

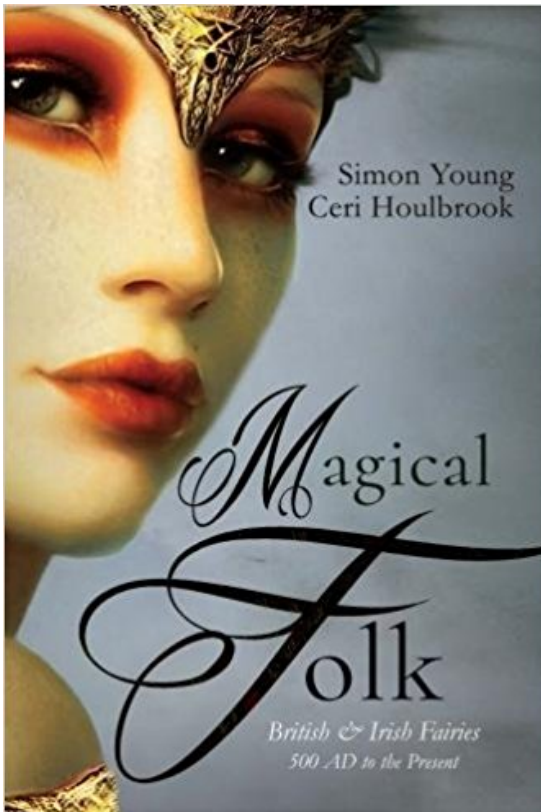
FAIRY CENSUS

2014-2017



Fairy Census, 2014- 2017

(ed) Simon Young



Published in association with *Magical Folk: British and Irish Fairies, 500 AD to the Present*, (ed) Simon Young and Ceri Houlbrook. 1 'Fairy Queens and Pharisees: **Sussex**', Jacqueline Simpson; 2 'Pucks and Lights: **Worcestershire**' Pollyanna Jones; 3 'Pixies and Pixy Rocks: **Devon**', Mark Norman and Jo Hickey-Hall; 4 'Fairy Magic and the Cottingley Photographs: **Yorkshire**', Richard Sugg; 5 'Fairy Barrows and Cunning Folk: **Dorset**', Jeremy Harte; 6 'Fairy Holes and Fairy Butter: **Cumbria**', Simon Young; 7 'The Sídh and Fairy Forts: **Ireland**', Jenny Butler; 8 'The Seelie and Unseelie Courts: **Scotland**', Ceri Houlbrook; 9 'Trows and Trowie Wives: **Orkney and Shetland**', Laura Coulson; 10 'The Fair Folk and Enchanters: **Wales**', Richard Suggett; 11 'Pouques and the Faiteaux: **Channel Islands**', Francesca Bihet; 12 'George Waldron and the Good People: **Isle of Man**', Stephen Miller; 13 'Piskies and Knockers: **Cornwall**', Ronald M. James; 14 'Puritans and Pukwudgies: **New England**', Peter Muise; 15 'Fairy Bread and Fairy Squalls: **Atlantic Canada**', Simon Young; 16 'Banshees and Changelings: **Irish America**', Chris Woodyard.

Dedicated to Marjorie Johnson and to those who contributed

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Introduction

What is the *Fairy Census*?

Some five hundred fairy experiences follow in these pages, and over 160,000 words about encounters with the impossible. These were, in the vast majority of cases, taken from the *Fairy Census* (<http://www.fairyist.com/survey/>), an ongoing internet questionnaire about who sees fairies, when and why: the questionnaire has been reproduced in an appendix to the present book. The present volume is being published in association with Simon Young and Ceri Houlbrook (ed), *Magical Folk: British and Irish Fairies, 500 AD to the Present* (Gibson Square 2017), a collection of fairylore essays by folklorists and historians.

What information is recorded here?

I took, for the purposes of the present publication, only the most important parts of the data for each fairy experience. Here is an invented example with key.

§123) Argentina (Patagonia). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute* [about two seconds]; erotic; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually clouded memories of the experience. The fairy was green and white and shaped like a ball, a ball of light....*

There is, in bold, the case number (here §123) followed by the country and, when known, the region.

After there is the ‘rubric’ in italics.

Gender: male/female.

The decade in which the fairy experience took place: prior to 1920, 1920s, 1930s, 1940s, 1950s, 1960s, 1970s, 1980s, 1990s, 2000s, 2010s.

The decade of life of the respondent when the experience took place: 0-10, 11-20, 21-30, 31-40, 41-50, 51-60, 61-70, 71-80, 81-90, 91 plus.

The location of the experience: on or near water; in woodland; in open land (fields etc); on a country road; in a city; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); inside a private house; in a garden; I can't remember; other.

Company: on my own; with one other person who shared my experience; with one other person who did not share my experience; with several other people some of whom shared my experience; with several other people none of whom shared my experience; I can't remember; other. (Note that, for the purposes of the Fairy Census, I did not include dogs as 'company': this was sometimes an issue!)

The time of day: 12 am-3 am, 3 am-6 am, 6 am-9 am, 9 am-12 pm, 12 pm-3 pm, 3 pm-6 pm, 6 pm-9 pm, 9 pm-12 am, I can't remember.

The duration of the experience: less than a minute; one to two minutes; two to ten minutes; ten minutes to an hour; many hours; other.

The mood of the fairy: friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof, erotic, other.

Frequency with which the respondent has supernatural experiences: never or almost never; occasionally; regularly.

Any special state reported before the experience: you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs); you were very sad; you were extremely happy; other.

Any special phenomena connected to the experience: loss of sense of time; profound silence before the experience; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you; unusually vivid memories of the experience; unusually clouded memories of the experience; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life; a sudden warmth before the experience; a sudden chill before the experience.

Sometimes no answers were given for one or more of these points. When the answer could be straightforwardly deduced from the respondents writing about his or her fairy experience this was written in and signalled with an asterisk. For example, in the example given above the respondent wrote ‘about two seconds’ for duration. This was written in by the editor as ‘less than a minute*’ with the respondent’s answer being given in square brackets.

Following the italicized rubric there are descriptions of the fairy experience itself in normal script and the attitudes of the respondent to fairies and the supernatural more generally. These ranged from five words (‘tiny high-pitched bells and flutes’) to several thousand words. Here questions included: ‘Please describe your fairy experience in as much detail as possible.’ ‘If you heard fairy music or sounds how would you describe these?’ ‘Do you know if the place of the experience had a reputation for fairies?’ ‘And if so did you know this prior to your experience?’ ‘Why do you think your experience was a fairy experience, as opposed to a ghost or an alien or an angel or some other type of anomalous experience?’ ‘What in your opinion are fairies?’ ‘Do you have any other comments or thoughts?’

Did you include all contributions?

I read all submitted experiences with the greatest interest. However, I only published those where permission had been granted: seven respondents had not given permission so these were removed. I deleted two ‘joke’ replies, though one, involving a fishing vessel from the Faeroes, made me laugh out loud. I deleted a dozen or so entries in which not enough information had been given. A separate parallel survey allowed people to write about second-hand experiences, i.e. other people’s experiences. I include these with ‘A’ after the case number: e.g. §123A. In several cases respondents to the normal questionnaire described a fairy philosophy or a series of experiences, rather than a single experience. I include these in the present volume. However, I added the letter ‘B’ after them: e.g. §123B. I also sometimes receive raw fairy experiences by email, often thanks to publicity with the *Fairy Census*: these I included, with the writer’s permission, with the

letter 'C' after them: e.g. §123C. I find 'A', 'B' and 'C' entries to be fascinating, but I lay them to one side for the purposes of statistics for the *Census*.

Were contributions anonymous?

Absolutely. In some cases respondents left their email addresses, allowing for follow up questions. But these email addresses have been kept apart and I will not, of course, share these with anyone. Even when correspondents wrote their name in the main text I removed them and put asterisks. I also removed most references to places, other than very general geographical ones. In many cases I have been somewhat paranoid. Is it really likely that someone will track down 'Linda' in South Carolina? Perhaps not, but better safe than sorry...

What editing conventions did you follow?

I corrected misspelling: e.g. 'acording' was changed to 'according'. Many respondents had doubtless, being generous with their time, rushed through the questionnaire in their lunch break and I did not want the occasional misspelling or typo to get in the way of the story they were telling. I did not, though, impose British or American spelling. I changed punctuation for the sake of clarity, including brackets. I did not change the language or the grammar even when it was clearly wrong, save for apostrophes. I used [square brackets] to insert information or to introduce words to make the accounts clearer. I wrote all numbers save for time and dates and years (e.g. '6' became 'six'), and I expanded abbreviations (e.g. 'approx.' became 'approximately').

Do you believe all the accounts collected here?

I am convinced of the sincerity of the vast, vast majority of respondents. Whether you believe in fairies or not these people clearly had extraordinary experiences, experiences that sometimes changed their lives. In four or five cases I suspect that the respondent made up the account for fun, or found themselves bored late at night on the internet with a whisky. After reading hundreds of accounts you get a feel for patterns within impossible experiences and these suspect accounts don't conform. I have included the

suspect accounts, anyway, because I can hardly edit out experiences that smell rotten, to my subjective and possibly flawed judgment. But, reader, beware!

How is the *Fairy Census* different from other collections of fairy encounters?

Walter Evans Wentz published in 1911 and Marjorie Johnson finalized in 1996 similarly massive collections of fairy experiences: Evans Wentz for Brittany, Cornwall, Ireland, Man, Scotland and Wales (*The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, Oxford University Press); Johnson with accounts from all around the English-speaking world (*Seeing Fairies*, 2014 Anomalist Books). However, both Evans Wentz and Marjorie Johnson wanted to prove that fairies exist. I do not have this ambition. I, instead, want to get a better understanding of who sees fairies and under what circumstances by looking at the stories and the sightings. A comparison between the fairy experiences in this volume, most of which range from the 1970s to the 2010s, those in Marjorie Johnson's collection, most of which range from the 1920s to the 1960s, and Evans Wentz's Edwardian Celtic fairies would, it must be said, prove fascinating.

What will you do with the information?

I hope to write a series of academic or sub-academic pieces on what kind of people see fairies and in what circumstances. I'm, at the moment, interested in three things particularly: children seeing fairies; balls of lights as fairies; and changing perceptions of fairies through time (not least the triumph of fairy wings). I also hope, by releasing these five hundred accounts free of charge on the internet, to allow or to encourage other researchers and fairyists to undertake their own research.

What if another researcher wants to look at the more general information?

I'm very glad to share all the data for one or for a limited number of respondents, save, of course, any identifying information: see the comments on anonymity.

When did the *Fairy Census* run?

The *Fairy Census* is ongoing: see next questions for contact information. However, the experiences gathered here were recorded between 18 Nov 2014 and 20 Nov 2017. It is hoped, at a later date, to produce a second *Fairy Census* on the same model (and perhaps even a third and fourth...).

What if I have a fairy experience or if I know of someone else's fairy experience?

Please go to the <http://www.fairyist.com/survey/> where you will find two questionnaires, one about first-hand and one about second-hand experiences. If you cannot face the questionnaire or if you want to write about lifelong fairy experiences or your personal philosophy on fairies, then, by all means, write to me direct at simonyoungfl AT gmail DOT com. Understand though, that this information might ultimately and anonymously be used for academic purposes: specify if you don't want material shared.

What can I do if I'm interested in fairylore more generally?

Two things come to mind. First, sign up with the Fairy Investigation Society and their twice-yearly newsletter: they also run a Facebook page. Membership is anonymous, free and is open to anyone interested in fairylore, whether you believe in fairies' existence or not, fairyinvestigationsociety AT gmail DOT com. Second, there are many great fairy books out there. Some authors worth reading include Janet Bord, Katharine Briggs, Richard Green, Jeremy Harte, Marjorie Johnson, Diane Purkiss, Richard Sugg, Walter Evans Wentz; and, second shameless plug, Simon Young and Ceri Houlbrook have now edited a collection of essays on British and Irish Fairies, *Magical Folk: British and Irish Fairies, 500 AD to the Present* (Gibson Square 2017).

Regrets?

I have a few. First, as with Marjorie Johnson's *Seeing Fairies* we have gathered in scores of accounts. But, as with *Seeing Fairies*, it is striking how these are almost all limited to the English-speaking world or to English-speaking tourists abroad. Is this because of the language barrier? (Should I have put the questionnaire up in Italian, French, Spanish and

Russian, as well?) Is this because 'fairy' is culturally specific to the English-speaking world? Or is it that globalization is overegged and that the circuits of social media and traditional media that were used failed to break out of a limited number of countries? Second, I only put a limited number of answers in the rubric. Should I have also included others such as religion, eye-conditions, visibility? Perhaps...

And thanks to...

I'd like to acknowledge the precious advice of Chris Woodyard, Janet Bord, Thomas Bullard, Mike Dash, Patrick Harpur, James McClenon, Bob Rickard, Malcolm Smith and Michael Swords in preparing and editing this text.

Mauro Renna gave his characteristically efficient and timely technical assistance.

Social media and tens of media outlets helped give publicity for the survey: newspapers in the UK, radio in America, Facebook everywhere... I relied on many news outlets but I'd like to acknowledge especially the help of *Fortean Times* and Radio New Zealand National from which I got particularly rich crops of fairy experiences.

My biggest thanks go, of course, to those who sent their experiences in and who, collectively, spent hundreds of hours on this book.

Key

For more details read the introduction

§12A The letter A after a number signals that the account was given at second-hand in the *Fairy Census*.

§12B The letter B after a number signals that the account was included in the *Fairy Census*, but that it was not about a single fairy experience and so was excluded from statistics.

§12C The letter C after a number signals that this account was sent in, often in association with the *Fairy Census*, but as an email or was published apart.

* Information in the rubric was not given by the respondent, but has been included by the editor on the basis of the account

*** Information deleted to assure anonymity.

[] Editorial additions

Part One: Britain and Ireland

§1) England. *Male; 1960s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Walking home in woodland after building den with friends. [I] was nine at the time. Came around a tree and saw two small creatures two-feet high sitting on a stump. Appeared to be carrying small canes and dressed in brown cloaks. Watched them for short time they saw me then vanished.’ ‘Thin two-foot tall longish arms and legs pale faces.’ ‘Didn’t fit into description of ghosts or aliens no other phenomenon present.’ ‘Don’t know [but] place may influence mind.’

§2) England. *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in open lands (fields etc) ('in public park'); on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; curious; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I was walking through the park up into town when I began to hear singing some of it sounded tortured and I glanced out of the corner of my eye left and right and there were a group of fey beings some very small others about the size of a child and others as large as myself walking with me. They appeared completely black like silhouettes some had wings and others didn’t. As I moved towards the centre of town they faded though I could still hear the singing for about an hour.’ ‘Some were small females with wings one was about the size of a child though the torso was twisted and appeared to be in pain others were large human sized with wings.’ ‘The shapes of the beings in question were most definitely fairy shapes.’ ‘It is probably best to respect them.’ ‘It was bright daylight a sunny afternoon on a busy park full of other people and I appeared to be the only one who could see or hear them moving with me.’

§3) England. *Female; 1950s; 0-10; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; in open land (fields etc); 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy* [‘I was happy to be going for a walk with my family’]; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a*

display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘My parents were taking all of us for a walk (five children) I was running ahead I saw the fairy/elf, stopped, it took a moment before I could speak, then I shouted for my mother to come see, everyone came, but by the time they got to me it had disappeared, although most laughed at me my mother believed me as there was no reason not to.’ ‘About eight- to ten-inches tall, lovely face, dressed in greens although I did not see any wings.’ ‘It was definitely a fairy not a ghost as I have had experience with ghosts and it was entirely different.’ ‘You asked about schooling and although I did not go to university I did attend college and have secretarial skills, I love learning so please do not think that I am silly. I am happy to speak of my experience and have always told people the truth about this sighting. I would also be very happy to explain about my ghost experiences, they were very important to my life and no matter what is said I will always believe.’

§4) England. *Female; 1980s; 21-30; in a garden* (in my back yard); on my own; can't remember time; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful, curious; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘At first I thought they were lightning bugs, but the lights weren't the same as what I remembered from when I was a child. The lights seemed to flutter around and around. Not really landing. I have thought of this for quite some time.’ ‘The only thing I remember hearing is a high pitch buzz type noise.’ ‘I am not sure why I had the fairy experience. I have also seen ghost and I believe in Angels and I also believe in Aliens.’ ‘I would love to see [a fairy] and talk to one.’

§5A) England. *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1920s; 11-20; in open lands (fields etc); alone; no time given; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My mother asserted that when she was a young girl (about eleven or twelve) she was ‘buzzed’ by an insect-winged creature that was ‘too large to be an insect about the size of a bird’. Although she was not a hundred percent certain that it was a fairy she said that it seemed to have a human shape.’ ‘Human shaped with insect wings.’ ‘My mother claimed a number of experiences

throughout her life involving ghosts (mostly, it would seem, of the ‘stone tape’ type, with only occasional interaction). Apart from one other experience when she was in her eighties, she was always of the opinion that they were ghostly phenomena.’ ‘She viewed [fairies] as being nature spirits, with no connection to the dead.’

§6) England. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I moved to a new studio in February 2014. It was in the same mill building as my previous studio but the room was much bigger and had a fantastic view. The view of the woods was beautiful, I often camped in them woods and had had some great times, so looking out over the area brought back happy memories. I first noticed what looked like a twinkling on the top of some trees. At first I assumed it must be a foil blanket or bag caught in tree, and watched, appreciating how pretty it looked dancing in the wind and creating illusions of many flickering lights. I continued to notice this twinkling almost daily and one day as I watched carefully, I noticed it move, very quickly. It was then that I started to ask questions about what I had assumed to be a foil bag caught in a tree. First: why had one foil item turned into several? Second: why were they still there after several months of wind and rain? And third: why were they moving from one tree to another? I decided now that maybe it wasn’t rubbish caught on top of the trees and I should perhaps pay closer attention. I took to using binoculars to get a closer look, I thought that maybe they were birds, but they weren’t. They were lights. I discovered that the lights seem to glow brighter and duller, as though they turn around in the sunlight and are shinier on one side than the other. They also change shape, size and colour, sometimes they can appear multi-coloured all at once. They seem to like the sun very much and appear to lie on top of the trees soaking up the sun. They are highly active on sunny days more than dull days – almost like they get energy from the sun. They normally start to appear at about 11 am and grow brighter and much busier over midday, and finally slow down at about 3 pm. On one very hot summer day, there were quite a number of them on top of, and in the trees, all of different colours. Some shot off very fast up through the trees, these were small white lights, I followed them and

they disappeared. The colours often start as bright white and silver, and I note that they appear to be a more silver appearance on a less sunny day. The most activity I have seen was on a very bright sunny day when the whole area of trees seemed to glow as though there were a lot of lights in that area of the woods. The light seemed to pulsate, growing brighter and growing dimmer again. I watched closely and saw the light changing colour. There were several different colours, blue, red and orange and they all seemed to blend together. The red was seeping out on top of the trees and seemed to be a shape that kept changing. I tried to film the lights the next day but only caught a short clip of white glowing, pulsating in the trees. I have been to the area many times looking for an explanation. There is no obvious explanation, no roads, buildings, power lines etc.' 'I'm not sure that my experience was a fairie experience or not. I was sent the link after enquiring about some strange lights that I had seen in local woods. I would be happy to hear from you with any information, links or other areas of study or surveys regarding my experience.'

§7) England (Berkshire). *Male; 1990s; no age given; in open land (fields etc)*; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'In the summer of 1999 I was working on an enormous archaeological excavation at the future site of terminal five of Heathrow Airport, just to the west of London. There was about seventy of us and we had seven day accommodation a few miles further west at the magnificent/monstrous gothic Victorian pile that is Royal Holloway College. It was wonderful there; it had its own wooded parkland with all sorts of huge, gorgeous mature trees, with tiers of ornamental ponds overhanging with giant gunnera plants and inhabited by huge carp. And best of all it had the Bunny Field (on the far left of the photograph, the upper and smaller of the two green open spaces). This was where we spent every waking hour we could when we weren't working. We called it the Bunny Field because the bunnies would be all over it grazing whenever you got there and would scarper, but if you sat quietly they'd all come out again and you'd be surrounded by rabbits. It was lovely. Me and my friend *** particularly hung out

there all the time, playing frisbee for hours on end. It was an idyll :) Most people went home at weekends, but I was living there seven days a week, and I got reeeally into the Bunny Field. So, I decided that I would stay up all night/for as long as I could one Friday and just *be* there. So I did. It was amazing; full moon, creaking trees, moonlit pools, strange atmospheres, tiny hooves drumming past me in the darkness (logic tells me it was ‘only’ a muntjac, but of course it was a faun, to tell the poetic truth. More on the faun later.) Anyway, I had a brief nap back in my room (five-minute’s walk away) around 3 am, then awoke totally energised at dead on 4 am and went straight back out. Right, so it’s about 7 am the next morning, it’s mid-July, the sun’s up and already hot, the sky is a cloudless blue and I am in a place of bliss. I’m sitting there in the middle of the slightly sloping field peacefully watching a rabbit, a magpie, and a green woodpecker who are all feeding on the grass slightly down the gradual slope in front of me. I remember that, just before I started watching the animals, I’d been looking at the auras around the trees across the field (I particularly remember a huge copper beech), watching great streams of wispy chi tapering off and up from their crowns. I’d fairly recently learned how to see auras around plants, and I guess I’d got myself into quite a clairvoyant and aware state. Anyway, I’m watching the birds and the bunny, not thinking of anything, when a big shadow coming in from the right zooms over me VERY fast! I whipped about looking for a source. There were no birds in the sky, no trees close enough to harbour any that might’ve been. I turned back round to settle down again and looked to my right and saw about fifty yards away zooming down the field a grey shadow about six feet long, like an amorphous cloud, flying low over the field, and REALLY fast. As I turned my head to face front, another zipped past across in front of me, about the same distance away. And that was my encounter. My first instinct wasn’t to think of anything Other as an explanation. I watched birds fly over and looked at their shadows – and it struck me at that moment as I watched birds fly over that the shadows I saw were actually grey rather than black. Mainly though, pigeons and magpies and ring-neck parakeets and jackdaw weren’t nearly fast enough, or indeed big enough to explain them. In dealings with the unexpected Other, a stamp of

authenticity I've come to trust is the gradual realisation of the truth of the matter, after all rational avenues have been explored. So wow, I thought, I've just seen some sort of elemental! FUCKING AMAZING!!! I was elated! Because they were in the air, and so very swift, I decided that they were Sylphs. That moment changed my life – I got well into learning more about them, and the experience affected me in several profound and wonderful ways. But there's more. About a year later I was newly settled in the beautiful mediaeval city of Winchester, living with friends and fellow diggers. One friend was getting married and wondered about a pagan handfasting. I said I'd look into it for him, so I phoned up the British Pagan Federation and arranged to meet with a priestess in my vicinity to discuss the matter further. I was invited to come along to one of the local pagan group's monthly moots in a pub in ***, not far from Winchester. I duly went along, and had my chat with the priestess which was all well and good (though nothing came of the handfasting idea in the end), and afterwards I got a pint and joined some others at a table. One guy introduced himself as *** and one way or another asked me what I was into in the pagan thing. So I told him my story. Now, I specifically remember not telling him where I was when it happened, cos I didn't want to get bogged down with unnecessary detail. All I began with was 'I was in a field...' I could've been anywhere in the world. When I'd finished he said 'You weren't anywhere near Runnymede (where the Magna Carta was signed) were you?' I'd been about a mile as the crow flies from Runnymede. My mouth fell open. 'Were you at Royal Holloway College?' he asked! Then he pulled aside his jacket and he had a Royal Holloway polo shirt on. He told me that nature spirit experiences were common in that area, and he told me of the faun that lived in the arboretum, and he told me of how the sylphs gather around the Air Forces Memorial at Runnymede. That was a memorable evening :) But it's still not quite the end. A few months later a wise friend gave me Geoffrey Hodson's *Faeries at Work and Play* for my birthday. Hodson was a clairvoyant in the 1920s, who spent the summer of 1922 riding around the Lake District with his wife and dog in their motorbike and sidecar visiting various places of natural beauty. He would then clairvoyantly observe the etheric life around him and describe it to his

wife, who would write it down. The book was the result. I remember straight away flipping through to the sylph chapter, but his description did not tally at all with what I saw. He describes them thus: ‘At first sight they appear to be winged, with a pair of magnificent white pinions attached to their body from the top of the shoulders reaching down to their feet. The faces of these creatures of the air are like strangely beautiful but fierce human females, strong, vital, and controlled in spite of their apparent reckless abandon. I was rather crestfallen, but I carried on reading till I came to another chapter written at Lake Thirlmere, this time describing lake spirits: ‘I cannot make out any distinct shape; they take and lose many different forms, with great rapidity: there is a general suggestion of wing-like formation and occasionally the likeness of a human face or head. Again this appearance is lost, and they appear like wisps of white cloud. The swiftness of movement, and the rapidity with which they change their appearance, make it difficult to study them with any degree of accuracy. Their movement is not unlike that of swallows flying over the surface of a river. Their colouring is chiefly white, deepening to dove-grey.’ As I read this, I immediately recalled the conversations we’d had sitting in the Bunny Field, wondering whether it might’ve once have been a small ornamental boating lake, our musings fuelled by the presence on one side of the field of a flight of shallow wide, grand, balustraded stone/marble steps, such as one might launch some small boat or canoe from, that descended and disappeared into the turf. To sum it all up, I think I saw lake spirits that day, still perhaps tied to their element of a lake that had physically gone, but etherically remained; dove-grey (that was the exact colour!) spirits, or the shadows of spirits or something I don’t quite know what. I didn’t see faces, only amorphous, cloudlike wisps, but I saw them that day, and lastly, and most significantly for me; they saw me first, and flew over me and drew my attention to them. They wanted me to see them! :D.’ ‘Nature-connected. Beyond that *shrug*.’

