

The Communion Letters

Two representative letters received by Anne Strieber and Whitley Strieber

Captured by the Visitors

In 1976 I was vacuuming my living room floor at about noon. Suddenly I felt quite ill and thought I was going to vomit, so I sat down on the couch to see if the sick feeling would subside. I then saw that I was not alone; there were three strange little people standing alongside the couch, just looking at me. I froze with fear, as I had never seen anything like them before, not even in the movies.

Two of them were short and fat, about four to four and a half feet tall, with broad faces and enormous black eyes, but with only a hint of where a nose or mouth might have been, almost like a pencil drawing. They had wispy bits of brown hair at the back of their heads, and they didn't have blue suits on like the ones you described in Communion; instead, they were wearing brown shrouds. These, I knew instinctively, were the workers. The other was female, thin and about five feet tall. She wore a black shroud and had black wispy hair at the back of her head. Her face was very elongated, with huge, dark, piercing eyes, and once again just a hint of where a nose or mouth would have been. The tall thin one started to speak to me with her mind and told me I was to go with them. I answered with my own mind that I wouldn't go.

Somehow, telepathic communication seemed perfectly normal at the time, and I felt quite comfortable communicating that way. This doesn't mean that I wasn't frightened—I was beside myself with fear. She kept saying, "You must come with us," and I kept refusing. She then said I could go free, and I got up off the couch and crawled along my hallway to the front door. When I got there, they pulled me back with their minds until I was on the couch again. They let me go again, and the result was identical, except that this time my husband was standing at the front door. I clung to him, and I will always remember how the sweater he was wearing smelled. They pulled me out of his arms and back to the couch and once again told me it was useless to fight, as I had to go with them. The two workers seemed to be busy doing something all the time this was going on, but I have no idea what it was.

The next thing I was aware of was the sound of my husband's car pulling up to the house. I heard him come through the front door and down the hallway, and at this point, I noticed that the visitors were gone. When my husband walked through the door, I didn't believe it was him at first; I thought it was another trick. It took me about fifteen minutes to really believe that they were gone and that my husband was home. My next shock came when I found out it was 5:30 p.m. It seemed like it should be 1:30 p.m. at the most. I wonder, where did that time go?

A Place of Upheavals

When I walked past the bookstore, it was only out of the corner of my eye that I saw the cover of your book staring out into the mall. I stopped and looked at it, not believing what I was seeing. My first thought was that it was a work of science fiction, and that the poor author would never know just how close the depiction of the being on his cover was to the real thing. The similarity between encounters you described, as well as a being you described, and my own came as a shock to me. I had never heard of anyone else experiencing an encounter while sleeping and am both relieved and excited to find that after fifteen years I'm not alone after all.

My episode occurred in the early 1970s. One night while soundly asleep and in a dream state, the dream was suddenly interrupted by a loud noise and the appearance of a stark white face and head, which faded into and out of focus several times, directly in front of me. Although I felt I was fully conscious, my eyes were closed. I remember struggling desperately to escape from the face, but I couldn't, nor could I open my eyes until, abruptly, it released me and I awakened in a state of profound terror. Several hours passed before I dared try to sleep again, and this only happened after I convinced myself that I'd experienced some unusual form of nightmare. Finally, asleep, I remember dreaming again; all was normal. Then, again, a loud noise interrupted the dream and the white face appeared uncomfortably close to my face. Again, I was able to see it through my eyes were closed. This time, the face didn't fade in and

out of focus as it had before but appeared clearly and with great strength. I was unable to turn away from it.

The upper cranium was enormous, as were the black eyes, and its slender face tapered to a long pointed V. It looked as though it had been carved from alabaster. Its skin was not supple and hinting of underlying flesh as ours is, but was thin and stretched tightly over its bony structure. Its nose was long and pointed, and its mouth, which was slightly open, was nothing more than a straight slit. It didn't have lips. Its first words to me were, "Don't be afraid. We will not harm you." There was something strange about the voice, but I can't remember now exactly what it was. There was also something especially strange about that mouth, which I remember quite well: it didn't move when he spoke.

