

THE DONCASTER BIKER'S STORY

Judy Jaafar

This is an experience recently submitted to BUFORA, by a very puzzled and concerned witness. It happened in August 1982, on the A1 in Yorkshire, and till this day the witness still feels "spooked", especially by the sense of unreality that pervaded the whole incident. It's typical in many ways of the close encounter experience, but rarely do we get such a full and well-written account.

EXPERIENCES

Bad Holiday

It all starts with the decision to cut short a disastrous camping break in the Lake District. Because of the shockingly bad weather, poor sleeping etc. we'd had just about enough but decided to make one last very full day trip to Dumfries before loading up the Honda for the trip home.

The ride over the Pennines was as bad as it gets. The combination of the weather being wet, cold and windy in addition to being dark and late left us both feeling very tired indeed. In fact we were finding it difficult to keep awake as we neared Scotch Corner and the A1.

What's that?

I was getting seriously concerned by the time we reached Scotch Corner, particularly for the welfare of my passenger who was struggling with the added factor of boredom (at least I had the bike to control to keep me focused!). I decided to proceed very slowly so that we could keep our helmet visors fully open for a blast of fresh air. This wasn't entirely successful due to the spray from the streaming wet roads (although thankfully it had stopped raining by then).

As a consequence of this very slow progress I noticed a light in the sky approaching the A1 from the West. As something to concentrate on rather than doze off we began to pay particular attention to the progress of this light. Intense observation showed that this object had a steady leading white light trailed by a regularly flashing red light at a fixed distance

behind the first. The general motion of the lights was a steady shallow glide down towards the A1.

After a little while we were taking a lot more interest because it was beginning to look as though our paths would cross soon if the object and our bike continued at their current rate and direction. At about this time I also noticed that we would soon be passing the Catterick Army base. “Ah”, I thought, “that’s it, it’ll be a helicopter, that’s all ...”.

Curiouser and curiouser....

As we neared the “meeting point” I noticed that the object had now crossed the A1 in front of us and was now stationary. It had rotated on it’s vertical axis so that it now faced West from the near-side of the road with it’s white light towards the traffic and the red flashing light suspended over the adjacent fields – behaviour which I reckoned was consistent with a helicopter.

I started to become curious when I suddenly realised that the “helicopter” before us was completely motionless and also silent – and we were now only about 300 – 400 yards away. “We should surely be hearing something by now” I recall saying to myself.

Curiosity began to get the better of me and I decided to pull off the road onto the hard shoulder in order to observe a little better. I edged closer, closed the gap to maybe 200 yards and stopped again. The object in front of us remained completely motionless. I could now make out that it was hovering at around 25 to 30 feet above road level and that it was quite large – I estimated the distance between the “front” and “ rear ” lights to be around the same dimension as the combined two south-bound lanes alongside us.

Again my curiosity prompted me to get closer so I trickled the bike forward until we were about 75 to 100 yards away and flashed the main beam of my headlamp between the object’s lights to get a better look. Amazingly the light beam from the bike seemed to be absorbed – there was no reflection, scatter, anything. Puzzled by what I had just witnessed I decided to try again...

Stunned

In the same time as it took for me to ease my finger from the flasher button the whole area seemed to explode into a maelstrom of light and

motion. In an instant the object turned on its axis, shot towards us and stopped dead alongside the astonished bikers. It was hovering at the same height as before only now it had assumed a slight tilt, presumably the result of having to make a lightning-fast movement to clear the telegraph poles in the fields immediately below.

As the craft made this amazingly rapid movement it also simultaneously became illuminated and a host of other effects became noticeable. For the first time the true scale of the object could be gauged. Even though this was all taking place in darkness the light from the craft plus scattered light from passing road vehicles made it possible to assess the “width” of the object at around the dimensions of both north and south carriageways plus the central reservation. To think that this had just rotated, translated and stopped in a very short space of time and without making any sound whatsoever!

The light display before us was a thing of wonder. Imposing at the front was a hemispherical “dome” whose “frames” were strips of the purest white light (I now believe that this was the steady white we’d been observing earlier). Along the shortest “side” of the craft, which was visible to us, was an array of seemingly self-coloured panels of different colours. The panels were pairs of flat equilateral triangles arranged in an equi-spaced diamond formation, alternately coloured pastel green and orange. The upper triangles were green, lowers orange and all were quite large – approximately a yard or more along each side.

I did not personally pay much attention to the underside, but my partner (who was contorting from the saddle to gain a different perspective) was shouting out “it’s on fire!” and “my God, it’s a UFO!”. She was excitedly telling me that she could see a circular recessed area of swirling colours surrounded by a rim of small alternately coloured triangles.

Passing vehicle lights showed that the craft seemed to be some kind of framework or construction of two vaguely cruciform shapes, butted together (but not fixed) at the “meeting” arms of the crosses. Only the one nearest the road was illuminated, the other seemed to be dormant.

Two peculiar effects were also quite striking: a) the grass stalks and bushes beneath the craft seemed to each be distinct and erect, bathed in intense white light and b) I personally experienced a strange sense of isolation – I could hear the sound of vehicle tyres on the wet road but the whole situation was somewhat surreal – no-one was slowing/braking and time seemed to be have slowed down.

What really spooked me though was that this huge thing was still completely silent.

The effect of all this was to render me stunned and motionless. I had two loaded cameras within inches of my hands but I dare not take my eyes from the craft for an instant.

Taking Flight

Suddenly, abruptly – FEAR! Raw, animal fear. I don't know where the notion came from or why but I wanted out of this scene and quickly. In a frenzy of activity I put the machine in gear and recklessly charged back onto the road, gunning the bike away from the scene with scant regard for the welfare of my passenger or myself. All the while I was looking in the mirrors to see if we were being followed, which, thankfully, we were not.