§8) England (Birmingham). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; on or near water, in a city; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; loss of sense of time. ‘I was sitting at a picnic table minding the kids who were playing. It was*

a nice, sunny afternoon. I was relaxed and my mind was wandering. I looked up and saw what I knew to be an elf lying along a branch in a large tree. The only thing which surprised me was how big he was, at least six foot tall. He was a dark colour and he was laughing at me, or rather laughing at the kids perhaps. He was 'lolling' along a branch and seemed part of the tree. I watched him for a bit but as soon as my mind started to focus on what I was looking at, he vanished. It was not that the branch looked like an elf, there was less there when I 'looked' with conscious thought than there had been when I had been observing without really looking.' 'Big! Well built young man.' 'I somehow just knew it was an elf. And was very surprised, I had never imagined an elf to be big.' '[Fairies] share our space but who are in another dimension.'

§9) England (Buckinghamshire). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in woodland; no details of company given; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. 'Dancing balls of light beautiful, around the trees.'*

§10) England (Cambridgeshire). *Female; 41-50; 1990s; in a city; with one other person who did not share my experience; can't remember time; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'I walked into a magical supplies and Pagan shop on *** in Cambridge. I was talking to the proprietor (who was behind the counter) when I saw a face out of the corner of my eye, on my right-hand-side. It looked like a carved wooden face with almond-shaped eyes. I turned to bring it into full view, thinking that the proprietor had acquired a new artifact for sale. There was no object on the shelf that remotely resembled what I had seen. The proprietor said that on other days, candles would fly out of the shelves and across the shop (they were stacked horizontally on the shelves).'* 'I just saw the face, brown and textured like smooth wood, and with almond eyes.'

§11) England (Cambridgeshire). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; playful; occasional*

supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. ‘Me, my husband and four children were on holiday in Cambridgeshire and were out having a walk. Me and my seven year old daughter were lagging behind, whilst the rest of my family were a couple of hundred meters ahead. As we were walking I noticed what looked like two silvery people (no bigger than ten centimetres) darting about and chasing each other a couple of meters above the corn. They seemed to have a human shape, and a circular shaped blur around them, which I assumed were wings. I pointed them out to my daughter who said she could see them too. As they dived into the corn she said that they had disappeared into the corn, so I knew we had been looking at the same thing. At this point my eldest daughter had run back to us to see what was taking us so long, we very excitedly explained what we had seen and even pointed out to her where some of the corn was rippling where they had gone in.’ ‘Two silvery people (no bigger than ten centimeters) darting about and chasing each other in the air. They seemed to have a human shape, and a circular shaped blur around them, which I assumed were wings.’ ‘[A fairy] because it was something that neither me or my daughter could explain and a fairy seemed to be the description it fit most with.’ ‘[What are fairies?] I honestly don’t know, although from what I saw, there are little flying people living in our world.’

§12) England (Cambridgeshire). *Male; 21-30; 2010s; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was a very brief encounter late one evening. My partner and I had been watching television, and had since switched the TV off and [we] were talking for some time. At one point I glanced towards the area where the television is only fleetingly as one would do while not paying any particular attention, and caught a glimpse of a small gnome-like man. Immediately I looked again but the entity had gone. From the brief glimpse I had I could see it was almost a cross between the classical description of brownies and a gnome. It can’t have been more than six

inches tall judging by the furniture I glimpsed it on. It had a scruffy dark brown or black beard which seemed to be spiky and covered most of its face. No brightly coloured clothes that I remember, they were all brown/dark. It was hard to make out details. I do recall it had a pointed hat or head which was also dark in colour. There were a number of rocks that we had collected on our travels on the furniture it had been sighted on, perhaps it was drawn to them in some way. It left a feeling of being watched, but wasn't malevolent. It's just a shame the sighting was so fleeting. It does feel like I've glimpsed something that didn't want to be seen.'

§13) England (Cheshire). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was four to five years old. I was in my bedroom one evening. I noticed a twinkling light in my window. I watched the light fly down towards my neck region. As the light came closer I noticed it had a human face and a dark outfit. It was around two-inches tall. I asked who are you and it replied that it was a fairy. It was flying in a side-to-side motion as it spoke. I heard a noise and put the covers over the fairy and my head. The space I had made was then illuminated. The fairy said that all will be ok and talked to me. But I don't remember any of the conversation. I pulled back the covers and the fairy kept on talking and flying towards the window. All the time reassuring me everything would be ok. I had to ask what it was because I didn't know what a fairy was. I then fell asleep.' 'Small about two inches high. Human female face. Dark dress. Held something in hand that twinkled.' 'Voice was reassuring and sweet.' 'It told me what it was as I had never seen anything that small before.' '[Fairies are] small twinkling beings.'

§14) England (Cheshire). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'It was a sunny day. I was a child and believed in fairies and was looking for one. I saw a fairy about the size of my thumb wearing a green dress. She was stood in

a plant.’ ‘About the length of my thumb. Human figure. Green dress looked like it was made of leaves. Clear wings.’ ‘It looked like a fairy.’

§15) England (Cheshire). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I had experienced a couple of strokes in May 1999 and had come home to convalesce. I was relaxing on my bed, with my eyes shut, but awake. It was a sunny day and the light lovely, when I felt a huge breeze, fluttering sensation beside my face, as though a butterfly was flapping its wings? I thought if I open my eyes slowly I wouldn’t frighten it, so I kept as still as I could, and opened my eyes, to see the most beautiful fairy, about six inches tall, iridescent with a crown too (I had never believed in fairies) she was stunning flapping beside the left side of my face, I did actually pinch myself as I couldn’t believe what was happening. I only saw her the once, but the next day doing the same thing again, going for my afternoon rest, a whole host of faeries flew into my room and proceeded to sit on any ledge going, from the curtain pole to picture frames, different colours to their outfits, greens, browns and reds, and I have to say as clear to see as the nose on my face etc. I’m keeping my story short, but this went on for many months, until I believe now that they healed me from the stroke effects.’ ‘Iridescent, like opals, with a light that came away from her. And the others were dressed in brown, green and red little outfits.’ ‘They helped me heal, which was picked up on a couple of people around me at that time. Although I was unable to speak, they had mentioned that they had experienced faeries around me.’ ‘[Fairies are] energies, little people from a different dimension.’

§16) England (Cheshire). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences, no fairy state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was

walking back across the field with my mum and dog when we saw what we believe was a fairy. What we saw was had a smallish body with a head and hair. It had see-through wings bigger than a butterflies but smaller than a dragonfly. It flew up to me and my mum, hovered, then flew away. The dog also saw the fairy and watched it fly away.’ ‘I am uncertain why it was a fairy experience but I have always believed in fairies.’ ‘They are real.’

§17) England (Cornwall). *Female; 1930s; 0-10; in a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw a pink fairy in sunshine about ten- to twelve-centimetres high flying out of the window. It was very clear and has stayed with me. My father was in the room but did not know what I saw. I was a very reticent child.’ ‘Just like a conventional picture, wings not very high, rounded. Pink dress. Did not notice feet.’ ‘Not spooky at all, I thought it was very interesting. I have not seen, only felt, ghosts, and have a personal angel but much later than the fairy. The fairy was as real as a kitten to look at but common sense told me I would not be able to touch it. No sense of the numinous attached to it as with an angel or I would imagine a ghost.’

§18) England (Cornwall). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; on or near water, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, playful; ‘cheeky’; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; ‘I was happy and excited’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was on holiday in Cornwall with my family. I think I was about thirteen. We’d been on holiday in Cornwall before, and had joked about the ‘Little People’ who lived in the tin mines etc. I think we’d also bought souvenir Cornish Piskies in the past. The first proper day of our holiday we went for a walk on a clear sunny day. It was very rural; I remember we were walking down a grassy track with large banks of wild hedges running alongside. It could’ve been somewhere near Polperro. I am not sure. I was walking a few steps ahead of my mum and sisters, excited about having a whole week off, when I saw a gnome sitting

by the side of the path. It was so unexpected; I think I remember feeling scared – or wondering if I was seeing things or going mad? I took another couple of steps and I saw his nut brown wizened face in detail. He was cheekily grinning at me. He had a mossy brown beard and dark brown shining eyes; he was wearing a peaked hat (brown) and a shiny jacket and trousers in shades of brown and ochre. I'd say he was about twelve- to fourteen-inches tall. I (literally) could not believe my eyes. I was even too amazed (dumbstruck is apt here) to turn around and tell my family to 'look at the gnome' by the path. Then the gnome cocked his head (again, cheekily), turned his back on me and kind of changed/melted (transmogrified??) into an old tree stump. This must've all happened in a second, just as I found the breath to say 'Mum! Look...!' But, of course, there was nothing to see but a tree stump. I felt really stupid then, so I muttered something non-consequential as we walked past. I was almost panicking, trying to make sense of what I had just witnessed. I was quite shaken. It was a breathtaking experience. It seemed so silly, (and I felt so silly) that I didn't tell anyone what I'd just seen. Yet I really believed I had witnessed a spirit of nature, or a gnome, or something... but I also felt stupid. Like a trick and been played on me, and I had fallen for it. I felt like the joke was on me and the gnome was having a laugh about it.' 'About twelve to fourteen inches high. Looked like a gnome I suppose – brown hat, wizened nut brown face, mossy brown/gold beard, dark brown eyes (shiny) dressed in shades of brown and ochre – natural wood/leaf colours. Wearing a soft pointed hat that wasn't sticking up – the 'point' rested on his shoulder; a brown jacket and brown trousers. The material looked shiny – not wet, just like shiny old leather I think. I can't remember shoes.' '[I thought it was fairy] because it occurred in a natural environment. The being looked real and of this earth, but out of place in my reality. I didn't feel holy or in awe; I felt confusion at what I was seeing and disbelief that it could be really there.' 'Nature spirits? A connection to beings on another sphere of existence? Beings closer to the earth than us.'

§19) England (Cornwall). *Female; 1980s; 41-50; on or near water; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; joyful, peaceful; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy, resting, peaceful; loss of sense of time, profound*

silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘Just a feeling as I sat on a cliff path that nature spirits were near, photo attached.’ ‘Ethereal, part of the grasses.’ ‘It was a feeling and the photo shows typical fairy forms.’ ‘[Fairies] look after the flowers and plants.’

§20) England (Cornwall). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; on or near water; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experience; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘I saw a fairy on the top of a cliff but only a fleeting glimpse of wings.’ ‘Iridescent colourful wings.’ ‘I just know it was [a fairy that] I saw the wings flicker and a very faint body but it was over in a split second.’

§21) England (Cornwall). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on a country road; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; busy; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was excited as we were going out for the day.’ ‘I was buckled into a seat in the back of my granddad’s car waiting for my sister to join us I watched a creature in the hedgerow at the side of the road hovering around the blackberries. I pointed it out to my brother and my nan who saw something but were further away so didn’t see the details that I could. When my sister and granddad came out of the house it went behind the tree, I believe it was a faery.’ ‘It was about two inches in height, it had thin wings like a crane fly and a very slim upright body with two long legs and larger feet. I did not see arms but the creature had what looked like a raggedy skirt on. It was orangey brown in colour. I was fascinated by insects as a child (and still am now) but was unable to identify it in any book I found.’ ‘I’m totally open to someone debunking my story and identifying it as a bug of some sort. I suppose it could have been an alien but I don’t really imagine them as small things. LOL!’

§22) England (Cornwall). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘we were just enjoying a hike’; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘My

husband and I were having a hike in the area, near Morvah. We had parked the car and walked to the Men-an-Tol, then down to the Men Scryfa which is a standing stone dating from the early medieval period. We were going back to the track to head up to the Nine Maidens stone circle, when we saw a man running down the hill. When I say run, think of those dreams when the land flies beneath you with each step; he was moving like this over the heathy ground. He stopped and looked at us, and my husband waved. He grinned and waved back, then continued to run at this incredible pace in an easterly direction until he was out of sight. He was the same sort of height and build as a slim human, with shoulder-length hair which was the colour of haematite. It was a metallic dark grey. He wore olive green trousers and a long sleeved top, but the cut was very unusual, not like anything that would be commonly bought in a shop. It had a hand-made look to it, with an odd style. I felt a bit spooked by this appearance, and husband and I chatted about how strange he had looked whilst we reached the top of the hill and the Nine Maidens. As we reached the site, the weather began to change; from being a clear sunny day, a strong wind blew up from the west and brought with it a fair deal of cloud and fog. There was a purple/grey hue to this. We explored the circle for a few minutes, and joked about having gone through a portal. As soon as we stepped out of the circle, the wind died down, the clouds cleared, and it was a bright sunny day again. Whilst we walked back towards the car, we were talking about the strange events, and joked that we hoped the car was still there, and that seven years had not passed! We got to the Men-an-Tol, and there were two women chanting in Cornish at the stones; having left libations there. I can only assume that they were local Pagan women or witches performing a rite of some sort. They were happy enough to let us stay for a while, before we carried on back to the car. Thankfully it was still there! 'Just under six foot tall. Slim with an athletic build. Shoulder-length hair that was metallic dark grey, like haematite. Flesh skin-tone. Olive green trousers and long sleeved top, that seemed to be made of natural fibers and hand-made. Couldn't see exactly what; he was about twenty meters away.' 'We think that this fellow was an elf, one of the fair folk that live in the parallel worlds to our own. He was too solid to be a ghost, and there were

no signs to suggest that it might have been aliens. I have never seen an alien and doubt that one would have wanted to go for a jog in Cornwall.’ ‘This was the strangest thing that has ever happened to me. I am not sure I would have believed I had not dreamed the whole thing up, had not my husband witnessed it with me too. It has convinced me that there are realms parallel to our own now, and feel really lucky that we witnessed such a thing.’

§23) England (Cornwall). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences, no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience.* ‘Something about three-inches tall I thought was a butterfly or moth, but it was so white it was almost blue. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something fly past me and get tangled in my hair, I was worried it was a butterfly and didn’t want to hurt it. I could feel something for a few seconds but when I went to free it there was nothing there and nothing around the house that could have been it. I have been seeing things like this since early childhood. Cannot describe as the light it gave off was so bright.’ ‘[It was a fairy] just [from] the feeling I had from it. I have had ghosts before and this was different.’ ‘I guess they have as much right to be in my house as I do. They might have been here first.’

§24) England (Cornwall). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘We were in the car it was January around 5 pm so dark. Something about two-feet tall, white and willowy, floaty jumped out of the hedgerow in front of our car then disappeared.’ ‘Thin and willowy.’ ‘We were both certain [that it was a fairy] straight away.’ ‘[Fairies are] beings of another kind.’

§25) England (Cornwall). *Female; 51-60; 2000s; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Gnome like little men about two foot high working on

clearing up foliage beneath the trees and chatting with each other. Small bright white balls of light moving above them from leaf to leaf.’ ‘Grey streaked fair hair, lined elderly faces, beards. Green or red or brown long sleeved tops with brown trousers and workboots. Flat brown caps. Twinkling bright eyes, blue or green or brown.’

§26) England (Cornwall). *Male; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw the bucka in our garden at ***. He is about three-foot tall with a dark beard and rather frightening so he must be a bucka du. I’ve found out more recently that the poet John Harris who grew up [nearby] had an experience with the bucka when he got lost at nightfall on the moors there as a child of about five (c. 1825). When he was found he was sobbing that ‘There is nobody here but I and the buckaw’. ‘Three foot tall, stocky/muscular and swarthy.’ It just seems to me to have been a spirit and a spirit that originated in that form, i.e. not a ghost of another, but may well change with age or it's experiences.’ ‘[Fairies are] spirits with some sort of physical form.’

§27) England (Cornwall). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; on or near water, on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Around August/September 1991, in Cornwall UK, whilst driving down a country road with hedgerows either side, travelling at a speed of around forty-five-fifty miles per hour. Something compelled me to look into the hedgerow. I saw a brown leathery-skinned, very angry looking old man, standing about two and a half feet high, completely naked apart from a loin cloth type clothing. He was pointing right at me with his index finger. What happened in an instant seemed to last forever. I then braked sharply only to realise the road was falling sharply towards a sea wall. If I hadn’t braked I would have driven over the sea wall and over the cliff face as I was not on the road I thought I was. I had my then wife and baby son in the car with me. I

consider this ‘Pixie’ to have saved our lives.’ ‘About two and a half feet tall with brown leathery type skin. An old looking face with a hooked nose and large ears. He was bald or had very little hair. He had noticeably large hands.’ ‘No music but there was a definite silence to the surrounding air.’ ‘Its appearance was of something that would be described in a nursery rhyme. I just seemed to know what it was upon seeing it!’ ‘The events of that night have and will stay with me forever. It did frighten me enough to not want to see another.’ ‘I don’t know [what fairies are].’

§28) England (Cornwall). *Male; 2000s; 41-50; on a country road; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘It was about mid-October. I was a front-seat passenger in a car driven by a friend on a country lane in Cornwall. We were climbing a hill on a bendy road. My attention was drawn to the side of the road where I saw a tiny silvery-grey cat. I’d guess it was a about four inches high. No sooner had I seen it than the car turned and I lost sight of it. Looking back I could not see it again. On returning to Oxford I told a friend about it. He told me that he was once in an antique shop in Oxford when a lady bought in a stuffed (real) dog of about the same size.’ ‘It seemed to be meowing or hissing. Its mouth was open.’

§29) England (Cornwall). *Male; 61-70; 2010s; on a country road; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; curious, surprised; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time.* ‘I was driving through the village of *** near Hayle. There is a crossroad with some street lighting. It was a windy autumn night, little traffic on the road and I was driving quite slowly. I became aware of movement coming towards me – people, carts. I wasn’t perceiving normally until I could focus on a very small horse, only a little larger than a labrador dog. The horse was pale sort of electric blue and there was white in its mane. As it cantered past it looked to its right, directly at me. I know that it was followed by other creatures, possibly humanoid, though something was stopping me from focusing properly. Something passed between me and the horse – it was as if the creature was reading my state of

mind and attitude. Oddly, as I became aware of the horse I was completely unafraid; odder still, I was full of joy and not surprised by what I was seeing. Surprise came later, when I reflected on what I had undoubtedly seen. I had previously had an interest in fairy folklore and when I was teaching in Wales one of my intelligent sixth formers told me that several members of her family had seen ‘tylwyth teg’ (as they are known in Welsh) near a mound in one of the fields of the family farm. The reason I mention this is to express that, at the time of seeing the fairy horse (kelpie?) I was and remain predisposed to believe rather than doubt what I was seeing – I believed in the existence of other dimensions of reality normally not perceivable by humans – and I believe that what we call fairies are non-malignant, dangerous only if treated with disrespect.’ ‘All I saw was the tiny horse and had the strong impression that there were fairies travelling with it, though I saw no detail.’

§30) England (Derbyshire). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc.); on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported* [“playing in the field”]; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was in a field not far from my grandma’s house. Visiting for the day. Saw several lights in and about a hedge. I walked up to the hedge and the lights started to fade, I also thought I could hear tinkling sounds. My Gran told me, she always could hear them.’ ‘Not sure if fairy, but definitely something wanted to attract me to them/it.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature elementals’. ‘I hate the thought of areas of natural beauty being destroyed. We are killing off all that nature wants to teach us.’

§31) England (Derbyshire). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was in my gran’s back garden I saw what I can only describe as a small fairy being flying into the bushes at the bottom of her garden that led into fields. I have never told anyone this for fear of being ridiculed.’ ‘Small glittery looking with small wings and very graceful.’

§32) England (Derbyshire). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; menacing; never or almost*

never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘We were walking through the woods at night, there were four of us, all who saw the same thing as me, and we were returning to the youth hostel we had hired for the weekend. About ten feet away from us, amongst the trees, we saw a small hooded figure. It was about two feet high, dressed in a long, dark coloured cloak, and bent slightly. It seemed to know we had seen it, and it followed us through the woods, always at about the same distance away. It took us about five minutes to get back, and it followed us all the way back. By the time we got back we were quite frightened as it did not feel friendly. All four of us, all adults, saw exactly the same thing!’ ‘About two-feet tall, hunched and wrapped in a long hooded cloak.’ ‘We just all thought that [a fairy] was what we were seeing. I suppose because it was in the woods, was much smaller than a human and that all of us could see it.’

§33) England (Devon). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; on or near water; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience.* ‘In the 1970s I used to stay (as a five year old) in a small four- or five-hundred-year-old cottage with a small bamboo thicket and a stream running down. It was on a quite steep hill, just outside ***, so the stream was stepped with natural and manmade stoneways. I used to go down there every morning and there would be a treat for me in the grotto. I knew this was my grandparents pretending to be the fairies but on the last day I insisted in going to say goodbye to the fairies. The image of the creature was so clear I remember thinking I must have left a Sindy (British version of Barbie) doll down there but when I got down there there was no lost Sindy. Being a child who thought nothing of seeing a fairy (my nana was a bit of a reading-the-fire mystic type) I told everyone, only stopping when I realised people thought I was making it up for attention, but I remain convinced to this day that what I saw was a fairy.’ ‘Like a Sindy doll with clothes that looked to be made from natural things like leaves. It was the same size as the doll but thinner, more ethereal.’ ‘I was told [the area had fairies] but thought that this was my nana

being nice.’ ‘Personally I think it was a water sprite but my friend says that is what they are tree spirits, water spirits, lea [?] spirits.’ ‘[Fairies are] spirits of nature.’

§34) England (Devon). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘In my bedroom, in the window behind curtains. Three fairies in a group. They moved up, down left and right. All were quite bright and I could clearly see their outline complete with wings. I was very upset at the time and was crying quite a lot but as I became aware of them a sense of calm and peace fell upon me. They stayed for quite a while. I spoke to them once only to say thank you and with that they just disappeared.’ ‘Clearly saw them and just knew [that they were fairies].’

§35) England (Devon). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; private house; on my own; 12 AM-3 AM; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was in bed, the clock chimed midnight and woke me up. I was twelve years old. My bed faced the bedroom door which was open, there was a wardrobe straight ahead against the wall, the bathroom door was on the right, the exit to the hall way was left. A floor lamp was on, to the left, the light was subdued but lit. I was thinking about school staring straight ahead, I heard a loud metallic ping like a triangle being struck. A ball of light appeared from the bathroom door and started to move horizontal and evenly. Inside was a female form, with long hair with beautiful wings, the colour was ivory/white and effervescent. She was not solid she was made of tiny tiny stars you could see through her. I pinched myself because I thought I was dreaming, she was still there, I made a wish not to be bullied anymore at school then felt guilty and wished for world peace. She turned towards me and looked directly at me. I was scared and said I don’t believe in fairies and the ball of light popped like a bubble and she disappeared. I do hope I didn’t hurt her.’ ‘She was naked, with long hair and beautiful wings.’

white/pearl/ivory colour. Made up completely of tiny tiny stars, which were effervescent. She was not solid you could see through her and her eyes were silver grey, a very pretty face and pointed ears. The wings had butterfly markings on them.’ ‘A metallic ping like a triangle being struck.’ ‘[Fairies] are mischievous and from another dimension they look after nature. ‘Have seen fairies via meditations with trees (they were not as beautiful). But this was the only time I saw one physically in front of me. She was beautiful and made of tiny moving stars.’

§36) England (Devon). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; I can't remember the time; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was closing a gate to a field and noticed will [sic?] white dots flying around over the gate, they appeared to come over to me stop moving and then turn and fly off.’ ‘[I thought they were fairies] because the lights were so very small and it felt like it was fairies.’

