

# About.com: Paranormal Phenomena

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### UFO Sighting by Michelle

1995: no locale

It was 1995 and I was nine years old. It was overcast outside, but not raining, so enough light for me to read if I sat on my sister's bed, which had a window above it. I remember that I was reading *Little House on the Prairie*, my favorite childhood book. I was deeply engrossed in my story when suddenly this bright light shone in through the window, over me and onto the floor of my room. Immediately, I thought that one of my parents was pulling the van out of the driveway with the headlights on. I sat up to open the window and wave goodbye to whomever was leaving. Instead, I was frozen solid in fear and wonder at the impossible thing that was outside my window. At nine years old, I had heard people talk about UFOs, but I didn't really understand what they were, or what they might look like. All I can say is that in retrospect, what I saw would fit the stereotypical description of a UFO perfectly.

My description of what I saw is this: a gray craft 15-20 feet wide hovering no more than 10 feet off of the ground, and no more than 15 feet away from my bedroom window. It was circular, but much wider than tall, from bottom to top being approximately 8 feet in height. The ship looked like it was made of metal, but the metal wasn't shiny; instead it seemed dull and non-reflective. The most distinctive of the ship's features was the red, orange and white lights that circled the circumference of the ship. They were small and set deep in metal sides of the ship, so I couldn't see the source of the light, only the light itself, which was intensely bright because the beams stayed concentrated enough to shine directly onto my bedroom floor in a circle of light perhaps five feet across. The ship was angled with one side downward toward my bedroom window, and I got the distinct impression as I watched it hover for 10 seconds, that someone was looking down at me.

After that 10 seconds, the ship righted itself and then moved vertically up 10 feet before proceeding to shoot horizontally over the roof of my house. It took a few seconds for me to get my body moving, at which point I ran down the hallway and into the living room in the direction that the ship had flown. I looked out the window out toward the ocean, but I could see nothing. At this point, my whole body covered in goose bumps and I ran frantically to the basement where my mother was sitting on a small stool, watching my two younger siblings play hockey on our concrete foundation. My mother just gave me a questioning look, probably in relation to my loud running overhead, but didn't ask me anything. I didn't tell her or my siblings of this experience until I was a teenager and, to say the least, they were skeptical. My mother suggests it was a dream, but to this day I still remember my experience with clarity and a shiver of fear.

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