

Oct 1, 1901

Dear Eva... I am heartbroken. The beautiful tiny diam and ring that you gave to me, is gone. All of my life I wanted. diamond ring. When someone gives me one... it vanishes. The SIs (UFOs) took it. I had been wearing two rings on my right hand. Your Knight Ring and the tiny diamond ring. The Knight Ring represented me; the diamond ring Eva.

Here is what happened. Last Wed. the SIs telepathed and instructed me to take Bean (they excluded Teddy for the 1st time. I found out why later) into deep woods in the Olympia Forest on the Canadian border. They gave no reason for their order. So Bean and I got our woods gear together, put it into our old van and drove 200 miles to the Olympia deep forest. The SIs directed us away from the main road deep into the dark forest, to a tiny clearing surrounded by huge old trees. Mind you, no civilization around; no farms, no houses, no people... just huge trees all around and rotting logs on the ground.

Bean and I "set up camp" in the tiny clearing. Made a circle of rocks to encompass our fire. Backed the old van up close to where the fire would be. Bean dragged up logs and branches and put them in a pile beside the fire circle. Then I heard Bean cry out, "Dad!" I looked up and he was walking out of the trees enclosing us to the clearing, holding something in his hands. He held it out to me. It was a brand new expensive corduroy jacket, sheep-wool-lined... not a spot on it... to fit a 3-4 year-old baby! (When we brought it home and put it on Jerome, 3 it fit him as if it had been tailored to his measurements.) Bean went into the trees to find more wood and again emerged with something in his hands... two perfect toy cars. Remember now, we came into this deep deep woods blindly. And already we'd found a new coat and toys for Jerome! While Bean prepared the fire I decided to leave the small clearing and walk into the forest. When I did so, it was just like going

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onto another planet, or into a different world. "Eerie" is the only word to describe it. Nothing moved. No sign of life. The little light available had a peculiar, yellowish color. One might as well have been in a vacuum. No sound what so ever. I made my way back to the clearing and informed him of my impressions and he told me that he'd been about to tell me the same thing. Dusk began to fall. There wasn't a sound anywhere... near us or far away. I began to find rocks with faces on them, on the ground. That is, holes for two eyes, nose and mouth. After I'd found a full dozen, near our van and around the fire Bean began to find them, too, and we stored them in the van. It grew dark. He piled lots of wood on the fire. Earlier, Bean had requested that I signal my UFOs, in the way that I always did and I had done so... telepathing that there were "friends" below; to come down and visit us; that we were not afraid.

~~the darkness~~ (Occasionally I'll insert something I forgot to mention. Hence this. Before we entered the wooded area it was very cold in our van. Bean stopped the van and got me a warm jacket from the back. But... later on when I took a walk in the eerie woods that looked like some other world it was as warm as summer! I took the jacket off and strolled without it on. But... when I returned to the small clearing from the deep woods it was ice cold again! Now let's resume where I left off.)

The darkness began closing in on us. Not a sound anywhere. Now, Bean and I had brought an ice cooler full of beer for Bean and pop for me. Plus bottles of drinking water. Yet we didn't get hungry or thirsty!

I began to find more rocks with faces in the darkness, but illuminated by the glow from the camp fire. (Before we were through Bean and I found 20 "face rocks" which we put into the car. Later, on getting back home, we found that the faces had vanished... we threw them away.) The darkness by now was so intense that we could see nothing beyond the fire. In short, we were encircled by complete blackness with no sound whatsoever. He made coffee over the fire (couple of cups of coffee were all we were thirsty for.) Then Bean saw a huge UFO overhead. It was triangular with pulsating lights outlining it. * We watched it for a while until it moved away. About 11 PM, I think it was, I suddenly became half-conscious (which is the only way I can describe it.) Bean and I briefly discussed the only two noises we'd heard in the woods, in the blackness of night... several hair-raising screeches and a dull thumping noise resembling the pointing of a mallet against a wooden wall. Both noises, heard at different times, just lasted briefly. All the other hours had been a "deafening silence." I informed Bean that I couldn't stay conscious; took off my guns and laid them inside the back of the van (where I had been standing); put my rings in the center of a handkerchief and knotted the four corners into a tight knot (I'd never done anything like this before in my life) and put the handkerchief with the guns; clunked inside the back of the van (after first handing Bean my .38 pistol for protection... I had never even handed a gun to Bean before) and told Bean to close and secure the doors on the back of the van. He did so and I

* When I turned my flashlight on it the light reflected back to us, as if we'd flashed the light into a mirror.

