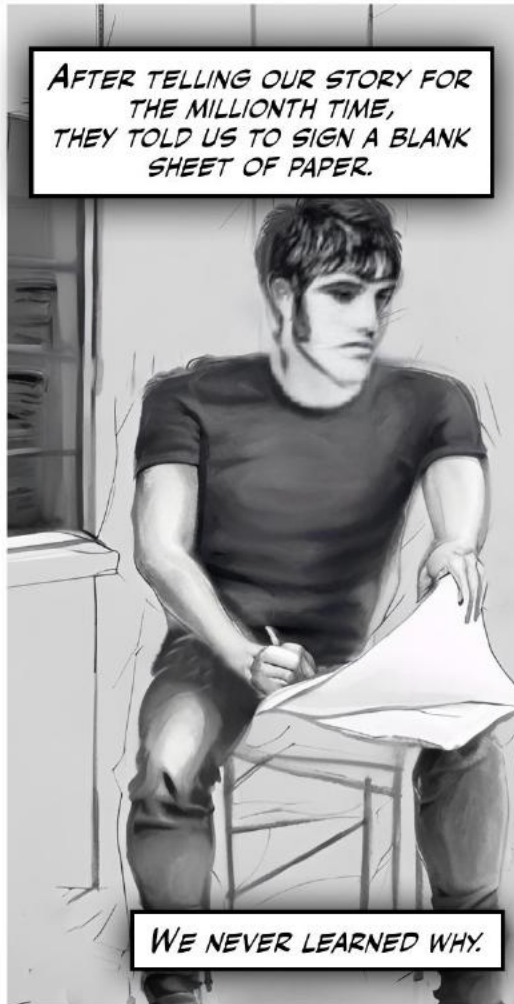


THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION, GENTLEMEN.

THE MAN IN THE BLACK SUIT WAS ALL-BUSINESS, BUT VERY POLITE.



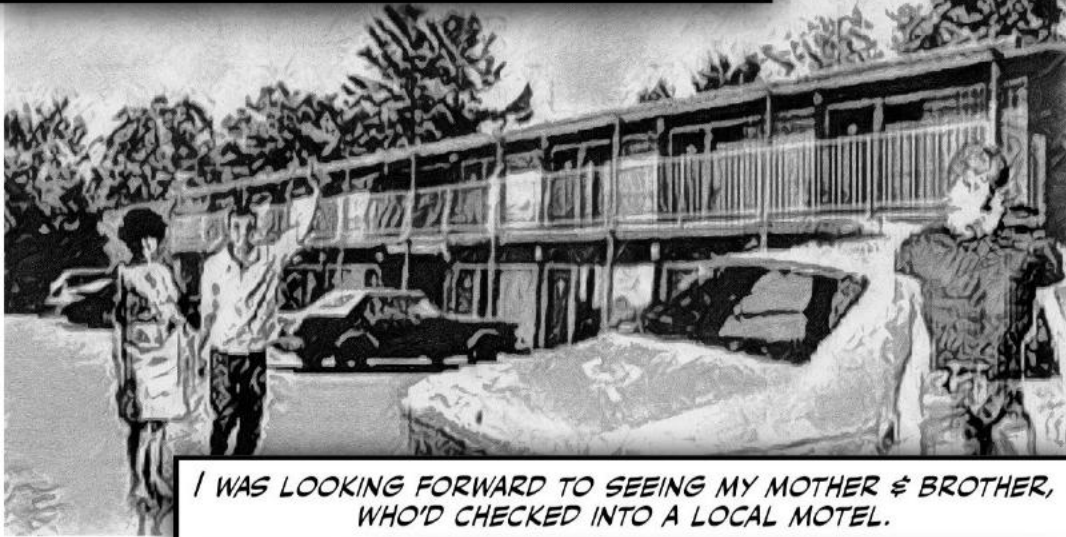
WE'RE ANXIOUS TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCE.



AFTER TELLING OUR STORY FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME, THEY TOLD US TO SIGN A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER.

WE NEVER LEARNED WHY.

CHARLIE & ME WERE TOLD THAT SOMEONE NAMED DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK WOULD BE ARRIVING TOMORROW TO MEET WITH US, AND THEY ESCORTED US HOME.



I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING MY MOTHER & BROTHER, WHO'D CHECKED INTO A LOCAL MOTEL.

THEY ASKED ME IF I WAS ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY DIDN'T ASK ME ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT IT.



THAT WAS A GREAT RELIEF.

BY THAT TIME, THE WHOLE NATION WAS STARTING TO LEARN ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE & ME, AND I WAS WORRIED HOW MY FAMILY WOULD TAKE IT.

MY MOTHER ARRANGED FOR DAD TO VISIT WAYNETTE JUST TO TELL HER I WAS SAFE. I WANTED TO TELL HER THE WHOLE CRAZY STORY IN PERSON.



MORE THAN EVER, I WORRIED ABOUT HER.

THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS ESCORTED TO THE SHIPYARD OFFICE TO MEET DR. HYNEK. I WAS ALREADY DREADING THE DAY.



GOOD TO MEET YOU MR. PARKER.



I'M DR. HARDER. FROM BERKELEY.
RELAX, DR. HYNEK.
AND I AM ON YOUR SIDE.

TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER BEEN HYPNOTIZED?



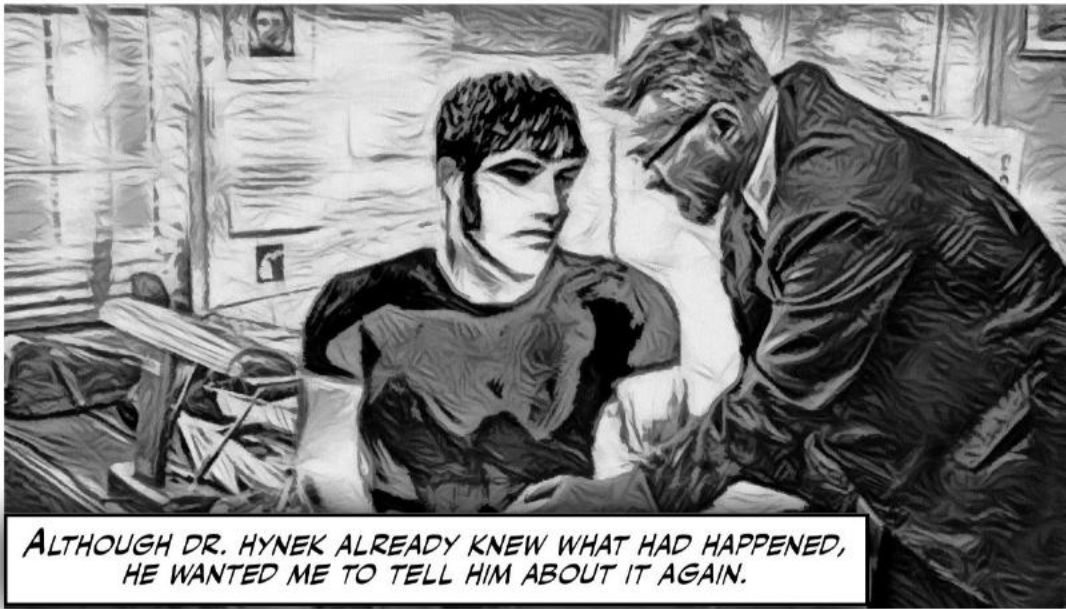
UH, NO, SIR. CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE.



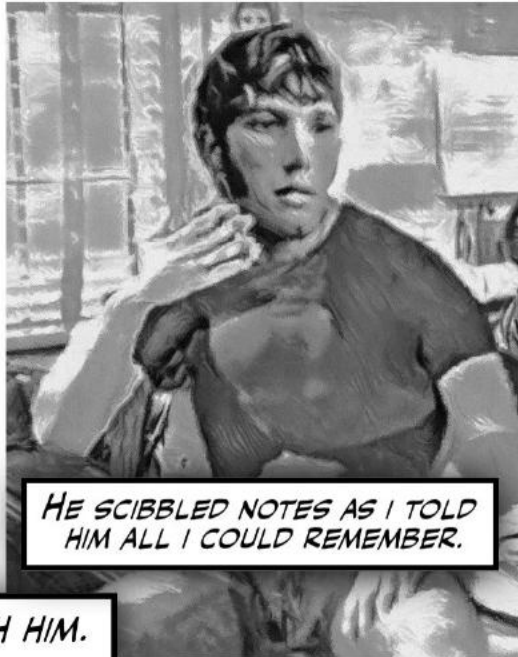
I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT HE WAS A FAMOUS ASTRONOMER CONNECTED TO THE USAF'S PROJECT BLUE BOOK THAT INVESTIGATED UFO'S.



HE WAS A VERY SMART, KINDLY MAN WITH AN EASY SMILE.



ALTHOUGH DR. HYNEK ALREADY KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, HE WANTED ME TO TELL HIM ABOUT IT AGAIN.



HE SCIBBLED NOTES AS I TOLD HIM ALL I COULD REMEMBER.

SOMEHOW, I FELT AT EASE WITH HIM.



THE DOCTOR WANTS TO SEE YOU NOW, CALVIN.

TRY NOT TO WORRY, SON. IT AIN'T SO BAD.

I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING HYPNOTIZED.

I WAS HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS.

HYPNOSIS IS MERELY A WAY TO HELP YOU RELAX, MR.PARKER.

IT'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, I ASSURE YOU.

I AIN'T SURE I WANNA DO THIS.

I WAS STILL DOUBTFUL, BUT AGREED.

THAT'S FINE.

NOW...FOCUS ON A SPOT ON THE WALL...



...AND BREATHE NORMALLY...

"THATS IT.."



"YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE."

I FOLLOWED THE DOCTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS,
SLOWLY GOING UNDER HYPNOSIS.
I STARTED TELLING HIM ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED...

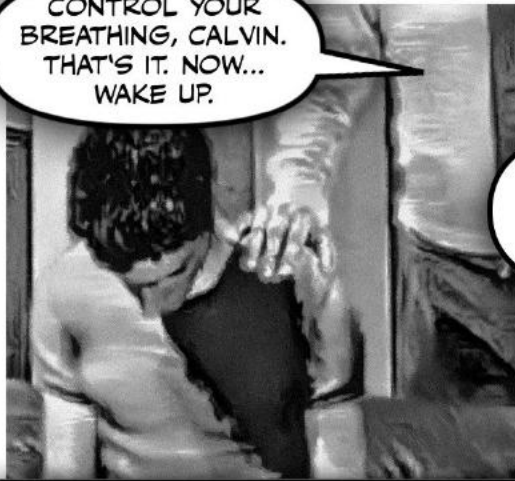


CALVIN-IT'S ALL
ALRIGHT.
THIS IS JUST A MEMORY.
IT'S NOT HAPPENING
TO YOU NOW.

...THEN I BEGAN TO PANIC.

BUT I WAS TERRIFIED. IT SEEMED SO REAL.

CONTROL YOUR
BREATHING, CALVIN.
THAT'S IT. NOW...
WAKE UP.



SORRY TO PUT YOU
THROUGH THIS, CALVIN.
I THINK YOU'VE GONE
THROUGH ENOUGH
FOR TODAY.



HE BROUGHT ME OUT OF THE HYPNOSIS.

AFTER OUR MEETING WITH DR HYNEK & DR HARDER,
CHARLIE & ME WERE CALLED IN TO SEE OUR BOSS.

THAT'S RIGHT. I WANT BOTH
OF YOU TO TAKE A
COUPLE OF PAID WEEKS
OFF...TO LET ALL
THIS DIE DOWN.



AND-FOR GODSAKE-DON'T TALK TO ANY REPORTERS.

ME & CHARLIE WERE KIND OF STUNNED. WE WANTED TO WORK, NOT TAKE PAYCHECKS FOR DOING NOTHING.



I'D DECIDED TO GO ON BACK TO MY FAMILY IN LAUREL, MISSISSIPPI. CHARLIE & ME QUIETLY SAID OUR GOODBYES.

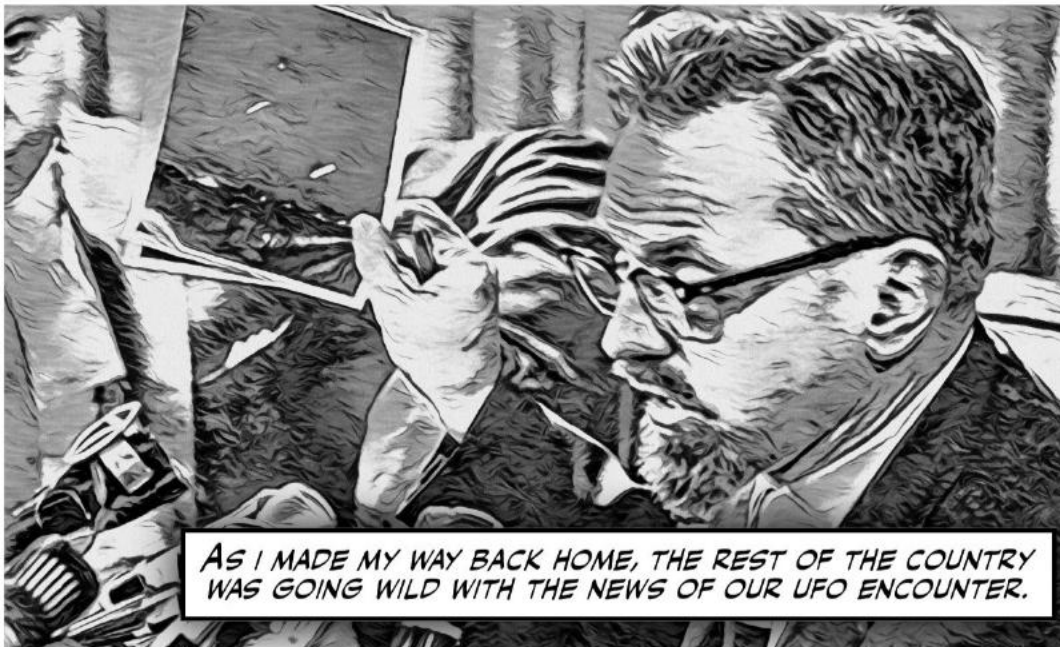


I FOOLISHLY THOUGHT IT ALL OVER.

ALL I WANTED WAS TO GO HOME & BE WITH MY FIANCE AGAIN.



NO WAY I COULD'VE KNOWN IT WAS REALLY JUST THE BEGINNING.



AS I MADE MY WAY BACK HOME, THE REST OF THE COUNTRY WAS GOING WILD WITH THE NEWS OF OUR UFO ENCOUNTER.



TO HIS CREDIT, DR HYNEK TOOK CHARLE & ME SERIOUSLY, CALLING US "HONEST MEN" IN THE PRESS. I'M ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO HIM FOR THAT.



MEANWHILE, THE NEWSPAPERS JUST WENT CRAZY.

AFTER ALL THAT CRAZINESS, I HAD ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN MY HEAD.

HOME.



NO ONE WAS IN THE HOUSE WHEN I ARRIVED, FEELING KIND OF LOST.

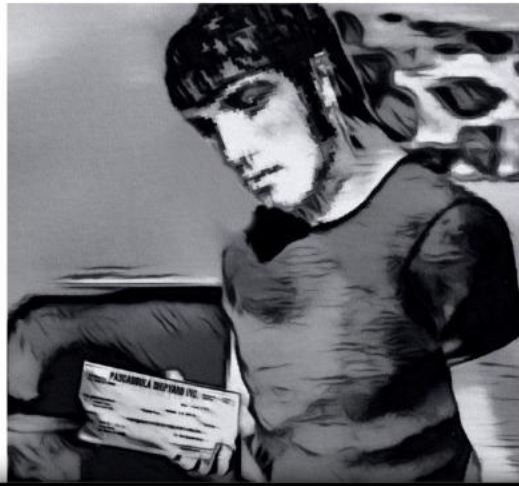


I MADE UP MY MIND THEN AND THERE I WASN'T GOING BACK TO MY JOB.

I WANTED TO STAY AS FAR AWAY AS I COULD, FROM WHERE IT ALL HAPPENED.

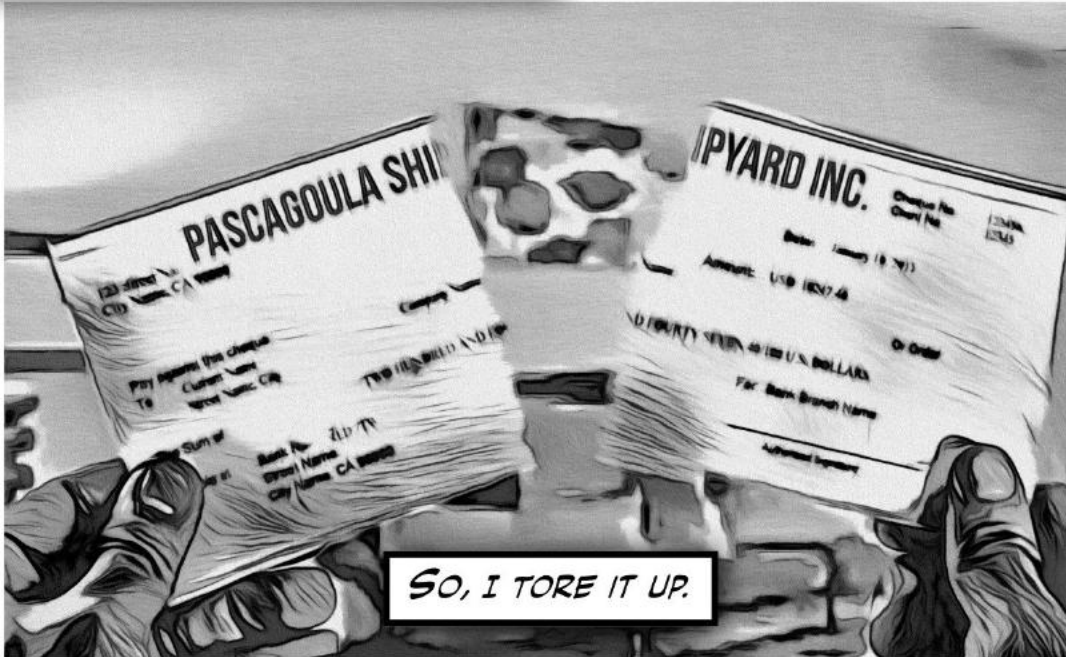


NO WAY WAS I KEEPING THAT EXTRA TWO WEEK'S PAY EITHER.

