

## Abduction

*“You said you were a victim of abduction. I wonder if you could tell me more about this?”*

“It was my junior year at Chester High in Chester, California. In those days Chester was a booming lumber town. In the Fall though it would turn into a hunter’s paradise. Deer and assorted birds were sought for recreational slaughter. One evening a hunter came into town. He was frantic, near delirious. I was with my friend Butch across the street from the Sheriff’s Substation when the guy drove up and ran in. We thought somebody had been shot so we sauntered over and stood on the porch of the Sheriff’s office to listen. The guy kept yelling that he had seen a space ship while he was hunting about seven miles up the Juniper Lake road. The Sheriff tried to calm him down saying he must have just seen a plane or something. That the Air Force often flies in this area out of the bases near Chico or over at Herlong.

The hunter said it was no plane and that it was just hovering over a pond shining a blue light into the water. Butch and I knew the only pond up the Juniper Lake road was where the old Boy Scout Camp was.

We jumped off the porch and ran back across the street to where my motorcycle was parked. Ronnie Shawl was there (we were parked in front of his house). We told him what we heard and that we were going to go up there on my Honda.

Butch and I zipped down First Avenue to my house to grab my leather jacket and get some warm clothes as it was getting to be twilight and we knew it could get cold up by Juniper Lake. At the end of seven miles the Juniper Lake road forks and becomes two dirt roads. We figured the hunter wouldn’t be talking about Juniper Lake cause that was up in Lassen Park and there was no hunting up there. Being early October the roads were still dry and no snow had fallen yet. We took the left fork towards the Boy Scout camp which was another mile and a half over a fairly rough road. We didn’t think either of us were actually going to see a flying saucer but as it started to get dark I had to admit to being a little scared. Then again I figured it had been nearly two hours or more since the time the hunter said he had seen something and we doubted that if there was a flying saucer it would still be hovering over the pond.

The Boy Scout pond is actually called Blue Lake but is really just a large pond of snow melt. It is surrounded by thick groves of Lodge Pole Pines and sits in a shadow of the mountains so the pond has water in it all year long. There are no fish, but in the summer there is enough water to canoe and I have even seen small sailboats on it. By late fall however it is mostly a shallow pond full of reeds. Because it is so hidden you don’t really see the water until you are practically on top of it. There were two old wooden buildings the Boy Scouts use on the northwestern edge where the road ends.

I stopped the bike at the first wooden building and Butch and I walked up on the porch. By now it was too dark to see much except the outline of the trees against the nearly dark sky. Turning off

the lights of the motorcycle made it eerily dark and the silence covered us like a blanket. If there had been a space ship we would have seen or heard something by then.

There's a trail that goes around the lake so Butch and I decided to walk down it a ways but within a hundred yards the trail became too dark for us to follow. We stopped and looked out across the pond. There was not a sound. Not even a bird or the skittering of wood creatures we'd normally hear. Butch and I and most of our friends spent nearly all summer out in the woods fishing and playing. Many nights we would spend camping out somewhere, anywhere we wanted. I never remembered anything this absolutely quiet.

We decided our adventure was over and turned to go back to the motorcycle. At that point we were bathed in an electric blue light. There was no sound that I remember, but my memory of everything after that has come in pieces over the years, like blurry snapshots from an old brownie camera.

*"How old were you when this happened?"*

"Sixteen."

*"Pretty heady stuff for a sixteen year old."*

"Yeah, Butch was never the same. He and I played trumpet in the band together; we also played next to each other in football. Butch played right guard and I was the tackle next to him.

*"Butch was never the same after that incident?"*

" I guess neither of us was, really."

*"Wow, that's amazing. It must have truly affected him."*

"Yes, I guess you could say it truly freaked him, it freaked both of us." "You see, we were frozen by that blue light. Not in the way you imagine a deer is frozen by headlights, but by an actual physical pressure . I have thought about this for many years. When I started remembering about that night I thought the light just somehow took away our willingness to move, but as more memories came back I realized that the light had an actual force, a pressure that made it impossible to move."

Then it was gone, we were back at the Boy Scout Camp and it was 1:00 in the morning. We were freezing. I started the motorcycle but we were too cold to ride it. We just hovered by the engine until it warmed up and we could get some heat back into our hands.

Butch was silent and seemed very sad. I remember just feeling very tired. I tried to talk to Butch but he didn't answer me. When I told him what time it was he just nodded. We finally warmed up enough to climb on the motorcycle and head back to Chester. Even though it was only eight miles over a road I knew like my own name, it took us nearly an hour. We were so cold we had to

stop every couple of miles to get as close to the engine as possible. It was like our bodies couldn't absorb enough heat.

I dropped Butch off at his house which was on the way to mine. As I approached my house I could see the lights were still on. Then I was surrounded by the blue light again, then a red light alternating with the blue. I nearly wrecked my motorcycle.