§37) England (Devon). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; angry; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘Whilst in bed as a child I was awoken on several occasions over several years, to see what I described then as little nasty wolves coming out of an antique wood wardrobe, after drawing them for my mother, which I remember very clearly I can now say they looked more like fairies.’ ‘Small men with lots of hair in brown suits, almost dirty looking (imagine miners) they always looked nasty.’ ‘[Fairies are] elemental creatures sent to protect nature.’

§38) England (Devon). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland, in a garden; With several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; many hours; mischievous, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘Myself and a friend were spending the night with a couple who lived in a

cabin on the edge of ancient woodland. We were having a party. Although the cabin owners, and others who have stayed there, claimed to have experienced odd things (natural drumming heard from the woods playing along with their recorded music and continuing after the tape player was stopped and a fire ball shooting through the hut) no one present heard, as I did, echoed children's babbling in the woods, all around and dismissed my claim to hear it. In going outside to pee (it was still pitch black at this point) I heard a voice (naming my favourite DJ in my ear) and ran back inside in panic. Later, once it was light, I went for a walk in the woods and, to my dismay and irritation (I didn't WANT to see fairies: they weren't 'cool' like UFOs) I kept seeing small, pixie-like folk out the corner of my eye and parts of a twee, medieval-type world, as if this other world was overlapping 'reality'. For instance, in pushing past a low, leafy branch, I glimpsed it as the decoratively painted end of an old fashioned cart, the bit that attaches to the horse. I really didn't want to be seeing this, so I went back to the hut, but grew bored again, so ventured back out into the woods. I once more glimpsed pixies around and about and, convinced I was hallucinating them, determined to prove my eyes wrong by focusing on what I thought of as an 'elf queen' standing on the far river bank (about six metres away). She was standing in profile with her lower body obscured by undergrowth. Her top half was robed in a tight fitting cream garment with copper-coloured trim and she had brunette hair pulled into a matching, ornate head dress. 'That elf queen,' I thought to myself, 'is really a broken tree stump. If I look at her through a crack in my fingers (an eye focusing technique I'd learnt from a medical TV show that combats my mild short sightedness) 'I'll clearly see the tree stump as it is.' So I peered at 'her' through a crack in my fingers and – lo! – there she was, in perfect focus, a beautiful elf queen! I now felt extremely spooked and stumbled back through the woods to the hut as fast as I could without running. I insisted my friend drive us home to the city immediately. On returning to the same woods a few months later with some friends from ***, to whom I'd said nothing, they commented that they could hear children's voices babbling in the trees. Again, my hut-dwelling friends said they couldn't hear these voices.' 'Dressed in classic, corny even, red and green elf-

type wear (though I didn't get a good look at these fairies). The 'elf queen' wore fine clothes of fine cream silk like material trimmed with copper-brown and a head dress.' '[Fairies because] I saw the pixie-like folk, their artifacts and 'elf-queen'. '[What are fairies?] Unsure, perhaps woodland spirits.' 'Although I was tired and a little inebriated, I don't think I imagined my encounter, it wasn't what I wanted or expected to see and I feel my mind state had been rendered more perceptive by tiredness and inebriation. An account of this was published in *Fortean Times* in about 1996.'

§39) England (Devon). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a city* ['town - secondary route into the town centre']; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'Was sat on my stairs on the telephone looking out of the hall window that looks across my front garden (no hedges), and onto the second main route into town. Time would be approximately 10.30 pm but visibility is good on the road as it is the secondary main route into the town centre. The road was quiet as it is a seaside town and it was out of season. The road is well lit by streetlights. As I was talking on the telephone I watched a 'tree-man' walk slowly down the road. There were no hedges in my field of vision and I could clearly see any foliage that is across the road in the gardens opposite as 'he' walked past them. This tree-man took so long (approximately up to two minutes) to pass I actually had time to mention it to my husband on the telephone and describe what I was seeing. The figure was approximately seven-foot tall, slim, I could clearly see a trunk like body from the waist up, branch-like arms and a quite haggard face with short branches coming from the top of the head and sides, but not like a true tree, they didn't seem to taper to twigs. It walked in a measured way, as though putting one foot down and then making effort to pull forward, arms swinging. The figure was slightly leaning forwards. It passed my field of vision and I stood up to look down the road, but next door's hedge blocked my view. I did not feel it was threatening in any way, but it just seemed to be going about its business.' 'Approximately seven-foot tall slim tree-man figure judging from the height of the wall it would have been behind, seen from waist

up only. Haggard/wizened face, seemed 'old'. Bark-like heavy grooved texture of body and face, long branch-like arms bent at the elbow area, unnaturally straight and thin arms, long hands. A few leaves scattered on the body and arms. 'Stumpy' branches from head (not tapering as branches do). 'Researched since and found nothing at all about this area and faery lore.' 'I have a belief in faeries as nature spirits or landscape/elemental creatures and am a keen reader of folklore. This figure would fit with my personal belief and my folklore studies as a faery sighting.' 'I have two thoughts. I believe faeries are 'spirits' or elemental creatures associated with certain landscape features/trees/places etc. I believe they co-exist but are perhaps on a different vibrational level to us and our limited visual spectrum.' 'I think faeries/folkloric creatures do exist at all times, and in certain places or associated with certain trees etc, but due to the limited spectrum of what we can see and our limited senses we can't see them all the time unless we glimpse them by accident. I feel this could be due to our disconnectedness from nature, and the way we have 'dismissed' our senses to a great extent (except the visual). I think if we could hone our senses better, get away from the 'easy feed' of modern sensory stimuli and be more in stillness we would probably notice much more.'

§40) England (Devon). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in open land (fields etc),* ('near a playing field'); with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. 'The fairy fell from the tree as a leaf. I have a photo of it perched on the wall. I know it sounds odd but it's true.' 'Small, large wing, pretty.' 'I think they can take different forms.'*

§41) England (Devon). *Female; 2010s; 61-70; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I have a friend who does photography. She took pictures of a flower and water and put them together to look as though the flower was growing out of the water. She emailed me the picture. I didn't see anything at first, but after I enlarged the picture I

saw a pink faerie rise out of the flower, with what looked like several orbs each side of the flower with elves in them. They all rose up together. The faerie was pink. I was surprised, especially as not only did I see her 'live' in a picture, but the picture was 'second hand' so to speak.' 'She had a pink dress on with pink wings.'

§42) England (Devon). *Male; 1960s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'Scary, but mesmerising. When at the time people did not believe you.' 'A blur of whiteness.' 'Could have been a ghost.'

§43) England (Dorset). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; 'felt as if it was checking me out as in who was I that disturbed them'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'Weeding under small cedar hedge at bottom of garden, pulled a weed out and small glowing beings flew out. One flew up and hovered in front of my face for a very brief moment. Had wings like a dragonfly and limbs. It was in an upright position. They were glowing. It was at dusk.' 'It was a small flying being from nature.'

§44) England (Dorset). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden*; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Two of my children were camping at bottom of garden, at roughly midnight I went to check they were ok before I went to bed. As I approached the tent I could hear whispering in the garden and giggling. I heard a voice whisper 'its mum', from one side of the trees then giggling, and whispering from another area. I thought my kids were up and messing about in garden. So I hissed back at them that I was angry with them for being up. I unzipped the tent but they were both fast asleep (genuinely) in their sleeping bags. I checked all round the garden there was no one there. We do not have neighbours with children. We are very rural and garden backs on to water meadows. The voices sounded very child-like and mischievous.' 'Child like hissy voice, like whispering,

suppressed giggling'. 'It seemed like there was a number of voices, I didn't feel scared or threatened, the voices, knew me as mum, rather than my name, like they had previously heard my children using that.'

§45A) England (Dorset). *Male (third person); the witness is dead; friend; 1990s; 41-50; inside a private house; alone; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'The fairy appeared flitting in front of the television screen.' '[The witness] was angry when we dismissed the idea as a trick of the TV screen.'

§46) England (Essex). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'Saw something humanoid, winged, greenish, about four- to six-inches tall, it climbed between the thin branches of a weeping ash tree that stood in the corner of the communal green area where I grew up.'

§47) England (Essex). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'A small shape flew by at my school. It had small wings and was pale blue coloured. It was only there for a couple of seconds before it disappeared. It shocked me a lot as I thought fairies were made up.' 'Small, blue, cross shaped.' '[Fairies] as I always believed in them and I used to hunt for them.' '[Fairies are] mythical frightened creatures.'

§48) England (Essex). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'About three years ago I woke early one morning. It was full summer but it must have been around one or two in the morning. It was a hot night and I had the

window open as wide as it would go. Outside it was dark, we have no streetlights as we are in the country. I don't recall if there was moonlight or not. I did not see any faeries but heard clearly a very beautiful tinkling sound that came in waves from the garden outside the window. It sounded a little like windchimes but the sound was stranger and more beautiful. Neither ourselves or any of our neighbours have chimes or bells in the garden and we do not live in a built up area. I was a little frightened by the sound and was reluctant to go to the window and look out. It continued for around five minutes before stopping. I listened for many consecutive nights as I sleep poorly in the heat but there was no repetition. I remain convinced that it was faery music.' 'Like windchimes but with a repetition not found in chimes. Clearer than chimes and more beautiful but with a slightly sinister feeling (could have been fear).' 'Nature spirits'.

§49) England (Essex). *Male; 1980s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc) [camping near a Farm's Hedge Row]; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep [‘afterwards it took hours for me to finally go to sleep’]; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was camping near the moors with a group, one night I had nature's call but didn't want to walk the distance to the porta-potties, twas late, so instead I went directly behind my tent to the hedge-row to take a leak. As I prepared to (er) unleash, suddenly right in front of me when I looked down appeared silhouetted a small shape with his hands on his hips, I could see it by a faint light coming through a large hole behind him in the hedge-row. I got the impression of someone very angry. This scared me and needless to say I could [not?] do what I intended. Slowly backing away I quickly apologized (sincerely believed I had almost pissed on a wee folk). Got fast back in my tent and spent the next couple of hours of the night casting a protective circles and wards around me within my tent. In the morning upon waking I immediate searched the hedge-row for that large hole I saw behind the creature but discovered that there was absolutely no break or hole in the hedge anywhere near where I was.' 'Humanoid, the size of a toddler, couldn't see anything but a silhouette framed by a strange faint light.' '[Fairies because] primarily the setting... Southwest England [?],

the Moors, and the intensity. It didn't feel like an encounter with the dead (as to an angelic or alien I have nothing to compare to with those categories).' 'Don't mess with them... they will kick your ass (and enjoy doing so).'

§50) England (Essex). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; angry; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'Walking home through the local recreation ground a friend and I heard a noise from the bushes to our side. Looking round what we could only describe as a fairy was floating out of the bush. Couldn't see any wings but it seemed to be floating still and then towards us. It didn't seem friendly.' 'About four to five inches tall. Don't remember seeing hair. Looked like it had shimmering light around its feet. It looked angry, as if it resented us being there.' 'A fairy seemed the most appropriate explanation.'

§51) England (Essex). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful, aloof, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'Myself and my then girlfriend 2004 were having sex deep in a forest where we found a glade where we both saw at first two lights followed by another six as we were both occultists we stopped and went to look closer it turned out to be a large oak tree that they were flying around I got the sense they were dryads by the energy. I think they may of come due to what was happening [sex?]. I have heard of this happening before.' 'Pan pipes.'

§52) England (Essex). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; mischievous, angry; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'First I used to hear scratching, like the scratching of a rat or birds

claws. It happened in my bedroom initially. It was in the dark once I turned off the lights. I could see very small faces appear out of nowhere. The faces changed from happy to angry if you stare, they also approach you if you stare too much. I was quite unnerved at first as I wasn't used to having other beings in my bedroom. I know this sounds so silly, but I never believed in them until I saw them. Anyway as time moved on I started to notice them in day light, but in day light you cannot see them properly just outlines in the air, they have a haze about them. I saw them in all the rooms in the house, they like the old fireplace and the other nooks and crannies. I also have seen them in the garden as well. Only in twilight have I seen them outside. I live in rural Essex, I don't notice them in other places though.' 'I actually got quite scared when staring at them, so if see them now I avert my eyes. What I do remember was the ears protrude from the head. They have a sort of energy around them.' 'I think [fairies] are similar to humans, just allow them to have their place to live and don't annoy them.'

§53) England (Hampshire). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; on or near water, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'I was four years old and my granddad was very interested in gardening at the time. I was helping my granddad with his gardening around a small pond that he had in his garden and we were pushing a few small plants into the ground with his hand on top of mine to help my small hands to push the soil down correctly. There were a few rush plants around the pond which were moving slightly because of the wind, so neither of us noticed the rush moving slightly more than normal. I distinctly remember a small, slightly darkly coloured creature coming out of the rush. It had a sort of limp and only one big wing on the back of its body, which was black. All I remember is my Granddad picking me up and putting me on his lap and pointing at it, saying that it was a fairy and they lived in his garden. I said hello to it but it didn't reply, it was hiding behind the rush

plants. It then picked up a small pebble and walked off. This is the ONLY memory I have of being this small and I'm glad it is.' 'One big wing at the back which was black, light body, small head and big ears. Arms weren't visible but legs were very short. Slightly dark aroma [aura?] around the fairy and it moved slowly.' 'Light, airy. Almost like bells but more high pitched and fast.' 'Yes I knew [fairies in the area] because my Granddad had told me.' 'The experience seemed too much like a fairy to be anything else. My Granddad had also always told me there were fairies in the exact space that we saw it.' '[Fairies are] anomalous beings who can be good or bad and are often quite small.'

§54) England (Hampshire). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'relaxing at a campsite'; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I was sitting on the open back of a flat bed trailer, in a field. There were a number of other people in the field, but they were busy elsewhere. I was relaxing, just gazing across the fence into the woods. A very large (twice human height) humanoid creature, which appeared to be made out of sticks, jumped out of a tree about thirty metres from me. He landed in a crouched position with one hand on the ground in front of him. He seemed to look at me for about five seconds, then jumped straight back up into the tree and sort of strode away, in the branches, along the line of the fence to the corner of the field, where he turned away from me and went out of sight. I and a friend, whom I called over, went and examined the place where he jumped down and where he turned and went away. We found nothing but a strong smell of decay.' 'Like a skeleton made out of sticks.' 'It didn't look like a ghost or alien and it didn't have wings. It might easily have been 'some other type of anomalous experience', but, not having any other way of categorising it, I have chosen to ascribe it to fairies.'

§55) England (Hampshire). *Female; 41-50; 2010s; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm to 3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a*

display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience. ‘I was visiting ***, an iron age hill fort in Hampshire as I needed some yew trees to photograph for a commission. I had my best friend with me as she had the camera. We had never been there before but I asked the fae, in my head, to show us the way to the trees as, from the entrance, they [the directions?] were not clear. Within seconds, a bronze-winged creature appeared and fluttered in front of us then flew away as if to say follow me. We walked along the path that was indicated and the winged creature kept appearing and indicating then flying ahead. The last time we saw it was when we were at a point near the trees but [we] could see no clear way to get to them. Again, the creature appeared and showed us the way. I would say it was, initially in a guise similar to a dragonfly but it was bronze and seemed humanoid but had very long limbs. He – as I felt he was a he – was approximately six to seven inches in length and clearly indicated the way to walk at our requests for guidance. After we found the grove, we never saw our fae friend again.’

§56) England (Hampshire). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland* [‘under trees near a city’]; with one other person who shared my experience* [‘with one other person who shared part of the experience’]; 3 am-6 am; less than a minute; mischievous, joyful, erotic; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Walking under some beech trees, early morning. My friend and I initially both noticed an amorphous greyish shape on the ground about a hundred metres ahead. We thought it may have been a large dog, or possibly a deer. It shuffled under one of the large lower branches of a beech tree. It then morphed into the branch and emerged again. It had become two female figures. Each about three and a half to four feet tall. They both had long flowing dresses on and wings on their backs. They were making the branch rock and sway. They were also laughing. I could hear and feel the laughter which was very hypnotic and beautiful. It reminded me of a babbling brook. I pointed and asked my friend if he could see this and as soon as he looked in their direction they dissolved. I saw nothing further.’ ‘Three to four feet

tall. One with long blonde hair, one with long black hair. They both had a pair of insect like wings and were pretty.’ ‘Their laughter was felt in my whole being. Like a babbling brook or rustling leaves or tinkling bells.’ ‘They appeared as a classic fairy as depicted in books. They appeared strongly connected to nature/natural forces.’ ‘I have no idea whatsoever [what fairies are].’

§57) England (Hampshire). *Male; 2000s; 51-60; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience* [‘with one other plus a dog’]; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘relaxed, on a walk’; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was a late Summer’s day in 2007, we had been walking the dog back through *** at Chilworth, we were in a clearing, when I spotted what looked like a tree rushing across fields towards us, and as it crossed the path before us into the next field, I could see there was a friendly, smiling face in the bark. We both had the same experience and described it to each other the same way. It was about ten feet tall. The dog stopped and looked up at it too. Those woods are certainly atmospheric at certain times.’ ‘A small tree.’ ‘I believe it was a nature spirit, as both of us were highly tuned into the environment.’

§58B) England (Herefordshire). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘All manner of fairy folk moved into *** in Herefordshire. Among them are pucks, pixies, nymphs, elves, gnomes and dryads.’

§59) England (Hertfordshire). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; flying purposefully, like the fairy was on her way somewhere; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I remember lying in bed in a dark bedroom. The bed faced the window, where the curtains were drawn shut. A twinkly light flew

from one side of the room to the other, across the window. I could see the body of the fairy, its head (although I couldn't make out a face), wings and legs.' 'Small (perhaps about five-ten centimetres tall); twinkly white light, head, legs, wings.' 'The sighting was in fairy form, i.e. how fairies are represented in paintings etc.' '[Fairies] are small magical 'people' who live out of sight of humans, but occasionally get spotted going about their daily business!'

§60) England (Isle of Wight). *Male; 1940s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was sick in bed with swollen glands in my throat. I was six years old and the fairy came to me. She was beautiful dressed in yellow her wings were also yellow I will never forget my time with her.' 'A lovely young lady.' 'I saw my Fairy. I know she came to me.' 'They are real.'

§61) England (Kent). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; 'they were not unfriendly but I still felt afraid, in awe and uncomfortable'; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was approximately eight to nine years old when a band of fairy creatures flew in through my open bedroom window and danced along my duvet by my face. I was wide awake and both fascinated and scared, these fairies were nothing like the Enid-Blyton and Tinker Bell-style that I'd seen in books, they did have wings (barely visible and white/grey) very long thin limbs and feet. I felt they wanted me to go with them. Scared I screamed for my mother, when she entered the room the fairies stopped dancing, looked at her and then flew out the window again. She didn't see them but believed me completely and also remembers that night to this day (nearly forty years later!) I believe and respect the fae and now as a practicing Wiccan. I believe this was possibly my first calling to the occult.' 'They did have wings (barely visible and white/grey)

very long thin limbs and feet. They were certainly ethereal.’ ‘We lived on the edge of a modern (at the time) housing estate with fields on one side and ancient woodland just a short journey away.’ ‘I saw these creatures quite clearly and I ‘knew’ they were fairies!’ ‘[Fairies are] nature spirits.’ ‘I wish I could see them so clearly again. I’ve had fleeting glimpses and many feelings but have never seen the fae so clearly and so closely since!’

§62A) England (Kent). *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 2010s; 21-30; on a country road; with one other person who shared the experience; no time given; one to two minutes; no fairy mood given; no special state reported; no special state reported.* ‘Creature flew onto windscreen of car both driver and passenger in front saw it! Both said ‘Omg that was a fu****g fairy!’ Tiny but clear to see humanoid winged creature [as?] it flew off! Told to me by friend’s mom reliable witness both educated and articulate level headed people not prone to exaggerated story telling!!’ ‘Apparently it looked like the classical winged image you see in books.’

§63) England (Kent). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; ten minutes to an hour; busy; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Watched a busy group of fairies in the flower/herb borders in garden, watching from patio they also saw me. Full daylight in the summer holiday. After noticed fairy rings on the lawn, they were often there.’ ‘Like tiny men and women had wings, hovered rather than flew.’ ‘They are partial to chocolate.’

§64) England (Kent). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on a country road; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘Around 6.30 am in early November I was walking up the lane where I live on my way to the station (I work in a bank in London and am quite a down-to-earth person). There is a clump of woodland on the lane and only a couple of houses by the woodland. I am always conscious walking up here in the dark so was very vigilant and walking quite briskly. I glanced over and saw a glow of light around a tree it was from the bottom of the tree up to mid trunk. I have had two other experiences and feel there is

something ethereal near where I live. I have always associated this with the fey than ghosts etc. I did not see a fairy *per se* but this glow around the tree made me frightened and I ran further up the lane where there are more houses.’ ‘No [fairy reputation] but there is something other worldly about the lane and I have experienced a couple of strange experiences.’ ‘It could have been anything (or just imagination) but I have had three experiences on the lane that I always have associated with fairies as opposed to ghosts and aliens. Not sure why but my mind at the time clicked to ‘fairy’!

§65) England (Kent). *Female; 1970s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; ‘none of these, it was still and quiet’; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘My stepmother had a number of well-cared for plants on a table in front of french doors leading into the garden in Kent. One afternoon I walked into the room and stopped short in surprise – I saw a small figure seated between the pots, about ten-inches high, its knees drawn up to its chest. It was green, had a pointed chin and large pointed ears, not unlike some illustrations. I had not seen one before or since, except perhaps very fleetingly occasionally.’ ‘Green like a plant with pointed ears and chin, no obvious clothing.’ ‘It was like illustrations of fairies by people who have claimed to see them.’ ‘I think [fairies] are nature spirits who care for plants and flowers.’ ‘I think there are different kinds of elemental beings, though I don’t usually see them. I have felt ghostly and angelic presences but have not seen them. The experiences are quite distinct.’

§66) England (Kent). *Male; 0-10; 1950s; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I slept in cot in my mother and father’s bedroom when I was a small child. I used to see the Green Man in the opposite corner of the room, he stood between the wall and my mother and father’s wardrobe. I felt the Green Man was there, of his own free will, to look after me.’ ‘A man, dressed from head to foot in green, wearing a green hat.’

§67) England (Lancashire). *Female; 1930s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘My friend and I were playing with little bits of stones and coloured beads, pretending we were making a meal for fairies and we saw one watching us. I remember we whispered ‘shh’ so as not to frighten her. The fairy creature was about the size of a grown-up’s hand. Her wings were a pale lilac and folded across the front of her body which looked like she wore a long dress. We both knew there were fairies and just accepted her being there. We would be aged three to four years. I’ve always felt honoured that I saw what I did.’ ‘I remember I just KNEW [that they were fairies] and so did my friend.’ ‘[Fairies are] something other not humans but part of earth’s creatures or spirits of nature.’ ‘I do think we have lost communion with nature and communication with so much.’

§68) England (Lancashire). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; on or near water, country road [‘quiet backwater’]; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience;* 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep* [?] [‘awoken from sleep, by experience’]; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘We were on the way to see our Gran, with my sister aged nine, and our Father. We went under railway arches, and turned into a long lonely lane, with a stream at both sides, the railway embankment on both sides. We had done this walk many times, especially our Dad, from childhood. We were walking along, and our Dad said, wonder whose those kids are, out on their own, we noticed straight away, their pale greenish skin, and pure white hair, but I became alarmed, when my Dad spoke to them. They didn’t answer. Then he said ‘oh, they don’t have knees, they seem to float in the reeds’. They didn’t speak smile, or acknowledge us in any way, my Dad, was a tough chap, but when I felt his hand really gripping mine, I knew he must have been uneasy. We walked on, and then looked back, no sign of them at all. Dad told our Aunt and Gran, they said there were no children by that description, living in the area. The odd thing is my sister doesn’t remember, and my Dad wouldn’t talk about it ever. While I never forgot it!

Just what or who were they? The coalmines were very close by as well.’ ‘Girl about six or seven, pale greenish skin, pure white short hair, longish clothes. Boy, or male about four or five, same skin and hair, similar clothes.’ ‘Not sure [why I thought they were fairies]. I was very young, I think it was my Father’s reaction, is the reason, it was something strange.’ ‘[Fairies are] elemental beings.’ ‘I have always felt very strongly at one, with nature. Don’t mind talking about it now I am older, as I feel more enlightened.’

§69) England (Lancashire). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; on or near water; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was sitting on a wall dangling my feet in the river which runs through *** and there in front of me on the rocks was a small group of water fae having a water fight and giggling to themselves.’ ‘Wings like dragonflies lower bodies like fish, upper body and head humanlike.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature spirits and guides.’