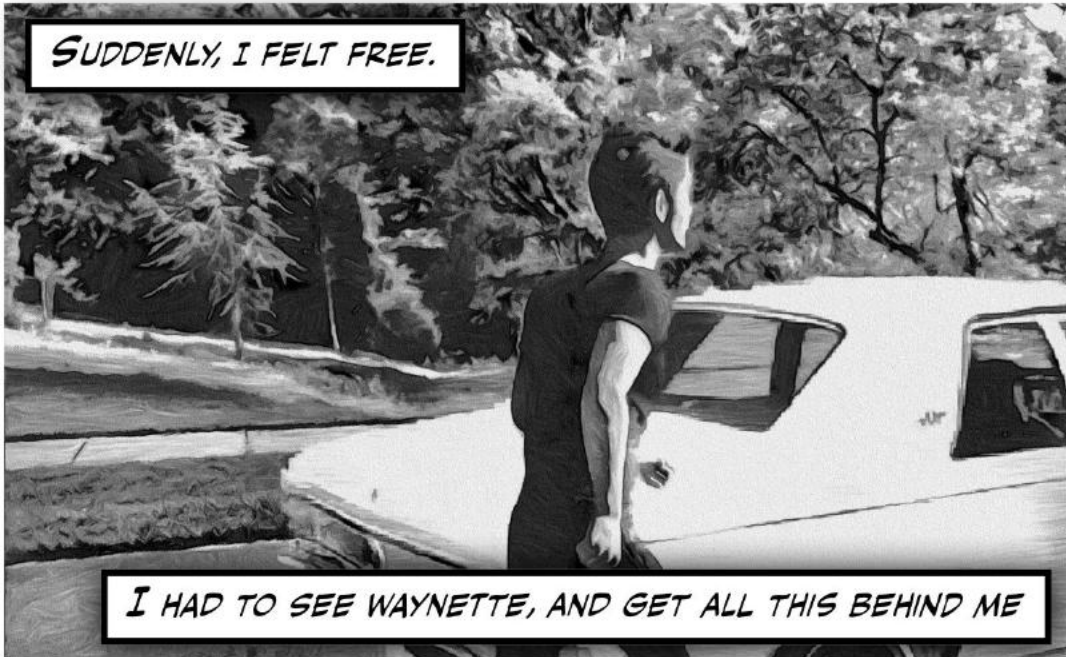


...BUT THEY DIDN'T WANT IT BACK.

I CALLED TO GET AN ADDRESS WHERE TO SEND THE PAYCHECK...



SO, I TORE IT UP.



SUDDENLY, I FELT FREE.

I HAD TO SEE WAYNETTE, AND GET ALL THIS BEHIND ME

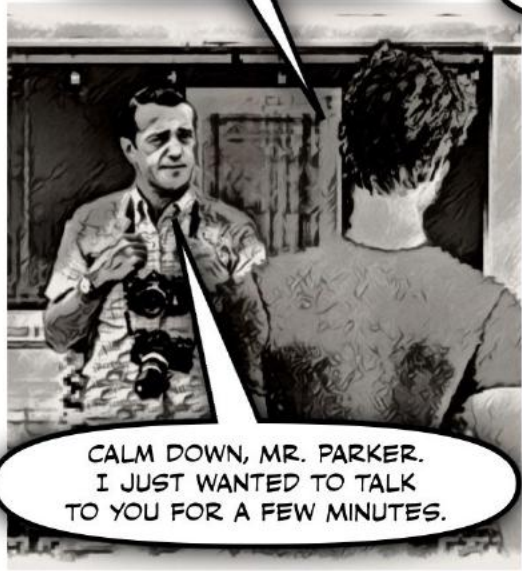
WHEN I GOT TO HER HOUSE THERE WAS SOMEONE WAITING FOR ME THAT I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE.

MR PARKER?
CALVIN PARKER?



I FIGURE YOU'D SHOW UP HERE SOONER OR LATER.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



CALM DOWN, MR. PARKER.
I JUST WANTED TO TALK
TO YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES.

LISTEN, I'M A REPORTER FROM THE
LAUREL LEADER NEWSPAPER AND—



GET OUT OF MY WAY!
LEAVE ME ALONE!

NOW LOOK, SON. EVERYONE WANTS
TO KNOW YOUR SIDE OF THIS UFO STORY.



IF YOU TALK TO ME,
I PROMISE NOT TO BOTHER
YOU AGAIN.

THINKING IT OVER, I FIGURED THAT IF I GAVE AN INTERVIEW THAT WOULD BE THAT, AND EVERYONE ELSE WOULD LEAVE ME ALONE.

I AGREED TO CALL HIM IN A FEW DAYS.

YOU MADE THE SMART CHOICE, MR. PARKER.

LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU.

JUST AS I WAS WONDERING IF I'D MADE A BIG MISTAKE, I HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE BEHIND ME.

CALVIN! IT'S REALLY YOU!

YOU'RE FINALLY HOME!



CALVIN--!



WAYNETTE WAS RUNNING TOWARDS ME, CRYING.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS, I FELT SAFE.

AFTER I TOLD WAYNETTE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ON THAT FISHING PIER, SHE GOT REAL QUIET.



TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, I SWITCHED ON THE TELEVISION.

BUT THERE WAS NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.



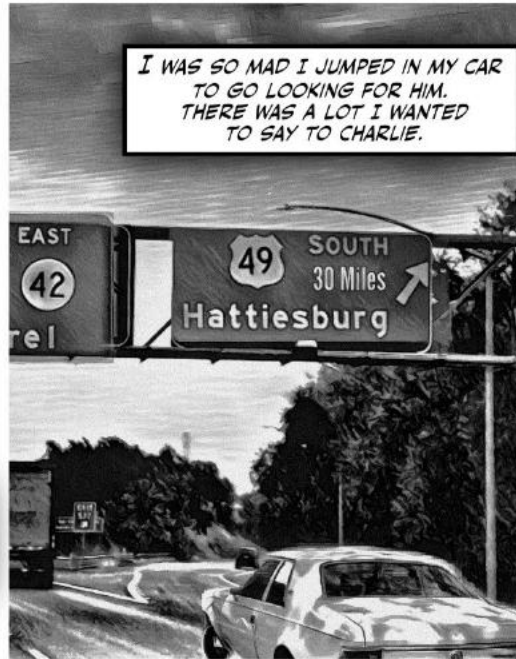
OL, CHARLIE ON THE NEWS, BLABBING ABOUT US BEING KIDNAPPED BY MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE.



I WAS SO PISSED.



SEEING CHARLIE ON TV WAS A SHOCK. HE'D SAID HE DIDN'T WANT ANY PUBLICITY EITHER, BUT I WAS STARTING TO THINK HE MAY'VE BROKE OUR STORY TO THE MEDIA IN THE FIRST PLACE.



I WAS SO MAD I JUMPED IN MY CAR TO GO LOOKING FOR HIM. THERE WAS A LOT I WANTED TO SAY TO CHARLIE.



A MAN AT THE TV STATION TOLD ME THAT HE'D ALREADY GONE BACK HOME TO THE COAST.

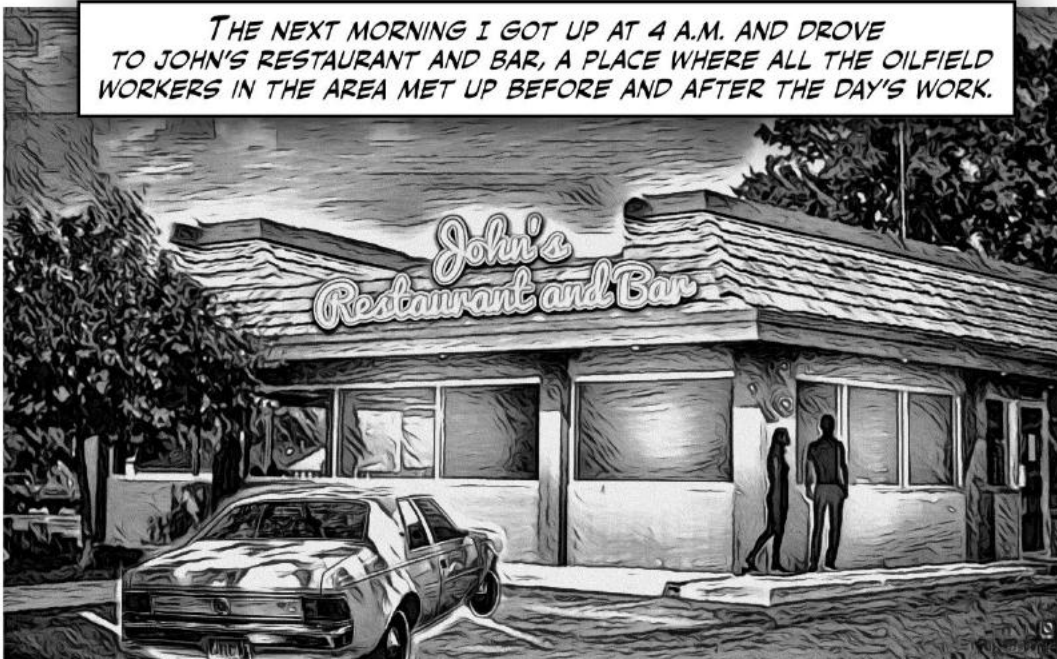


IT'D BEEN A WASTE OF TIME AND GASOLINE, BUT AT LEAST I HAD A CHANCE TO COOL OFF.

TRYING TO STAY POSITIVE, I FIGURED THE PUBLICITY WOULD WEAR OFF AFTER A FEW MORE DAYS AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE NORMAL AGAIN.

SHOWS HOW MUCH I KNEW.

THE NEXT MORNING I GOT UP AT 4 A.M. AND DROVE TO JOHN'S RESTAURANT AND BAR, A PLACE WHERE ALL THE OILFIELD WORKERS IN THE AREA MET UP BEFORE AND AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.



IT WAS ALSO A PLACE WHERE A PERSON COULD FIND A JOB IN THE OIL INDUSTRY.



EVERYONE KNEW ME THERE, SO I'D BROUGHT MY WORK CLOTHES, BOOTS, AND HARDHAT WITH ME IN CASE A JOB MIGHT BE AVAILABLE THAT MORNING.

AND, JUST LIKE THAT, I WAS HIRED FOR MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB.



THE OTHERS IN THE CREW WELCOMED ME ABOARD, AND NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT HAD BEEN IN THE NEWS ABOUT ME.

THAT SUITED ME FINE.

MY NEW JOB WORKED OUT REAL GOOD. I WAS GETTING LOTS OF OVERTIME, WHICH WOULD BE A BIG HELP FOR MY PENDING WEDDING ONLY A MONTH AWAY.



THEN, ONE DAY, A REPORTER FROM CHANNEL 7 SHOWED UP LOOKING FOR ME WHILE I WAS WORKING.

I SENT HIM PACKING, BUT MY BOSS WASN'T AMUSED.



LISTEN UP, PARKER. WE LIKE YOU HERE, AND YOU'RE A GOOD WORKER, BUT IF THESE NEWSMEN KEEP SHOWING UP, I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO.

I NEEDED THAT JOB, SO I DECIDED TO CALL THE NEWS STATION AND AGREED TO AN INTERVIEW AT HOME.



MAYBE THAT WOULD SMOOTH EVERYTHING OVER... AND THEY'D FINALLY LEAVE ME ALONE.



THE PRESSURE ON ME WAS REALLY BUILDING UP. IT WAS LIKE A BAD DREAM I COULDN'T WAKE UP FROM.

I STARTED GIVING INTERVIEWS SO I WOULDN'T SEEM LIKE SUCH A MYSTERY MAN TO EVERYONE.



AFTER ALL, I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED TO ME AND CHARLIE, TOO.

WERE THEY DEMONS, LIKE SOME HAD SAID? I DIDN'T THINK SO. MAYBE EXTRATERRESTRIALS, AS OTHERS HAD SUSPECTED.

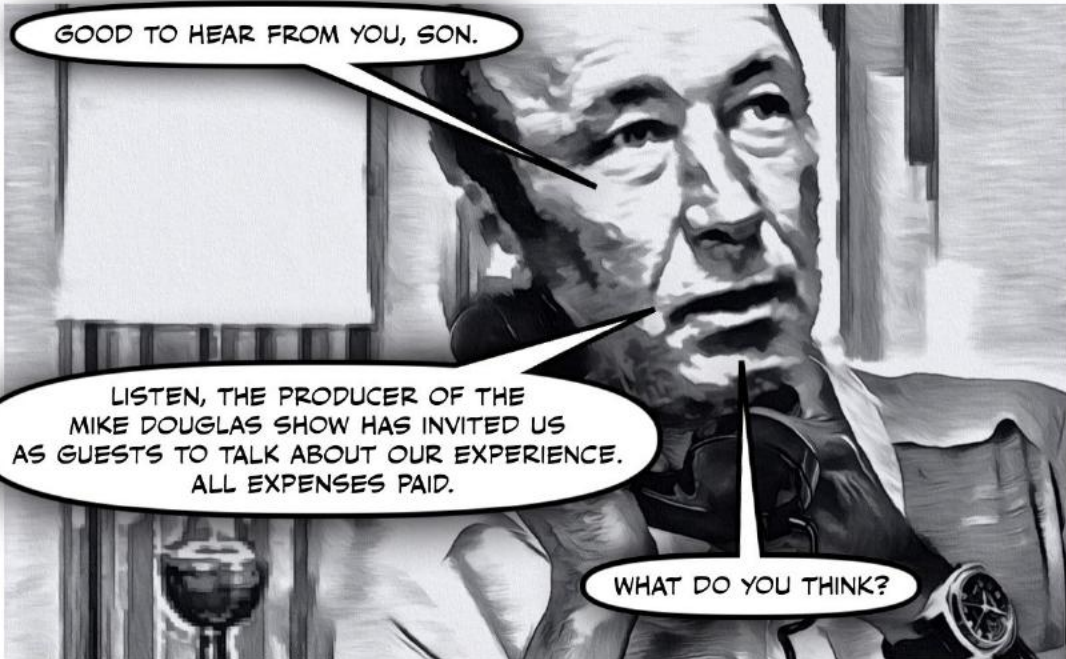


ALL I KNEW FOR SURE WAS IT HAD REALLY HAPPENED, AND I COULDN'T ESCAPE FROM IT.

ONE DAY, WHEN I GOT HOME FROM WORK, I WAS TOLD CHARLIE HAD BEEN TRYING TO REACH ME.



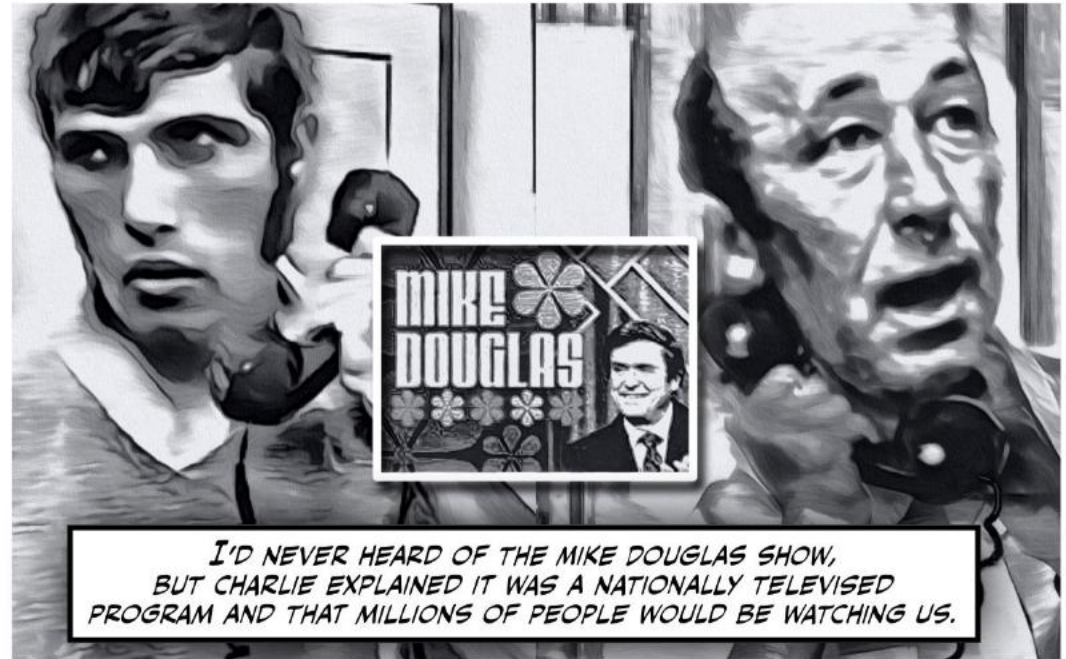
I TOOK A DEEP BREATH, AND CALLED HIM BACK.



GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU, SON.

LISTEN, THE PRODUCER OF THE MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW HAS INVITED US AS GUESTS TO TALK ABOUT OUR EXPERIENCE. ALL EXPENSES PAID.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



I'D NEVER HEARD OF THE MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW, BUT CHARLIE EXPLAINED IT WAS A NATIONALLY TELEVISED PROGRAM AND THAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WOULD BE WATCHING US.



WITH THAT MANY FOLKS SEEING US ON THE SHOW, I FIGURED THAT MAYBE THIS WOULD FINALLY SATISFY EVERYONE AND THEN THEY'D LEAVE US ALONE.



THE OIL COMPANY WAS MOVING THE RIG, SO I HAD A COUPLE WEEKS OFF FROM WORK.

ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE.

COUNT ME IN.



THE TV SHOW SENT US TICKETS TO CHICAGO.

I MET CHARLIE AT THE AIRPORT IN JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY.

IT HAD BEEN A WHILE SINCE CHARLIE AND I HAD SEEN EACH OTHER.



WE CASUALLY TALKED ABOUT EVERYTHING DURING OUR 4 HOUR FLIGHT...



...EXCEPT FOR THE UFO.



WHEN WE WERE FINALLY ON CAMERA, CHARLIE AND ME TOLD THEM, HOPEFULLY FOR THE LAST TIME, WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING OUR UFO ENCOUNTER.



WHILE WAITING FOR OUR FLIGHT BACK HOME, CHARLIE LOOKED CONCERNED ABOUT ME.