My next recollection is that I was somehow in their craft with them. There were only two of them and both were dressed in a type of long silvery tunic. My impression was that they were not small, as were most of the people you described, but were large. I felt humbled, or perhaps childlike, in their presence. The lighting was subdued in this large circular room, but I was able to see consoles flashing with subtle lights. They brought me to one of the consoles, and a holographic image appeared. It was a grid of moving lines. (I didn't realize it had been a hologram until recent years.

"There are positive and negative forces in the universe," one of them said, "and these forces flow freely next to one another." The grid then showed a depression in one area, and the lines appeared to lock together in a triangle. It said, "there are spots, however, where the interchange is not smooth and the forces become locked together. In these spots you will observe an abundance of upheavals: fires, earthquakes, murders, illnesses, and catastrophes." The picture of the grid ended, and the speaker said, "You have been brought here because you will know whatever you're in the vicinity of such a warp. You are to leave that area immediately. Do not attempt to convince others of the reality of your sensing; you will not be believed. Simply leave the area." They didn't give me the impression that they'd chosen me to receive this information as a result of any particular greatness on my part; in fact, they seemed rather bored with me. My impression was that they were merely doing their work, and that I was one of a number of others who would or had already received patient instructions to do something almost as simple as coming in out of the rain.

Next they led me to what looked like a podium and opened the book. There were a number of names in it, and following the names were birthdates and, in some cases, dates of death. Speaker explained that these were the names of others, some of whom had remained in such warning areas. I was able to read the handwritten list and the names appeared to be perfectly common, American-type names. I attempted to memorize what I was seeing as a sort of "proof" to take them with me when I left, and look closely at one of the names and corresponding dates. They realized immediately at which name I was looking and said the man had lived in Chicago over a small toy store which had once been a pawnshop. As they talked, I could clearly see the storefront, and believe I could recognize it today if I located it. They also offered additional information about the man's family, including the name of his brother.

Next, they showed me visual images of a couple of example areas to avoid, giving me the impression that they weren't sure I was understanding what they were telling me. One area was a field of strawberries, another a large flower nursery. I've since located the nursery, but it never seen the strawberry field. Then, abruptly, they were finished with me, and the white face released me.

I am unable to recall if they warned me not to speak to anyone of the episode, but I felt a prick of guilt, not to mention foolishness, on the few occasions when I've tried to tell others my "dream."

The following morning, I was quite distressed and described the "nightmare" to a close friend. He felt I was overreacting and thought the entire of that humorous until I told him the name, birthdate, and date of death that I'd memorized from the book. The name and birthdate belong to a past friend of his who did live in Chicago and also had a brother the name I supplied. My friend immediately tried to contact this man by writing, after several days the letter was returned marked, unable to deliver. To my knowledge, my friend was never able to locate the man. It's been a number of years since I've been in touch with my friend.

I've never seen the great white beings again, although I begged them, in my mind, to return. To hell with the terror, I miss them.

The second thing I want to tell you is that I just completed writing a book. One of the main characters is based upon the white being, another is a Native American. I wrote this story feeling that my mind had woven a good and fabricated yarn. Recently, though, I had the great honor of receiving as a guest in my house and Apache medicine man. Through him, my husband and I have discovered to our shock that portions of my book, including words I thought I had invented, have basis not only in ancient rituals but also in the Mayan language, which our friend speaks.

I feel compelled to tell you that there are portions of my book which deal with animals, a cornfield, and a communion called "Cura Elow," and a triangle. I had no knowledge of the importance of any of these situations when I wrote the book, most of all the triangle. I became aware of their significance and my possible meaning only after talking with my Apache friend in reading your book. Let me suggest that the presence of a triangle may not be so much a question or Ritalin itself, as it is the indication that an answer has already been given.

One final word: Since the early 1960s I've wondered about the origin of a scar on the palm of my right hand which simply appeared one morning. I think I shall now stop wondering. It is a triangle.