§70) England (Lancashire). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 am; two to ten minutes; ‘unhappy’; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was hiking in a place called ***, a wooded hill near my hometown with my friend. There are several sites that we visit on the nab,* one being a large oak with a spring coming out of it. We were getting close to the oak, when I saw a lady downhill from where we were. She wasn’t human, tall, thin, shining in a weird way, with dark hair and off-white long tunic. I got the sense I should follow her, so I ran down the path after her and into a copse of birches. She stood in the middle and we made an agreement that I’d bring her cider and bread whenever I went by in future. She disappeared and I realised I was in a triangle of birches with brooms in the branches. I know it’s a type of fungus that causes those, but I’d never

* Dialect word: hill.

seen them in that wood before, and I'd been going there for years. I don't live there now, but whenever I visit, I bring some cider and bread for that lady.' '[She seemed a fairy] because she seemed very much connected to the birch trees.' '[***] has a reputation for other things like Granny Greenteeth and moving trees on the other side of the hill.' 'Her voice was almost like it was phasing in and out of our reality.' 'Tall, thin, long off-white tunic, black hair. Almost a shining quality.' 'I think the word 'fairy' is a catch all term to describe beings that inhabit our world, that are generally unseen, and that have different races of fairy with different ideas on etiquette and culture.'

§71) England (Lancashire). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I thought there was a fly hovering and darting around me, it then flew in front of my face and I realised it was not a fly as it was silver, sparkling, had only four limbs and had a face resembling that of a human, then it flew away.' 'Very small, silver in colour and it was also sparking.' 'It looked like a tiny human that could fly, its face resembled that of some fairies that I've seen in pictures/paintings.'

§72) England (Lancashire). *Female; 21-30; 1990s; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My friend and I were gathering firewood for our Pagan ritual, when we saw a procession of tiny semi-transparent figures walking along the forest floor.' 'Tiny, less than an inch high, semi-transparent/white.'

§73) England (Lancashire). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience* ['3 of us heard music']; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Three friends in the woods late one night we all heard this funny music, the other two tried to dismiss it as some people playing fiddles or whatever it was in the woods at night! I am a musician and what I heard was not like any music I've

come across before. I would say it was similar to traditional Irish music but really different, hard to describe.’

§74) England (Lancashire). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘First time I saw what looked like a mix of a frog and a sparrow. When I got closer the little thing gave me a look of malice. I felt it was male. When he noticed I could see him he when [sic. when he was] invisible. Second time a stick lying by a road start to float and melt and took a shape of some winged creature. It was so fast I couldn’t even believe it. The wood just went like liquid wax and went invisible as got up in the air.’ ‘One was a mix of frog and sparrow with a fuzzy coat all over. I don’t know how I know it was male. I just felt its sex. The other was like wood made of wax melting. The other one I couldn’t tell the sex.’ ‘[Fairies are] another life form.’ ‘Thank you so very much for this. it makes me less lonely when it comes in terms of sharing an experience.’

§75) England (Liverpool). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; ‘it seemed determined, moving fast, it must have been quite hard work’; occasional supernatural experience; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I think I was about seven, because it was after we’d moved house but before my brother was born. I was in bed, the headboard was partially over the window as it was a small room. The curtains were thin fabric, pale in colour, with a snazzy 1980s geometric print. The orange streetlight outside threw the shadow of the window-frame onto the back of the curtains, I was lying on my back looking up at it when the curtain started twitching. As I watched the silhouette of a tiny figure began climbing up the inside of the curtain. I don’t know where it went as it went higher, as it moved out of the orange squares of the streetlights and disappeared into the shadows. I suppose it could have been a dream, but I remember the scritch-scratch on the fabric of the curtains, the way the curtains pulled, the way

the shadow on the folds grew and shrank. It's always been far too clear to be a dream. I don't have many childhood memories, lots of them are fuzzy and disjointed, but that one is clearer than most.' 'Probably a little smaller than my adult hand, I only saw it in silhouette, the clothing must have been fitted as I remember the skinny legs well, unless the legs were bare. I think his hair was fairly short, and I think there was probably a hat, sort of pointy. Given my age, and my love of faeries thereafter, it's possible that I imagined clothes from what I saw in storybooks. I remember an outfit very close to the Disney Peter Pan, but as I only saw the faery in silhouette I think that was my imagination dressing him.' 'It looked like a faery, I'm sure it was a faery/elf/pixie/brownie type of being.' 'I don't think we had lived in the house for very long, possibly we disturbed him, my mum was heavily pregnant so he was probably escaping before the screaming human baby arrived! As far as I know no faeries have been seen since. My parents still live there, and we visit a few times a year with our children now.'

§76) England (Lincolnshire). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm* [the author wrote said 3 am-6 am, but this is probably a mistake as the child saw the fairy in 'full light']; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were very sad; profound silence before the experience. 'I was in at the bottom of our garden, it was quiet there, I was half way up an apple tree and a small winged person flew slowly by I can remember being thrilled about it and ran in to tell my parents.' 'She was a tiny little delicate little thing with wings.' 'I think fairies are People from another dimension a dimension which is near to our world.' 'I think I saw a fairy because I was a child and children can see other worldly beings easier than adults.' 'I have often seen lights orbs and mists while watching TV or listening to music.'*

§77) England (Lincolnshire). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling*

or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘I woke in the night, as my son had been restless. So I had got him back to sleep and was sitting next to him. The curtain rail had fallen apart and so there were no curtains and it was a full moon, there was also a night light on. I noticed something move on the nursing chair in the corner, and saw a little man dressed in red climbing up the side of it. He ran across the chair arm and up onto the back of the chair. There he sat down and looked at me. He looked old in the face but not ancient, and he smoked a pipe but there was no smoke. He looked at me and I looked at him. I got the feeling I had interrupted him. I asked him if he had lived here since before the houses were built (house is sixty years old) and he nodded very slowly. He then jumped onto the window and vanished. A few weeks later I was doing the garden and found an old horseshoe in the garden which I think dates from the time it was a horse field (we still have the horseshoe and have been trying to clean it up).’ ‘Male, red jacket, tallish red hat. Face aged about fifty-ish. And had a pipe.’ ‘In the area people are warned not to wear green in case the fairies get you but nothing specific for this house.’ ‘It looked like a fairy.’ ‘I wanted to believe but didn’t until I met one.’ ‘I was interested in fairies, but after meeting one, it’s not what I imagined. It was cute or lovely, it wasn’t fearful. it was just weird and slightly unnerving.’

§78) England (Lincolnshire). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous, inquisitive, cautious; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was sitting underneath the willow tree in the back garden and felt an electrical tingle. Turning to look over my shoulder I saw five small figures, very human like but much smaller: despite my reading as an adult that in early-modern period many fairies were human size – these were definitely extremely small. They were dressed in brown to dark green clothes – somewhat like tights with sturdy boots and smock like tops, their faces were more angular than human faces and very sun weathered in appearance. We looked at each other for a short period of time – there was an unspoken exchange of understanding (very hard to articulate) and then they marched off

underneath a bush. This was not the first or last non-normal experience, but [it] is the only one I have had in which I would say the entity(s) encountered were decidedly fairy like.’ ‘Very tiny human proportioned but slimmer than average. Slightly angular faces. Narrow eyes. Weathered faces. *Per se* not faery.’ ‘The sound was similar but not exactly like the sound of kittens when they mew at each other – which may merely have been a feature of relative pitch given the difference in size.’ ‘They were clearly physical and all their characteristics suggested the hidden folk rather than any other alternative.’ ‘I think there is a whole category of ‘Hidden Folk’ about which we know less now than in earlier periods of our history. Fairy may be a useful category for all these entities or it may be useful as a sub-categorisation of a certain type of Hidden Folk given by appearance/behaviour and other qualities.’

§79) England (Lincolnshire). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; cemetery; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Taking photos of wildlife and next to an old cedar caught a glimpse of a fairy hovering.’ ‘Human like with wings, with an aura round it.’ ‘[Fairies are] interdimensional beings’.

§80) England (London). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘This has haunted me for always. I swear it was not a dream. I was in the back garden. My mother was hanging clothes on the washing line, and a sort of wicker-basket affair with a balloon on top came down by my side, but not landing on the garden path. I was rather frightened but stood there with one eye on my mother, who had not seen it. Inside were some small people, but one older man dressed in grey trousers, I remember, a grey top hat and black jacket. He had silver hair and it was curly and long, and the gist of it was that I was to ‘go away with them’. I refused of course, but gosh, he was so persistent. But the whole contraption flew off. I ran to my mother and told her what had happened, and she took it for what most people would take it for, childish excess. It has bothered me all my life, because this was no

dream, it took place, and everything was solid. English was spoken, and I consider it a really strange episode indeed.’ ‘I can’t say this was a fairy experience at all, but the size of this being seems to make me feel it might be classed in this particular category. It was no angel. I felt it wanted to do mischief. This was not a friendly experience at all.’ ‘I believe anything is possible in this world. Our daily vision is a tunnel-vision one. But I’m afraid I cannot give you an answer, in truth, as to what fairies are.’ ‘I really know this happened, and I remember telling my mother immediately. She was about twenty feet away from me, and did not see anything, but she did take notice of my state of fear.’ ‘I would swear that this truly happened and was not a dream or any sort of imagination. I cannot recollect reading anything before or after with any illustration of such a strangeness in it either. A wonderful mystery! I wonder what would have happened then, had I said ‘Yes’...’*

§81A) England (London). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1920s; 21-30; in a garden; alone; don’t know the time; one to two minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* ‘My Grandmother was in the kitchen at the sink washing up. She was gazing out of the window and saw the fallen leaves under a tree moving so stopped her work and stared intently hoping it wasn’t a mouse or rat. To her amazement she saw five or six tiny fairies dressed in brown playing, she watched them for about a minute and then rubbed her eyes. When she opened them the fairies had gone. She swore till her dying day she was telling the truth.’ ‘Young and playful.’ ‘[Fairies] because she could see clearly they were fairies and she had experienced psychic premonitions at times in her life. She said this felt different, not supernatural.’ ‘[Fairies were] tiny people who meant no harm.’ ‘She was a very down to earth sort of woman who never understood her psychic experiences, they unnerved her, the fairies didn’t.’

§82) England (London). *Female; 1980s* [‘1990s’]; 21-30; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; calm; never or almost*

* Frequently children’s experiences resemble episodes from popular culture. On this question, email November 2017, Chris Woodyard writes: ‘William Pene du Bois’s book *The Twenty-One Balloons* was first published in 1947. Lots of illustrations of men in mornings suits and top hats with balloons.’

never has a supernatural experience; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, I was very cold; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience. ‘My fairy experiences.

Firstly I’m not crazy! In fact I’m a bit of a skeptic. I have had two occasions in my life where I’ve rubbed my eyes in disbelief at what I have seen. In 1987 when I was eighteen I was at a festival on Hampstead Heath in the summer. They told us we couldn’t camp, so we made a makeshift shelter out of an old carpet and climbed under it. We were in the woods on the Heath. As dawn broke and the first shafts of sunlight poured between the leafy canopy above I could see things moving around in the branches. They were pale green and almost transparent in their delicacy. Around fifty or sixty little dryads staring down from the leafy boughs staring at me. They were almost camouflaged by the trees. They had kind little faces and were scurrying around trying to get a better look at us. The light coming from the trees was quite strange and there was early morning mist in the freezing cold woods. I just lay there staring at them totally mesmerized. I could draw pictures of them I remember them so clearly. The second time I saw the fae I was living in my old house in Melbourne. I lived in a dark alleyway, off the Main Street. I was sitting in my living room one night and I saw a little ball of light whizz past the window. Then there were several other little orbs of glowing light. They were around the size of tennis balls, and on closer inspection you could see the outline of spindly little bodies glowing. This sighting went on for a few hours. Since my fae sightings I have become fascinated by the wee folk. I collect little sculptures of them, books, faerie tarot cards, I paint them and I am fascinated by them. Not obsessed honest. I have also been in some very wild places around the world and I have felt their presence. Feeling these presences have made me want to stay in places where they live. They are always like personifications of the spirit of places.’ ‘I’ve seen two kinds. The first kind were tree dwellers they were pale green, almost transparent and had thin limbs, the sun shone through their yellow wings, they had small heads and dark eyes and weren’t wearing any clothes. That had an amazing energy. The second kind were like orbs of light darting around,

you could see light bursting from their bodies. The made a kind of whirring fluttering sound as they moved, like a cross between birds flapping their wings and paper fluttering.’ ‘They’re very mischievous little buggers who like to poke fun at humans.’ ‘I have only told a small handful of people about my fae experiences, most folk would think I’m nuts, and I’m definitely quite sane, well educated, thoughtful and quite open minded. I’ve never been on any psyche drugs ever or seen any doctor for mental health conditions. On both nights where I saw the fae they were very real and tangible. I have felt their presence at other times. Very interested in your study. I am a sociologist. Looking forward to reading about your findings.’

§83) England (London). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in a woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was climbing a tree and I suddenly saw something glittering above me in the branches. I saw tiny wings and a tiny body. It was moving, flying outwards from the tree. It was moving very rapidly out into the nearby trees and I quickly lost sight of it.’ ‘Light blue wings, short brown hair. The size of a child’s pinky finger.’ ‘Fairies are real but are very shy sometimes. Do not approach them or be evil to them.’

§84) England (London). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It’s hard to describe but in my bedroom I lit a gold Christmas candle for Yule – after I turned away for a split second and there in front of me was two glowing lights - not candle flare, or spark from the candle – one was emitting a gold glow and the other a silver glow, they spirited across the room and seemed to hover around my Yule altar and then disappeared. I have often believed but never seen either before or since. I think they were Yule fairies.’ ‘Small tiny dancing beams of light.’ ‘It was so small, so light, and the little buggers so quick I couldn’t touch them.’ ‘[Fairies are] energies

emanating from earth.’ ‘They exist within the magnetic fields of the earth and only at certain times of the year are able to come into our reality – unsure what the solar magnetic fields were doing but could be related to planetary influence.’

§85B) England (Midlands). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc); ‘I can’t remember [company]’; can’t remember time; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘When I was young, around primary school age or earlier, there was a tradition that the white fluffy things that float around on the breeze were fairies. I think they are in fact plant seeds. If you caught one, you could make a wish before setting the fairy free. This was particularly done if the ‘fairy’ become stuck on a wall, or in the city, so it was good to catch and release it back onto the breeze or into some grass. I remember having this idea and it being told me and shared by other children. Not sure how common it is believed or if it is still done, but I think it is worth sharing with you as it concerns fairies.’ ‘[Fairies are] some form of interdimensional being, either from another dimension or from Earth but residing in or capable of crossing between dimensions.’ ‘Should perhaps specify geographically that this was a tradition/belief around the West Midlands region of England.’*

§86) England (Midlands). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I saw a tall, thin ethereal figure pressed with his back against a tree.’ ‘I felt the fairy was in its home woodland – it felt part of the place.’ ‘Tall, thin, green.’

§87) England (Norfolk). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful, inviting; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was about eleven to twelve years old, on holiday in the

* This could not be included as a normal entry as it describes folklore not a fairy experience. But it is interesting and seems to be paralleled in a recent description of Worcestershire tradition: Pollyanna Jones, ‘Pucks and Lights: Worcestershire’, *Magical Folk: British and Irish Fairies*, 31-41 at 36-7.

Norfolk Broads with my mum, dad, two sisters and a cousin. I am the youngest of three sisters; my boy cousin was about three years younger than me. It was early afternoon on a clear, sunny late summer's day. We'd moored our hired boat in a very quiet area next to fields and grassland. There were no pubs or other tourists around. This was an unusual holiday for our family. We'd never hired a boat before, or been anywhere so 'cut-off' from the world. We usually stayed in busy seaside resorts. I wandered off alone to explore the expanse of flat open fields, which were criss-crossed with hedgerows. I came to an opening in the hedgerow by an old country stile and heard the most beautiful music; it seemed to come and go on the breeze. I remember it as a circular tune – plaintive yet joyful. It could have been a flute or a pipe. No accompaniment, just beautiful sweet music that faded in and out on the air. It actually brought tears to my eyes. I remember moving my head about, desperate to catch it again on the breeze if it faded away. After a while I wanted to share the experience with my sisters and cousin so ran back to the boat to get them to come with me. When we got back to the stile I asked them to stand quietly and listen but they were mucking about – my younger boy cousin was bored within two minutes and started a silly game with my middle sister of the pushing of each other, which led to raucous laughter and raised voices. The 'spell' was broken. We never heard a thing. My older sister shrugged and said it was probably someone playing music that I overheard, but there was no one moored there but us. Our family back at the boat was not playing music (and certainly wouldn't be interested in listening to weird folk music). As we headed back to the boat I felt like crying. By trying to share something magic, I had lost it. I had a profound sense that the music was meant just for me (I was a deep-thinking, introverted child), and that by inviting others I had lost the subtle connection with 'a spirit of nature'. I went back to the hedgerow later, alone, just before it got dark, but I never heard the music again.' 'It was a nature being. I was in its element of natural surroundings – vegetation and water – and it was of this world, just removed from the 'normal'. Like a veil was allowed to lift for a moment or two. I wasn't frightened or in awe. It didn't feel like a holy experience. I just yearned to hear the music and be closer to the spirit of nature, which, looking back, I

believe was its intention.’ ‘Nature spirits? A personification of nature? A connection with the world that we are losing.’ ‘I will never forget this experience, although it was over thirty five years ago, it’s still a vivid memory for me. I’d love to hear the music again. I think I might be too old now though.’

§88) England (Norfolk). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; ‘I had several days away from humans on meditative retreat’; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. ‘I was on a solitary retreat of thought and meditation for five days. On about day three, I was sitting and just staring at the surrounding nature when a body flitted by about two metres from my head. From first sight to when it disappeared around the side of the porch was only about two to three seconds. By the time I was out of my chair and looking around the side of the porch, it has gone. It looked like a very large butterfly but with a long tail which had some sort of detail at the end. It moved in a series of ‘U’ shaped movements. I have tried to find insects in Britain which would have been this big and with this shape but there are none. I have tried to deny my first impression that it was a classical, fairy-like creature.’ ‘It looked like a very large butterfly but with a long tail which had some sort of detail at the end. It moved in a series of ‘U’ shaped movements.’ ‘I am a pragmatic scientist atheist (or was).’*

§89A) England (North East). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 2010s; 71-80; inside a private house; no details about company given; don’t know the time; don’t know the duration; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; the witness had just woken up or was just about to go to sleep, the witness had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug. ‘The following experience perhaps differs somewhat from what one might expect from a fairie encounter hence some of the previous questionnaire answers being somewhat vague. In advance to describing the events it is fair to say that I acknowledge that in scientific terms that the event could be ascribed to delirium or medicinal/illness induced hallucination and otherwise on metaphysical terms it could also be interpreted as a death bed visitation/vision or an encounter with an angel or a ghost. As I am familiar with faerie-lore (I am the author and illustrator of the book ***)*

there were certain aspects that I recognised from descriptions of encounters with the fair folk. I will describe the events and explain my reasons for submitting the data to a fairie census. In 2012 at the age of seventy eight my mother was sadly diagnosed with Lung Cancer and received radiation therapy which actually shrunk the tumour size by about half and cleared the cancerous cells from the lymph nodes, so a positive response. However, by late spring the next year it was clear that she was ailing and it was discovered that new cancerous activity was occurring in her pleural cavity. Her health rapidly failed and she became increasingly bed-ridden. It was at this point that she first described her visions. Initially in sleep, and later on the cusp of sleep and later still in wakefulness, she described dreams in which she would see a young child with curly golden hair. He was always silent but her face lit up as she described his beautiful smile. As her illness progressed, the child would visit her more and her appetite decreased as it became apparent that this child was feeding her in her dreams. Whilst she was half-asleep I would see her raise her hand to her mouth and chew. This made things difficult for me as when I woke her up to feed her, she would argue that she was already full from feasting on the bramble pie and the meat and greens that the golden-haired child and I struggled to get her to eat something and later still even to drink. My mind instantly thought of the folk tales that warn of eating fairie food, for it would cause a person to wither away and grow distant from the world. I also thought of how one theory of the fairie races is that they are the spirits of the dead, initially the inhabitants of the barrow hill graves. As the illness progressed I recall that my mother started to look less like herself. She did not develop that gaunt thin look that is common with some advanced cancer cases, for me it was mainly her eyes that did not look like her own. Her eyes were naturally dark but they became black as if her pupils were dilated to entirely cover her irises. Sometimes her eyes had a wild look but frequently they looked as if they were gazing beyond this world. To my mind it was that with every passing day there was less of my mother and in her place more of a disease that had taken her shape. It also reminded me of the 'stocks' of folklore, the facsimiles that the fair folk would leave in the place of the people they had taken. At this point my mother stopped speaking

of seeing the golden haired child but she did not stop seeing visions or visitors. Regularly appearing to her within the family home where we cared for her, were two teenagers who she described as being thin and ragged. The girl visitant she said had something wrong with her mouth, perhaps a disease of some sort. These apparitions she herself referred to as 'The Ghosts'. One time she'd just been lying quiet and then reacted as if someone had come into the room and she just spoke to the rest of us in the room non-specifically saying, 'They don't mean any harm.' Before it became necessary for me to sleep in the room as the main carer, I set up a system where I had a doorbell set up in the bedroom and she could ring the bell if she needed me during the night. On one occasion I was called at about 3 am to 'see the cat' on her bed. She was pleased to see it and described it as brown and I took it to be a description of our tortoiseshell cat whom had died the previous summer after being hit by a car. (Incidentally for weeks following the cat's death, my mother, myself and my father had all independently kept seeing the cat. Our sightings of the ghost cat had ceased straight away when we all disclosed to each other we had seen her.) So I instantly assumed that it was our cat that my mother professed to see but having read of the encounters of the cat-like fairies in the excerpts of *Seeing Fairies*, in *Fortean Times*, I also mention that. Another occasion I was called down to 'see' a cloud of butterflies in the room. A coincidence or synchronism regarding the butterflies, is that for years my family have recorded our butterfly sightings for the Butterfly Conservation organisation. Early in the summer of 2013 I had seen hardly any butterflies, but on the day of my mother's death on 23 July I saw many butterflies. My mother died in hospital and was rarely conscious much of the time spent there as her lung had collapsed and she developed pneumonia. It was only in that time that she was administered morphine. At home she was taking varied medication, but nothing stronger than Tramadol. In the hospital she did not speak of seeing the golden child or 'The Ghosts' any more, but whilst she was still on a communal ward an old lady in a neighbouring bed mentioned a name that my mother had said during the night in an apparent conversation and the name was that of one of her friends who had died earlier in the year. I appreciate that the events described may not be of

the same vein as other experiences reported, but I wanted to report because of my interpretation in relation to aspects of other faerie-lore.’ ‘A male child with golden hair and a pair of thin, ill-looking adolescents.’ ‘Apart from calling the teenagers ‘The Ghosts’ she never declared the golden haired child as anything specific and she saw the cat and butterflies simply as that.’ ‘Myself and my family have had several anomalous experiences. I am open-minded to causes and explanations but both myself and my mother felt that there is more to and beyond the world than the accepted commonplace.’

§90A) England (North East). *Male (third person); lost touch with witness; no acquaintance given; 2010s; 0-10; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared the experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood given; do not know regularity of supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘I am a Reception class teacher who regularly takes my class to [a] local park where we have a ‘forest school’ type session in a woodland area. With a group of children we were examining the exposed roots of a small tree that had been blown down in a storm the previous day. Someone began to hit the root network with a stick and a boy cried ‘Look fairies! Fairies are coming out!’ I asked him what they looked like and he pointed to the air around us, describing ‘you know, just little’ like ‘tiny lights’. As we were looking, and I could see nothing, another boy came over to the tree, looked around, laughed and said ‘oh- fairies’. Both boys were clearly looking at the same thing, which I couldn’t see. I was however convinced that something had emerged from the disturbed tree roots because two different children had witnessed it independently. Perhaps we were destroying their home?’ ‘Like tiny lights but identified as fairy people.’ ‘I don’t know but the children were absolutely certain they were fairies. All children are exposed to the concept of fairies in stories, films etc. but these were boys who weren’t particularly interested in those types of stories or games.’