YOU AWRIGHT, CALVIN?
HOW'RE YOU HANDLING
ALL THIS ATTENTION?

NOT TOO GOOD.
I WISH THE DAMN
REPORTERS WOULD
LEAVE ME ALONE.

I JUST WANT TO
GO ON WITH MY LIFE.



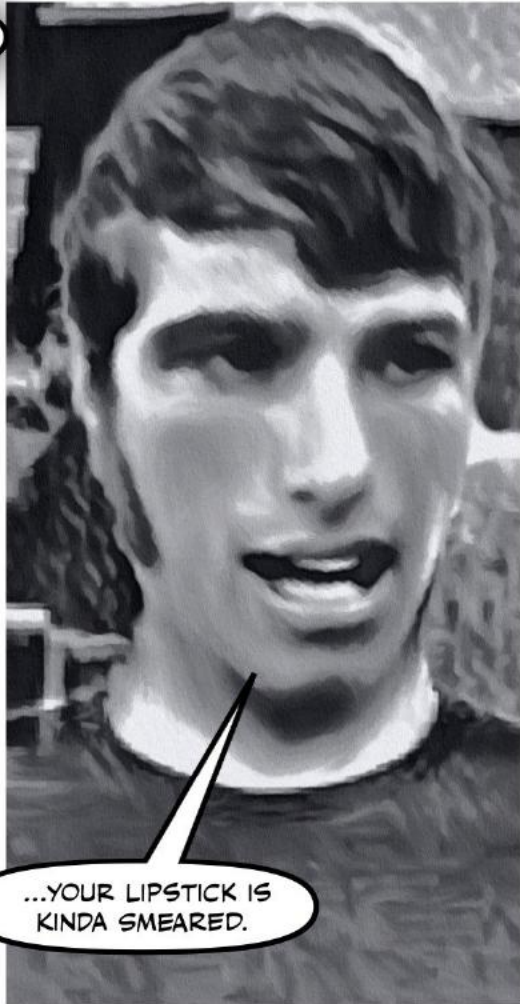
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY
GETTING OUT MORE.

YOU'RE PALE AS A GHOST.



I LOOK PALE BECAUSE
YOU'RE STILL WEARING MAKEUP.

BY THE WAY, CHARLIE...



...YOUR LIPSTICK IS
KINDA SMEARED.

IT HAD BEEN A MONTH SINCE THE ABDUCTION.



EVEN THOUGH I WAS BACK HOME IN LAUREL, I WAS STILL HAVING A HARD TIME COPING WITH EVERYTHING.

I COULDN'T EVEN GO TO THE GROCERY STORE WITHOUT PEOPLE RECOGNIZING ME.



MY PRIVATE LIFE WAS OVER.



HEY, IT'S YOU, RIGHT?
THE GUY KIDNAPPED
BY SPACE ALIENS!

SORRY, I-I'M IN A HURRY.
CAN'T TALK IT RIGHT NOW.



HAH! I KNEW IT WAS YOU!

PLEASE...UH, I JUST WANNA FINISH MY SHOPPING AND GO HOME.

HEY, HONEY-THIS IS THE GUY WE SAW ON THE MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW!

BUT PEOPLE DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.



PRETTY CRAZY STORY, BUT WE BELIEVE YOU.

CAN WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?



WELL, THAT DID IT.



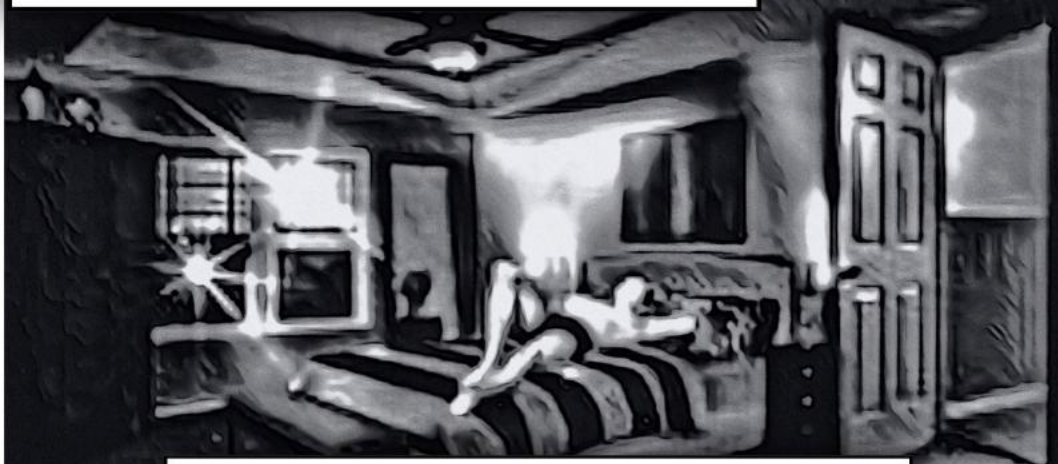
ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH.

PLEASE...STAY AWAY FROM ME.

HEY-WAIT!

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.

I ADMIT IT WAS ALL BECOMING TOO MUCH FOR ME. IT WAS LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE A LIFE OF MY OWN ANYMORE.



WHEN I GOT HOME I TOOK A LONG SHOWER AND LAID DOWN, TRYING TO GET MY MIND OFF OF EVERYTHING.

THEN, SUDDENLY, I STARTED SHAKING.

UNCONTROLLABLY.



AND I COULDN'T STOP.

MY THRASHING AROUND WOKE UP MY BROTHER IN THE NEXT ROOM.

WHAT'S WRONG, CALVIN?
YOU SICK?

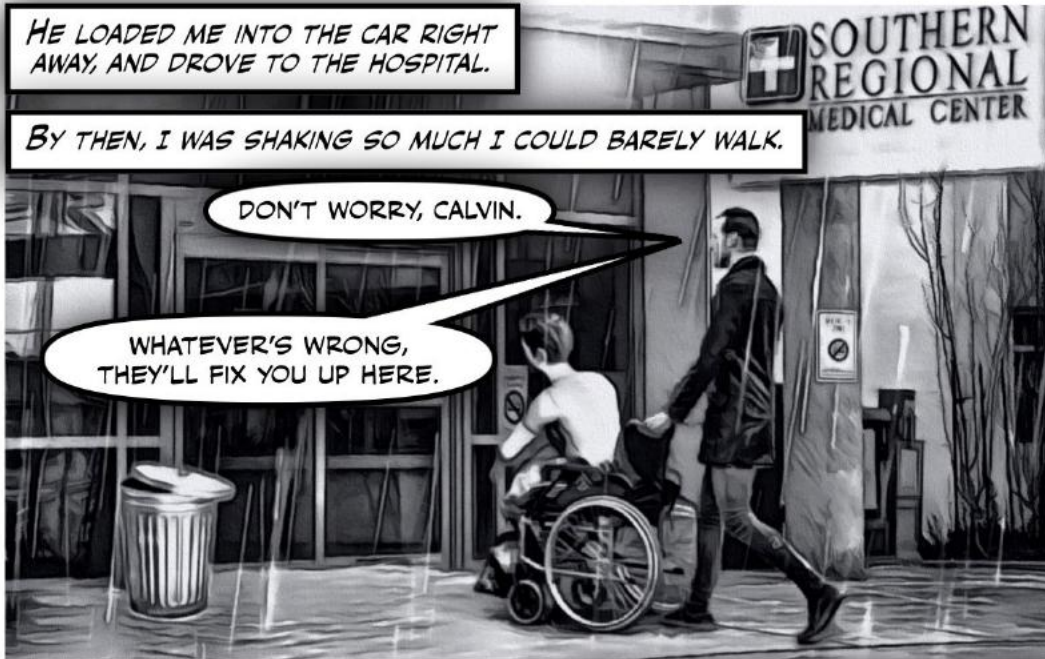


HE LOADED ME INTO THE CAR RIGHT AWAY, AND DROVE TO THE HOSPITAL.

BY THEN, I WAS SHAKING SO MUCH I COULD BARELY WALK.

DON'T WORRY, CALVIN.

WHATEVER'S WRONG, THEY'LL FIX YOU UP HERE.



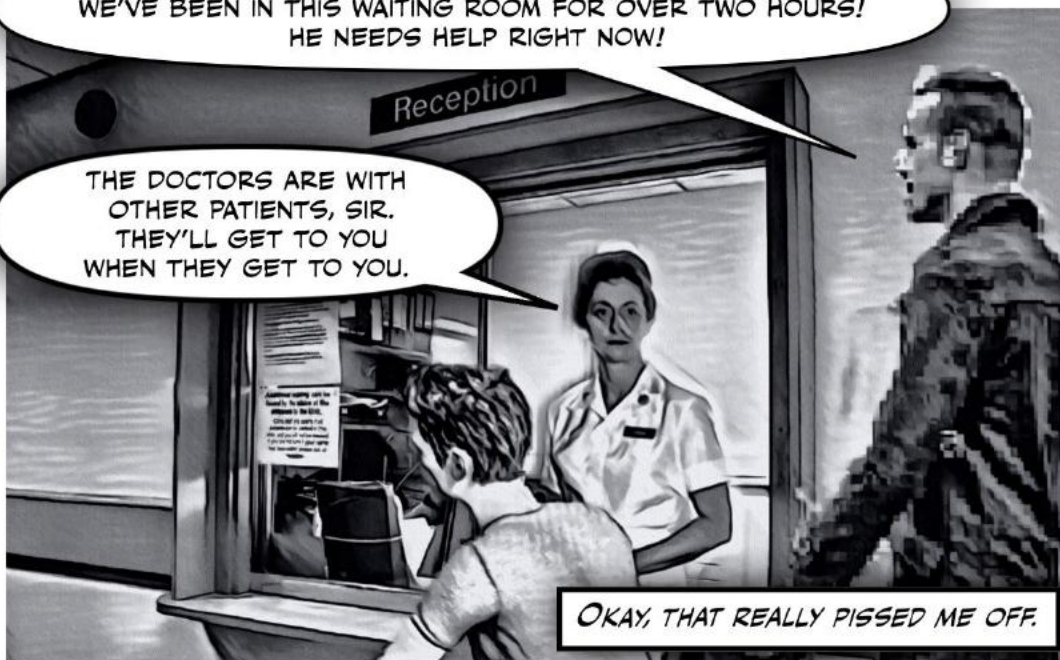
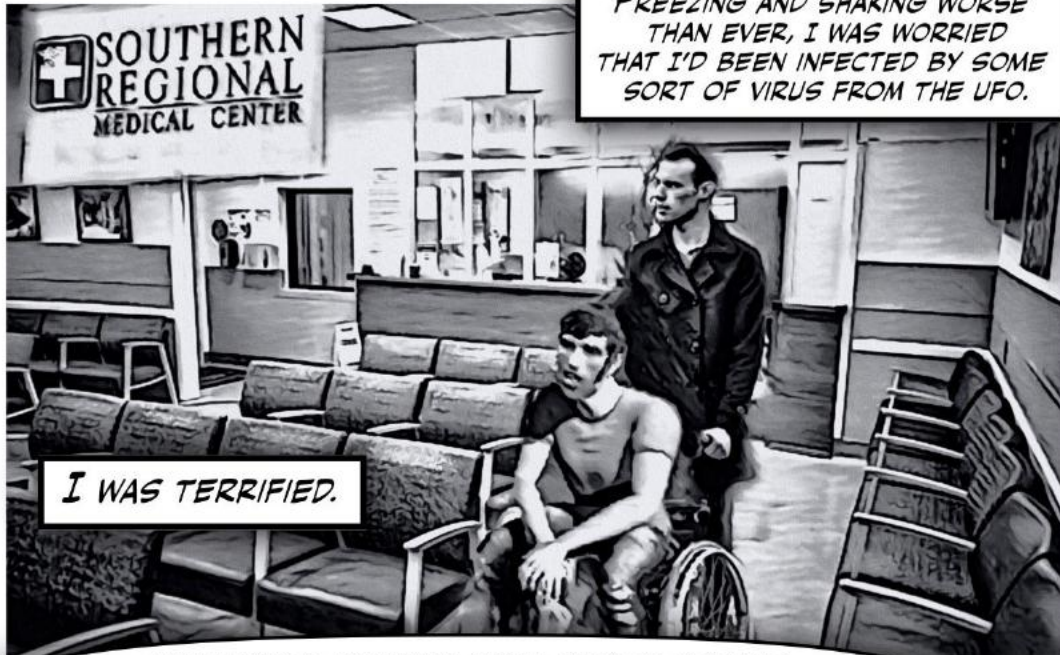
FREEZING AND SHAKING WORSE THAN EVER, I WAS WORRIED THAT I'D BEEN INFECTED BY SOME SORT OF VIRUS FROM THE UFO.

I WAS TERRIFIED.

MY BROTHER IS HAVING SOME KIND OF SEIZURE!
WE'VE BEEN IN THIS WAITING ROOM FOR OVER TWO HOURS!
HE NEEDS HELP RIGHT NOW!

THE DOCTORS ARE WITH OTHER PATIENTS, SIR.
THEY'LL GET TO YOU WHEN THEY GET TO YOU.

OKAY, THAT REALLY PISSED ME OFF.





CALM DOWN, SIR. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO CALL SECURITY.

C-CAN'T STOP SHAKING...I...UHH... I NUH-NEED...A DAMN DOCTOR!



I...AHH...I...

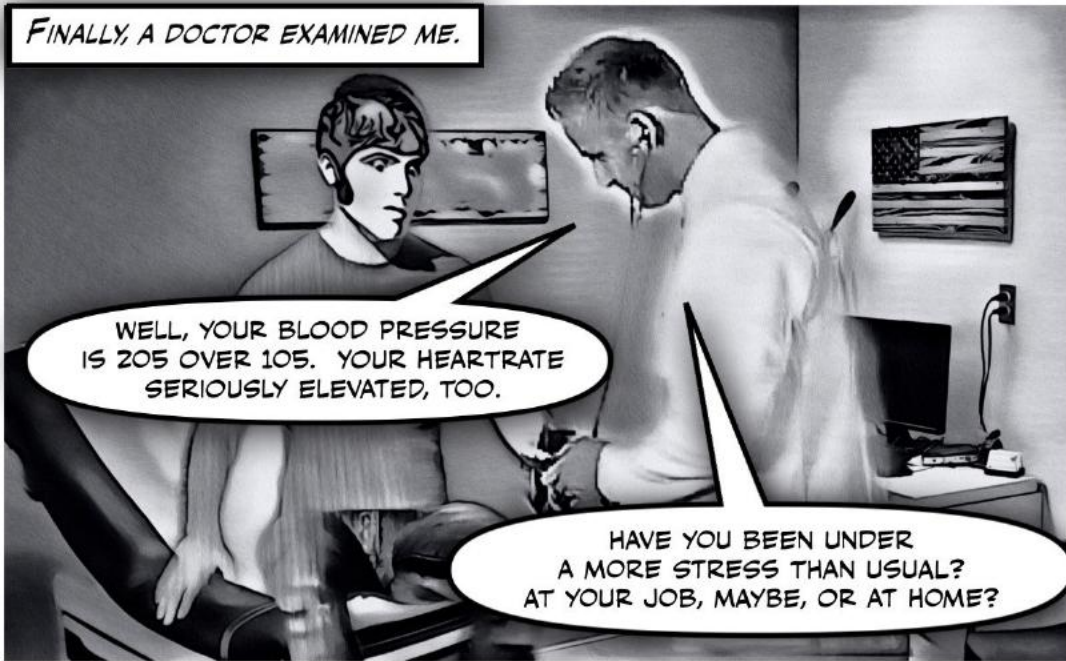
...I FEEL LIKE I'M D-DYING...



AFTER THAT I HAVE A DIM MEMORY OF THE HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARDS WRESTLING ME TO THE FLOOR.

SOMEONE GAVE ME SOME KIND OF SHOT THAT SETTLED ME DOWN A LITTLE.

FINALLY, A DOCTOR EXAMINED ME.



WELL, YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE IS 205 OVER 105. YOUR HEARTRATE SERIOUSLY ELEVATED, TOO.

HAVE YOU BEEN UNDER A MORE STRESS THAN USUAL? AT YOUR JOB, MAYBE, OR AT HOME?



YESSIR.

GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT.



YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM AN EMOTIONAL BREAKDOWN, SON. IT'S ONLY GOING TO GET WORSE IF YOU DON'T HAVE IT TREATED.

HE RECOMMENDED ANOTHER DOCTOR FOR ME TO SEE, AND WROTE ME A PRESCRIPTION.





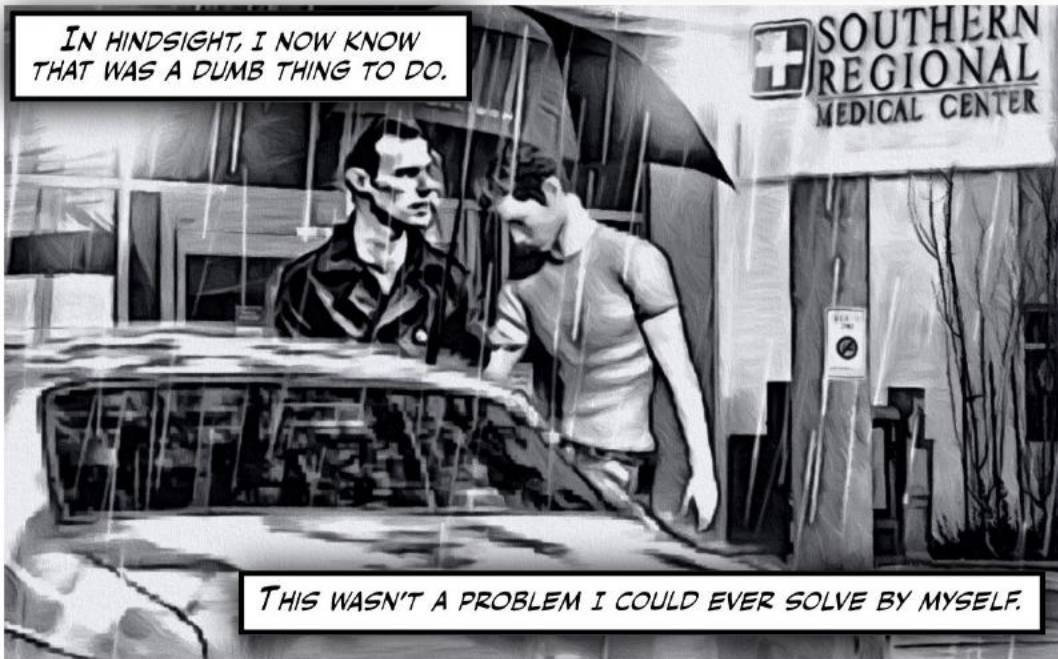
BY THAT TIME, THE SHAKING HAD STOPPED, ALONG WITH THE WILD PANIC I'D FELT.