laid down inside, still groggy and half-conscious. While
Bean got into the front of the van, closed the door and
became silent. I never did go to sleep. Tried to... but
I couldn't sleep yet couldn't get conscious either.
Meanwhile the utter darkness had closed in on us.
Campfire, I suppose, had gone out. Some time later...
I don't know when... Bean spoke through the mesh
screen separating us and said, "Dad, let's get out of
here!" I said "If you want to." (I had no feelings about
anything. Earlier in the evening, just after darkness had
fallen, I had armed myself with the shotgun, beside
the campfire while we were having a cup of coffee.
I figured that anything could come at us from out
of the forbidding dark surrounding us. Yet, about
an hour before I became groggy something came
over me; I put up the shotgun in the van; and
looked at the blackness we were enveloped in as a
friend. I felt (illogically) that we were as safe as if
we were in a bank vault.) Anyway, I heard Bean
start up the van and begin to drive carefully out of
the deep woods to the small road somewhere near.
I just didn't care what happened, lying there flat
on my back inside the back of the dark van.
Suddenly the damdest sexual urge came over me,
for no reason. (I haven't had sex for eight or ten
years, because my wife simply discontinued it. Thus,
a sex urge on my part is just about like a long
lost memory.) I heard Bean swing the van off the

small road and stop. "Dad," he called back to me, "here's a tiny off-road... dirt road. We'll park here and sleep." I raised up and looked out the front windshield. He'd parked on the left side of a tiny, muddy road (it had poured rain on this area, I guess... although now I think about it it had been dry as a bone where we'd been in the woods, I could see lots of water in a deep ditch to our left.) "Bean!" I exclaimed, "you're on the wrong side of the road! If anyone comes along they'll hit us head on!" "Oh, yeah!" he said and started up the van. I lay back down. I felt the van cut sharply to the right then the loud spinning of wheels in mud... and that was that. "Oh no!" I yelled at Bean. "Now you've done it! Get back here and open these doors so I can get out there!" You see, we were out in the middle of nowhere. Someone might come by in a day or two; then again, they might not. He opened the back doors and I jumped out.

Unpredictably, he'd tried to make a U-turn on a tiny dirt road not much wider than a cow-path with a deep ditch filled high with water and mud on both sides of the road. Our van was smack across the road, blocking the road completely, with the back end of the van, plus back wheels, sunk deeply into the ditch of water and mud completely.

up ~~at~~ over the wheels in soft mud to the body of the van! I got into the driver's seat and tried every trick I'd ever learned, to free the van. First to the right, then to the left, then straight ahead. Nothing. I tried "rocking." Haha. Nothing. This went on for some time and as it did my resolve to free the van got more and more powerful. While rocking the van I idly remembered the time, long years ago, when a car slipped off a jack in Los Angeles onto my left hand against the cutting edge of the curb (I'd taken the front right tire off.) I'd thought, "Oh no! With my left hand mangled I'll never be able to drum or type or do anything!" Magically, the entire front end of the car had raised up into the air! I'd snatched my hand free then the car had fallen again with a crash. It had just left a deep, livid crease across the back of my hand. I'd witnessed a miracle, and knew it, but couldn't explain it. As my mind dwelled on this old memory I felt our van lift up and get firmly forward onto the road. "Dee!" Bean yelled, "how could that have happened? Your mind must have done it!" How we got onto the road straight I'll never know either. Because we were still across the road with no room to turn around without going into one of the

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ditches ... but the next thing I knew we'd driven off the tiny road onto the main dirt road. We went on until we reached Rt. 101, drove until we came to a small town, pulled over and managed a short sleep, at last. It was still dark when I came awake, started the van and got us to I-5. Daylight now. We drove a while and came to a restaurant "Rib Eye." Went in and had breakfast. On leaving the place Bean said, "Look, Dad, there's an electronic machine that shows your heartbeat! Remember Omsi? Why don't you try it?" (Last year he and I had gone to OMSI at Washington Park Zoo in Portland. It's a place housing all kinds of scientific exhibits; planetarium, etc. They had had a machine which registered your heart beat if you placed down the palm of your hand. I'd stood in line and watch the indicator bounce up and down across the screen as people tried it. When it came my turn I put my hand down... but there was just a straight line. No heartbeat was indicated. I tried several times with the same result. No heartbeat. "Watch this," I told Bean, "I'll will my heart to beat!" And suddenly the indicator went bouncing up

and down normally across the screen. It was spooky and scary. Something of the same sort had happened also at Mayo Clinic when they tested my heartbeat. I'd lain there for an hour or two, wired up. The doctor looked at the results and said, "Mr Owens, you told the nurse you were an expert at autohypnosis and could control your heart beat. Did you do that on this test?" I told him no. Well, he said, you'll have to do it all over again.

Anyway, with this machine you stuck your finger into a metal slot. Beam went first and the indicator jumped up and down across the screen and a number showed on the screen. 102, I think. I put my finger in... the same old straight line showed... and my number flashed... 00! Indicating no heartbeat.

But I have gotten ahead of things. Before going to the above restaurant, Sean and I pulled into a Park beside the road so that I could unlock the back of the van, obtain my rings and put them on. I unlocked the padlock, took out the knotted handkerchief, untied it and the diamond ring was gone!! The four other rings were there, but the Queen's ring had vanished! Now we're talking about a locked van... me in it all the time... armed... nobody had come near the van... and the diamond ring has vanished! Regardless of the securely knotted handkerchief I searched the van and everything in it. No diamond ring!