§91) England (North East). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just had a*

burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs), you were extremely happy; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. ‘When I was twelve, I went on a bike ride with my mam to the ***, a piece of countryside beside where we live. It was about 11:30 am and it was a sunny day but a bit cloudy at times. We were biking through a woodland path and stopped for a moment when I spotted something on a nearby tree branch. I looked closer and saw a fairy. I’ve always been interested in folklore so I knew to turn away quickly before it realised that I’d spotted it. I didn’t tell my mam cause she would have thought I was making it up. After that we continued on our way.’ ‘It was small and humanoid with wings. I only looked at it for a few seconds but I remember the wings being strangely shaped.’ ‘I’ve had several experiences with ghosts and this was very different. I’m sensitive to the supernatural and that was the only time I’d ever seen anything like it and have never seen one since. Considering that the experience happened when I was still young and hasn’t happened since while other supernatural things happen to me a lot, I conclude that what I saw was a fairy that I only saw because of my young age.’ ‘I think they are features that exist in natural places like countryside. They can be dangerous and they can be playful. I think you just have to be careful if you ever come across one.’

§92) England (North East). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a garden* (‘park’); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; surprised; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘As I was walking along when my family were looking the other way I saw a small fairy with a face, wings and body wearing the colour orange. For a few seconds.’ ‘Female with the colour orange on.’ ‘[Fairies are] small beings with wings.’

§93) England (North East). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Like a tiny person. A red cap, red jacket, green leggings.’ ‘I was a child I just accepted it as a fairy. Certainly not a ghost or demon if that is what you are implying. It was a fairy that as a child I believed in.’

‘I would have to repeat the experience as an adult to totally believe in fairies. But I am willing to concede that people do see these creatures.’

§94) England (North East). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; I can't remember; 'a number of times over a period of weeks but cannot remember how long for'; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘At the time I was, I think, around five to six years old, maybe a bit older. In my bedroom was a wooden play box which I was very afraid of. The reason for this was I would often hear voices coming from inside the box and these voices belonged to very tiny men – a bit like gnomes – who would come and go from the box. This happened over a period of time and I heard them often. I can still recall the voices but in describing the men I am not at all sure now. I heard them far more than seeing anything. After moving house the box was no longer in my room and I never heard voices coming from it again. I still don't like the box – it's now a blanket box and in my dad's house. I cannot remember ever saying anything about this to anyone else.’ ‘I really can't remember [their appearance] apart from [them] being very small and gnome like.’ ‘This was the only time I have experienced with anything resembling such a small entity so in my mind as a child gnomes were the nearest thing to explaining what was going on. I still think about what happened now and again as I remember how scared I was but could they have been something else. I don't know.’ ‘I don't know whether I believe in them or not.’ ‘I did have a number of encounters with the paranormal as a child/teen and even the odd one now. I would tell my mum when I was little things about people and places that I couldn't have known – bit like past life experiences I guess. This was not a regular thing – just now and again. So to me I think of all these experiences as being linked.’

§95) England (North East). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc), on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, angry; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during*

the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘This true experience reads like a ghost story but there is a fey element to it. It was at some point between Christmas Eve and New Year’s Eve and a friend and I have been out for a drink and decided to go for a ‘ghost walk’, named as such as we were going to a place called Gibbet’s Hill, which in centuries past held the gallows in which sheep rustlers and other executed criminals were locally hung. It is a place that since childhood [I] have felt exudes a strange atmosphere. Gibbet’s Hill lies between two crossroads along a path called Douglas Lane. Douglas Lane itself is reputed to be haunted by a Grey Lady. She is said to be the spectre of a Lady Douglas, past resident of Witton Towers, in the nearby village of Witton le Wear. It is said that she was murdered, possibly by her husband and that her spirit wanders on New Year’s Eve between the villages of Witton Le Wear and Howden Le Wear. That night there was a crisp covering of snow a few inches deep and there was a bright moon, perhaps full I do not recall but it cast a purpleish-blue light upon the snow. Upon turning onto Douglas Lane a fox crossed our path. We proceeded along the lane to a ramshackle empty old house (since bought and renovated) which as children we used to run past as it was ‘Mad Mary’s house’ – Mad Mary probably wasn’t mad but she was a reclusive old woman who sometimes twitched curtains and looked out. As children we thought she was a witch. Mary (which I seem to recall might have been her real name, but I’m not positively sure) had at this time been dead for a number of years and her house had fallen into a state of disrepair. It was to our surprise as we cut behind it onto fields where there is a public right of way, to see lights on in the house. Except there wasn’t but seemed to be a trick of the strange moonlight. It was quiet and still, save for the oddly nocturnal cawing of a solitary crow roosting in a skeletonised tree on the crossroads. We mildly jumped when we were approached by a curious horse whom we hadn’t noticed. We had ‘spooked’ ourselves up for the walk and had had a few beers but the events that followed happened as described. We crossed the field to the corner where the stile at the end of a thorn or holly hedge ran. (Cannot recall now, something spiny anyway). Except the stile was not there. That seemed odd, it had been there for years, so we looked

along the hedge to see where it had moved too. No sign, so we retraced our steps to see if we'd made an error. Knowing something of folklore, I talked about being 'Pixie-led' and joked that we should turn our coats inside out to break the spell, but we both decided was too cold to even take our coats off. So I said I'd heard that whistling was another method to reputedly break the spell, but us both being fans of M.R. James also ventured that whistles can sometimes also attract the wrong attention from the other side. That did not stop me whistling however. Strangely, especially as this area is open area on the top of a hill and not really an echoey place, there was an echo of the whistling but not instantly. There was a short delay of only a second or so, but still noticeable where the whistle hung on the air and then returned, as if in mimicry rather than a bounce. So there was an odd climatic effect at play. Our steps led us back to the corner of the field – still no stile. Then suddenly there was a noise at the other end of the hedge, low down. It sounded like something charging at us breaking twigs all the while. When I remember this in my mind's eye it is like a triple zoom camera effect that you see in some films where it appears a figure is stationary but the background rushes forward. Whatever it was that made the noise, we did not see nor did we wait to see. Without a word to each other we both scrambled over the thorn hedge and ran across fields, only stopping when we had reached a path leading back into our village. We stopped then and looking at each other were both like 'What the 'expletive' was that all about?' No idea, but whatever it was and I still remember it as being very strange, instilled in the pair of us (who were admittedly already 'spooked up' in a watching horror movies thrill frame of mind and having had a few drinks) a sense of sudden panic. Some days later I retraced the walk in daylight, the snow having melted so could not follow exact footsteps, but discovered at the end of the spiny hedge, the stile where it had always (not quite always) been. There was no clue as to what made the rushing, crunching noise that made us run away.' 'I don't class it specifically as fairy or ghost etc. just that the 'Pixie-led' experience seemed to make it relevant to this census.' 'I do think some places are 'thin' and the reasons for that could vary, but although not stating a

fixed belief as to the actual nature and causes, but ‘supernatural’ type experiences are real. ‘Reality’ itself being something of more questions than answers.’*



Figure §95) Douglas Lane

§96) England (North East). *Female; 1980s; 21-30; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; inquisitive; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'I was with a friend's car, driving back to Nottingham from Darlington, where we had been to see a band. We didn't have a map and got lost. We became so confused that at one point we found ourselves at the coast! It was around three in the morning and my friend pulled into a layby on a lonely road to nap. He told me to wake him in fifteen minutes. While he slept, I sat quietly, watching the clock but I had a strong feeling*

* Locations were so key to this experience that, with the permission of the respondent, I kept them in.

that we were being watched from behind the car. I thought I would turn around, see nothing and be reassured. I turned and saw a figure, about three-feet high walking towards the car, peering in. He looked a [little] like a leprechaun, he had a lined face and beard but he wore a black hooded cloak over a dark coloured jacket and trousers. I remember he wore a wide black belt and he was dragging a sack over his shoulder, which dragged along the ground. I saw him clearly. I can't remember if there was a street light in the layby or if the car lights were still on or if there was moonlight. I was so shocked, I turned back and woke my friend. I didn't say anything about what I'd seen, because I thought I had imagined it but when he woke, as he turned to put on his seat belt he looked shocked and said 'what's that?' Then he started the car and shot off down the road. I was so frightened that I just stared down at my hands in my lap. Maybe a hundred yards down the road, my friend braked suddenly and cried out. I asked him what he had seen and he described the same hooded figure and he had braked because he thought he saw another one in the road. He told me he had seen these creatures before near his home in Notts and they were always by the road and dragging sacks.' '[Fairies] exist.'

§97) England (North East). *Male; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; 'oblivious'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'I'd got up stupidly early on Midsummer in 2008. The plan was to head to somewhere pretty and take photos of the sunrise. I ended up in *** near *** in County Durham. I'd been making my way through the woods in the near dark and crashing about a bit trying to find my footing. I headed for some clear grass at the edge of the woodland in the hope of being able to walk more easily and also hopefully get a glimpse of the rising sun which was pretty much obscured by the landscape where I'd been. I nearly stood on a pheasant which took off into my face making a terrible din and landing me on my backside. While I was trying to get my breath back and my heart rate down to something manageable I saw an eerie light back amongst the trees. I crawled over to investigate, trying to be as quiet as possible, because I had no idea what could be causing it. What I saw was a creature like a

person but stretched upwards, overly thin and tall, and with its head coming to a slightly corkscrewed point with some smaller branching points coming from it. It had its back to me and was a mottled brown but wreathed in a glowing greenish mist that came from it and seemed to be part of it. Part of it stretched up from the shoulders forming something vaguely wing or fan-like in shape. I was really worried it would turn round and see me but it moved away from me and disappeared a little too quickly amongst the trees.’ ‘It was very quiet, probably quieter than it should have been.’ ‘I don’t believe there is one theory which can explain all things that have been regarded as fairies.’

§98) England (North East). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; on or near water, in open land (fields etc), in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; ‘beautiful’, ‘wondrous’; no special state reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘My mother pointed out a fairy flying above a stream outside a National Trust-type property we were visiting. It glowed brightly, and clearly had wings, arms and legs. The recent Rossendale exhibition of fairy photos made me realize this was almost certainly an insect lit up by the sun. But I still choose to believe it was a fairy. I’m ok with that.’ ‘Bright, glowing, palm-sized, human-shaped.’ ‘It was too small, too alive and too human.’

§99) England (Nottinghamshire). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was lying in my parents’ bed in between them when I saw lots of tiny fairies dancing on the window (we had the old sash windows then and they danced on the middle part). My parents didn’t see anything but I clearly saw them dancing, they were only a couple of inches tall. I don’t remember too much as I was only about five at the time but I can still see them dancing, it was magical but I’ve never seen them since.’ ‘Small with wings and bright clothing.’ ‘[Fairies are] tiny often mischievous sprites.’

§100) England (Nottinghamshire). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in woodland, in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; can't remember time; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I would have been between three to five years old. I was in the garden with my sister who is two years older than me. We were doing our own thing. At the time we lived in a house, which is now the *** office at Sherwood Forest ***. So the house and garden is surrounded by ancient oaks and birches. I was actually at the bottom of the garden beyond the boundary fence facing towards an ancient oak, and there she was! I saw about a few feet off the ground, a female figure in a black flowery dress with dark grey hair and dark skin. In an instant I knew her name (I'm not telling) and that that she was my fairy mother! I can't remember what happened after that. But I often think of her :)' 'No but I have had a dream since of a knight being buried in that area and it had a special 'feeling' about the place.' 'Many years later in 2006, I was working on an artwork commission in Sherwood Forest Country Park and took many photos of a particular tree. Whilst looking through them at home I noticed I had photographed a bright light in front of the oak tree. The glow isn't on the previous or following image taken only moments before and after. It's extremely bright and couldn't possibly be a reflection. Quite what the glow in the image is, I can't say. At first glance it looks like a Tinker Bell with the light trailing behind. But it also looks like a glowing hand coming out of the tree holding a branching twig that does not appear also to be present on the images taken moments before and after.' 'I had a sense of knowing it was a fairy.'

§101) England (Nottinghamshire). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'Walking my dog through Sherwood Forest. I had stopped briefly as my dog snuffled in the undergrowth. As I looked up a small bright object about the size and shape of a dragonfly caught my eye about half a metre away just above head height. As I looked I realised it was flying upright and not horizontal as dragonflies do. It was a pure white light with a slight blue in the centre. I was briefly distracted by my dog and

remember thinking ‘that’s a fairy’ in a matter of fact way. As this thought entered my head I looked back to the space with disbelief and it was still there. It then faded out as it gently flew backwards. The light that day was a overcast but bright autumn day.’

§102C) England (Nottinghamshire). ‘I lived in Wollaton as a youngster, a short distance from the park, and saw one in our back garden when I was about six years old in 1972. We had a big garden and to this day I would swear it walked from one side of the garden to the other.’*

§103C) England (Nottinghamshire). ‘I didn’t witness [the Wollaton Gnomes] myself. My best friend at the time witnessed them. We often played on Wollaton when we were kids. Knew the wooded area very well. My friend ran away from home as young lads sometimes do. He was about twelve or thirteen at the time. An avid tree climber. He went off to the woods and climbed up into a tree. Most probably just to chill and ponder on his actions. It was early evening as this story goes. He told me of these little men (Gnomes) for want of a better description. Driving around in little cars that seemed to hover over the ground. He went on to tell me how the cars seems to jump over logs and fallen trees. The little men were laughing loudly as they drove around the woods. Their cars made a buzzing humming noise as they drove them. The sight of these unusual little characters frightened my mate so much that he spent the night up in the tree and went home in the morning with this incredible story. I forgot all about this story until recently. Last year my younger brother sent me some pictures of what appeared to be an orb of light hovering in the park. The pictures were really good and I kept them for months on my phone. Whilst having a conversation with my son and his partner about the orb I decided to Google orbs on Wollaton Park. Didn’t really find anything but to my surprise up came the story of the gnome encounter. We had no internet back in the day and my best friend struggle to read and write as he suffered with dyslexia. He

* I [Simon Young] received a series of emails about the Wollaton Gnomes after publishing an article. This was a curious event that took place in 23 Sep 1979, when a number of children ran into gnomes driving in small cars in a public park. Some of these emails I received follow on. This email was received February 2016 after local article about the Wollaton Gnomes. Published with permission.

told me this story as a friend and I believe it really happened. He was there alone so I would say we can rule out mass hysteria in his case.’

§104C) England (Nottinghamshire). ‘I was bought up in Wollaton on *** and back then a lot of the area was woods fields old dried up canals, ponds, slag heaps of coal etc where we used to play as children we were probably about half a mile from Wollaton Park main gates and back then you could almost walk to Wollaton Park without going out of the woods and fields I am fifty now so I am going back to the late 1970s. One evening in summer me and a friend were stood on the side of an old dried out canal it was midsummer, maybe 9 o’clock at night, just going dark but you could still see quite well and I looked across the other side of the canal and directly opposite us was a small shiny white humanoid creature about eighteen inches high you couldn’t see its face because it was too bright and shiny glowing white like a light bulb but shaped like a small person I just felt it was looking at us and standing still. my friend was really scared he had really short hair but I can remember what bit of hair he had was sticking up on his head. I wasn’t so scared and climbed into the dried up canal with the intention of climbing up the other side to get a better look my friend followed, the creature then bolted into a small wooded area then out onto the big field we chased it but it bolted too fast so we just stood there and watched it get further across the field until it disappeared out of sight. It never bothered me but it really affected my friend he was scared of dolls and ventriloquist dummies, action man toys, anything like that after. He often discussed it with me for years after and told me he could never watch a Chucky movie because dolls terrify him. Not too long after maybe even only a few months we heard about the kids who saw the gnomes on Wollaton Park we even went there looking for them but found nothing. My name is *** I was bought up in Wollaton and played all over the area as a child... This is what happened to me and I always wondered if what we saw was connected in any way with what the kids saw on Wollaton Park as it was very much in the same area.’*

* Email received July 2016 after local article about the Wollaton Gnomes. Published with permission.

§105) England (Oxfordshire). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘This happened several times: I used to go on holiday to Wales with my grandmother, uncle and aunt, from our home in an Oxfordshire village. I was always out and about, even very early in the summer (long before 6 a.m.) to walk in the local woods and across the fields. Though I never really saw anything, I felt completely safe. When we travelled to go on holiday, I would see several ‘people’ very beautiful, adult-height to me, but more like ‘angels’ who would stop at a certain place and bid me goodbye, so I felt. I would see them from the car. They would race alongside it, appearing and disappearing again as we passed woods and houses, until we came to a certain place on the road north. I don’t remember exactly where it was, now, but it was in the country rather than in a town. It was as if that was the limit of their ‘territory’. On the return journey, I would begin to see them again as we returned. My feeling about them was ambiguous, as I think was theirs about me. They were like distant ‘guardians’, seeming almost to do a job, but neither liking or disliking it. When I moved from the village at age ten, I no longer experienced that, but I remember it well.’ ‘Tall, with long hair, and very beautiful faces.’ ‘They looked to [be] real – as in solid – to be ghosts. On the other hand, I think some part of me knew they could be completely invisible if they chose. I suppose they could be aliens or angels, I just considered them (although I did not put a name to it then) a kind of *genius loci*.’ ‘It’s probably quantum! Most things are. I think they may be from a different reality.’

§106) England (Oxfordshire). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; on a country road; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was on a bus on the way home from work when I found myself unable to get up for my stop. The feeling of paralysis ended as I passed my stop and we were going past the field behind my house. I got off in the next

village and walked back past the field. As I walked past a thorn tree, I saw something come out from behind the tree and start walking behind me. Whenever I turned, it disappeared, but it kept following me along a path at the edge of the field and all the way to my back gate. I could see it in my peripheral vision and it was a classic gnome type except for the hat, which was what looked like a flat cap made from dark brown leather. He was around two feet high and his body and clothing were all dark brown and leathery. I saw him many times after that and was only convinced of his reality when I saw him go over to our cat and stroke him and the cat responded exactly as if a person had stroked him. Since then, I have seen many others, strange, bark-skinned figures who came out of trees to watch an Easter Sunrise service on ***, a radiant figure by a stream, a classic green man (which until that encounter, I had considered a mere metaphor) and many more. I do not consider myself psychic, but I am a druid and spend a lot of my time in nature and live my life with respect for it.’ ‘Classic gnome type with flat leather cap.’

§107) England (Oxfordshire). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; on or near water, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘When walking on early summer mornings in the summer of 1979/80 I, on more than one occasion, witnessed a small grey-clothed figure about eighteen inches in height and of ‘shambling’ gait in specific fields adjacent to the river *** in North Oxfordshire. Initially this figure was seen moving through long grass in open fields but subsequently on and around the river bank itself. The sightings were at first light in late summer. My recollection is of a sense of complete ‘naturalness’, like that attendant to observing a deer or fox. Oddly I do not remember any feeling of ‘surprise’, only of perhaps ‘intruding’ as one might feel watching an intimate moment between a vixen and her cubs. Make of this what you will but it remains a very real memory for me.’ ‘As above, about eighteen inches in height, dressed in grey, thickset (or well wrapped?) and of a ‘shambling’ gait.’ ‘I remember no sound other than an acute awareness of the natural sounds around me.’ ‘[I thought it was a fairy] because

the little fella in question was so completely part of the environment/place, so completely 'natural'. '[Fairies are] *genii locii*'?

§108) England (Oxfordshire). *Male; 1980s; 21-30; prehistoric burial chamber; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; curious; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'on a vigil at a sacred site'; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was sitting in one of the chambers with a night-light. An approximately two-foot high figure appeared in the passageway in front of me. He had a very round face covered in minute wrinkles, a pointed conical hat of pure white material that looked like brushed wool, can't remember the clothes. He was looking at me inquisitively – wondering what is this hippy doing here in the middle of the night. Then the image disappeared. It lasted little more than a few seconds.' 'Two foot high, comparatively large rounded head, fine wrinkles. Pointed white hat.' 'I discovered several years later that other people have seen similar in the area.' 'Got the impression he was attached to that particular site, he had a benevolent inquisitive attitude. I would call him a gnome or earth-spirit rather than a faery.' '[Fairies are] nature spirits taking humanlike form.' 'It didn't appear to be solid flesh and blood rather I imagine that some part of me clothed a spirit entity in this particular form. The strange thing for me was that it wasn't how I imagined such beings.'

§109) England (Oxfordshire). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in a city, inside a public building (e.g. church, school...), in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was in the Fellow's Garden at *** College, Oxford, lying on the grass after my last exam. I saw four creatures, maybe twenty-five centimetres tall, humanoid, hairless, with spindly limbs and slightly shiny leathery skin. They wore nothing but Oxford commoners' gowns (no mortarboards). They were under some vegetation in a flower bed – rhubarb it might have been. They were smiley, fast-

moving, and very deliberately one put its finger to his mouth as if to tell me not to tell others around me. It was truly, truly amazing.’ ‘[They were fairies because] it just fit – didn’t consider it could be anything else.’ ‘[Fairies are] human-like creatures, clever, small, not usually seen.’

§110) England (Oxfordshire). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; wistful or dreamy perhaps; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; ‘it was very dark but we weren’t tired at all’; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘It was in a woods that me and some friends where camping. (known as Bluebell Woods) and we it was very early in the morning as the before it really became light. I was outside the tent when I saw a many little lights (maybe like seventy five to a hundred) appear out of what looked like a sea of bluebells (they were in full bloom at the time) like fireflies but their light was the same blue/purple shade as the bluebells. They flew around for a few minutes in the most beautiful of shapes. Two of my friends poked their heads out the tent and saw exactly what I was seeing. They [the fairies] flew around into the trees never really coming close to us (maybe about twenty five meters away) they started to disperse after a couple of minutes just as it was getting lighter. Just before they fully disappeared all that remained came into one last cluster and formed a humanoid shape that seemed to turn its head and look at us. It was only for a second before the little light flew away into the trees and landing again into the bluebells. In the morning when it was light we looked for any evidence of it but saw nothing.’ ‘It was dead silent.’ ‘My experiences as fit with other descriptions of fairy I have heard of in the past.’

§111) England (Shropshire). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘My bedroom window was open. I rested on my bed when suddenly about five fairies flew in my bedroom window and started playing and frolicking on my replica Victorian dark

wooden miniature furniture which was displayed on my dressing table. They happily smiled and played and flew around the furniture for a minute or two then flew out of the window, leaving me cheered up and with a memory for life.’ ‘They looked like fairies but may have been angels as angels can probably be seen in many forms.’ ‘They may be angels but not sure.’ ‘Just like the traditional view of fairies. About six-inches tall with sparkly lacy dresses. Very pretty.’

§112) England (Shropshire). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; curious, friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy [‘very content being in dense woodland again, I felt a connection with Oberon’]; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I’d been walking in *** for the third time in three days and was using the name ‘Oberon’ as a mantra similar to a Buddhist monk might do. I then felt quite tired and propped myself up against an oak tree, an old one. I nodded off very quickly and for a matter of less than a minute, at the moment my eyes opened a roe deer appeared in front of me and looked then ran off into the wood, my eyes followed it. When they settled back on the view immediately in front of me there were three little beings there staring at me and looking at my bag with my flask in, they seemed very curious about me. One on the left was seemingly painting the face of the one on the right. Her face was in profile and she then turned round and faced me, she had big green leaves where her forehead was and a small pointed face with a small nose. Her face was white and she had what looked like eye liner around her eyes, they were small and dark. She stared at me and put her face close to mine and the suggestion was, ‘would you like yours done?’ A telepathic thing I suppose. They then burrowed under leaves and logs and had gone. This was Sunday 15 May 2017.’ ‘Ok. I came home an hour or two later and I’d been racking my brain as to the form and colour of them. I thought I’d seen something similar decades ago in literature. I found the image online and it was a Brian Froud image. Similar to his work.’ ‘I think they [ghosts aliens etc] are all the same experience but the labeling is what defines them, check out Greg Bishop/Jeff Kripal/Jacques Vallee/Jeff Ritzmann/Alan Greenfield *et al.*’ ‘There was a wonderful

clarity to the experience but it wasn't unusual in my life. I was involved in Psychic Questing for many years and have experienced apports in stone circles and at home. What has interested me is that often when one person sees something and one or two people stand right next to them then they see it too. Same for UFOs, orbs etc etc.'

§113A) England (Shropshire). *Female (third person); still in touch with the witness; family; 1990s; 21-30; on a country road; alone; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'My wife was driving down a country 'A' road near *** in Shropshire and saw a very short man, about three-feet high, pushing a little cart or wheel barrow along the grassy verge by the side of the road. There were no houses or driveways nearby, and no other cars on the road. It was the middle of the day in summer time. He was dressed in a light/mid green two or three piece suit and wore a green hat. She was so surprised as she drove past (at about fifty miles *per* hour) that she looked in the rear view mirror but the man had gone, without any apparent place for him to have hidden.' 'Three-feet tall old man, wearing a green suit, pushing a little cart.'