AND I DID SOMETHING VERY STUPID.



I DON'T NEED THIS STUFF.

I THREW THE PRESCRIPTION AWAY, FIGURING I COULD DEAL WITH THIS MYSELF.



IN HINDSIGHT, I NOW KNOW THAT WAS A DUMB THING TO DO.

THIS WASN'T A PROBLEM I COULD EVER SOLVE BY MYSELF.



WAYNETTE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY TRIP TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM. SHE DID EVERYTHING SHE COULD TO HELP RELIEVE MY ANXIETY.



SITTING DOWN WITH HER, TALKING OPENLY AND HONESTLY LESSENERED THE STRESS OF MY SITUATION.

SOMEHOW SHE HELPED EASE MY BREAKDOWN, PUTTING IT BEHIND US.

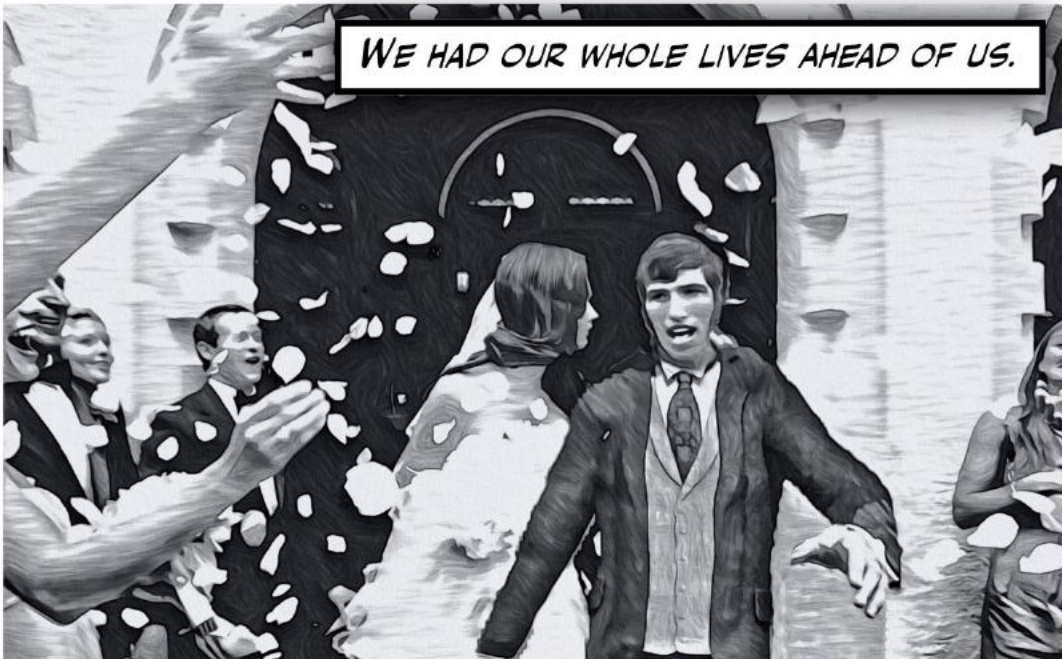


I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU.

*WE GOT MARRIED AS PLANNED ON NOVEMBER 9TH, 1973,
IN A SMALL CHURCH WEDDING.*



WE HAD OUR WHOLE LIVES AHEAD OF US.



*SPENDING OUR FIRST NIGHT TOGETHER IN HER GRANDPARENTS'
BIG, VACANT HOUSE, WE SAVED OUR HONEYMOON FOR LATER.*

FUNNY, WE STILL HAVEN'T HAD THAT HONEYMOON.



BUT WE WILL SOMEDAY.



SOON AFTER OUR WEDDING, WE DECIDED TO INVITE MOST OF THE FAMILY TO DINNER SO I FINALLY COULD TELL THEM FACE TO FACE ABOUT THE UFO ABDUCTION AND HOW IT HAD AFFECTED ME.



I TOLD THEM WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO CHARLIE AND ME...

...AND ABOUT MY NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.



I TOLD THEM EVERYTHING.

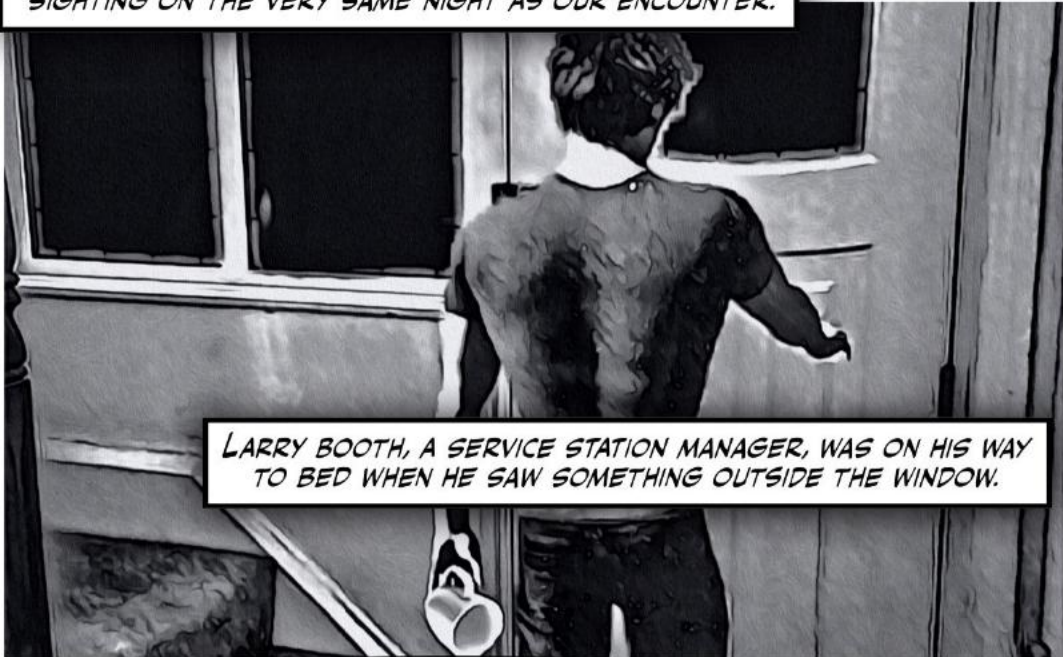
THERE WASN'T MUCH RESPONSE, BUT AT LEAST THEY ALL KNEW THE TRUTH.

I FELT A HEAVY WEIGHT HAD LIFTED FROM MY SHOULDERS.

NO ONE IN PASCAGOULA CAME FORWARD TO CHARLIE OR ME AFTER WE WAS PASTERED ALL OVER THE PRESS AND TV...



... BUT IN RECENT YEARS UFO RESEARCHER PHILIP MANTLE WAS CONTACTED BY A WITNESS WHO HAD A SIMILAR SIGHTING ON THE VERY SAME NIGHT AS OUR ENCOUNTER.



LARRY BOOTH, A SERVICE STATION MANAGER, WAS ON HIS WAY TO BED WHEN HE SAW SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

WH-WHAT THE HELL--?!



HE'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

LARRY DESCRIBED A STRANGE,
VERY BRIGHT GLOWING OBJECT
HOVERING SLIGHTLY
ABOVE THE STREETLIGHTS.



THERE WAS NO NOISE.



IT WAS BIGGER THAN A HELICOPTER, HE SAID.



NOT MOVING AT ALL, JUST HANGING THERE OVER THE STREET.

LARRY WAS SURE WASN'T A HELICOPTER OR AIRPLANE.



HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IN THE WORLD IT COULD BE.

THE MORNING THE NEWS SAID THAT SEVERAL PEOPLE IN LARRY'S NEIGHBORHOOD HAD NOT ONLY SEEN THE UFO, BUT ALSO REPORTED IT.



SOME FOLKS EVEN CLAIMED THEIR TELEVISION SETS ACTED WEIRD ALL DURING THE SIGHTINGS.

LARRY NEVER SOLVED THE MYSTERY, BUT AT LEAST HE KNEW HE HADN'T IMAGINED IT.



I STILL WONDER IF IT MIGHT'VE THE SAME CRAFT CHARLIE AND ME HAD ENCOUNTERED THAT OCTOBER NIGHT.



THERE WAS WHAT THEY CALL A "UFO FLAP" HAPPENING ALONG THE COAST OF MISSISSIPPI AT THAT SAME TIME, WITH LOTS OF SIGHTINGS.

A WITNESS NAMED EVAN (HIS FULL NAME'S IN PHILIP MANTLE'S FILES) RECENTLY CAME FORWARD DESCRIBING A UFO HIS FAMILY WITNESSED ON THEIR FARM, THAT ALSO HAPPENED ON THE SAME EVENING AS ME AND CHARLIE'S ABDUCTION.





EVAN SAID THE OBJECT LOOKED LIKE A SODIUM VAPOR STREETLIGHT, ONLY MUCH BIGGER.

IT MOVED SLOWLY, REAL EERIE, OVER THEIR HEADS.



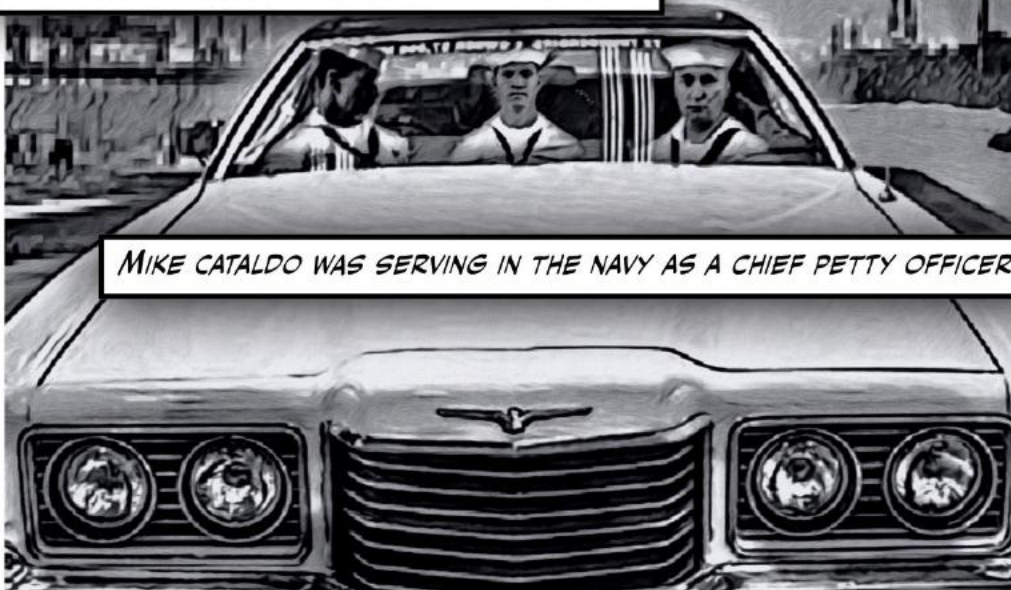
THEY WATCHED TILL THE UFO WAS ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT, THEN IT SHRANK TO A RED DOT AND DARTED SOUTH LIKE IT'D BEEN SHOT OUT OF A RIFLE.



THE NEXT DAY, ME AND CHARLIE'S STORY WAS ALL OVER THE NEWS.



*BUT THOSE WEREN'T THE ONLY UFO WITNESSES
IN MISSISSIPPI ON OCTOBER 11TH, 1973.*



MIKE CATALDO WAS SERVING IN THE NAVY AS A CHIEF PETTY OFFICER.



*HAVING TOLD ONLY FAMILY AND CLOSE FRIENDS AT THE TIME, CATALDO ONLY
RECENTLY PUBLICLY RELATED HIS OWN PERSONAL ENCOUNTER OF THAT NIGHT.*

*CATALDO AND CREWMATES TED PERALTA AND MACK HANNA
WERE DRIVING ON U.S. 90 WHEN THEY SAW A VERY STRANGE
OBJECT FLYING NORTHEAST ACROSS THE HIGHWAY.*



MY GOD...WHAT IS THAT THING?!

THE UFO VANISHED QUICKLY, BUT CATALDO HAD A SECOND MORE ALARMING SIGHTING AS HE ARRIVED AT HIS HOUSE.



THE HELL-?

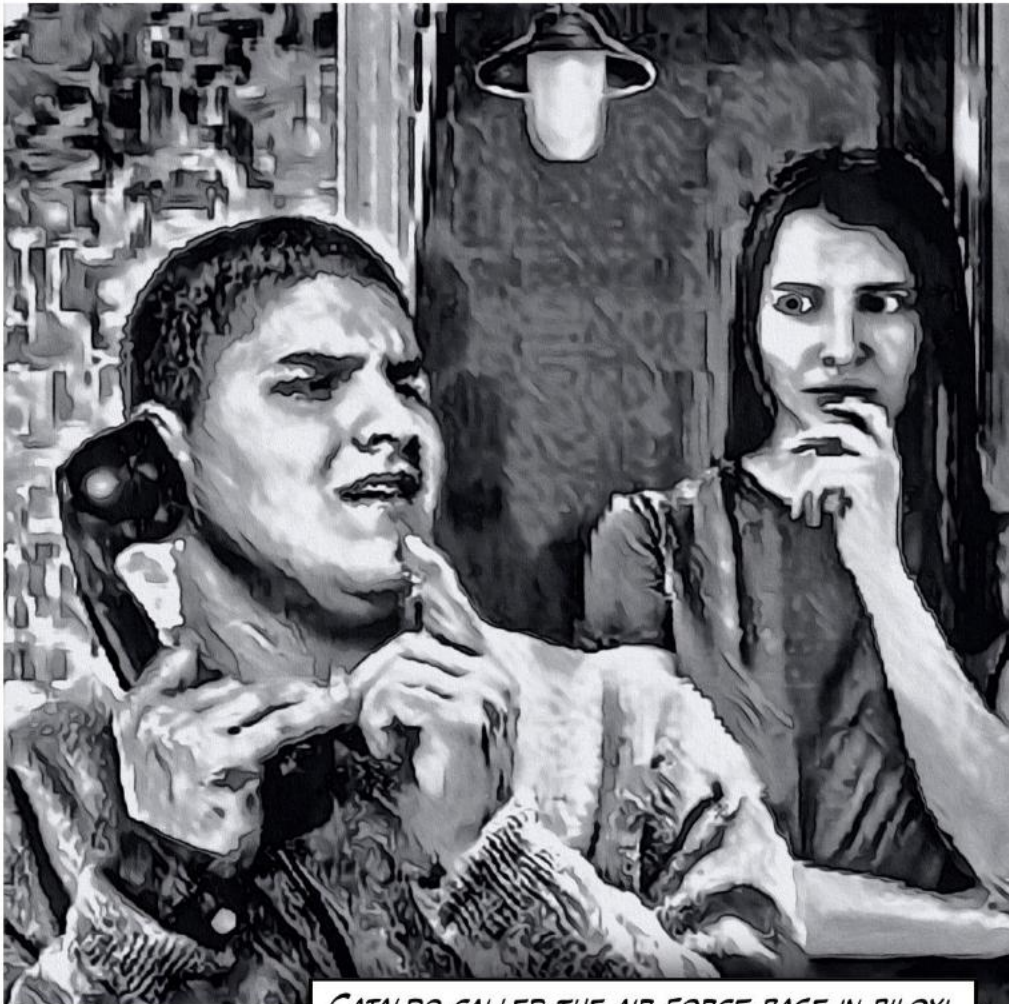
IT WAS AS IF THE THING HAD FOLLOWED HIM HOME.

ALMOST IN A PANIC, HE RUSHED INSIDE TO TELL HIS WIFE.



THERE'S A DAMNED FLYING SAUCER OVER OUR HOUSE!

I'M NOT JOKING! I'VE GOT TO REPORT IT!



CATALDO CALLED THE AIR FORCE BASE IN BILOXI, BUT THEY TREATED HIM LIKE A LUNATIC.

ANOTHER VERY WEIRD SIGHTING HAPPENED JUST A FEW MILES AWAY, ONLY FOUR DAYS BEFORE MY AND CHARLIE'S ENCOUNTER.



I'D LIKE TO THANK UFO RESEARCHER PAUL DEAN FOR SUPPLYING THE PASCAGOULA COAST GUARD'S OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.



ACCORDING TO THE COAST GUARD REPORT, A COUPLE LOCAL FISHERMEN WERE THREE MILES FROM PASCAGOULA WHEN THEY ENCOUNTERED A BRIGHTLY GLOWING OBJECT ROUGHLY SIX FEET UNDER THE WATER'S SURFACE MOVING AT ABOUT SEVEN MILES PER HOUR.



THE FISHERMEN HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

THEY EVEN TRIED TO STRIKE THE OBJECT WITH THEIR OARS...

... BUT THE THING WOULD MOVE OUT OF THE WAY,
DODGING THE OARS, ALMOST LIKE IT WAS ALIVE.



AT 9:40 PM THE COAST GUARD DISPATCHED
A BOAT TO INVESTIGATE THE SIGHTING.



THEY HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING IT.

THE COAST GUARD DESCRIBED THE UNKNOWN OBJECT AS METALLIC, WITH AN AMBER LIGHT, MOVING FOUR TO SIX KNOTS JUST SIX FEET UNDER THE WATER.