It was Sheriff Sanders. He wanted to know where we had been. I told him Butch and I were up by the old Boy Scout Camp. He said he knew that because they had seen my motorcycle up there about eight o'clock this evening. He said they had called for us, even used the bull horn of his patrol car but we didn't answer. He said my step father had called him around midnight to say I hadn't come home yet, which was unusual for a school night. About then my mother and step father came out of our house having seen the flashing lights. They all wanted to know where we were and why we didn't come back with everyone else. Everyone else?

It seems that the word got out that someone had seen a flying saucer up the Juniper Lake road and about thirty people scrambled out there with guns and whatever, but no one saw anything other than to catch Mark Jimenez making out with his girlfriend on one of the logging roads. Apparently somebody almost took a shot at Sheriff Sanders when he flashed his blue lights at a jeep with four guys standing up in the back with rifles.

I couldn't explain about the time, nor did I mention how sore I was. I told them we went up there about five thirty, took a little walk down the trail by the Boy Scout Cabins then came home. Sheriff Sanders got real close to me and I could tell he was smelling my breath to see if I'd been drinking.

Butch didn't come to school the next day.

*"What an incredible story. Wouldn't you love to know what happened--in our time and space?"*

"Time and space." I pondered that question.

That evening became known around Chester as 'The Great Flying Saucer Hunt' which nearly everyone talked about. The night everyone went hunting for the flying saucer and the mysterious blue light. No one, as far as I know, knew about what happened to Butch and me. It was all about driving around the woods and logging roads, carrying guns and almost shooting the Sheriff. I never told anyone else and I don't think Butch ever did either.

A few years later, after I had been in Viet Nam and after my first marriage failed I heard Butch was living back in Chester. I was there visiting my folks so I went to see him. He was married and living in a small house in a new development south of the High School. He seemed glad to see me and we had an enjoyable time going through the year book and talking about high school, sports, and playing in the band. When I asked him if he remembered the night we went looking for the flying saucer it was like a cloud passed over his face. He said he didn't. His wife was curious and asked "What night?" I started telling her the story about going up to the Boy Scout

Camp. As I was telling the story Butch stood up and went over and stood by the fire, as if he remembered the cold and was trying to get warm.. His wife seemed fascinated by the story and asked Butch why he had never told her about it. Butch said, "Because it never happened." He then said something about it being late and he needed to go to bed. That was the last time I saw Butch. I heard that he divorced for the second time and was living back in Chester. I found where he was living and went to see him. He wasn't home so I left a note with my cell phone number on it, but he never called.

*"You said you remembered something more about that night years after the incident?"*

"I first started remembering more about that night while I was in Viet Nam. Our company was moving into Happy Valley near Laos and was camped for the night. One of the line platoons thought they saw movement on the perimeter so the Captain called for some artillery flares to illuminate the rice paddy in front of our position. The first two flares were the normal color, but the third popped an eerie electric blue. As soon as I saw it I remembered that night..."

As I said earlier, the light froze us. It felt like being suspended in a thick clear blue liquid. Then I was looking up from a table. I was naked and freezing. I could hear something on my right but it was difficult to pull my eyes away from the light. When I did, I could see Butch on another table. Some kind of instrument seemed to be attached to his left eye. His mouth was moving but I couldn't hear any sound other than a hum that I thought was coming from the blue light above me. There were also creatures around Butch. They seemed to be naked as they were all one color of grey. Some were different shades, but all a smooth grey. Their heads were hairless and large. They had three elongated fingers and a thumb. None of them seemed to be paying any attention to me but were focused on Butch.

The blue light that was shining down, or pressing down on me began to change colors. When it did I no longer felt imprisoned by the liquid or whatever it was that had me immobilized. I slipped off the left side of the table. I don't know what I planned to do; I just wanted to get away. I didn't want what was happening to Butch to happen to me.

It's hard to describe what happened when my feet touched the floor. First of all the floor didn't feel like a floor, but more like a skin. A cold tightly stretched skin. By contacting the skin floor with my feet it seemed to become a part of my skin, or my nervous system. It's like I had contact with the whole ship or more like the ship became an extension of me. I could feel where everyone was. I felt creatures moving quickly toward me as if they were moving across my skin. I couldn't see any doors to escape to, besides I knew everyone could feel where I was as long as I was in contact with any surface. It was so cold anyway that I didn't think I could make my body run fast enough to get away. Before I was picked up and placed back on the icy table I felt some kind of communication. It came from the skin floor as if there were unspoken voices and something else, a kind of knowledge. When I was picked up all that was severed.

There were bits of other remembering, more lights, instruments, the numbing coldness, and Butch. I understood then, looking out at the lighted rice paddy, that Butch suffered horrible things that I somehow escaped or don't remember.

*“That was an amazing story. Thank you for sharing that with us.”*