

THE PERPLEXED MOTORCYCLISTS

John Bracewell

MAY I take this opportunity of writing to tell you of an extraordinary experience which happened to my wife and myself on June 21, 1977. It was a Friday and, with my wife at the controls, we were riding our motorcycle along the A56 trunk road out of Manchester where we had stayed the previous night with friends.

We were travelling through Salford when my attention was drawn to a light in the sky which I thought was a reflection of the sun on my helmet visor, so I ignored it. Let me explain that we both wear the full-facial type crash-helmets with plastic visors that can be raised or lowered over the face. My wife hadn't noticed anything at that point, and I had no reason to speak to her; better to let her concentrate on the road, which was very busy.

Then, when we were on our way through Whitefield, I noticed the light in the sky again, and then I concluded it was some sort of aircraft; it was away to our left and was travelling at the same speed as we were — about 35 mph. I wasn't particularly interested in it because I thought it was just another aeroplane — hundreds fly over the city every day — so I went back to watching the road over wife's shoulder.

We rode on through Bury and, apart from having to avoid the usual quote of "road hog" car drivers with their vehicles wandering all over the road and turning without signalling, and so on, nothing untoward happened. Then, when we were about a quarter of a mile off the boundary of the town (Bury) I noticed the aircraft again still off to our left. This time, my curiosity aroused, I watched it closely. Incredibly it was still travelling at exactly the same speed as we were, slowing down when we slowed down, speeding up when we increased speed, always keeping at exactly the same angle in its position relative to us. It was as if it was locked to us by an invisible beam which kept our movements synchronised. I thought to myself that it was travelling very slowly for an aeroplane, and that it was flying very low (at about only three times the height of a three-storey house) for the safety of its crew.

I lifted my visor and had a fresh look at it, and saw that it was a cigar-shaped object between about 20 and 40 feet in length. Its colour was bright silver and it had a darker patch in the middle.

Now quite excited, I shook my wife by the shoulder and pointed the thing out to her, and immediately she pulled to the side of the road. At that same instant I watched it stop and then hover for a few seconds before moving off in reverse to its

original direction and flight path. It went behind some trees and a house, at which I ran to the other side of the house to watch it but it had gone — vanished.

We were absolutely astonished because neither of us had ever before seen anything like that which could glide along effortlessly in complete silence, and leaving no smoke or vapour trail — something which seemed to defy all known laws of motion.

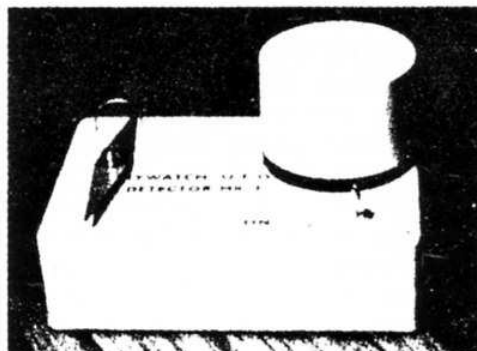
By now my wife was becoming frightened, so we started the motorcycle and headed for home at a good speed. We never saw the UFO, or whatever it was, again.

We are just ordinary people living ordinary lives, and it is only in our choice of motorcycles instead of cars as a form of transport that we differ from the many. I am 31 and my occupation is a quality control inspector; my wife isn't giving her age, but she works as a checkout operator in a supermarket. So why should a UFO follow us, or more to the point, *escort* us part of the way on our journey from Manchester to Nelson and, when we stopped to watch it, give the appearance of watching us.... Why?

One last thing before I sign off. I have forgotten to mention that when my wife stopped the bike we were on an incline and the machine rolled back a few inches; would you believe it, I was still watching the object and it too moved back a short distance!

Maybe this all sounds like the ramblings of a madman, but I can assure you it is perfectly true and my wife will back me up on this. Maybe you (FSR) can throw some light on the matter because we are completely baffled. At least I hope it will be of interest: who knows, it may happen to any one of you one day.

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