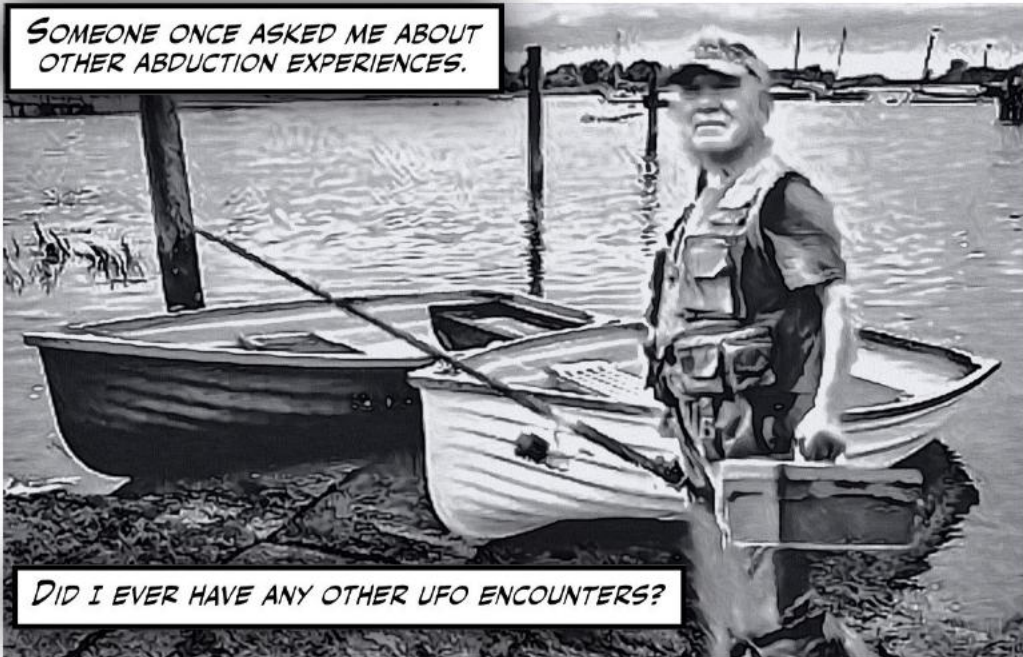


AT ONE POINT THE THING CEASED ITS GLOW, CHANGED COURSE, AND LIT UP AGAIN.

EVENTUALLY, IT DISAPPEARED ENTIRELY AND THE COAST GUARD RETURNED TO PASCAGOULA STATION AT 10:30 PM, AND FILED THEIR REPORT.



SOMEONE ONCE ASKED ME ABOUT OTHER ABDUCTION EXPERIENCES.



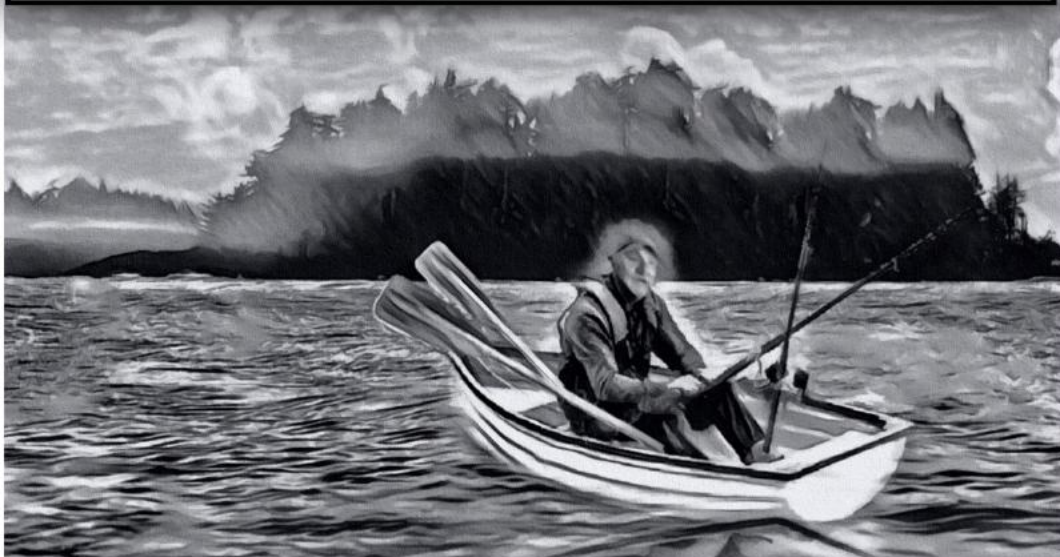
DID I EVER HAVE ANY OTHER UFO ENCOUNTERS?

AS I DESCRIBE WHAT HAPPENED, YOU CAN DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.



ONE DAY IN 1993, ABOUT 7AM, I'D DECIDED TO GO FISHING.

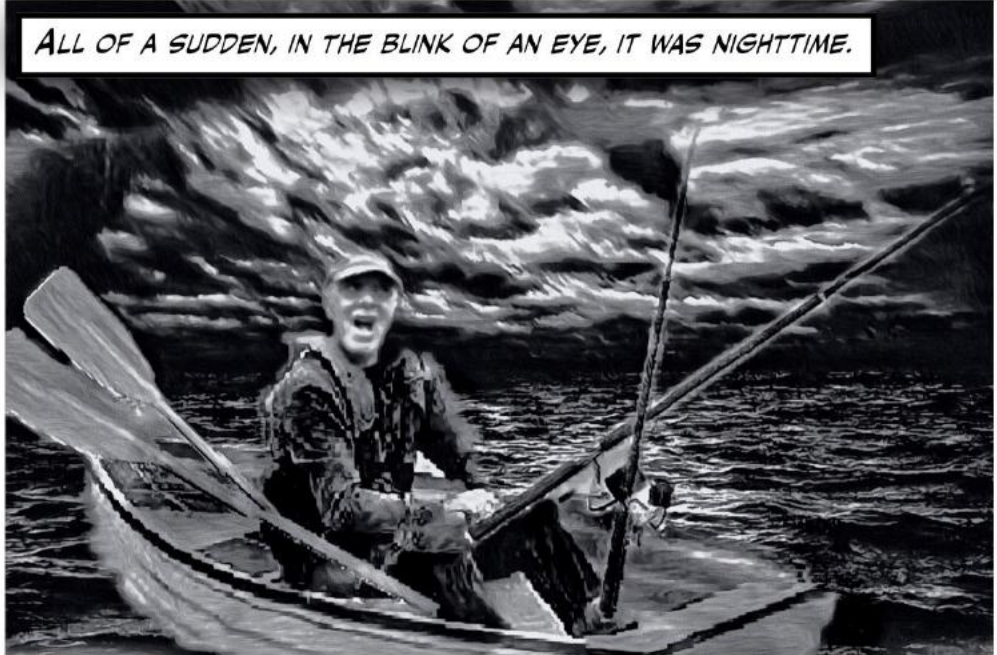
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY, BRIGHT AND SUNNY, WITH NO WIND, SO I EASILY ROWED OUT TO CAT ISLAND, ABOUT SIX MILES AWAY, A PLACE I LIKED TO FISH.



WHEN I GOT THERE I STARTED FISHING.
I'D PLANNED TO BE HOME LONG BEFORE DARK.



ALL OF A SUDDEN, IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, IT WAS NIGHTTIME.



WHAT IN THE HELL JUST HAPPENED--?!





I LOOKED AT MY WATCH. SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS 11:00 PM.



*HOW DID IT HAD BECOME NIGHT SO FAST?
DID I FALL ASLEEP SOMEHOW WITHOUT KNOWING IT?*

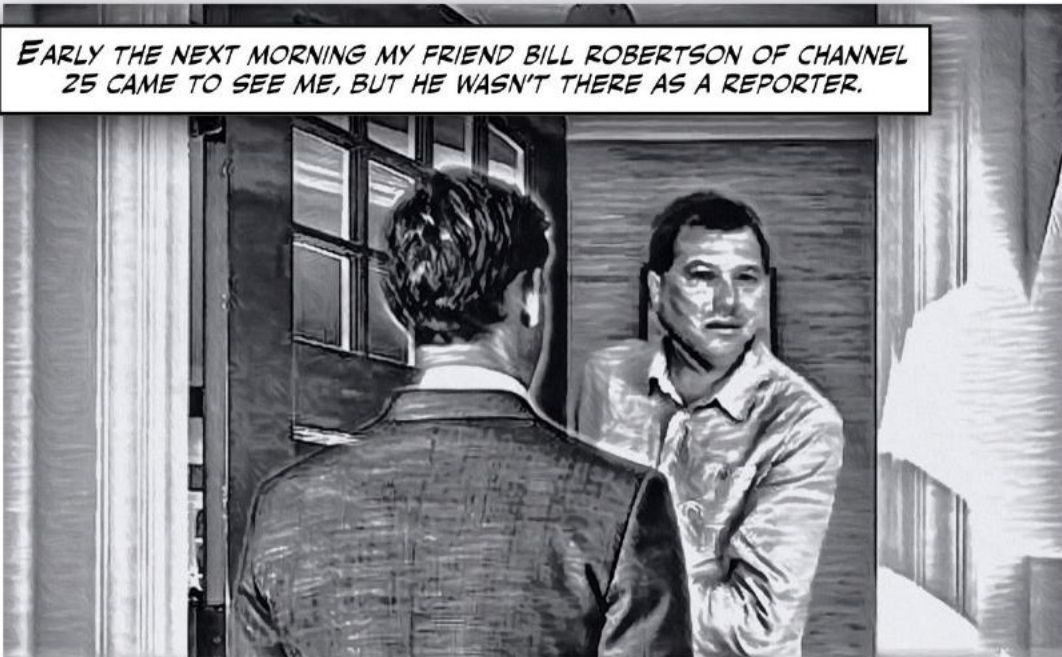
I KNEW I NEEDED TO GET HOME. WAYNETTE WOULD BE WORRIED SICK ABOUT ME.

AFTER I PULLED INTO OUR DRIVEWAY, WAYNETTE LOOKED VERY RELIEVED.

LATER, WE SAT ON OUR PATIO AND I TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHAT THE HELL HAD HAPPENED, ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF.



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING MY FRIEND BILL ROBERTSON OF CHANNEL 25 CAME TO SEE ME, BUT HE WASN'T THERE AS A REPORTER.



BILL PRIVATELY KEPT UP WITH ALL THE UFO NEWS, SOMETHING HE WAS REALLY INTERESTED IN, BUT I'D NEVER GIVEN HIM AN INTERVIEW.



I DECIDED TO TELL HIM ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED ON THE BOAT.



CALVIN, I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOAT.

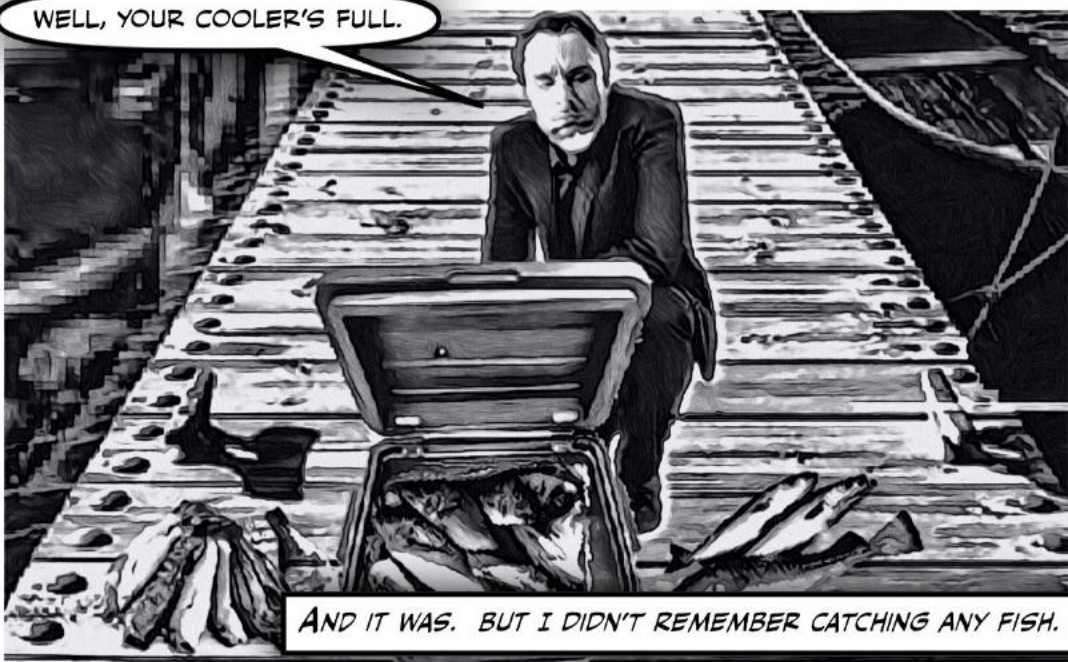
BILL LISTENED QUIETLY TO MY STORY, THEN FINALLY SPOKE.



HE GAVE MY BOAT A REALLY GOOD GOING OVER.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

HMM, LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A GOOD DAY FISHING, AT LEAST.



WELL, YOUR COOLER'S FULL.

AND IT WAS. BUT I DIDN'T REMEMBER CATCHING ANY FISH.

LATER, BILL ASKED IF ME AND WAYNETTE WOULD GO WITH HIM TO A UFO CONFERENCE AS HIS GUESTS.



HE SAID OUR EXPENSES WOULD BE PAID FOR IF I AGREED TO MEET WITH SOMEONE AND BE HYPNOTIZED.



WAYNETTE AND I TALKED IT OVER SERIOUSLY, AND WE DECIDED TO GO.



I WAS REALLY BOTHERED NOT KNOWING WHAT HAD HAPPENED ON THE BOAT, AND MAYBE THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT.

WE WERE JUST GETTING SETTLED IN OUR HOTEL ROOM WHEN THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.



IT WAS BILL WITH ANOTHER MAN I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



HIS NAME WAS BUDD HOPKINS.



TURNED OUT THAT BUDD HOPKINS WAS A WELL-KNOWN RESEARCHER OF UFO ABDUCTIONS WHO USED HYPNOSIS TO HELP FOLKS REMEMBER WHAT HE CALLED "MISSING TIME."



I SPENT QUITE A WHILE DESCRIBING WHAT CHARLIE AND I WENT THROUGH WHEN WE WERE ABDUCTED 20 YEARS BEFORE, AND WHAT HAD HAPPENED RECENTLY ON THE BOAT, TOO.



BUDD LISTENED REAL PATIENT.

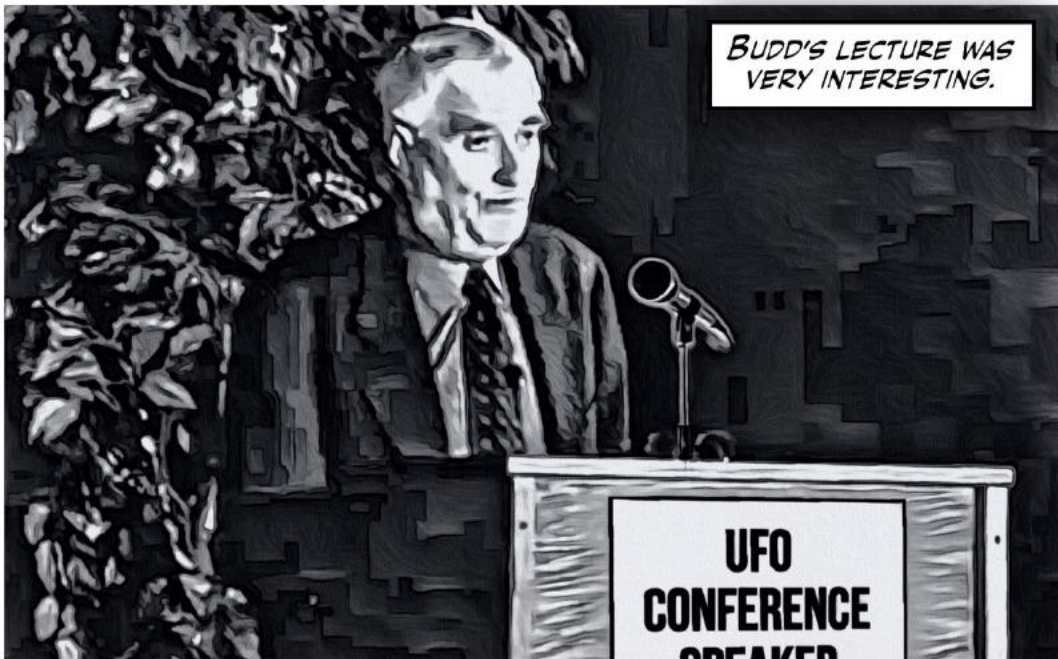
THEN, HE SAID WE COULD TRY SOMETHING CALLED REGRESSIVE HYPNOSIS AFTER THE CONFERENCE TO SEE IF MAYBE I HAD MISSING TIME WHILE I WAS ON THE BOAT.

LATER, BUDD INTRODUCED ME TO SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE AT THE CONFERENCE, ALTHOUGH THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER HEARD OF THEM BECAUSE I NEVER KEPT UP ON UFOS.





IT DID EASE MY MIND SOME TO LEARN CHARLIE AND ME WASN'T THE ONLY ONES THIS HAD HAPPENED TO.



BUDD'S LECTURE WAS VERY INTERESTING.



I KNEW ALMOST NOTHING ABOUT THE HISTORY OF UFOS BEFORE THAT WEEKEND, AND I LEARNED A LOT.



HEARING THE DETAILS OF OTHER FOLKS WHO'D ALSO BEEN ABDUCTED WAS BOTH A COMFORT AND FRIGHTENING.

LATER IN MY HOTEL ROOM, BUDD PUT ME UNDER HYPNOSIS WHILE BILL STOOD BY WITH HIS TAPE RECORDER.



I WENT UNDER PRETTY EASY.

ALL OF A SUDDEN I WAS BACK ON MY FISHING BOAT...BUT THIS TIME I REMEMBERED A REAL BRIGHT LIGHT THAT WASN'T THE SUN.



WHAT THE HELL--?

*SOMETHING LIKE A GREY CLOUD
APPEARED ABOUT 500 FEET ABOVE ME.*



ALL AT ONCE THE GREY CLOUD OPENED UP...

