

An Entirely True Tale

A Brief UFO ENCOUNTER

Back in 1988, Oxford Connecticut was sparsely populated. The post office was literally still located in a barbershop. The town didn't have a high school. Students were shipped to neighboring towns.

My husband, fiancé then, lived on a hill overlooking a forested valley in which the town reservoir nestled. To truly grasp this town's isolated nature, one of the roads that connected to his home was, and still is, dirt. This place was the boonies. It isn't much more populated today although they now have a grocery store and are building a town library.

But back in 88, this is what one would call a one-horse town. It did have an airport though, a simple affair of a few metal buildings where people stored their small craft. This was a public airport but not commercial. I was acquainted a bit with the layout there because my sister's husband (then her boyfriend) flew small planes for fun and would take us up.

The tower was a small shack, which, I think, was uninhabited most days. The runway, however, was ridiculously long for such a small airport and mostly unlit. When landing at night, pilots triggered the lights themself, and a short swath of runway would light up. Planes were fueled and parked by their pilots. Logs were kept, and flights filed, but all in the most haphazard way.

In April, the weather was cool, what we call sweatshirt weather. I can't remember the specific date or time other than night time but before midnight as I almost always returned home by then. My husband and I were hanging out in his parent's basement. That evening, his parents were upstairs while his younger brother watched a movie downstairs with us. Back in those days, having a VCR was a treat. I'd just bought him one for Christmas, and the novelty of movie night hadn’t yet worn off. Three of our friends were with us, but for the life of me, I can't remember what we were watching.

Our movie was interrupted by the arrival of my husband's sister. She is seven years older than him, married, with one son. She arrived alone without her family and was hysterical.

Let me say, I love this woman. She is an amazingly sweet person but has always been gullible. I mean that in the nicest way possible. It wasn’t too unusual for her to get worked up over such things as hitting a squirrel or imagined car problems. So, we weren't overwhelmingly alarmed when she entered crying. In fact, my husband didn’t stir from the couch.

"There's a UFO right outside the house," she gasped through her tears.

This, of course, got our attention. We laughed hysterically. But she was so upset I insisted we stop the movie and go have a look to reassure her. Imagine our shock when we stepped out the back door, and there, hovering silently above the reservoir, was an enormous wedge-shaped craft hanging motionless in the sky.

Everyone began to exclaim in wonder and fear, and my husband's brother ran inside to fetch his father who snorted in clear disgust and disbelief and remained inside the house trying to calm his still hysterical daughter. I found this out later. At the moment, I was riveted, caught between fear and wonder. The craft, which was larger than three football fields, hung perfectly still right above the treetops. Small yellowish-orange lights lined the edges. It was triangular but not flat instead slightly domed both below and above. While we stared, it began to move. We heard nothing except our awed exclamations.

As one, we raced to my husband's El Camino and jumped in the open back. (For those of you unfamiliar with this type of vehicle, picture a car front with a pickup back.)

"Follow it!" we yelled while laughing in giddy excitement.

The UFO passed directly over our heads, and my husband tore out of the drive after it. We'd barely gone a hundred yards when it reached the top of the hill and disappeared as if it had never existed.

Now, we were terrified. We'd clearly seen something, but how in hell could something that size disappear in an instant? Convinced we'd see it again because of its enormous size, we continued to drive randomly but never saw a glimmer.

At the time, I had no idea what had happened. Now, looking back, I think I know. Years later, I read somewhere the theory of faster than light travel in which it's postulated that an object traveling faster than light will appear to move slowly, but it will also appear enormous before it disappears in a twinkling, which is exactly what had happened.

We weren’t the only ones to see this. When we returned to the house, we turned on the radio and news, both of which made no mention. But the next day, there was a small piece in the local paper about a weather balloon that had been seen and scared people. The reporters made it clear those scared were easily frightened idiots or attention seeking crackpots.

None of us really spoke of it, neither offering explanation or comparing what we'd noticed. But we all agreed the paper was utter bullshit. I wish I had taken the time then to write down my observations, the small details that have slipped my mind. I think I recall a red light on the bottom and maybe smaller ones on the edges between the yellow ones, but that might be my imagination. All I can clearly recall are its immense size and slow speed. It blotted out the sky as it slid over us without making a sound.

Why, you'll ask, did we chase it if we were so afraid? Even then we didn’t believe it to be extra-terrestrial, just unknown. Or maybe we did, the fear was real and affected all of us, but we wanted to *know*. We wanted a real-world explanation. Which is why, I think, we were so frightened when it vanished. We returned to my husband's house and sat unspeaking while the movie continued unwatched.

Sikorsky Aircraft was mere miles away and tested all sorts of aircraft. Again, at the time, this never occurred to me, but in hindsight, it makes perfect sense they would use the incredibly long runway in Oxford to test classified planes. A plane that resembled a stealth bomber except for its immense size. To this day, I think we saw something being worked on there.

But later, in the late nineties, pictures appeared on the internet of similar crafts in Mexico and France and across the world. Like the craft we saw, observers reported the craft appeared to move slowly, were silent and huge, and disappeared suddenly. So, who knows what we saw. I can say when we saw it we were both stunned and amazed almost to the point of terror.

In my experience with the unexplainable, the people who see such don't talk about it, not really, not for years until they can speak about it in laughing tones, I think in a bid to make it less true for themselves. A sort of, weren’t we silly to think that. A reforming of memory to prevent terror from overwhelming. I've never seen another, which makes me both happy and sad.