

1972 Hampstead MD

Tombstones In Space?

By Marilyn Bennett Sharp



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Cigar

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Hampstead, Maryland cars.

I saw the first one about six weeks ago and I still think that there is a rational explanation for my UFOs. Until now, I've always smiled inwardly when anyone described unusual sky sightings.

The first sighting occurred at 3 a.m. several weeks ago: the moon was a scimitar, stars gleamed rather pale. I had finished some writing and was preparing for bed when I glanced out of the window toward the west and saw a luminous ball about 600 feet from the house.

It looked like the moon had come to rest on the ground and was white with a light that seemed to glow from it. At the top, a small periscope-like object stood about three feet tall, the ball was about 12 feet in diameter, and the end of the periscope had a tip that glowed orange.

As I watched, it did absolutely nothing and there was no sound. I woke friend husband who staggered sleepily to the window, pronounced it an optical illusion of some sort and promptly went back to bed, asleep before he hit the pillow.

I grew weary of watching it and left the window: when I returned it had disappeared. In the morning I went to the spot where I'd seen the luminous ball but there was no sign of anything having been there so I decided to forget the entire matter.

A couple of weeks later, at about 11 p.m., I again looked out of the same west window while preparing for bed and the ball was back. Same size, but this time it was pale orange and hovered about 50 feet above the earth.

At first I thought that it was the moon, then I realized that the moon was still in the eastern part of the sky and besides, the orange, glowing ball looked enormous since it was now only about 400 feet from the house.

As I watched, the luminous glow left, it faded, lifted and was gone - silently.

I began to wonder if I needed the services of a shrink. I'd called UFOs humbug for so long that I simply wasn't ready to believe my own eyes. As if to prove something, I had a third visit and this one really shook me.

It was midnight about two weeks ago. Most of the neighbors' houses were dark, since they seem to keep more sensible hours than I. Suddenly I heard a low, whining roar overhead that did not sound like any normal airborne object.

I went to the window and saw a cigar shaped object, approximately 30 feet long, about 100 feet above the ground, with square windows along its sides from which orange light glowed. It came whining in from the Southwest. A round porthole in its belly emitted a beam of light that trailed along the ground and lit up buildings and

I saw neighbors' lights go on as the object passed low over their houses and husband joined me at the window to stare in disbelief at the wingless object. It passed over my car and the beam of light swept the car into glaring light for a moment, then it whined toward the Northeast, over the woods and was lost to sight.

This time husband did not pronounce it an optical illusion: he jumped into his truck and went out Gross Mill road, cruised along Fairmount road, looking for our cigar shaped visitor but came back and reported that it had disappeared.

"I'd called UFOs humbug for so long that I simply wasn't ready to believe my own eyes."

I still don't believe that I've seen three UFOs. There must be a logical explanation and I hope to find one but until I do, I'm not laughing anymore at the weird tales I hear of nocturnal visitors.

Strangely, someone described the orange ball to me about a week after I'd seen it myself. I kept silent because I wanted to hear the tale without letting them know that I'd had the same visitor. Their report tallied in every detail with what I'd seen.

If there are UFOs, it is possible that they are unmanned satellites sent from another populated planet to gather data on our earth and as such, it would seem that other beings may simply be at the same stage of scientific development that we've reached here. This seems logical in view of the fact that we've recently launched our own unmanned satellite in quest of information about the planets in outer space.

The most momentous moment in the history of our world may well be the moment when we make our first intelligent, personal contact with creatures from another world.

We may be dismayed to discover that we're being monitored by space probers sent out by a world now burned out, a world that reached our stage of development and misused their technology to their own destruction.

These night visitors could well be all that is left of another race, another time, another peoples. Their tombstones in space.

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