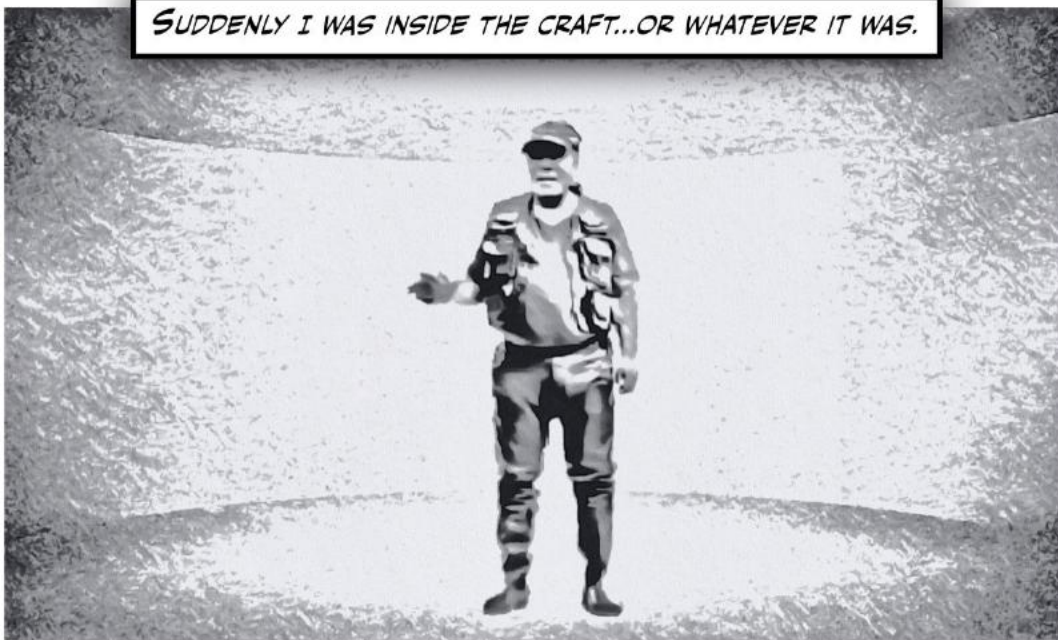


...AND I WAS FLOATING UP TOWARD IT.

I COULD SEE MYSELF BELOW, STILL IN THE BOAT, LOOKING ASLEEP.



SUDDENLY I WAS INSIDE THE CRAFT...OR WHATEVER IT WAS.



OH NO, NOT YOU...



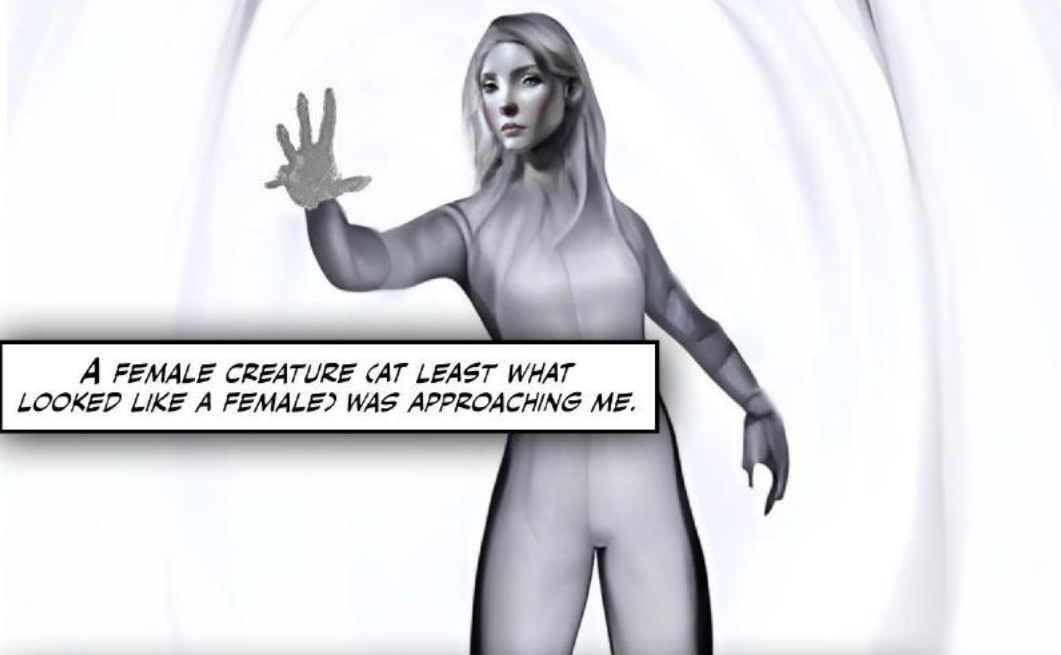
*AFTER BEING ALONE FOR A LITTLE WHILE,
I FELT ANOTHER PRESENCE THERE WITH ME.*



...NOT YOU AGAIN...!



Wonder



A FEMALE CREATURE (AT LEAST WHAT LOOKED LIKE A FEMALE) WAS APPROACHING ME.

SHE WAS GREY IN COLOR AND HER EYES WERE ALMOST ALL BLACK.



HER AWFUL FACE WAS FAMILIAR.

I'D SEEN HER BEFORE...



...IN PASCAGOULA.





AND I DIDNT LIKE HER ONE LITTLE BIT.

I WOKE UP REAL SUDDEN IN A COLD SWEAT, MY HEART POUNDING.



S-STAY AWAY FROM ME!



IT' ALL RIGHT, CALVIN.

YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

I COULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE.



BILL TOLD ME HE'D MAKE ME A COPY OF THE TAPE. MAYBE IT WOULD HELP ME REMEMBER MORE.

BACK HOME, A COUPLE DAYS LATER, THE TELEPHONE RANG.



IT WAS REAL BAD NEWS.



BILL ROBERTSON HAD SUDDENLY PASSED AWAY.

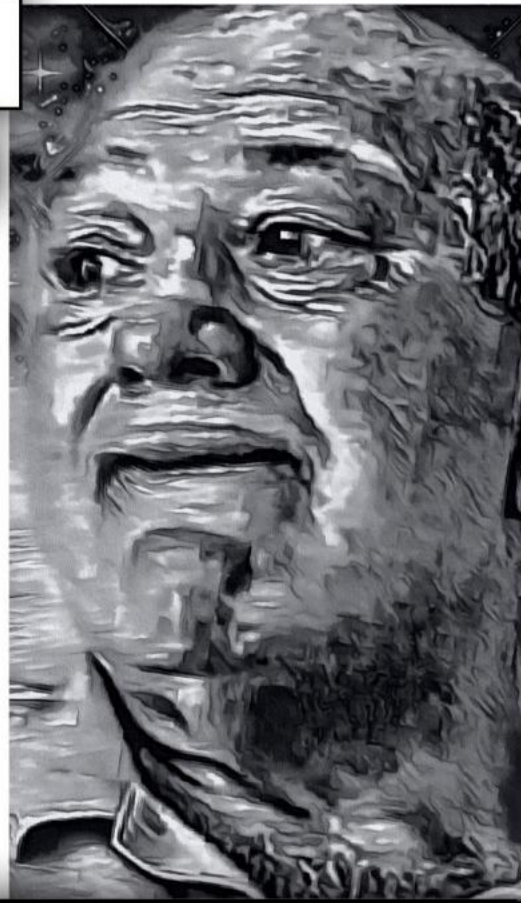
IT WAS QUITE A SHOCK. BILL AND ME HAD BEEN GOOD FRIENDS.



I NEVER DID FOUND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS TAPE RECORDING OF MY HYPNOSIS SESSION.

YEARS PASSED, AND I NEVER
REMEMBERED MUCH AFTER
I'D WOKE UP FROM BEING HYPNOTIZED.

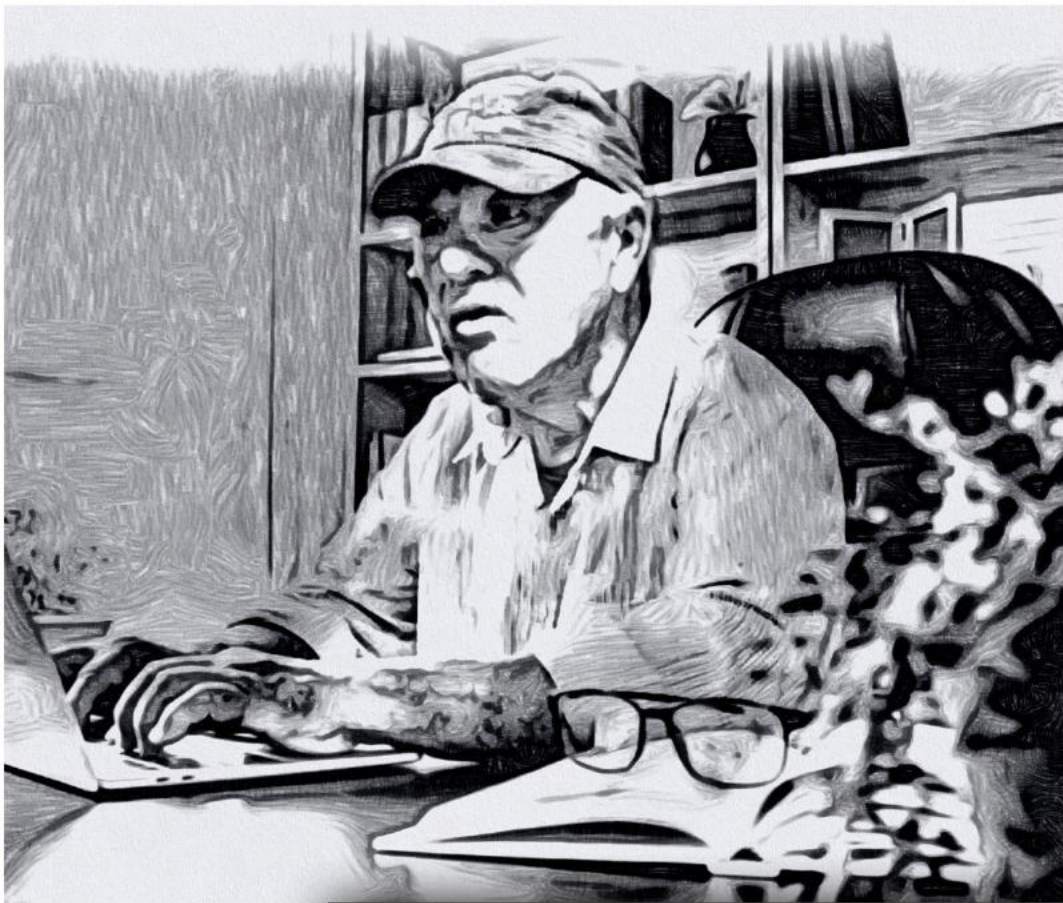
I HATED THAT.



ALL THE YEARS WENT ON, I KNEW I HAD TO FIND OUT
WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THOSE TAPE RECORDINGS.

WHEREVER THEY WERE.



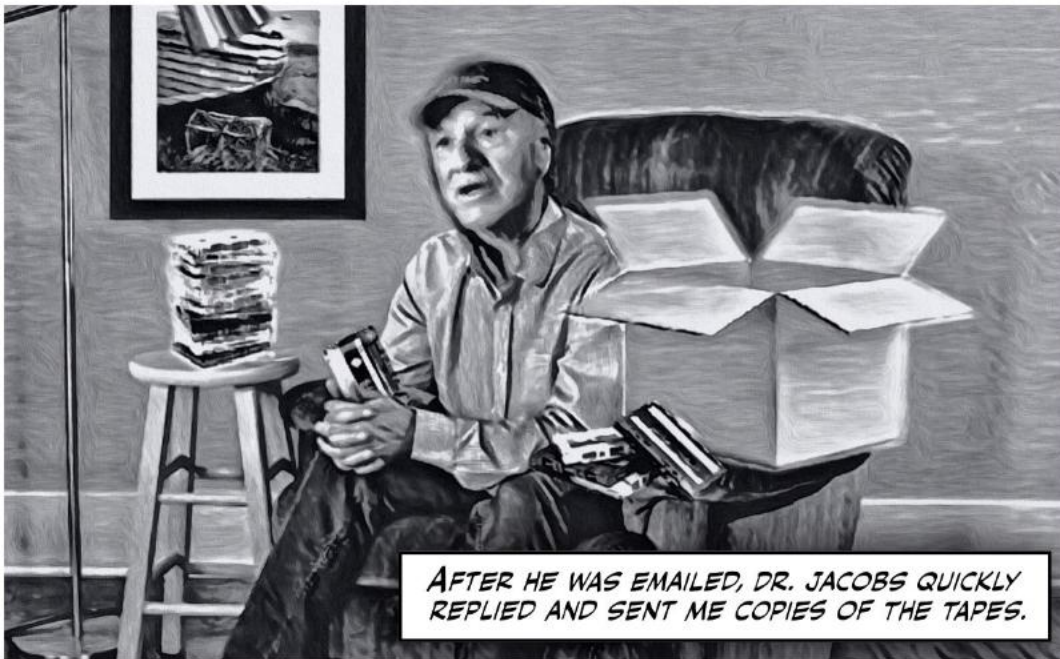


FROM THE INTERNET, I SADLY LEARNED THAT BUDD HOPKINS HAD PASSED AWAY SOME YEARS BACK.

MY FRIEND UFO RESEARCHER PHILIP MANTLE MADE ENQUIRIES OF WHO MIGHT BE THE CUSTODIAN OF BUDD'S OLD RESEARCH FILES.



BUDD'S LONGTIME FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE PETER ROBBINS INFORMED US THAT ALIEN ABDUCTION RESEARCHER DR. DAVID JACOBS HAD POSSESSION OF BUDD'S WORK.



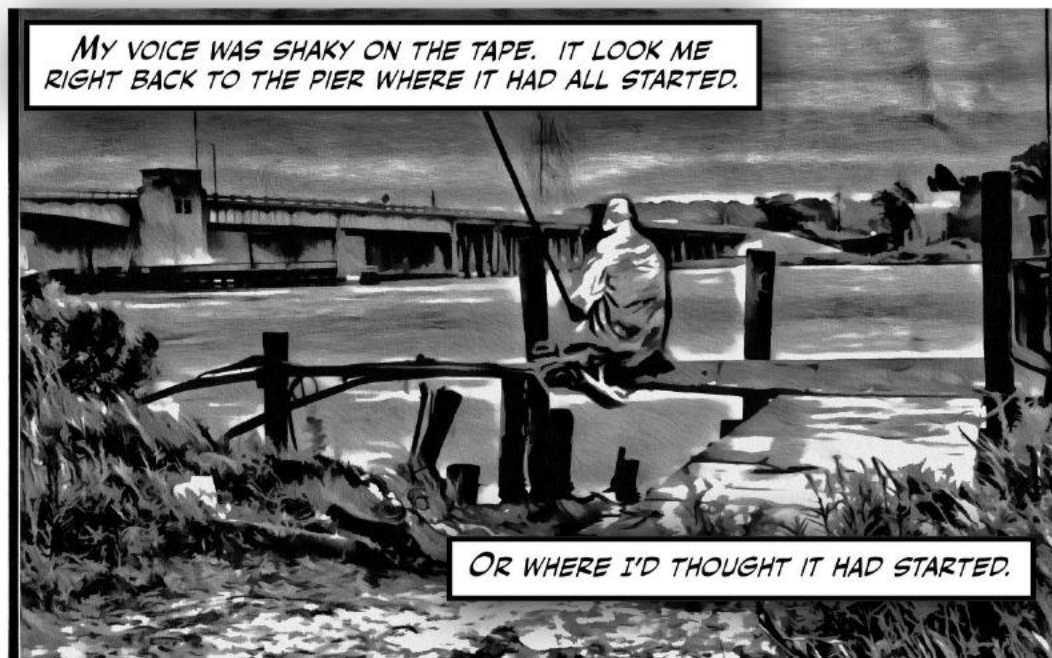
AFTER HE WAS EMAILED, DR. JACOBS QUICKLY REPLIED AND SENT ME COPIES OF THE TAPES.

FINALLY, I MIGHT HAVE THE ANSWERS I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.



STILL, I PRESSED THE PLAY BUTTON WITH DREAD.

MY VOICE WAS SHAKY ON THE TAPE. IT LOOK ME RIGHT BACK TO THE PIER WHERE IT HAD ALL STARTED.



OR WHERE I'D THOUGHT IT HAD STARTED.

WHILE I TALKED ABOUT THAT OCTOBER NIGHT ON THE TAPE, I SAW CHARLIE SO CLEAR INSIDE MY HEAD WHEN THAT BLINDING BLUE LIGHT HIT US.



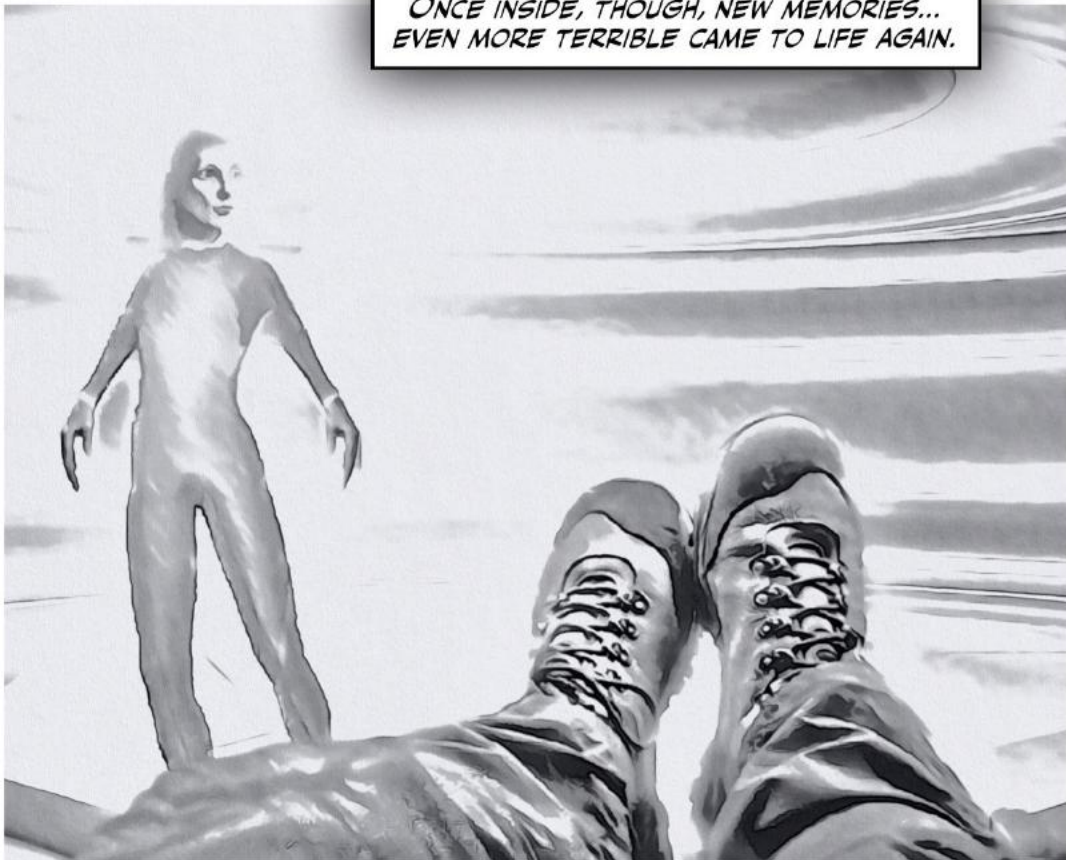
MY VOICE GOT PANICKY ON THE RECORDING AS I DESCRIBED CHARLIE AND ME TAKEN INSIDE THE CRAFT.