§114) England (Somerset). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes* ['5 minutes for me, waiting friends at end of hill around an hour']; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Friends had gone ahead and I straggled behind. As I turned a corner, it was misty. The mist had a weird glow. As I walked into the low mist there was a procession. Around three feet tall. With lanterns ! But in the mist, I paused and they saw me. They came forward and I waited for them to pass. They passed. I have never taken drugs and was not on any alcohol. This was the weirdest experience. It lasted three to five minutes, by [the] time I got back to cottage my friends were concerned as I was away for around forty-five minutes! Very strange.' 'They looked medieval in dress. But clothes were covered by the mist at times.' 'As they were clear in their looks as being human [were fairies].' '[Fairies are]

an earth energy possibly entity.’ ‘Before this I had an open mind. But since quite relaxed to this viewpoint. I have since read about fairies in academia and philosophy.’

§115) England (Somerset). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; on or near water, in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Me and a friend aged nineteen and seventeen, had been hitching for two days in May 1983 and were pretty tired on our second night without sleep. We were on our way home and had walked from the M4 at *** to Bath as we were unable to get a lift. Coming down from *** to *** we both started hallucinating from sheer exhaustion, seeing shapes and figures in trees but sort of knowing they weren't real. As we got closer to *** the imagery was getting stronger, we weren't sure which way to go when a Victorian lady pointed us in a direction down a lane which led to a toll bridge crossing the river Avon. This was about four in the morning and the Victorian lady was actually a waste basket and signpost with a lamp above. This is when the hallucinatory experience stepped up a notch. As we walked down the hill towards the bridge we became aware that a large party was going on. Coming onto the bridge it was all around us, fairies and elves and music. There's a weir under the bridge but the party seemed to be almost floating above the water. The participants were quite indifferent to us I felt, in the way that we would be to cattle that might look at us from over a hedge. There were a couple that I became engrossed in, a fairy and an elf sitting in the forks of some plant like a foxglove or something. They were drinking out of very delicate flower shaped glasses and looked at me almost malevolently but were too engrossed with their party to bother with us. They both had a very child-like quality due to their size I suppose which was between six and twelve inches but very hard to judge and their skin was quite leathery which gave them a very ancient quality. Both dressed very delicately, the fairy had very fine wings like a daddy longlegs. I wanted to stay and observe them but my friend was very nervous and kept telling me to come along. So we walked off. Just down the road we sat in a pub garden overlooking a grave yard where we talked

about what we had just seen before vivid hallucinations started happening. The ivy on the graveyard wall turned into Christ with loads of cherubs and a large oak tree behind that turned to us and proclaimed the end of the world tomorrow. We both saw this and ran for hell, but the hallucinations continued for the next hour or two through the twilight of morning. There seemed to be a very obvious difference between the hallucinations and the fairy party. The hallucinations seemed like a mind trick but the fairies seemed an otherworldly or extra dimensional experience almost seen through a fish eye lens as the sizes of things could not be well discerned. Another thing, thirty years later I revisited the place in the day to try and regain a sense of it all. I got a pint from the pub and went to sit on the same bench me and my friend had sat on. As I got to the bench my feet became twisted around each other very strangely and I stumbled onto the bench luckily saving most of my drink. I felt like something had tripped me and was laughing at me. Very strange.’ ‘There was music which I was aware of but can’t remember hearing.’ ‘The memory of this is stronger than most other memories from that time, the experience seems to have really stuck with me for some reason.’

§116) England (Somerset). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own [‘with dog’]; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; ‘uncomfortable but benign’; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Meeting with a Tree Spirit? One morning, I walked to the corner of my road where there is a green space; an old orchard with oak trees, rowans and hawthorns alongside the cider apple trees. Everything is overhung with brambles and footpaths created by constant dog walking. I was passing a very large oak tree which had recently lost a dead branch. It had split away and was almost as big as the tree trunk itself. Clinging to the tree trunk was a creature about the size of a man with a vaguely human face, webbed hands and feet, reptilian looking and with a damp frog-like skin of a blue tinge. It looked wary, startled and almost embarrassed that I had seen it. We communicated in a telepathic way. ‘Shouldn’t you be green?’ I asked, thinking of ***’s (my husband’s) recent sighting of the green man. I assumed that I

was seeing a similar representation. ‘No, blue,’ it replied. Because of the creature’s discomfort, I continued on my way and convinced myself that I had imagined the whole encounter. It looked, for all the world, like Gollum in the film version of *Lord of The Rings*. I gave this encounter no more thought until my next copy of *Fate and Fortune* magazine arrived. (I still have the copy). There was a story of a young boy, disturbed in the night by a frog-like creature crying in distress. A medium was brought in who said this was a tree spirit who had recently lost its tree in a sudden and unexpected way. She successfully sent it into the spirit world where it would wait for a new tree to grow with. I already knew that trees have a consciousness but the existence of tree spirits who live with a tree until it gradually dies off was something I had not been aware of. If a tree is cut down without warning, it is a terrible shock to its spirit and there is no preparation for the return to the spirit world. A tree spirit can lose its way in these circumstances and hide in the nearest house. The boy described the frog like creature as looking like Gollum from the *Lord of the Rings* film. So, I really had seen a tree spirit! I believe that tree spirits are harmless but are so alien looking that that they can appear scary to us with their big eyes and round faces.’ ‘I believe I saw a type of nature spirit.’ ‘Fairy is a very wide concept, I have seen many beings but never the traditional fairy in translucent clothing and wings’.

§117) England (Somerset). *Female; 31-40; 2000s; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; proud; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I awoke from my sleep hearing music and remember thinking how unusual it was for the neighbours to play music at all let alone this late and loud enough for me to hear through the wall. Just then a ball of light floated in through the bedroom door and hovered right in front of me. I did all the usual eye rubbing in disbelief etc. It was still there so I said ‘who are you?’ The reply was ‘my name is Effeny and I am very yellow.’ This is all I remember of this one particular visitation.’ ‘A ball of light with something moving inside.’ ‘Singing voices, a bit like accapella.’

§118) England (Somerset). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; many hours; joyful, erotic; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Whilst dancing outdoors under the influence of fifty crushed Morning Glory Seeds (also known as 'Druid's Dream') with many hundreds of people, there were many people drumming. Two beautiful, lithe, otherworldly, females appeared, and were dancing facing each other, smiling and laughing. Their happiness was infectious, magical, and everyone who saw them had a magical smile too. The drumming became intense, as did the dancing, it all became very tribal. Suddenly from the woods nearby, came what I can only describe as a small dwarf or goblin, covered in leaves and branches, the two females seemed delighted that he had made an appearance, especially as he was now dancing too. The dance was quite aggressive, and he/it grunted as he danced. Some time later a fourth being (what I can only describe as a 'mudman') appeared outside the large circle of dancers. There were no definable features i.e. eyes, limbs, mouth etc, just a vaguely humanoid flowing mass of soil, rock and mud. The three other all greeted 'mudman' with squeals and grunts and danced around it. I had this feeling that Mudman was very, very old. Ancient in fact. They continued to dance for what seemed like hours amongst us, yet by dawn (very early – it was midsummer), they were gone.' '[Fairies] because it seemed to be a very natural experience, in a natural, woody area.' '[What are fairies?]' Not really sure – a sort of spiritual side of planet earth.'

§119) England (Somerset). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; joyful; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was walking on my own across the Mendip hills near the village of *** in Somerset. The public footpath took me through an open field on a slight incline, I was walking towards a small copse on the brow of a hill. Up ahead to the left of my path and about twenty yards away was a partial barbed wire fence. It

was a sunny Spring afternoon in 2011 with blue skies and just the occasional cloud. There was a slight breeze. I had a backpack on containing my packed lunch and had been walking for about thirty minutes. I had a portable CD player and was listening to music (Enya if I recall). Inexplicably I began to laugh it was a strange experience as I felt quite jovial and was chuckling to myself. As I continued my walk I approached the barbed-wire fence. When I spied holding onto the wire a small man about a foot and half tall, dressed entirely in brown. He had a ruddy face and short breech like trousers (cut off at the knee) but no shoes. He was swinging around like a parallel bars gymnast and smiling. I stopped and stared not sure whether to believe my eyes. I stared for about twenty seconds smiling at the spectacle. I rubbed them and shook my head and momentarily took my eyes off the figure. When I glanced back in his place was a bunch of hay or straw tangled together and hooked on the barbs, it was blowing gently in the wind. I investigated the location after he had disappeared and found no trace of anything that could prove his presence. I am a Pagan by choice and although very accepting of the event I am still amazed by it. The thing that stood out to me more than seeing this 'entity' is the feeling I experienced. The strange almost irrational sense of joy. It lasted for another ten minutes afterwards. I do not smoke or take drugs of any form. I do drink alcohol on occasion but hadn't touched any for several days prior to the experience. I am healthy in both body and mind.' 'A small man about a foot tall, dressed entirely in brown. He had a ruddy face and short breech like trousers (cut off at the knee) but no shoes.' 'I heard him giggling, it sounded like that of a young child.' 'The 'entity' was definitely corporeal and certainly did not match any of those conceptions. The strange 'feeling' was the thing I remember the most.' '[Fairies are] nature spirits'. 'Although near-sighted I was wearing my contact lenses and at that range I could see perfectly clearly.'

§120) England (South-West). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own* ['with my dog']; 6 am-9 am; many hours; friendly, joyful; no answer for supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It felt like a magical morning, I went out just before sunrise in early February. I had my mind on nature spirits, as I was in the

process of writing a fairy novel, everywhere seemed alive with nature spirits, waking up the woodland and countryside plants.’ ‘Glimpses of special light.’

§121) England (Staffordshire). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, ‘serene’; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was on a swing bridge awaiting a friend’s arrival and I saw something small from the corner of my eye. I looked up and there were a small number of them, all winged. Some sitting on branches some hovering. The wings were like butterfly wings. They watched me as intently as I watched them. We stayed that way for a few minutes. They smiled at me and I felt calm. I looked away and then they were gone.’ ‘Like small beautiful people with butterfly wings’ ‘It felt that way [like they should be fairies] and they looked mostly like how I would imagine them. They also matched the desert [?] of the skeleton my father found as a young man.’ ‘I wish more people were open minded as I do not feel that I can often speak of my experience.’

§122) England (Staffordshire). *Male; 1980s; 31-40; in a city* [‘street of a small town’]; on my own; 3 am-6 am; less than a minute; ‘startled’; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience.* ‘While walking from home to catch a bus early morning I saw what I can only describe as a classic Tinker Bell fairy hovering over the middle of the road. It turned saw me and flew into a garden hedge. I passed the spot but saw nothing further. However a year or so I was reading a book on local myths etc and this street was mentioned as having had previous sightings of fairies including groups.’ ‘Like a Disney fairy! All white clothing and seeming to have a faint glow. Sounds even more crazy when I write this!’

§123) England (Staffordshire). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own* [‘with my dog’]; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I had done a deep meditation at home and then went for a walk with my dog. We went down a path

bordering a field to one side and woodland to the other. After a short distance I was aware of movement in the grass to my right. Ozzy my dog never reacted. I looked expecting to see a hedgehog perhaps but quite clearly saw a very small person ‘Elf?’ about eight inches high with a green jacket and a small pointed hat. He – 99% sure it was a he – was walking away from me. I lost him in the grass, which was also about eight inches high. I went back later with my wife and could not find the grassy patch! Very very odd. I have also seen a fairy, but that was about twelve years ago. Also very odd. That time my dog Poppy also saw it.’ ‘Like a garden gnome.’ ‘It was an elf, clearly. I have also seen Ghosts and a UFO experience when I was about twelve which had a profound effect on me.’ ‘[Fairies are] energies, that we interpret somehow. e.g. daisy energy = daisy fairy.’ ‘I had been reading about fairies angels etc prior to the experience.’

§124) England (Suffolk). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I fell asleep in the chair in the living room and woke at around 3 am. There was a green light coming from the clock on the video recorder (the video was broken – only the clock worked and was normally a blue light). Behind the clock digits was a faery face. A faery then flew out of the video in a shower of green light and flew round the room. Behind it was another which also flew out followed by more. They were all lining up one behind the other and came out in single file. There was also a large female faery in a purple dress. She was kneeling in front of the TV. I did not see her come out of the clock – she was already there. Her hands were held as if she was praying and she remained like that all the while the other faeries were coming out of the clock. I think she must have been some sort of Gatekeeper. The faeries were flying round for ages – zooming round in a swirl of green light. I was afraid to blink in case they disappeared. But when I did blink they were still there. I must have watched them for ten to twenty minutes until I fell asleep. When I woke again it was daylight and they had gone. It was a magical experience.’ ‘Small ones were just a whizz of green light. They had pointy ears and

elfin faces. Larger faery was about one- to two-feet tall kneeling down – long hair I think and a purple dress.’ [It was a fairy] because I know the difference between faeries and angels and other phenomena!!’ ‘Mortal beings that can exist in the spirit world and the physical world.’

§125) England (Suffolk). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); on my own; I can't remember the time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘When I was around eight I spent a lot of time with my pony kept at a local farm. A large tree stump was near the field gate and when alone I would spend long periods looking at the hollow inside – the ridges in the old wood made it look like a circular galleried house. My memory of what I saw is not clear unlike most of my other childhood memories but I recall at times going there to look at little figures living in the stump and moving around the outside edges as if busy at their business. I could only see them when alone and it was special and magical. One day I remember going to see the stump with others and realising instantly that the magic had gone or moved on. Shortly after the stump seemed to begin to rot quite quickly and I knew that the inhabitants were not coming back.’ ‘I can only say that they were very small and pale.’ ‘They were so small and seemed part of the nature of the tree – what else could they be [if not fairies]?’

§126) England (Suffolk). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland*; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience.* ‘I took a photo. I noticed a winged small figure all white, a head wings, what looks like a dress and it has its back to the camera. It is hovering around the leaves of a Sycamore tree. I can send you the photo that I took, I have had one of the members of Association for the Scientific Study of Anomalous Phenomena saying it looks like a fairy. If it helps your research then fine.’

§127) England (Surrey). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; city* [‘at the rear of a car park, beside an 80 foot Ash Tree’]; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; patient, peaceful and informative; regular supernatural experiences; ‘I had spent a long time alone’; loss of sense of time, profound*

silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. “The ash tree is surrounded by grass at the rear of the car park. The car park is at the rear of two small blocks of flats. there used to be houses here from 1920-ish until 1990, when they were replaced with flats. The tree is near the back fence, with other small trees, hazel, elder and lots of berried ivy. It was a sunny day, I was happy and relaxed. The grass around the tree was longish and there were some wild flowers and plants growing amongst the grass. I began to notice how beautiful these tiny plants were, plants which most people dismiss as weeds. I didn’t see a fairy as such, but I was aware of a small very light presence, about a foot high and it spoke to me and told me [a] rhyme relating to the plant I was looking at. I can’t remember the rhyme or what the plant was, but ever since I have paid close attention to indigenous wild plants. I live on the North Downs and we have some tiny native plants. I also went organic in my garden after that. I also notice in my garden that the fairies sometimes place plants there perfectly, without any help from me. I am a trained scientist and I view this particular encounter as part of a much wider spiritual growth that I was embarking on at that particular time. It was part of a number of experiences which completely changed my life direction. I believe in fairies and angels. Angels help me every day. I would say it was a fairy and not an angel because it was small. When I’ve seen angels they have been much bigger, human size.’ ‘I couldn’t see it clearly, just like sunlight sparkling on water, like a sort of reflection.’ ‘It was a quiet, soft voice, couldn’t tell if it was male or female, chanting a rhyme and it conveyed a feeling of being pleased with me, that I had noticed and appreciated the plants.’ ‘[A fairy] because it was small and related directly to natural things growing.’ ‘I don’t really know [what fairies are] but I think maybe they are the spirits of things which grow, like plants and trees and their job is to make a bridge to help humans understand how to look after the planet.’ ‘I strongly believe in God and He made angels to look after us and help discover and interpret His will for us, so why wouldn’t He do something similar for the flora and fauna, as we are all interdependent.’

§128) England (Sussex). *Female; 1970s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs)* [‘running with an abrupt stop’]; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was an exchange student from *** University... [in the US] studying at *** College in ***. I was a distance runner and was invited by a fellow student, X, to her home in ***. Another student, Y, accompanied us. We were training for a cross country meet and went on a training run through *** on a cool February day in 1979. While running through a park in an open field, my friend, X, abruptly stopped running and started laughing. I was a bit annoyed with the sudden stop but waited for her to continue. She said, ‘This is a place called Tingle-Dingle. Now don’t laugh, because if you do the fairies will hit you in the head with an acorn.’ She proceeded to giggle. Y and I didn’t laugh because we were too stunned by what she just said, but a second later, out of the clear blue sky, X got bonked in the head with an acorn! Everyone was shocked and we tore out of there. We must have been at least three hundred yards from the nearest tree. Later, on I felt that perhaps we were being pranked. X seemed genuinely rattled when she told her husband about the incident. This experience was a life changer and opened up a whole new world to me. What I thought were just quaint childhood stories turned into other experiences back home in the States as well. I have to be careful to who I relate my experiences to, because people’s reactions are more hurtful than anything from the fairy presence.’ ‘It was tied into local lore. It was too synchronistic. I have had other experiences afterward also other locations and circumstances.’ [Fairies are] nature spirits.’ [Fairies] could be tulpas that manifest with group consciousness. When you dwell on them in thought, they will manifest. They are protectors of the earth and remind us that there is more to our plane of existence than just physical.’

§129) England (Sussex). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that*

the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘I often see small tree-spirit type fairies in the woods near my mother-in-law’s house. I have also seen a tall, spear-carrying fairy man, once in full daylight, many times in vision experiences. These sightings are quite frequent!’ ‘Many small individuals, no definite gender though usually unclad, they have skin that looks a little like tree bark in colour, though a little smoother. The spear carrying man is very tall and very skinny, strong featured and with longish, messy, light brown hair. He wears a simple silver helm and silver vambraces on his forearms, the rest of his clothing is grey and pale blue, not modern in style. I have also seen some very thin and pale tree spirit types and once a tiny, crow-sized little being dressed in dark clothes. He was so close to me I could almost have touched him.’ ‘The tall man has spoken to me once and I have heard someone singing once with a lovely soft voice, but no musical accompaniment.’ ‘[Fairies are] spirits of nature, and perhaps ancestors or a related race existing in another realm.’

§130) England (Sussex). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; emotionally stressed; loss of sense of time.* ‘A friend and I were wandering through some woods with which we were reasonably familiar. I sensed the presence of something faerie, and we felt as if we had been ‘pixie-led’ (wandering about feeling lost) in the woods. When we finally found our way to the tent of some friends, they confirmed that we looked a bit odd/fay.’

§131) England (Sussex). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; with several other people, only one of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was a luminous shape unlike I have seen before glowing and dancing under a street light.’ ‘Luminous human looking but very small.’ ‘Totally shocked but filled with wonderment.’

§132) England (Worcestershire). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional*

supernatural experiences; we were playing; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. ‘My younger brother and I had wandered off from our parents, and we were playing in the woods. There are some very old and beautiful beech trees there. From up one of the trees, we both heard a child-like voice warning others that we were near, it uttered something like ‘Shh, they’re coming.’ There were some other voices in reply, but I can’t remember their exact responses. All came from the trees above us. We looked to see if anyone was actually there hiding in the trees but there was nobody to be seen, and nowhere for a person to possibly have hidden. It was autumn and you could see the branches in full. We were convinced it was fairies in the trees that day.’ ‘Melodic voices, like children at play.’ ‘I wouldn’t imagine a ghost to be so ‘lively’, and to us as children, it seemed like the only thing that it could be.’ ‘I think [fairies] must be nature spirits of some sort.’ ‘I have always tried to be open-minded about the unusual. I won’t jump into believing in anything unless I have learned or witnessed enough to form an opinion, and with new evidence, I am not uncomfortable with changing my opinions. But there have been plenty of strange things in my life that have led me to feel that there must be something out there that we just don’t fully understand yet.’

§133A) England (Worcestershire). *Male (third person); still in touch with the witness; passing acquaintance; 2000s; 31-40; in open lands (fields etc); alone; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), the witness was tired and hadn’t slept for a long time.* ‘Friend out walking dog in a field close to the *** Hills in Worcestershire. His car was parked by the side of the road. In his car headlights he caught sight of a small (two to three foot) ugly ‘creature’ digging in the soil. Witness frightened by experience and sped off.’ ‘Appearance of being old and very ugly.’ ‘[A fairy because] because the ‘entity’ seen looked like ‘Gollum’ from *Lord of the Rings*.’ ‘[Fairies were, according to the witness] Nature Spirits.’ ‘Witness was very believable.’

§134) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; on or near water; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; never or almost never has*

supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘A friend and I were in West Yorkshire. We lived in the countryside and often wandered over the hills and woods where there were streams. On this occasion we were walking alongside the stream (this was quite a large stream or beck as we called it), when we saw a group of what I would call Shetland Ponies but they were all very strange colours (red, green, lilac etc etc), they appeared to be eating some kind of cabbage like plants. They were peaceful and did not look at us. They were on a small island in the middle of the stream. We were astonished but did not cross the stream to attempt to get to them. We simply watched and after a time, walked away to get to a farm where we were heading. On our return back the same way, the small multi-coloured ponies were gone. I cannot find any record of anyone else seeing this. I have searched the internet to no avail.’ ‘Not sure if it was [fairies]. Can’t find anything in my research to confirm such.’ ‘I have a neutral opinion on things that we cannot see. After this experience, I do not doubt that there may well be other beings in existence.’ ‘I would dearly like to know if other have experienced a sighting like this. I have tried to find my childhood friend but sadly have not been successful. I live in America now, many miles away from where this experience occurred.’

§135) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was laid only end [sic] with the window open. It was quite warm with little breeze. I noticed a shiny speck come in the window. At first I didn’t think too much of it until I followed its movement travelling all across my room until, eventually, it landed on the tip of my finger. It was a tiny human being with wings. I got an itch in my nose almost immediately and sneezed quite strongly and she flew away. I never saw her after that.’ ‘Very small and slim, can’t remember clothing but no shoes. Hair in two plaits.’ ‘I have experienced ghosts and possible Angel encounters before, this was a very visual experience.’ ‘[Fairies are]

earth angels.’ ‘This experience always stayed with me. I didn’t really tell anyone at the time as I don’t know how they would react.’

§136) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It was a female approximate age around twenty. Very tall. Totally pink skin but with blonde hair and translucent shiny pink wings. She flew across the room slowly and gracefully about one foot off of the floor. She didn’t look at me and threw pink glitter as she crossed the room which disappeared as it floated slowly to the floor. I was shocked as I believe in spirits/ghosts and the afterlife but I had never before seen or believed in the existence of fairies and always believed that fairies in fairy tales were very small and would never have expected one to be pink. I felt she had come to make my life better but it was a very strange experience. I couldn’t believe my own eyes but I know I saw her clearly even though I can’t explain it.’ ‘Very tall. Maybe seven foot tall. Pink skin and shiny translucent pink wings. She was beautiful but did not smile.’ ‘I have seen ghosts from early childhood and had various psychic experiences but never believed in fairies and still find it hard to tell people about my experience.’

§137) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was trimming a bush at the top of my garden, my young friend was in her garden where she was tending some plants. We both saw a small flash this was on my right and on my friend’s left. I put down my shears and as I was getting up I saw this little figure with wings, legs and a body etc. I looked at my friend and we more or less said at the same time, ‘that was a fairy wasn’t it?’ We were both perplexed to say the least. As it happened at that time, we both had made a fairy garden at the tops of our

gardens, so it was quite fitting what we both saw, we did not tell any of our neighbors in case they thought we were nuts.’ ‘As said on last page like minute whimsical little people with sparkly wings that were illuminated in a sense.’ ‘[I believe they were fairies] because we know what we saw, ok, we tried rationalising it by asking ourselves were we sure we both saw what we saw and we did this immediately after the experience by me asking my friend to write down what she thought she saw, we compared notes and we had the same answers.’ ‘[Fairies are] little people with wings some with no wings a sign of hope a sign of maybe a revelation or something to aspire to.’

§138) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘It was just a swoosh of light that lasted an instant.’ ‘It was fairy-like energy. It didn’t inspire angel presence, it inspired fairy presence.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature beings of light.’

§139) England (Yorkshire). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I had a very fertile garden and had just watered it. I was at my back door and I was aware of a very small insect creature which hovered examining me. I am aware it isn’t an insect from its more human body language. At the time I reported it to the *Fortean Times*, and was informed I had my experience on the eve of a blue moon.’ ‘[The fairy] matched folklore.’ ‘[Fairies are] a creature of earth.’ ‘I loved seeing a fairy. Life is about experiences and this was one.’

