

No reply

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Section 40

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Section 40

Your Ref D/DS8/75/2/1

Our Ref WU/EXL

Jan., 1985

Dear Section 40

I am writing in response to the letter recieved, dated 9 March 1982. As my information can no longer be considered as classified, I am now able to pass it onto you.

The letter that I sent to you, was only a small fraction, of the work that I had done on U.F.O. research. I was in fact in physical and psychic contact with an E.T. called Algar; whom I have had a relationship with since 1958, and it continued until 1981, when he was killed by another race of beings.

So to start at the beginning. I was seven years old, when I first saw traces left by a U.F.O. At the time I lived at Section 40 Glasgow. One Saturday, morning I had the impression that I should go out to the back, so much it was like an obsession(DIA 1). When I did go to the back, I found three indentations in the ground, they were in triangular formation. Each indentation was the same distance from it's partner, and they gave the impression that three large ball bearings had been dropped there. My first thought was that it was a U.F.O.; but I had never ever heard of U.F.O. or flying saucers, and yet the thought seemed normal to me, as if I used it on a regular basis. I told my father, who was rather quick at ridiculing and poo-pooing what I had told him. Anyway, a couple of months later, the first visit came from E.T.s, which was followed by a few more. They were of green gas which solidified when it came in from the passage way, which led to the toilet under, the door, and the wardrobe, which was situated against the door preventing it from opening. (DIA 2). There was one which was green and very large, that had eyes all over it, this one came three times. Then there was a woman with very sharp features, and what looked like fat worms sticking out of her head, where the hair should be. The last visit from the large green thing happenend when my father tried to get into the bedroom, as usual I was against the door, withffear. My father was at the time, fairly atheletic and no weakling, but no matter how hard he pushed he could not get the door open; not until the large green thing had gone.