THEY WERE STILL FRIGHTENING MEMORIES, BUT I COULD ALWAYS RECALL THAT PART OF THE ABDUCTION EVEN BEFORE I'D BEEN HYPNOTIZED.

ONCE INSIDE, THOUGH, NEW MEMORIES... EVEN MORE TERRIBLE CAME TO LIFE AGAIN.



THE WOMAN...OR WHATEVER SHE WAS...WALKED TOWARD ME.



I REMEMBERED PRAYING TO THE LORD TO LET ME DIE.

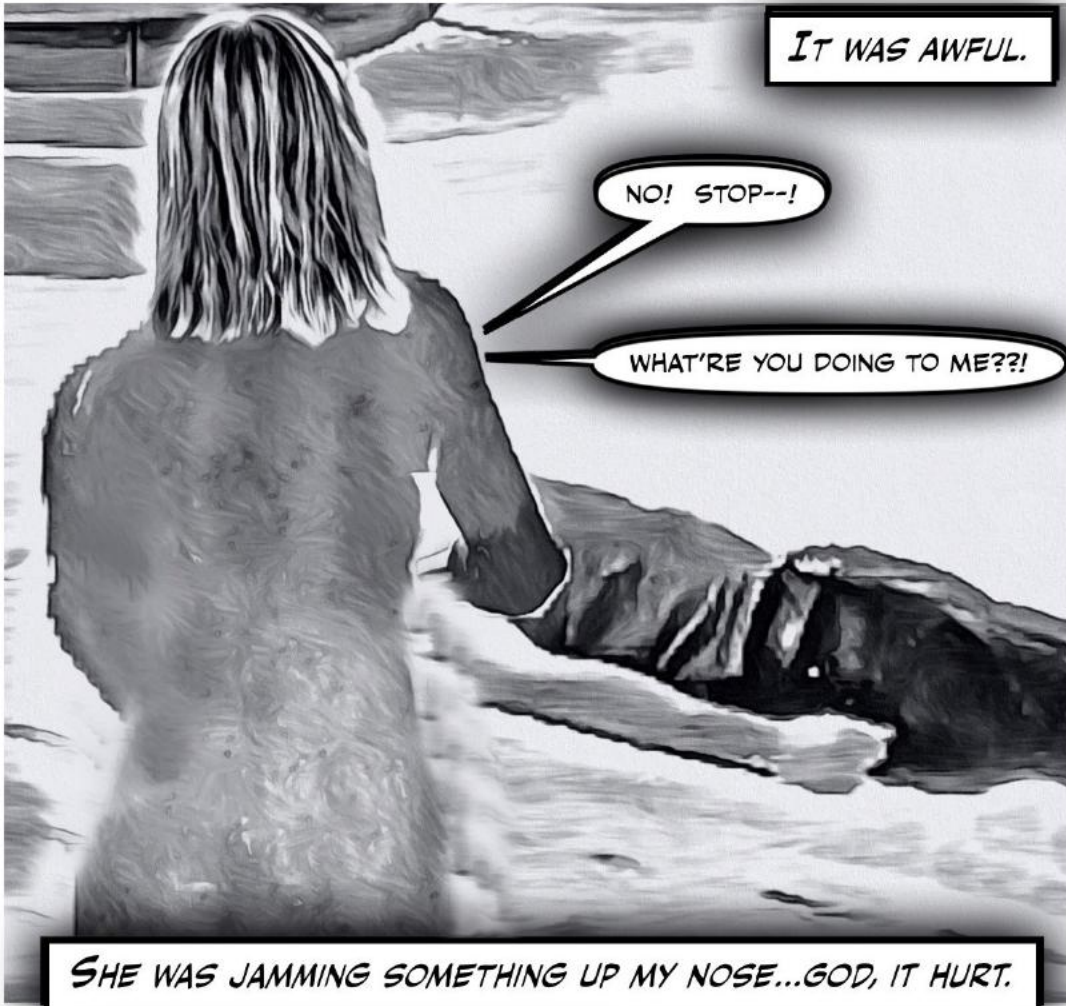
WHEN SHE MOVED CLOSER,
IT SEEMED LIKE SHE WAS
MAYBE WEARING A MASK.



YEAH...SHE HAD A MASK ON.



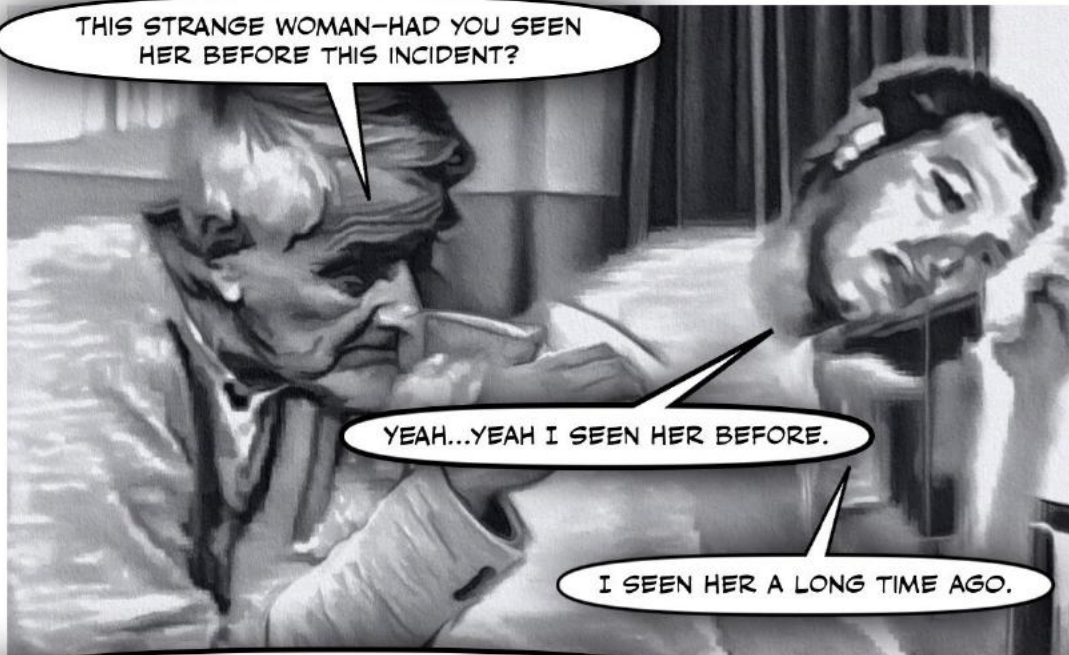




*SHE WAS SO HATEFUL.
I WANTED TO TWIST HER HEAD OFF.*



THIS STRANGE WOMAN—HAD YOU SEEN HER BEFORE THIS INCIDENT?



YEAH...YEAH I SEEN HER BEFORE.

I SEEN HER A LONG TIME AGO.

THINK BACK TO A DIFFERENT TIME. YOU'RE SAFE AND CAN REMEMBER IT NOW.



WHEN DID YOU SEE HER BEFORE?



I...I HAD JUST TURNED SIX YEARS OLD...



"IT HAPPENED IN THE SMALL HOUSE I GREW UP IN.

"I'D BEEN ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR...WHEN I SAW HER.

"OH, MY DEAR LORD..."



DID YOU ONLY SEE HER IN YOUR BEDROOM OR WERE THERE OTHER PLACES?

NO...NO...I SEEN HER LOTS OF TIMES.

LOTS OF PLACES.

"ONE TIME, WHEN I WAS FIVE OR SIX, WHILE MY FATHER AND BROTHER WERE FISHING ON PEARL RIVER, I CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE WOODS TELLING THEM I'D SEEN A GHOST IN THERE."



"I WAS JUST A LITTLE KID. THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME."



"BUT IT WAS HER."



OKAY, CALVIN. LET'S MOVE BACK TO THAT OCTOBER NIGHT IN 1973.

YOU'D SAID YOU WERE ON A TABLE. REMEMBER, YOUR SAFE NOW. WHAT WAS SHE DOING TO YOU?



"SH-SHE HAS SOMETHING IN HER HAND... SOMETHING...SHE PUTS IT DOWN MY NOSE.

"I FEEL MYSELF BLEEDING. I'M BEGGING HER TO STOP.



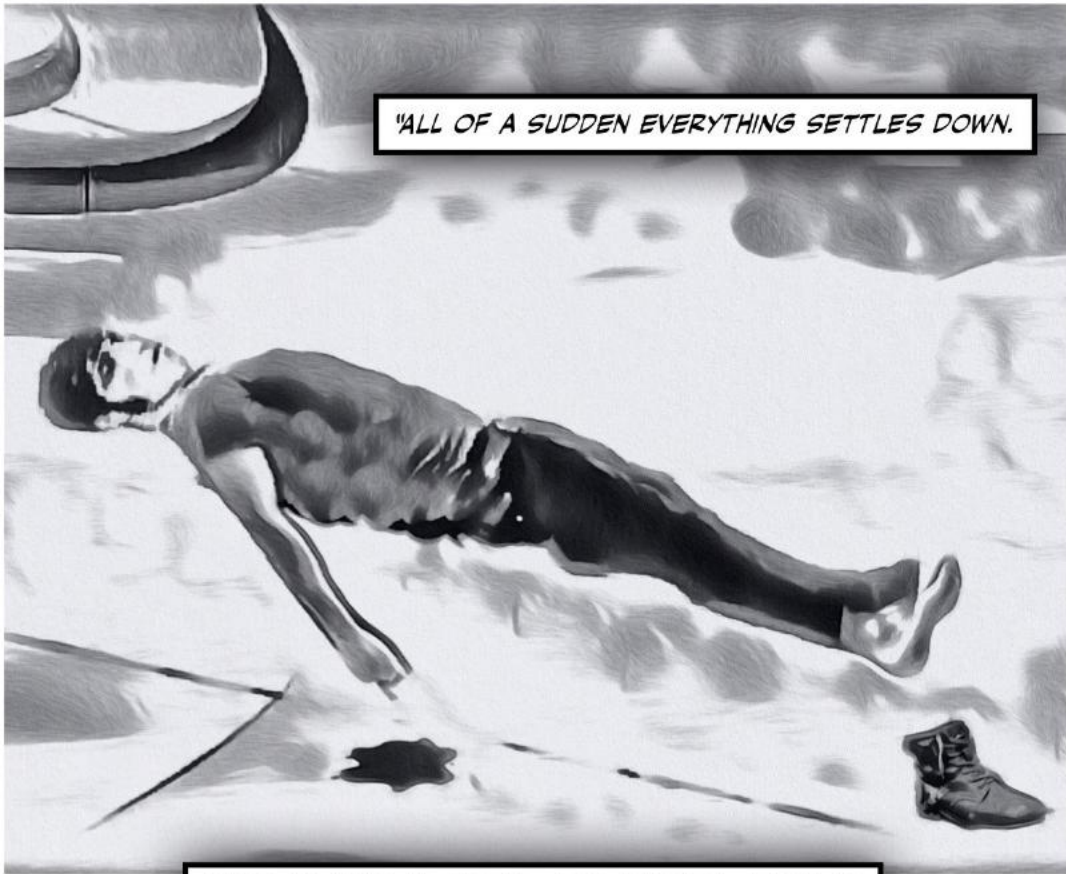
"BUT SHE WON'T STOP."



"SHE PULLS AT MY LIP AND I FEEL A STINGING...I-I CAN'T CATCH MY BREATH...BLOOD STARTS ROLLING."



"I WANT TO KILL HER."

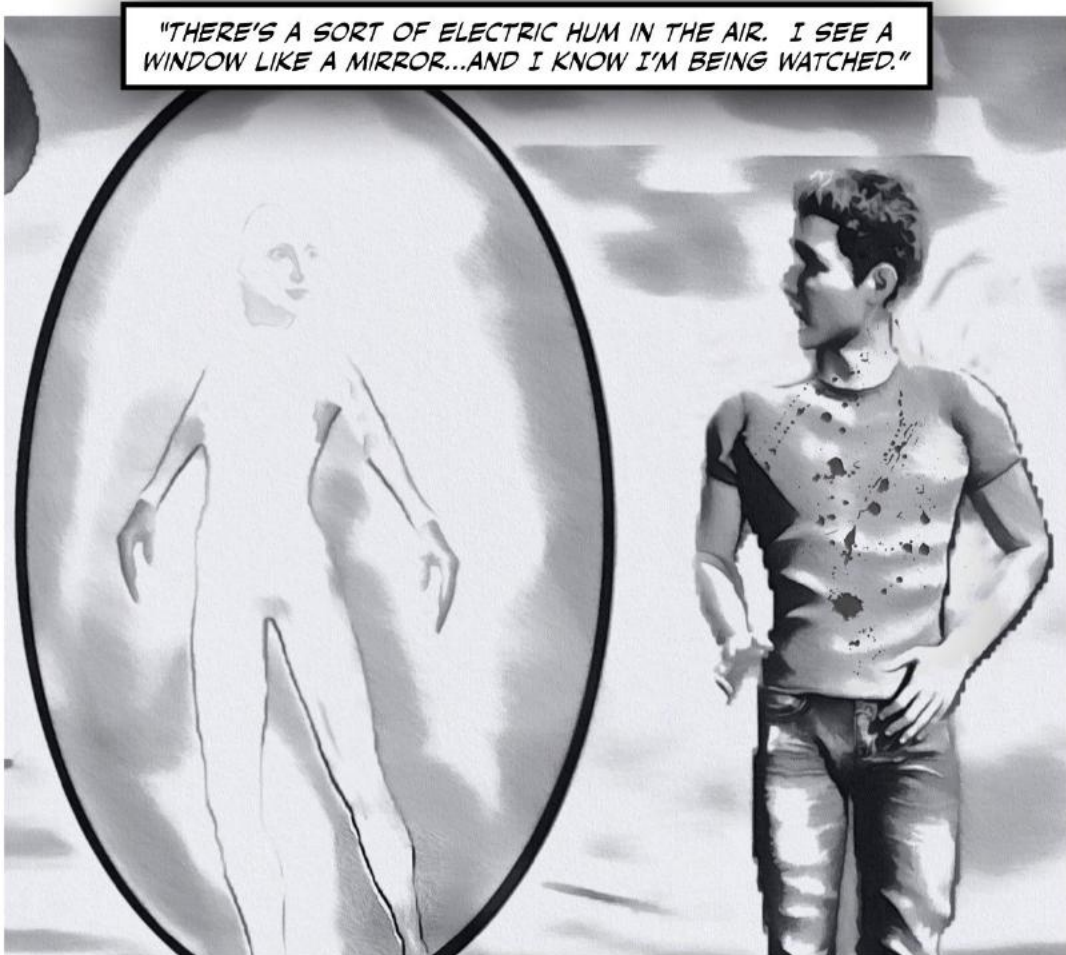


"ALL OF A SUDDEN EVERYTHING SETTLES DOWN.

"I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING. NOT CHARLIE. NOTHING.



"I'M ALONE."



*"SHE'S COMING BACK INTO THE ROOM.
I'M GONNA GRAB HER."*



"FINALLY, I GOT MY HANDS AROUND HER SKINNY NECK, CHOKING HER."