§140) England (Yorkshire). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘On a curious visit to Cottingley village. Visited the park with interesting depictions of Elsie and Francis. Drove to their house and took a photo with my phone. Looking at the picture later

that day there is a fairy sitting on a plant in garden.' 'Wings like butterflies but much too big to be a butterfly.' 'Not sure but since believing in fairies I have been happier and more positive about life.'



Figure §140

§141A) Ireland (Co. Antrim). *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; work colleague; 1980s; 31-40; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)* 'hospital'; with several other people, none of whom shared the experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; sad; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'We were working as nurses on night shift in an old hospital (the wards were old Nissan huts) joined by a long corridor. [The witness] was in the ward next door and rang us to say that she had heard a banshee cry and to go and check our patients in case one had died (she had already checked hers.) so we checked – ours were ok too. But before morning one of her patients did pass away.' 'She was an Irish girl from the countryside – we have a lot of fairy stuff in our upbringing. Many people believe in fairies and banshees and fairy trees (hawthorns).'

§142) Ireland (Co. Cavan). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; on a country road; on my own; 9 pm-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; 'just a normal walk home from a friend's house that I had done countless time'; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I was walking home one night when a rustle began in a hedgerow to my right. Being from the country, I put it down to a badger or fox out hunting. That thought soon fled when the rustling followed my every step. I increased my pace, so did my unseen friend's. I got really worried, when, on encountering a gateway in the hedgerow, the rustling transferred to the other side of the road. By now I was petrified, but pig-headed enough to not show it. My companion followed me for another half-mile. Then came the part I will never forget: the hedgerow rose above the road to about my shoulder height. It became sparse, thin, more barbed wire than foliage. I turned my head sideways, and there, blotting out the stars, was a shape about three feet tall. It was bulky at the waist, wide at the shoulders. If it was looking at me, I could not tell, but it stood for a moment, as I did, before I ran the last mile home. If it followed me, I cannot tell, for the blood was thrumming in my ears. When I reached my house, I collapsed in the door. My older brother was up, and he saw my state. He still says to this day that my hair was standing on end.' 'Only seen a silhouette. Three feet tall. Stocky. Could not make out attire.' 'Rustling among hedgerow. No music, or vocal utterings.' '[Did the place have a reputation?] In Ireland it's hard to find a place that's not aligned with some ghost, spirit or

otherworldly being.’ [It was a] fairy, me and my brothers have seen what we believe to be ghosts – this wasn’t one.’ ‘Lately I have been researching ancient Irish history – going back to the myths and legends. We have a myth that Ireland was inhabited by a race called the Tuatha De Danann (people of the Goddess Danu) when the Formorians invaded. It’s said the Tuatha De Danann fled underground. Now a myth is a myth, yet each myth carries a kernel of truth. Thank you for taking the time to hear my story.’

§143) Ireland (Co. Cork). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in open land; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘It was the Summer Solstice 2004, and I was excited to bring offerings to the Drombeg Stone Circle. I brought butter, honey, Jamesons. And I included a stainless steel knife to serve the butter. When I arrived in the circle and began to serve the butter with the stainless steel knife, the knife was knocked forcibly from my hand, as if someone had struck the knife out of my hand. I picked it up and tried to serve the butter once again, only to have the knife again knocked out of my hand. I did not feel any touch on my hand itself. It was as if the knife was flipped out of my hand. But no one was there. I apologized much later for the solecism of bringing cold iron into a stone circle on a high holiday. But I also did a good job telling people visiting there about the holiday and the old ways. There was an English lady tourist there, who thought she was asking me a clever question about how long I’d been a Pagan person, expecting a short time period. But by the time of my solecism at Drombeg, I’d already been Pagan twenty years. So while I was clumsy about the offerings, I hope I was also found to be lovingly good hearted.’ ‘When I was a child growing up in Washington, DC, I found two pink cowrie shells in the forest at different times. ??? [sic] In Columbia County, NY, I visited Faeries on a hillside, and the last summer we were together, they gave me a small emerald.’ ‘Faeries is a very large taxonomic category for various etheric races, from the tiny spirits of individual plants up to beings. Who are basically Gods. This category also includes Faeries who are our ancestors, continuing to evolve in the non-physical, etheric realm. Faeries are

deeply reflective beings, and I believe the alien abduction stories are actually Faeries. The stories are the same: faerie abductions in days of old and alien abductions these days have essentially the same story line.’ ‘1. I believe alien abduction stories are actually the Faeries. 2. I have had ghost experiences and this was quite different. 3. Drombeg is known as a Faerie site. 4. My views on angels are distinctly non-standard. I only believe in archangels, pretty much.’

§144) Ireland (Co. Cork). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; on or near water, in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Full Moonlight, Samhain Eve, little gobliny type men running in and out of bushes, giggling, tumbling and scurrying around garden. House by side of burren, yew lined at side, orchard at end.’ ‘Like little men! About two-feet tall, very dark skinned, swarthy with big noses. Ragged clothes.’ ‘Streams of music which was hypnotic but made me feel sick!’ ‘We had a solid type fog all day and a farmer had said, ‘Pooka come down in mist’. ‘I just knew [it was a fairy]. My Paternal Grandmother was Irish and when I went to live in Ireland in 2007, I felt I had gone home.’ ‘[Fairies are] I think ancestral voices.’ ‘I have always felt ‘something’ and have seen things all my life. I learnt, when going to school to keep quiet. I can’t explain my experience. I just am thankful for it.’

§145) Ireland (Co. Cork). *Female; 1990s; 41-50; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It was in the bushes/woods just outside the area known as the Fairy Glade, at Blarney Castle. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something flying about, moving in a manner similar to a dragonfly but bigger than one. I know it wasn’t an insect or bird. It gave me a warm, happy feeling for the rest of the day. And still to this day, seventeen years later, I smile whenever I think about it. And I do often. It’s probably why I like to try and share faeries with everyone through my art.’ ‘Located off the Fairy Glade, I suspect I wasn’t the first to

see something.’ ‘I only saw a blur of wings’. [This was an American national visiting Ireland.]

§146) Ireland (Co. Derry). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It had purple wings and wore a white dress. It was the size of a small doll. It had tiny legs though I never saw its arms or face.’ ‘I actually thought it might have been an angel after but because it was small I thought it had to be a fairy.’ [Fairies are] small creatures that look like people with wings.’ ‘I believe in fairies now more than ever though I believed of them before because of people telling me about their stories about fairies and small creatures like people.’

§147) Ireland (Co. Donegal). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep [I hesitated ticking the box for ‘extremely happy’]; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Irish Faeries: A True Story. First of all, let me just say that prior to my experience, I didn’t give the faerie lore much credence, relegating it to children’s bedtime stories: you know, ‘fairytales’. In May 2009, just a few days after Beltaine, a very good friend and I traveled to Donegal in the northwest corner of Ireland where we spent four days at a shamanic workshop The whole subject of the Fae was an ‘aside’ and not initially important, but in fact, meeting the Fae turned out to be a major turning point for me that would be spiritually life-changing. The affable Irish owner of the four-hundred-year-old barn and cottage where my friend and I stayed picked us up from the airport in Derry and we drove past the town of *** and into the hamlet of ***. Exhausted from traveling, the car’s steady hum started to lull me into a fatigued silence in the backseat until our Irish friend began driving up the hill to her property, and I immediately stirred from my stupor. Something seemed to

have changed and to this day, the only thing that I could tell that was palpably different was a change in the light, which seemed golden, and a childish, playful feeling of anticipation bubbling up in me. I had this inexplicable feeling that some magic was afoot! I gave our friend my impression of her beautiful and wild-looking property and how I couldn't contain myself. She chuckled softly and said that we should wait until we saw the faery well and that her property, which sat on six acres, was full of the Fae, and that she had strategically placed huge crystals in certain spots to ensure that the land and her family were protected. We were taken straight away to our lodging, an almost derelict four-hundred-year-old the cottage on the edge of some woodland. Right outside was an almost life-sized statue of a Moon Goddess with a giant amethyst geode where her womb would normally be. Above her in the branches were an assortment of various charms in crystals, tinsel and coloured paper and pendulums. There were various chimes by the door. We set our luggage down in the cottage while she lit a fire, and then joined her for tea in the adjoining house, a charming barn conversion worthy of any droll Harry Potter movie, and, it has to be said again, very fey and magical. We sat with her in her kitchen and she shared stories with us about feeling 'energy' near the magic well and the spring on the property, and in the woods attached to the back of the cottage. She also showed us countless photos of orbs and tiny lights that she and her daughters took in their walks in the nearby woods. I felt as though we were embarking on a wonderful adventure. We retired to our cottage after an early supper of warm soup. As this was early in the month of May, our cottage felt positively glacial indoors, although there was always a roaring fire in the hearth in the tiny sitting room. Feeling travel-weary, we went to bed early, leaving the fire in the hearth to warm us and a tea candle flickering as our night light. I awoke at around three-thirty with the distinct impression that someone or something was gently tugging my head from the nape of my neck. I panicked, and in my torpor, I mumbled over and over again 'No! No!' Fright turned into annoyance and, now awake, I cried out angrily 'Just stop it!' I woke my friend up with the racket that I was making and explained what had happened and whilst I was doing so, I had the distinct impression that a wee being or silhouette sauntered onto the wooden

beam above my bed. I was slightly alarmed but convinced myself that my eyes were playing tricks on me, and then found myself drifting off to sleep within a few minutes. I awoke at about 6:30 (I recall checking the time). The Beltaine sun was rising and there was a rather loud dawn chorus in the garden just outside the cottage. The day ahead seemed so full of promise. I then turned my head and gazed up at the ceiling where I saw a tiny flickering light, with arms and legs and wings! Little translucent dragonfly wings! I blinked several times, rubbed my eyes and it was still there. I cried out to my friend, 'Oh my God, you have to see this!' She came over and we were watching the being move from one wooden beam above us to the next for a few minutes. Here's the thing though: we have some missing time of about one hour! It seemed as though neither one of us remember how the wee one left us. Did it fly off somewhere else, like out the window (the windows were shut)? Did it vanish into thin air? The only thing either of us remembers is that it was a little after 7:30 and we were putting on our jeans and getting ready for breakfast and our workshop. It was very clear that there was this gap in our memory of the event of one full hour. Every once in a while, whenever there was a break in the workshop outside, I would slip back into the cottage, lie on my back in bed and say aloud something like 'I would like to see you again'. After a few minutes, there would be a hollow sound of bells and there seemed to be a wavy movement in the air, much like what it looks like when the hot summer sun beats down on pavement. I wanted to repeat the experience, but apart from the sound of bells and the wavy air, there were no light beings. On our last night in Donegal, we were having a chat with our lovely hostess in our cottage. She and my friend were unaware that I wanted to see the faeries one last time, was constantly thinking about them and I quietly wished to communicate with them. Minutes later, I suddenly had this strong urge to play with my camera by the window. It was dark outside and I pressed halfway down on my camera and through the viewfinder, there were about three large blue orbs right by the window pane, as if they were looking in on us from the outside! I ran outside, my two friends astonished and running after me, and starting shooting photos as I had heard a voice in my head saying, 'We are outside in the garden if you would like to see us!' It was

pitch dark but I kept shooting my camera, stumbling around in excitement. I had taken some orb photos. Once back home, I zoomed in on my orb photos taken during that last evening, and found upon enlargement, in one of them, there was an unmistakable being with wings. It had a very angular face with huge eyes slanting upwards at the outer corners, slender arms with very long fingers. One hand held a scepter with a Mercury symbol on the top (a circle with horns) held closely to his chest (the figure looked androgynous although I *felt* that it was male); the other arm was outstretched in front of him with his hand and long tapering fingers as if motioning me to stop (I thought that I probably came too close to him). I subsequently did some research on what that scepter symbol might have been and I found out that Mercury stands for Communication and that is exactly what I had been secretly wishing for. It may also have a connection to Cernunnos, a deity or being that is special to me as I love animals. In another photo of an orb, a blue one, when enlarged, I could make out a beatific little childlike face, which had a garland of flowers round its neck! Since 2009, I have had other faery experiences, and it seems that a couple may have followed me home from Ireland as I have managed to see little blue lights or orbs around my flat from time to time.’ ‘The first fairy I saw (in the cottage) was of the stereotypical Tinker Bell type, tiny light with hands, feet and dragonfly-type wings. The second one, seen in the garden, which seemed quite regal or maybe even ‘high-born’ – if that is appropriate to describe it – had a very angular face, elongated, eyes, almost like a ‘grey alien’. It had very long arms, fingers like tapers and had huge wings. Though it appeared in an orb, I had the impression (perhaps this was communicated to me telepathically) that this being’s real size was much taller than I am. The third fairy, which also appeared in an orb, was blue and had a cherubic face. In fact, I could only see its face. Its eyes were shut and it had a garland around its neck. I could also see birds around it in the orb. The fairies that have appeared to me in my flat subsequently and that were captured on film manifested themselves as blue orbs.’ ‘Bells. They sounded distant and hollow, and I had the impression (possible telepathy?) that they were coming from the bluebells that were blooming outside the cottage.’ ‘I had not believed in [fairies] prior to my

experience.’ ‘There were two instances when I wondered if there is a connection with aliens, as one experience I have came almost directly after I had seen an interacted with a UFO. I also wonder sometimes if they are not connected with the dead.’ ‘Mostly nature spirits, and these would be ‘elementals’. However, I have also had experiences with what would be the Sidhe, I suppose the sort of faery royalty, for lack of a better term, and whilst they are for sure connected to nature, I believe these encompass not only Nature with a capital N, but a different type of consciousness.’ ‘To elaborate on the question above on how many books on Faery I have read, I only starting reading about them AFTER my experience in Donegal in 2009. I wanted to make sense out of what I went through and what it meant to have some missing time. I have continued to study them (through Druidry, the Celtic mysteries, and shamanism) and to engage with ‘experts’ in the subject, however I also sensed intuitively, that it is better to keep my engagement with faeries to a minimum.’ ‘I would say that they appear mostly when I feel most childlike, which may include happiness, but it is when I feel the most childlike and innocent and full of hope. For example, the blue orbs appeared when I was playing with my cat Fig. Btw, they seem to appear around him a lot and he is the most childlike of my three cats. Also, they have come around after a ritual that I did for Beltaine, about two years ago’.

§148) Ireland (Co. Dublin). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; mischievous, angry, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.*

‘While traveling at night, on a road that ran up some mountains, we saw a shapeless white form that appeared to be a white shopping bag blowing around in the wind moving quickly up the mountainside. It was moving against the wind, however. Uphill. We had pulled off the road, at a lay-by, to look at the view of the city lights down below, when we noticed the shape jumping from tree to tree towards us. It was about two or three square feet in area, and a matte bluish white color. Like a large pillow case or, like I said earlier, a shopping bag. No markings or features, not shiny at all, looked more like a strange cloth than a plastic. Both myself (American) and my

fiancée (Irish) had a feeling that whatever it was, its intentions were not good. We had a general sense that something unpleasant would happen if it caught up to us, so we jumped back in the car and hightailed it out of there.’ ‘Like an amorphous shape, vaguely rectangular.’ ‘Size changed through the experience.’

§149) Ireland (Co. Dublin). *Female; 2010s; 71-80; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...), inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; many hours* ('two hours'); 'one anxious (about the fate of the earth) two joyful'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. 'I am a past life regression therapist and I regressed someone who remembered having been an Elemental. (This surprised both of us.) Subsequently, I regressed someone else, to find out whether they had ever had a similar past life (they had) and then was regressed myself to a past Elemental life.'* ‘1) like an elf, small and humanlike. 2) transparent, like a dragonfly’s wings, human-shaped, but smaller. 3) a sort of Grass Elemental, golden coloured, living in/attached to tussock grass, looking after it.’ ‘The Elementals were clearly seen and the person experiencing this (including me) was able to describe them in detail.’ ‘Beings that are an integral part of our natural world. Fortunate people can see them, just as mediums can see/hear those who have died.’ ‘I have written an article on Elementals and the above regressions for an international journal for past life regression therapists.’

§150A) Ireland (Co. Kerry). *Male (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1930s; 11-20; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); alone; 3 am-6 am [?]; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘In about 1933, my father who was then about fifteen years old was sitting in the grounds of ***, Co. Kerry, reading a book called *Winning his Spurs* by, I think, G. A. Henty. He was the son of a Church of Ireland rector, and he lived in Co. Laois. He was very absorbed by his book but, looking up from it, he saw three little men in the vicinity of the abbey. Two of them appeared to be having a boisterous but friendly dispute over some sort of bag, which they were pulling to and fro between them. He could see their teeth gleaming as they laughed. The third was older looking, somewhat wizened,

and stood apart from the two disputers. Then he turned to look at my father. Their eyes met – and in a flash the three fairies disappeared. [My father] returned to the spot with my mother some fifteen years later, and once again he glimpsed the older fairy, but only for a few moments, and alone this time. The appearance of these fairies was conventional – that is, my father cannot remember precisely what they wore, except that their clothing was greenish and brownish – monkish tunics, he thought, tied around the waist. They were about four feet tall. The second fairy sighting I'd like to record happened to my aunt, my father's sister. She was very close to a local vicar, who died quite suddenly sometime in the 1930s, I think. After the death, but before the burial, she was sitting in a deckchair in the sun, in the orchard of her house in Co. Laois. She was reading a book, but gradually became aware of the sound of many small voices. This puzzled her, and she wondered if a radio had been left on somewhere. Finally she looked around and saw, coming through the orchard towards her, the vicar, looking pale and stricken, surrounded – and indeed pulled along – by several fairy people, about the size of small children, clasping his cassock. Shocked, she immediately jumped up and ran inside the house. This strange incident very much upset my aunt, and she told no-one except my father, who told me. We are reminded of the fairy lore that humans are particularly vulnerable to being taken by the fairies in such transitional states as the vicar was in – i.e. dead but not interred. I have left out the names of the participants in these sightings because they might disturb existing members of the family.'

§151A) Ireland (Co. Limerick). *Female (third person); still in touch with the witness; family; 1940s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc); alone; don't know the time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood given; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* 'When my mother was a young girl, her father sent her to fetch a bucket of water many fields away from where they lived. On the way back with the water, she stopped at the top of a low lying hill to rest. Looking back down over the fields, she saw a large group of 'people' all dancing around in a circle in one of the many local 'faery forts'. (faery circles) She described their collective dress as comprising of similar colours: red, green and blue. The people

were also wearing hats or caps. My mother knew that the area in which she lived at the time of the sighting was sparsely populated, with only a few neighbours close by and those who lived there were not rich or rich enough to have that many people partaking in that type of merriment. Even if they were, it was very early in the day to be doing so and the faery fort was several fields away from the nearest road. It dawned on her that these people were no ordinary people and could sense that she was not supposed to be looking at this 'dance'. She took off running, back to her father's house, spilling most of the water on the way and in doing so, upon her return, got a 'good telling off'! She relayed this story to me many years ago only after listening to a local radio station documentary on Irish folklore and legends. A caller phoned in and told a story, which was very similar to hers: a group of people, dancing around in a circle in a faery fort, wearing similarly coloured clothes. This caller's story would have taken place in the same decade that my mother had hers. My mother kept this story to herself for many decades! I suppose from a combination of ridicule, growing up in Catholic Ireland and the fact that one was to be careful when speaking about 'the Little People'! The particular faery fort in question still exists and is located behind ***, ***, Limerick. Though now, it is completely overgrown with trees and undergrowth. It is now mainly used by some of the local people who throw their grass cuttings in over the ditch.' 'Children in coloured clothes.' '[Witness believed fairies are] supernatural creatures or deceased people, stuck in limbo – between heaven and hell!'

152A) Ireland (Co. Mayo). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; friend; 1980s; 51-60; on a country road; no company given; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'My friend and another person were driving along a rural road in Co Mayo (where she was from but no longer lived) and they both saw a very small man dressed in green walk across the road in front of their car. She was a sensible and very honest devout Catholic woman and I never knew her to lie or make things up.' 'Whatever she saw or didn't see, I firmly believe her account as being true, whatever that means! She was a sensible business woman and didn't make things up.'

§153) Ireland (Co. Mayo). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no state special reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I saw a group of six Sidhe, four male, two female, walking through an open field along a narrow foot path in my direction. This was not my first contact with them, so I wasn’t afraid. We exchanged greetings (in Irish), and went each on our way. The last of their company turned around when we were just a few steps passed and asked me if I was so-and-so’s (one of their people) granddaughter. I said I was. She smiled, and said I should visit sometime. Like I said, I and my family have had many contacts with them, of which some have resulted in children. This is a description of one of the brief and most common contacts. Others involve lengthy conversations, which I cannot share.’ ‘Tall, slim, very light skin without blemish, and ageless. Red to strawberry blond hair. All of the half-fairy/half-human people in my family look the same and age very, very slowly.’ ‘Family-related, genetic.’ ‘[Fairies are] a human-like species which once inhabited this world, but now dwells in the nearest Otherworld, i.e. the parallel reality closest to this one.’

§154) Ireland (Co. Meath). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; no location given; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; passive, distant, curious; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was inside a Neolithic tomb and saw a number of beings crowding around our group. They had large, black slanted eyes except for one who was bearded and seemed to be in charge. He was screaming at them and being nasty to the beings who seemed incredibly passive but curious about us. They pressed around us.’ ‘Like humans, but very pale with really large, shiny, oval black eyes. There was another with them who was bearded and looked human. He was smaller.’ ‘I couldn’t hear anything. I saw that the bearded one was screaming at the others but couldn’t hear a thing-just saw the mouth move and his angry expression.’ ‘I got the impression that the beings wouldn’t harm me because (and this sounds really odd, I know) I was connected to them and the land because I am from Ireland and they recognised me as that. Not really a nationality thing, more of a connection with the place sort of

thing to be honest.’ ‘I have seen quite a few beings as my career means I have spent a fair amount of time in old places. I have seen a man coloured gold and flashing sparks in Dowth passage tomb in county Meath and a group of five figures (again with large, black eyes) at the Grianan Aileach in county Donegal. That was very peculiar as they said I was related to them and that I chose to be born human. They were all dressed like they were from the eighteenth century and the experience lasted for hours. They showed me visions of me being pushed on a swing by one of the women when I appeared to be a fairy child. Anyway, it’s all been a bit odd and I have no idea what to make of it but... there you go!’ ‘[What are fairies?] I don’t know.’

§155) Ireland (Co. Meath). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; underground [‘in the solstice cavern’]; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood; regular supernatural experiences; no special reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘They’re enacting the winter solstice [in a prehistoric cavern]. I was in the cavern by the carved Bowles when I noticed blood dripping down my forearm. I was embarrassed and wiped it away and tried to rub my hand clean on the bowl. I heard in my mind’s ear ‘blood has been exchanged...’ When I came out huge digs [on?] two places were on my arm and now I have two scars that look like runes.’ ‘I knew it was a holy place of the Tuatha Dr Dinnan.’

§156A) Ireland (Co. Westmeath). *Male (third person); the witness is dead; family; prior to 1920; 11-20; on a country road; alone; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood given; do not know regularity of supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My grandfather was on a horse on his way home when he heard the scream of a Banshee. He then had it in his sight. It followed him. He made his horse go faster. He lost sight of it when he was close to home.’

§157) Ireland (Co. Wicklow). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience* [‘two others who both shared it’]; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state*

reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. 'We were walking in Wicklow. We saw a pixie dancing across the top of a field of gorse. It was skipping along the top of thick gorse. It was wearing traditional pixie dress including a pointed hat. I kid you not!' 'About the size of a young child. Maybe five or six.'

§158B) Ireland. *Female; 2010s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland, in open land (fields etc), on a country road, inside a private house, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience. 'I have always seen Faeries since birth, they are a part of my life. As a child I was told by my Great Grandmother (Ireland) and Grandmother that I was a Child of the Fae; that we have Faerie in our blood and Ancestry. I've seen, heard, and felt the presence of Faeries always. As a child it happened often. As an adult, less often but still reoccurring. I have experienced them everywhere I have lived or traveled. Most recently I experienced a Faerie sighting and presence while visiting family and friends in Ireland September 2015. We rented a cottage near *** and ***. They were all around and in the cottage and area. My mother and Aunt experienced them as well.' 'Sometimes they were a mixture of shimmering multi-coloured light or shadow. Other times they melded into the natural surroundings, almost camouflaged. And other times as plain as you or I; in human form, but not quite human.' 'Whenever I'm in the presence of the Fae folk I hear wind chime like music mixed with nature sounds. Other times utter hollow silence.' 'I can tell the difference between Faeries and other supernatural presences. They feel differently and my brain acknowledges them as such.' '[Fairies are] other World/Realm beings, Nature and Spiritual.' 'I understand that the rational concept of Faeries and other Supernatural beings is hard to understand or believe in. I just always have. I'm open to them because I was taught and felt instinctually from birth to know/believe that they [are] as real as you or I. They know the people who are open to them. They*

choose who to make themselves present too. Honestly, they can care less if people believe in them or not.’