As we sped away to the South, hearts pounding and scarcely able to believe how slow the bike now seemed I noticed that the craft was moving. It was now moving steadily away northwards, sweeping low over the tops of the southbound traffic. As it started to climb I could see that the “top” of the object was marked by a “v-shaped” arrangement of steady red lights – maybe 20 or 30 in total.

After about 10 or 15 miles I stopped at Wetherby to check with my passenger and then quickly sped off again for home (Doncaster). After all, I didn't want the craft sweeping round and catching up with us again did I?

“Safe”

All the way home I had this fear that suddenly we would be intercepted, as though we were being watched. Upon arrival the bike was quickly parked, unloaded and we hurried indoors. For the first time since the sighting we were able to stop and gather our thoughts. We were both very agitated and spoke excitedly whilst we removed our wet bike clothing and helmets. It was only then, in the room lights, that I noticed that my partner had a noticeable reddening, like sunburn, of the area of her face corresponding to the full-face helmet aperture. My face was unmarked.

We chatted on and on, constantly checking and re-checking our recollections with each other. We wondered what we should do – should we report it? To whom? Who'd believe us anyway? Eventually, after

many hours of going over and over events, we'd finally calmed down enough to turn in.

There was no way though that I was going to be able to sleep. There were far too many images and thoughts flashing through my mind. That night I had very strange dreams indeed.

How Big is this scene?

After a few days I commenced a campaign of buying-up just about every UFO book I could find (and there were many) – my thirst for knowledge was insatiable. I began to realise that there was a huge body of evidence and material out there. Surely I'd find an account of someone who seen and experienced something similar? But I didn't.

Eventually I felt able to drive my car back to the area in daylight, just to revisit the scene as some kind of sanity check. This is when I first started to think that things didn't quite add up. I was frustrated to find that I couldn't seem to find a location that contained all of the elements I remember being present.

For example, a location might have the correct layout of road surfaces, traffic lanes and gradient but the derelict farmhouse I noticed wasn't there. Another might have the farmhouse and telegraph poles but the general layout didn't seem right. Try as I might over several passes I could not find the one location that possessed all of the elements. I was beginning to wonder if my memory of the event was a combination of separate events joined together like some sort of montage.

More but less

In time I came round to accepting the notion that I wasn't going to be able to ground myself through reading the similar accounts of others nor would I establish some sort of link with the mundane reality to which my life had returned. So I just came to an accommodation with myself – a sort of trade. I would insert this whole episode into a newly created mental box called “strange but true” in exchange for inner peace.

Since then I've had another two sightings of significance but neither was anything like as spectacular as the first. The first of these was about three years later on a very windy day in broad daylight in the town of Conisborough (already the location of a famous UFO photograph as I later discovered). Along with dozens of other bystanders I saw what

appeared to be a very large silver balloon moving slowly and steadily against the prevailing wind. Every couple of minutes or so a cluster of 10 to 15 small incendiary-like objects emerged from the "balloon" and flew towards the ground in an apparently scattered, haphazard manner. This sighting went on for around ten minutes whereupon I had to leave due to being already late for another appointment.

The last of these sightings was in 1995 whilst driving northwards on a dark, cloudy night on the A1 (again) near Bawtry. Suddenly at around 23:00 a terrific burst of light erupted from the underside of a very low cloud and a brightly glowing object propelled itself into the fields about 300 yards from the hard shoulder of the carriageway. There was no sound and the sighting was over as quickly as it had begun.

On reflection I now consider myself lucky to have seen such unusual things. It has certainly broadened my perspective and made me much more open minded when considering the unexplained. Maybe next time? Hopefully I won't get scared!

Comment

Dear John,

Thank you very much for sending us your report. It's very interesting, and beautifully written. It would be useful for our research if you could send us a sketch of the object in your 1982 encounter.

The sense of unreality you describe is common in such experiences, and has been called the OZ factor. It's like you're alone with the experience, and the rest of the world oblivious. This suggests that an altered state of reality has been entered, with accompanying altered electrical activity in the brain. The fact that you could not find the exact location again is also indicating that memory during this experience has been disrupted, possibly due to unusual levels of EM radiation, radiation that could also be responsible for the burning of your friend's skin.

What these "objects" and experiences really are, we are still not sure, even after years of investigation. In fact the more we learn the more questions are being posed. It's complex and compelling, and there are no easy answers, contrary to what you may read in popular ufology outlets. The evidence for ET incursions to our planet is non-existent, although this will always remain a possibility. There are, in my opinion, other equally tenable theories.

Hi Judy

Thanks for your note - it's interesting to read your words on the OZ factor -
that's the part of the sighting that's had me "spooked" for a while now.

Strangely enough I've been attempting to do a sketch for a couple of weeks
now - I'll post it on as soon as I've done.

Many thanks for responding - it's good to know that someone (other than me)
is taking this thing seriously.

Regards

John

Unfortunately the witness was unable to furnish me with a sketch, which in itself is interesting, and not an uncommon feature of close-up high strangeness cases. I was unable to take this case any further. If such a craft, as described above by the witness, was being deployed by the military in 1982 (and this is always an area of research we must keep in mind), then quite frankly I would be astounded. There are hints in this sighting, however, of the object seen in December 1980 by Betty Cash and Vicky Landrum in Dayton, Texas. Their own CE II caused them serious illness and burns to the skin and eyes. That brightly glowing, multi-faceted and panelled kite-shaped object was, however, apparently being escorted across the Texas skies by some 24 Chinook helicopters!! Interestingly enough, this Texas sighting was very similar in description to the object allegedly seen to land in Rendlesham Forest some 24 hours (approx) earlier.

Judy Jaafar 2008