Now, back to the restaurant. It frightened me registering
no heartbeat on the machine after the same thing had
happened before (with a different machine) at OAPS in
Portland. Bean and I walked from the restaurant to our
parked van when suddenly Bean exclaimed, "Look, Dad!"
We pointed to the side of the van. There were handprints
everywhere. Tiny ones, one with 8 fingers (distinct finger-
prints, not a "handroll") one with talons at the end of
the fingers. Also there were numerous prints of
lightning bolts!! (My sign, you know.) I took two
cameras and made color photos of them all... both sides
of the van were covered with prints. Before going into
the woods the night before they hadn't been on the van.
Bean and I returned then to Hazel Dell. He left
everything in the van, went inside the house and he went
to bed and I fell into my bed. I slept without waking
for 20 hours!! That was Friday. Saturday and Sunday
I was like a robot or Zombi. I seemed like another person
entirely. Had no energy to the point that it was too tiring
to think! The phone would ring and I was too tired to
pick it up and talk to anyone. And Bean and I both
had headaches. He took lots of aspirin. I sweated mine
out. But the point is... there had been nothing in our
sojourn into the woods to tire us.
Then at night I began to have vivid dreams. In one dream
a ravishingly beautiful female made sexual approaches
to me. (On waking next morning I matched up this dream
with a tremendous sexual feeling I'd had on Thursday
night as I lay in the back of the van while the van drove

out of the dark woods.) In another vivid dream Beam and I were in the woods and witnessed a black UFO come down through the trees. It was not solid... it split apart into shadowy sections until they reached the ground and humanoids appeared. They seemed like ordinary people except that their eyes had white around them... circles of white. (I described the dream to Beam and he said, "White, Dad?... like the white of an egg?" Which was pin-point accurate, and a curious thing for him to say, because in the dream that was my thought... that the humanoids seemed to have the white of egg around their eyes.)

~~Sunday~~ I spent the entire day going over the van with a fine-tooth comb, as the saying goes. No diamond ring. It wasn't in anything nor was it anywhere. So I told Beam, "That does it. We have to go back. I have to search the ground where that van was parked near the clearing in the deep woods."

"But Dad," he objected, "that's 500 miles!"

"Don't care," I told him. "I had planned to be buried some day with that ring on. Eva gave it to me and that makes it precious."

So on Monday Beam and Teddy and I began the long trip up to the Canadian border. (Here I will tell you that by this point I had come to the conclusion that Beam and I had been "taken" by the SI-2

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In the woods the previous Thursday for ^{the} purpose of mating us with females that they provided. The powerful sexual feeling I'd felt as we'd left the woods must have been a hangover from whatever aphrodisiac they'd used to stimulate the mating. My dream later on had been a subconscious recall. Also, that is why the SIs had told us not to take Teddy on the trip!! He, at 10, was too young to mate. This occasion, remember, was the very first time Teddy had ever accompanied Bean and I!)

Well, hours later Bean somehow managed to locate that off-the-road-in-the-deep-woods clearing. All three of us went over every inch of ground. No sting. So we drove back again towards home, far away. $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way there Teddy got sick and began to vomit. Bean got sick and was trying to keep from throwing up. I was not sick like them but felt like there was a tremendous weight on me... did not feel like myself... I hunched over the steering wheel and willed myself to be able to make it the final stretch. By tremendous mental effort I managed to get the van home. Bean and Teddy threw up some more. We all three were "beat to the rocks," as the saying goes.

Had the SIs "taken" us 3 while we were alone in those isolated deep woods, causing the kids to be ill? Oh yes. A terrible foul odor permeated the van while we were in the woods and the kids complained.

In closing, let me say this.

It was an utter impossibility for the diamond ring to vanish. So my UFOs took it! They had to. Why? It stood for "Eva" on my hand. The STs angry with Eva? Nonsense. She only treated me with great kindness.

Now... ^{sort of thing} this had happened before! Years ago, outside the town of Warminster in England ^{at midnight} I was on a tall dark hill, signaling to the STs, when a "craft" came down to me! At the time I had on a turquoise ring set with an ~~emerald~~ opal cross in the center. After I returned to the hotel in the small hours of the morning the ring had vanished from my hand! Next day I took a taxi out to the hill, climbed up to where I'd been the night before, and searched every where there. No ring. Went back to town and placed an ad in the paper offering a big reward to anyone in Warminster who could find that ring. On the day I was to leave Warminster the ring appeared in my hotel room! Again, an utter impossibility! Same thing happened when I got into Stonehenge by stealth after midnight, had my adventure then returned to my hotel room. My sheath knife had vanished during the action! It appeared the next day. How is England?

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— Knight of Swords —

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