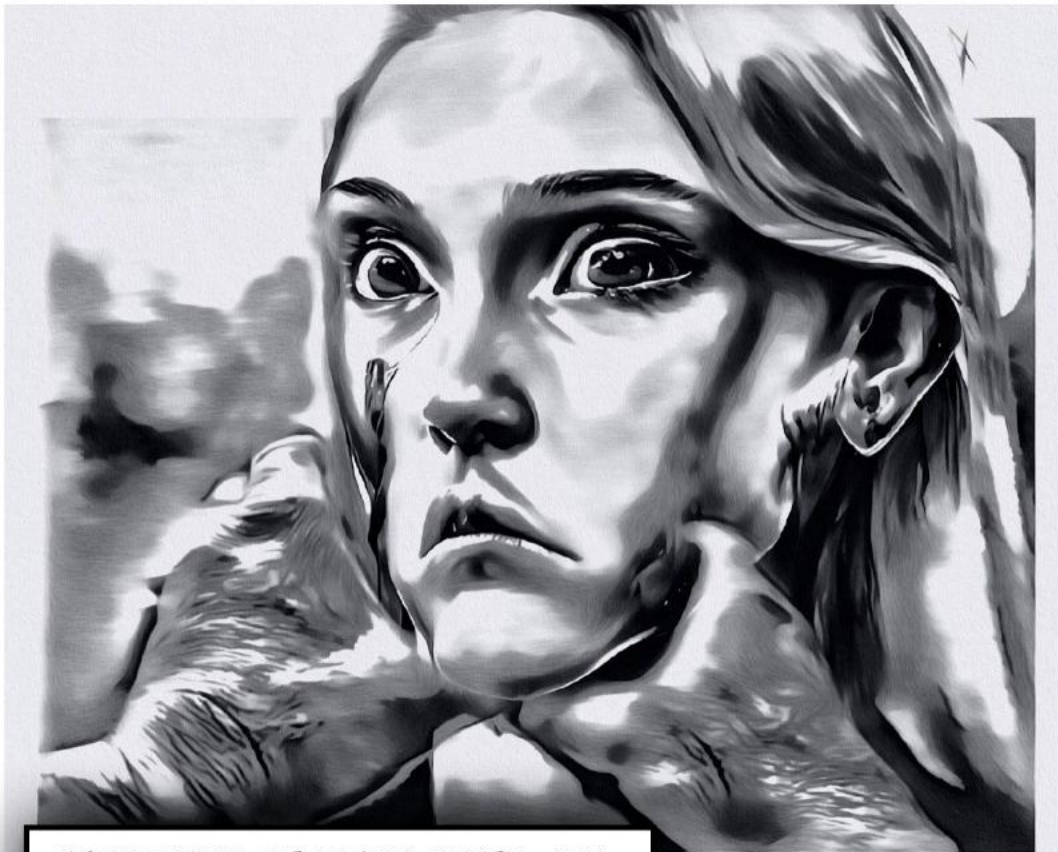




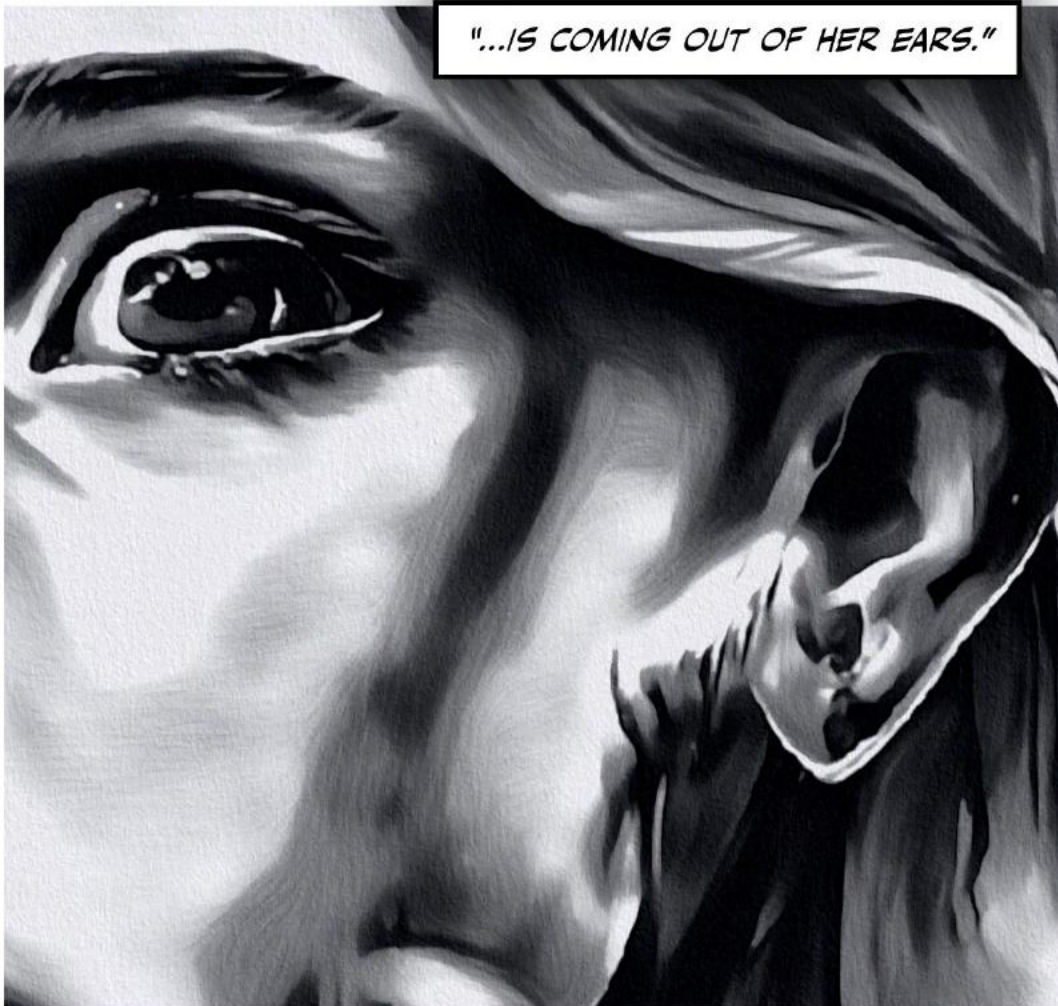
"I'M BEATING HER HEAD AGAINST THE WALL."



"I WON'T LET GO."

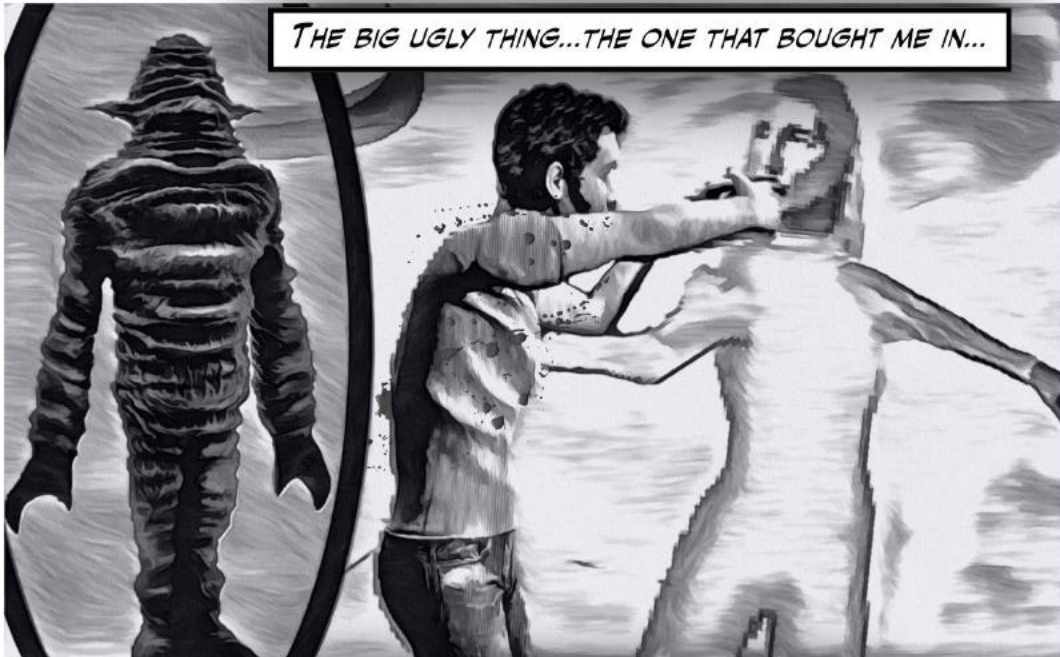


"SOME KIND OF BLACK STUFF...YUK..."



"...IS COMING OUT OF HER EARS."

THE BIG UGLY THING...THE ONE THAT BOUGHT ME IN...



"...COMES AT ME THROUGH THE DOOR..."



"...AND I FEEL THAT STING IN MY ARM AGAIN."



"SOME KIND OF LIGHT...A STRONG WHITE LIGHT SHINES ON ME."



"I CAN SEE THINGS...CURRENT THINGS...THINGS FROM THE PAST...
THINGS I'VE NEVER KNOWN...THAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE."

"IT'S LIKE MY SOUL LEAVING MY BODY."



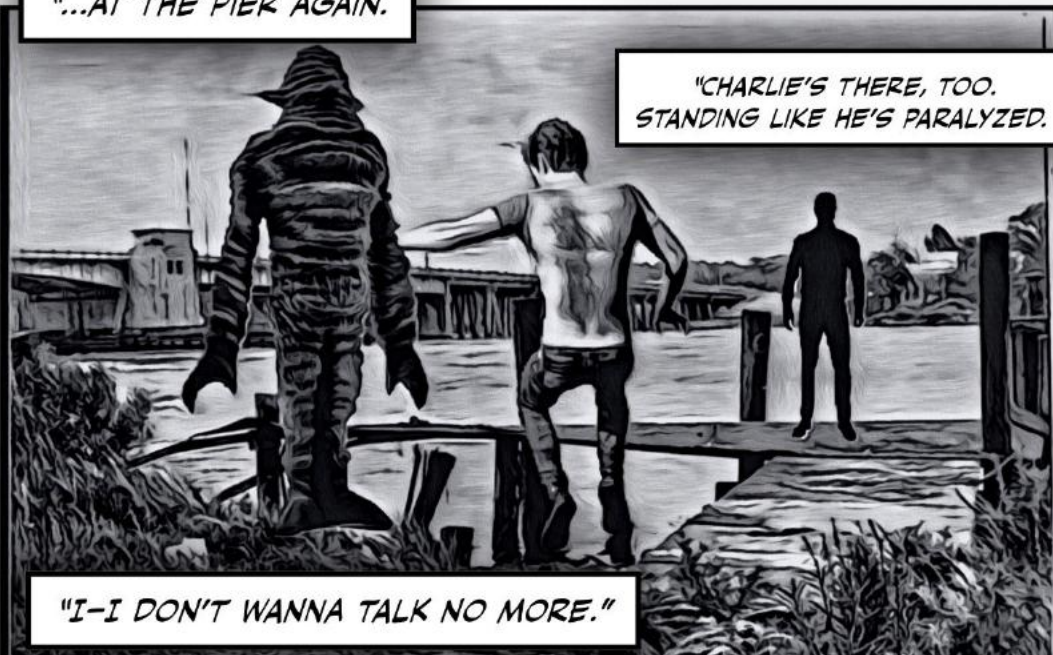
"I SEE DESTRUCTION...I SEE THE WORLD CHANGED."

"I SEE ANGELS...BUT LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVEN SEEN BEFORE."



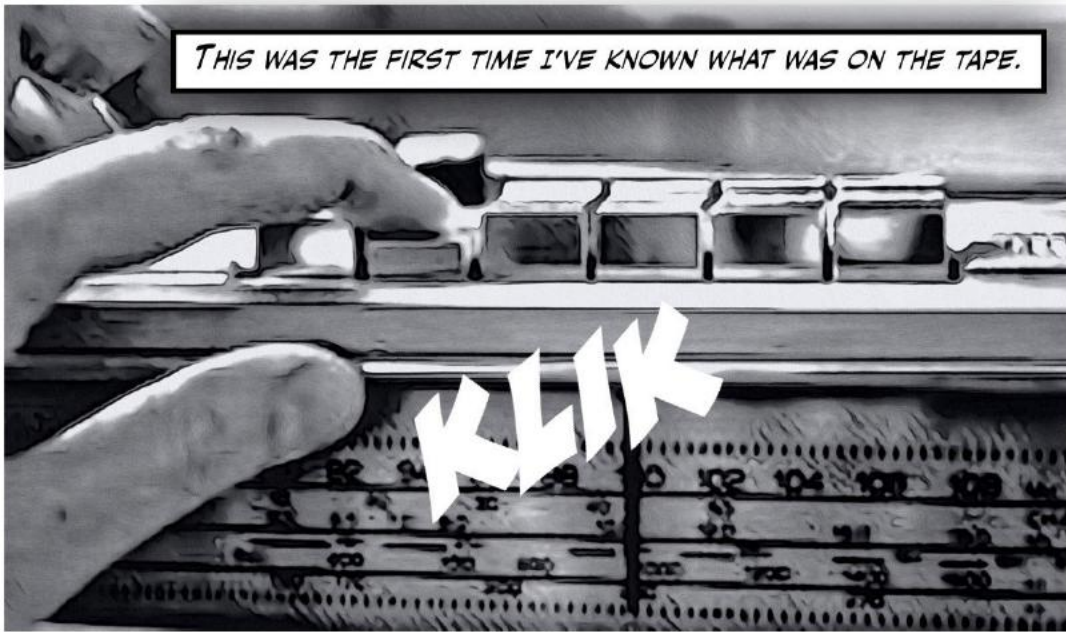
"NOW I'M OUT IN THE OPEN AIR..."

"...AT THE PIER AGAIN."



"CHARLIE'S THERE, TOO.
STANDING LIKE HE'S PARALYZED."

"I-I DON'T WANNA TALK NO MORE."



THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I'VE KNOWN WHAT WAS ON THE TAPE.



*I'D PLANNED TO MEET WITH BUDD HOPKINS
ON A REGULAR BASIS, BUT NEVER DID.*



I REGRET THAT NOW.



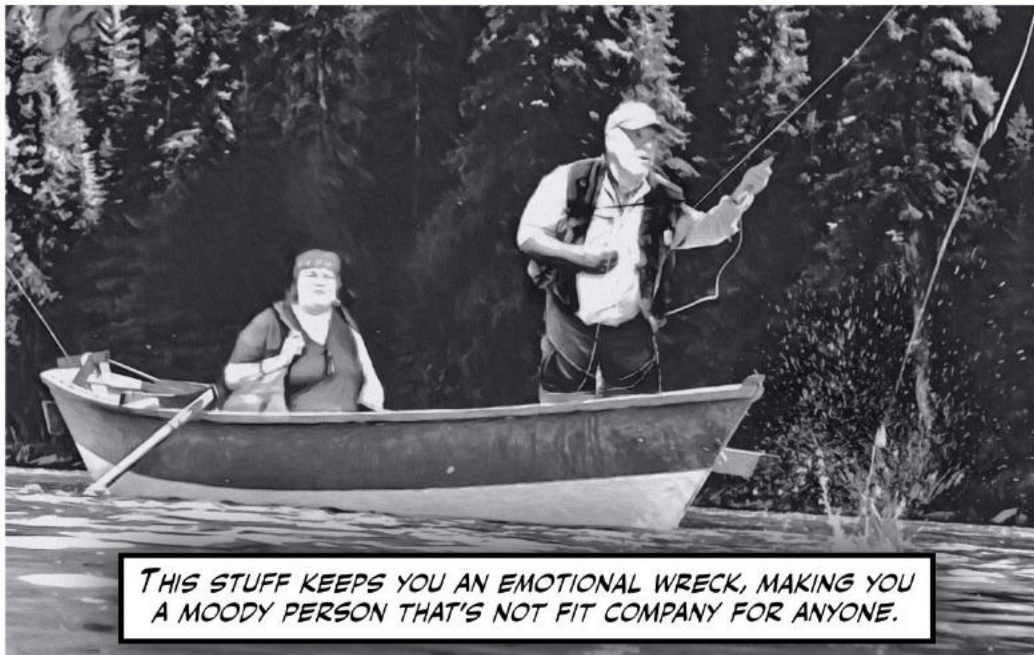
I GOT A JOB IN PASCAGOULA, AND WE BOUGHT A PLACE ON THE RIVER, NOT FAR FROM WHERE CHARLIE AND ME WERE ABDUCTED.

ME AND CHARLIE GREW APART OVER THE YEARS, SORRY TO SAY.



NOW I WISH WE'D TALKED MORE ABOUT IT.

CHARLIE DIED IN 2011.



THIS STUFF KEEPS YOU AN EMOTIONAL WRECK, MAKING YOU A MOODY PERSON THAT'S NOT FIT COMPANY FOR ANYONE.

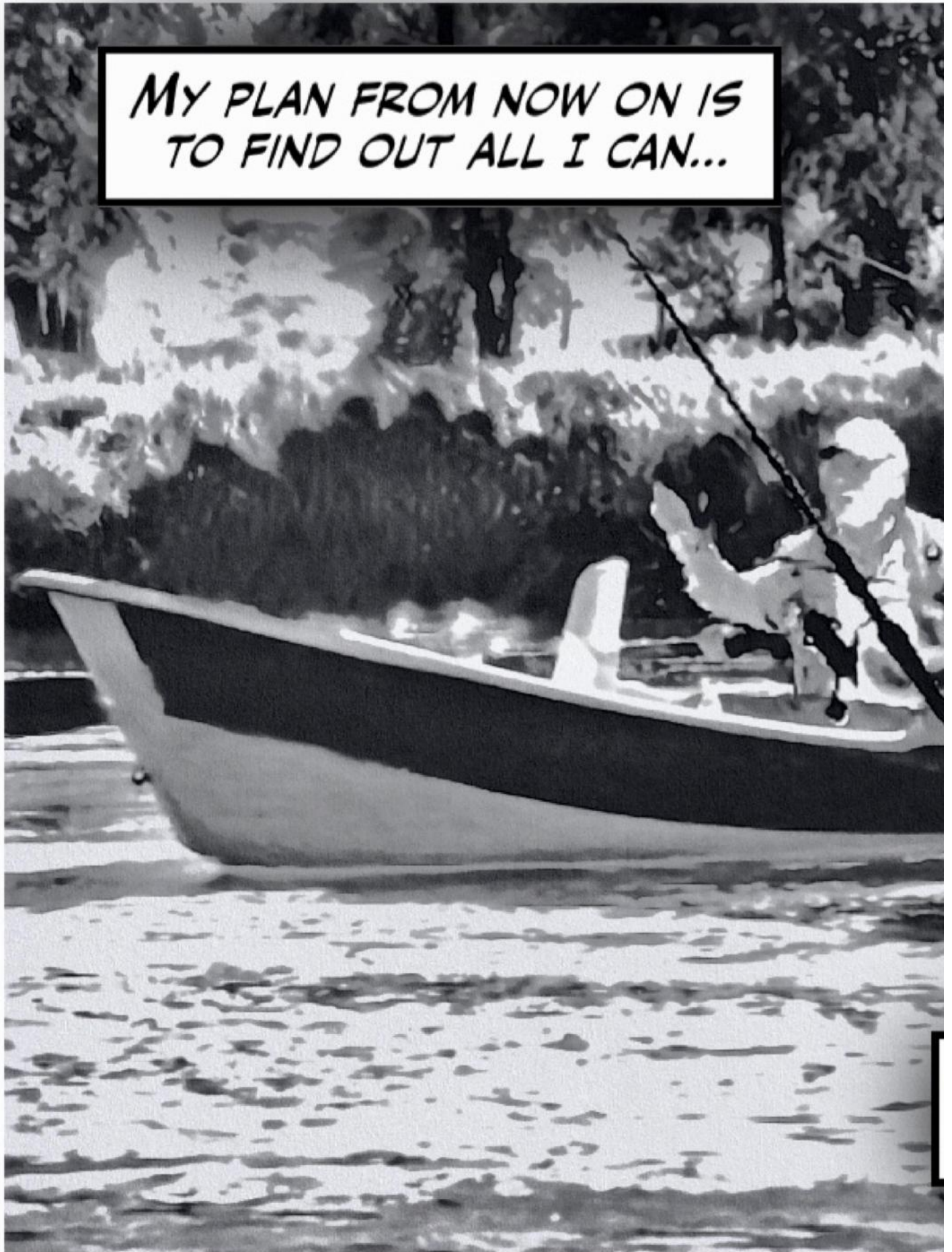


MOST PEOPLE GOING THROUGH THIS DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID OF BEING RIDICULED.



GUESS I USED TO BE LIKE THAT, TOO.

*MY PLAN FROM NOW ON IS
TO FIND OUT ALL I CAN...*





***...SO MAYBE I CAN HELP SOMEONE ELSE
GOING THROUGH THE VERY SAME THING.***