§159) Ireland. *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on a country road; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Coming home along an empty country road in daylight, in springtime – my husband driving, I was in the passenger seat. We were crossed the bridge over the river Barrow and came around a gentle bend in the road. Our turn off was to the right and was in the distance. About five yards away on my side of the road a woman was walking – about four to five feet tall, short dark hair with her back to me. She wore a fitted black jacket and full black skirt with a red design around the hem. I saw her very clearly as it was daylight but she didn’t stop or turn around as we approached. She didn’t wave or put up her hand which is the usual practice in the Irish countryside. We passed her but I didn’t look back at her. She was so real that I asked my husband why he didn’t indicate and pull out to give her more room. He didn’t see her at all. I was so sure I had seen her that we turned the car around and returned to the place and stopped. We got out – no sign of her, no houses where she could have gone – nothing. There have been other experiences here but this was the most recent and the clearest.’ ‘Not specifically there but the wider area is known for fairies, fairy paths and a fairy tree.’ ‘I don’t know for sure that it was a fairy experience. May have been a spirit or ghost as you call them.’ ‘[Fairies are] spirits of nature, creatures who are part of the land and associated with special, powerful places.’ ‘Only had these sightings since I have lived in rural Ireland except when I was a child when I spent my summers in the countryside on the Isle of Man. My grandmother was a native Manx speaker who believed in the ‘little people’ as did my mother.’

§160) Isle of Man. *Male; 1970s; 31-40; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; ‘looking forward to returning to the hotel for dinner’; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was working on a missing heir case looking for a

family on the Isle of Man. I was in a taxi driving from a farm back to my hotel in Castletown. The driver told me of the story of the Fairy Bridge and gave the greeting as we crossed it. A few minutes later I saw in the headlights and several feet ahead of the car three strange forms going across the road. They were not humanoid in shape but looked as though they were flat rather than 3D and had a jagged outline about eight inches or so high. Strangely they appeared in the headlights to be bright pink! The driver saw this too but couldn't explain it.' 'Six to eight inches tall and maybe five inches broad but like a flat sheet of fluorescent pink card with jagged edges. However they moved in a procession of three from the left to the right of the country road.' 'The comments made earlier by the driver suggested fairies but it could have been something else.' 'This memory has lasted clearly for many years. By nature I am sceptical and I have always tried to examine things with a view to finding an explanation. I never have been able to find one for this.'

§161A) Isle of Man. *Male (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1960s; 41-50; on a country road; with one person who shared the experience; don't know the time; don't know the duration; mischievous, angry; never or almost never had supernatural experiences; no special state reported. '***', my grandfather told me that he and a friend were on the Isle of Man painting houses. They laughed at the idea of asking permission of the fairies on the Fairy Bridge. But then their car broke down. The next day, convinced the fairies had taken their revenge, they shamefacedly asked permission. They were two bluff Yorkshiremen!* '[Fairies] because of the tradition that it was a FAIRY Bridge'.

§162) Isle of Man. *Male; 1980s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; no duration given; no fairy mood reported ['unknown']; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience. 'It was on a track near ***, to *** mountain, the walk with a friend stopped under woodland path blocked with a pool, a fairy ring stood next to it! The area was quiet. No birdsong and had a long reputation of*

strangeness! I walked around it and felt a cold spine-chill and my partner noticed a mist around the area! I took this as a sign to head back, but took two photos on a SLR camera! The walk out seemed longer and [more] stretched out than walk in! Photos when developed showed a green figure in the tree canopy! The other one was not there, like the film had been rewound? Revisiting the site years later the walk took mere minutes to reach the same location. All had changed as a derelict property on the path was now occupied and the woodland was clear and hillside visible! The local folklore noted many strange sightings of all kinds of entities. Photo published in Janet Bord's books! '[Sounds] like drums and whistles, could be water tumbling over rocks and wind in the trees!' 'Yes, [a reputation for fairies] plus ghosts, the wild hunt, black dog, ghosts, illuminated palaces, mists and lights.' 'Probably the area I had read up on the folklore in the Manx museum prior to visiting during the MANX motorcycle races rest day! Always had an interest in folklore and Fortean phenomena, ancient sites, but you never think anything will occur during a walk! A friend with me experienced it but from a female perspective!' '[Fairies are] nature spirits... who knows.' 'A further two visits, nothing was experienced and the time lengthening didn't occur! State of mind, time of day... may have had something to do with it! The Isle of Man has a pervading sense of strangeness on the Celtic/Norse feel! I have noticed it always makes me and other visitors somewhat in asleepy dream like state with the freshness of the air, from sea and mountain. A visit to other sites such as Gef the talking mongoose proved interesting and so did several archeological sites!'

* The same respondent actually gave two versions of the same event. The one in the main text is from March 2015 and the one in this note March 2016. **Isle of Man. Male; 1980s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; 'can't tell [duration] it seemed short but when I checked my watch missing time possible'; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.** 'I was checking folklore reported sightings area near Ramsey upon a woodland track, experienced numerous phenomena after passing a water blocked path with attendant fairy ring felt not right in fact my back was freezing then took some photos and turned back the journey out seemed to take longer with attendant sounds in the vegetation and mist! Photo reproduced and enlarged seemed to have figure in the tree canopy in 3D! Sent to Janet Bord and later was in some [of] her publications, weird couldn't shake off the sensation for long time. Location ***, Isle of Man. Noted in folklore for various encounters with the fairy and wild hunt, black dog etc! in my researches of Manx writers.' 'A sort of drumming and musical sounds of pipes, but it could have been the nearby river tumbling over the rocks.' 'It was the location and fairies seem to have ghost like qualities and are associated with the dead at areas they occupy like tumuli etc.' 'Possible [that] the Manx folk believed and took precautions.'

§163) Scotland (Aberdeenshire). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)* [‘in a supermarket’*]; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; ‘shocked (seemed surprised that I could see him)’; occasional supernatural experiences; relaxed but unfocussed; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.*

‘Standing at the checkouts waiting for the wife to pick up a last minute item. Pretty zoned out when this ‘big moth’ came straight at me. Felt like it was going to hit me in the face and went to swat it out of the way. Realised that it wasn’t a moth, but was some kind of little man, dressed in red jacket and green trousers. Don’t know who was more shocked, me or him. Thought I had connected in the swat, but could find neither moth (nor fairy) when searched the floor area. Was quite disturbed to think that I may have ‘killed a fairy’...’ ‘Just like a little man wearing red jacket and green trousers. The wings were much more substantial than I’d have expected – more organic than the run of the mill ‘ethereal’ type wings usually depicted.’ ‘[Fairy because] size, mainly. Never occurred to me that it could be anything other.’ ‘[Fairies are] elemental? Other dimensional entities? No idea, if totally honest.’ ‘Something fundamental changed that day. Been over ten years, but still trying to come to terms with the what and why of the experience.’

§164B) Scotland (Aberdeenshire). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; many hours; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I had a pixie who frequently visited to help me ‘keep house’; I also communicated telepathically with a hobgoblin who was called GroBwart who was a cousin of my friend’s brownie called Snodgrass. The pixie talked to me telepathically and told me that fairies congregate around the local river (known as water sprites), and that they were incarnations of Atlanteans, which was why they gathered around water. My pixie disappeared as I went through a bereavement and struggled with my spirituality, but Snodgrass has continued to stay around the area, helping those in need with messy houses!’ ‘Translucent, shimmering, surrounded by light. The house brownie

had plain clothes and a hat, always carrying a broomstick.’ ‘I saw the faeries clearly and understood what they were saying.’ ‘[Fairies are] elemental spirits.’

§165) Scotland (Berwickshire). *Male; 1970s; 21-30; on or near water; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, dismissive; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was just released from active duty in the United States army, and rather than returning directly home, decided to take several months walking Germany, France, and Great Britain. I had crossed the Channel, then took the train north to Edinburgh. From there I proceeded to walk the coastline southward. While near The *** Lighthouse, I was studying the rock formations when I was approached by a young woman who asked me what I was doing there. She stated that I should stay away from one particular formation, as the ‘good neighbors’ living there did not like being disturbed. When she pointed it out to me, I turned to look, but when I turned back seconds later, the young woman was gone.’ ‘Young adult female, reddish-blond long curly hair, fair skinned, very attractive – appeared to be early twenties. Dressed in a red sweater and long skirt.’ ‘Normal voice, accented *per* the area.’ ‘[Fairies are] beings from another plane of existence that interact with our own.’

§166) Scotland (Fife). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house, in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘Was sitting in the living room when I heard a giggle and a white light flew past my head. The light moved all around the room slowly and I was able to follow it with my eyes for a good few minutes. After the light faded out I could hear bells near where I was sitting. About ten minutes later I could see the light again outside the window above the garden. This happened multiple times.’ ‘Just a small white/yellow light.’ ‘Bells, like wind chimes.’ ‘Was having a general conversation about faeries with a friend one day when I heard the same bell and thought I had seen a small light.’

Assumed it was my imagination. But for it to happen again like that so randomly about a year later, I knew what it was.’ ‘[Fairies are] another being.’

§167) Scotland (Glasgow). *Male; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 pm; no duration given; friendly or joyful; never or almost never have supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was about seven years old (1953). I had been sharing a bedroom with my elder brother, who was about eighteen at the time, but he left to join the army. So, I was left on my own in the room. I went to sleep as normal, but woke after a time to find a group of the little people dancing around on the floor at the head of my bed. I know I had a conversation with what appeared to be the leader of the group, but at this distance of time, I couldn’t say what it was about. This went on for some months on a more or less nightly basis, but gradually the interval between appearances became longer and longer until it stopped altogether. Height of the fairies would have been about three to four inches, and they were dressed in what appeared to be tights and a kind of jerkin on the top half of the body. (Not unlike the costume that Robin Hood and his Merry Men are portrayed as wearing.) In addition, the figure who appeared to be the leader had a kind of short, gold coloured cloak over his shoulders. That’s about all I can remember of the matter. I’m still convinced, even after all these years, that I saw them, but whether they were a part of our reality or a creation of my own mind, I don’t know.’ ‘About three to four inches in height, dressed in what appeared to be tights on the lower half of the body and jerkins on the upper half – something similar to how Robin Hood and his Merry Men are portrayed. The costumes seemed to be mainly red or green in colour, apart from the person who appeared to be the leader who had a short, gold-coloured cloak.’

§168) Scotland (Lanarkshire). *Female; 1950s; 41-50 [present age given as 51-60, there is an error here, I suspect that ‘1950s’ is an error]; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I heard a sound like a bug in the room it was around my face I looked up I saw a little red dress fairy I swore at

it. I was scared it happened two times. I have said sorry and left a gift of sugar out. I have never seen them since.' 'It was trying to tell me something: I heard it, saw it.' 'Things go missing I never find them I asked for them to be returned and nothing.'

§169) Scotland (Lanarkshire). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)*; on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It was a few weeks ago and about 05.30. I was waiting for the first train to take me to Glasgow. My eye was drawn to a small ball of light that seemed to be hovering around one of the platform lights in the open. At first I thought it was a moth being illuminated but then realised that it was too big to be a moth and also it was very, very bright. It hovered for a few moments then shot across the platform and it joined another ball of light opposite. I immediately felt that this was some sort of supernatural phenomenon my instinct took over and I knew I was seeing something very special.' '[Fairies because] it's the first thought that came into my head after I realised it wasn't moths.' '[Fairies are] higher spirits on our earth.'

§170) Scotland (Midlothian). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I had been at a Ferranti's Christmas party and received a present from Santa which was a pastry set. I had a lovely time at the party and went to bed happy, putting my gift at the end of my bed. I fell asleep tired and woke again I don't know how long later during the night, and lifted my head to check that my pastry set was still there. I saw a ring of fairies holding hands and dancing around on top of the pastry set. One of the fairies turned around and saw me awake. I saw the surprise in her face, and they immediately disappeared. They were beautiful and a memory I will treasure forever. It is as clear in my memory today as it was then.' 'Probably typical with dainty wings and little fairy

dresses, pretty and sweet and not in the least bit frightening. Pale coloured.’ ‘Don’t have an opinion and I have no idea but wish more people could have seen what I saw that night.’ ‘I treasure that memory, it is very, very, special to me but I don’t often talk about it as people laugh and treat me as a bit crazy.’

§171) Scotland (Moray). *Male; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experience; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘I was maybe three at the time. There was a beautiful garden with roses and such, somewhere near Findhorn. I saw something, a little person (the details elude me after thirty-one years) and I bent down and said, ‘Hello’. I know it talked to me but I don’t remember what it said. It was very kind. After a short while (apparently I was nodding my head as it spoke to me), I said, ‘Goodbye’ and walked back over to my mom. She was astonished, but knowledgeable about these things, so she didn’t dismiss it. We’re both convinced that I interacted with one of the fair folk.’ ‘I don’t really remember [the appearance] any more. It was male and I seem to remember it wearing green.’ [This was an American national visiting Scotland.]

§172) Scotland (Mull). *Male; 31-40; 2000s; on or near water, in woodland [‘on the shore of a sea-loch, by a waterfall’]; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; many hours; friendly, mischievous, joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘We were camping on a very remote coastal area on the Isle of Mull. We both deliberately went into a meditative trance – we were actually seeking a fairy experience, but didn’t expect to really encounter them. It began with high pitched sounds in the wind, like tinkling bells, together with loud, low rumble that grew in intensity. Networks of luminous blue lines formed in the air, as the sounds became an indescribably

beautiful singing. Wave after wave of luminescent beings appeared, of various sizes and shapes – some were like vast shining jellyfish pulsing in the sky. The most memorable were dazzling figures, ten to twelve feet tall, surrounded by a flame-like aura that shot outwards into the landscape. They seemed to have a pyramid-shaped head, and were flickering with incredibly beautiful interlacing filigree like Celtic knotwork. Some were pure white, others orange, blue, green, purple, iridescent. Their appearance was accompanied by an indescribable bliss and ecstasy, and there was no doubt that they were sentient, were fully aware of us, even curious, and we could communicate with them. There was a definite connection with our ‘third eye’. There were other beings who were more menacing or frightening, that seemed to be in conflict with the bright ones. The experience lasted for several hours, until dawn. I have since then returned to that place and encountered the same beings again. Also, I have had other experiences at other remote areas, but never of the intensity found at this secret place.’ ‘Mellifluous notes that interweaved and produced beautiful, very ‘Celtic’ sounding repetitive melodies that were deeply melancholic and forlorn. A deep bass throb underneath, and high whining and buzzing throughout.’ ‘I had been interested in ‘The Sidhe’ for years, but only through reading and vague intuitions at some places. I knew that they were associated with remote places, and with the Highlands in general, but didn’t know of any specific association with this place, which we had happened upon by accident. I have since researched the area, and found no association between the fairies and that place, although there are many accounts of fairies on the Isle of Mull in general.’ ‘I believe that many ‘fairy’ experiences in the past would nowadays be described as a UFO or alien experience (i.e. ‘fairy abductions’ are often very similar to ‘alien abductions’). The Highland fairies, or the Sidhe, have a close connection with the dead, so they are related to ghosts in folklore (i.e. often seen on burial mounds etc). What I have seen could also be described as angels, and often demons too. As a native Highlander, I associate them also with my ancestors in some way.’

§173) Scotland (Perthshire). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; ‘I felt it was warning*

me; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad, you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep* [*the experience woke me up*]; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. Within the week previous to seeing a fairy, I had taken part in a ouija board which was not shut down properly. Afterwards I was told by my friends that something appeared on the wall behind me and I didn't believe them. A few days later, a Sunday, one of the boys where I was staying took back a stuffed eagle from Sunday school. I remember it well because it was my turn to set the dining room up for supper and the eagle had been left on the dining table. I looked at it and it felt as though it was flashing in and out at me, almost like a flashing experience. I knew something wasn't right and when I went into the adjacent crockery room for the cutlery to set the table, I opened the drawer and cupboard at the same time. This is when I saw the contents of both shaking and leaping around. Obviously I was hysterical and ran screaming down the corridor to get others. I wasn't believed. Unfortunately, my bedroom was on the ground floor and to get to it, the dining room (which was on the corner of the building) had to be passed. Because of the scary experience I had, an adult had to stand at the corner so I could go by to get to my room. This went on for a few more days and they decided to move me to the bedroom directly above the one I was in. So I moved to my new room, sharing with two other girls, but still really drougt [distracted?] about what I saw in the crockery room. Then one night I woke up with a start and felt someone else was in the room. The hall light was on so I wasn't in complete darkness and I guess it was between midnight and 3 am. I looked at the bottom of my bed – cheesy I know but very true – and I saw a little man about the size of a baby sitting at the bottom of my bed. He looked old – maybe about sixty if I had to equate it to a human. He was small and skinny and had human features and body but wasn't human. He was sitting on the edge of my bed swinging his legs like he was on a swing and his head was turned to the left, looking at me. He was grinning and I could see his sharp, pointed, black shelled teeth. He had pointed, chiseled features and olive-coloured skin. What was memorable about him was his pointed ears and dirty furrowed forehead. I'm unsure

how long he sat there before moving. I couldn't scream out because I was frozen with fear but I know I was wide awake. I remember him leaping off my bed but I didn't see him take physical steps up to me – it was more like he drifted up to me. He grinned at me, pointed a finger at me (the pigment of the pointed nail was black, it wasn't dirt), then disappeared into my bedside cabinet. I'm unsure whether my experience with the ouija board had anything to do with it because I didn't know what a ouija was when I did it, so it wasn't the power of suggestion that made me see the little man. To this day, some thirty-four years later, I am adamant that I saw these things. Five years ago, some twenty-nine years after this happened, I went back to the house that this happened in. It's since been converted to a hunting lodge and I was chatting to the lady owner. I happened to tell her about my experience and she turned to her husband and said that she knew the place was haunted. But I think that the little man I saw was a fairy, even though I had always imagined them to look like the fairies in the 'Flower Fairies' books, prior to my sighting of him.' 'He was small (about the size of a baby) and skinny with olive-coloured skin. He had pointed ears and a furrowed brow. His brow looked dirty. He looked about sixty in human years. He had back, shelled, pointed teeth. The pigment of his fingernails were black, they weren't dirty, and they were curved and pointed. He had skinny legs and I saw them swinging off the side of my bed. His body looked in proportion. I didn't see him take physical steps although he had legs – he 'glided' up to me.' 'No reputation for fairies but I now know it had a reputation for being haunted.' 'I have since learnt that fairies are not nice beings and having spoken to a friend who knows a lot about fairies about what I saw, she thinks that it was a fairie.' 'I think fairies are folk who live in the forests/woods and they can be dangerous.'

§174) Scotland (Perthshire). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Walking with my wife at the rear of *** Hill, ***, Scotland. It was dusk and we were following a deer and watching her, from the direction of the hill there came the sound of small

children's laughter, it was way too late for children to be out, especially in the location as there are no nearby houses.' '*** Hill is reputed to be heavily immersed in Fae folklore and stories, we believe we witnessed this on this particular incident.' '[Fairies are] spirits living between the worlds of man and their own..' 'I don't have any relating to this experience but I have a number of photos of Fae and orbs from around this area which I would be happy to share.'

§175) Scotland (Perthshire). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute* ['about two seconds']; panic-stricken; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I was driving with my wife and two kids in the car. A thing that I presumed was a autumn sycamore type leaf 'flew' across the road stopped in front of the windscreen it was then it put up its hands crossed in front of its face which looked panic stricken. I never heard or felt an impact so don't know what happened to it. It was all the same colour, an orangy pink. The wings were in two parts like a butterfly and it was naked, skinny and looked male, although I didn't see any genitalia. The top of the head looked elongated and flat across the top. It all happened in a split second. I haven't told anyone. Nobody in the car was paying attention. We had been out for a long drive. They were all chilling, listening to various tech devices. It wasn't an autumn leaf. It was in the middle of the summer. And leaves don't have bodies and faces and arms and expressions etc. It was north of *** by the *** turn off flying east to west. I was driving south.' 'I have seen a 'skeleton' of a fairy on the internet. It looks fake but it is the closest I have seen. Never believed in them. Still don't really. It was weird.' 'It looked like a very wee human with wings.' 'I feel quite guilty about it. Hope it was ok.'

§176) Scotland (South Lanarkshire). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I have

always been a bit of a believer and became more-so due to a photo I took of my garden one day, which made me more curious. One night shortly after this, on a summer evening at dusk, my husband and I were sitting in the garden at dusk pondering the jungle of a garden we were planning to transform and tackle in the coming week. We had just moved into this house, and the garden was a tangled unsightly mess. We had been sitting in silence surveying the mess, when I thought I could see a kind of sparkling effect amongst the tangled weeds, I tried to point this out to my husband, who did not see this, however within the next few minutes, what had been the tangled mess of weeds was to me anyway suddenly transformed into what I can only describe as a beautiful garden, glowing and beautiful. I thought that perhaps it was just me that could see this so I didn't mention it to my husband, then he nudged me and said for fuck's sake! Look at the garden!!!! He saw it too and then he turned and looked at me and said OH MY GOD!!! Your face!!! You look like a teenager, and he was holding my face and staring at me in amazement, of course I dived into the house to find a mirror, but saw no difference! and my husband said that as I ran in, the garden went back to normal! I can only assume that what was experienced was what is called in Scottish lore 'The glamour'. 'All around the garden are old stones built into short walls. In later years I found out where the stones had come from. Near where I live there is what was once a grand estate, and is now a public woodland/glen, with ruined castle etc. near the site of the castle there had once been a stone built 'Fairy well' where people could sample the mineral waters of the well and make wishes etc. however the well was reduced to rubble in the landslide. Local people in the 1960s helped themselves to the old stones for use as garden walls and edging etc, and you have guessed it my garden is full of these stones!' '[It was a fairy] [b]ecause it was so embodied in the plant life in the garden, and if there are such things as fairie in my own opinion they are part of nature and plants, trees rivers etc'

§177) Scotland. *Female; 1980s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'An invisible*

wall that I walked into and could not pass made me look up from the ground cover. A life size figure on a white horse. The figure was green, neither male or female, appeared to be made of light as the shoulders were exaggerated and faded into the air. A feeling of wellbeing was with me for several months afterwards and other sightings crowded in to everyday life. It stood in a large patch of soloons seal [Solomon's Seal?] in native woodland. Days later we found a large piece of iron machinery, half buried in that spot and removed it. The only thing [sic] description I ever found close to what I saw was related by a seer in *The Fairy Faith* p. 60 approx. The shining ones? As I remember it. In the weeks preceding it I had been helping to remove rubbish tipped into and ancient woodland near ***. 'The feeling of well being that was left [made me think that it was a fairy experience].' '[Fairies are] just souls working through karma on another dimension.'

§178) Scotland. *Female; 1990s; 31-40; on or near water; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'Many years ago I saw a photo of a tiny creature in the Scottish Highlands, looking at children playing. The family only saw this when they had the photos developed and saw a blob in the grass. They had the photo blown up and saw a tiny girl, with her thumb to her mouth, looking wistfully at the children. Then you look closer and see it is an ancient hag, starring hatefully at the children. It was an eerie photo particularly since it is both girl and hag at the same time. So I was well aware that there are strange things in the Scottish Highlands. I am a Londoner and I don't walk in the countryside on my own by choice but on a holiday in Scotland my friends got too tired in a walk so I had to go back to collect the car on my own and drive it round to pick them up. The walk was a few miles along cliff tops and inland a bit, with no one in sight. I came to a beautiful small pool in a beautiful setting with the sea in sight and rolling hills and mountains at the back, so I thought I would try to contact the Fairy Folk. I said out loud that I knew they lived in these areas and I knew they could have two natures, both kind and malevolent. I said I hoped to only contact their kind sides but I would love a sign that they were there. As soon as I stopped talking I heard piping coming

from the grass to one side of the pool. I know it wasn't a bird – I may be a city person but I know bird song when I hear it from the sound of tiny pipes – and it definitely came from the ground. I said out loud in a rush 'Thank you very much. Best wishes to you' and I legged it for my life.' 'Like small pipes. Not bagpipes but fluty-type pipings. Not as earthy as rush pipes – it seemed more like wood or metal. The sound was 'small' as if the instruments were small, not large like human-size.' 'Because I tried to contact fairies and the sound I heard came from the ground.'

§179) Scotland. *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'While walking in the woods a bright light appeared around fifty centimetres away in front [of] me level with my head and hovered there. It came from above to the right. When I was able to focus my eyes, I saw that it was a fairy made of dazzling blue and white light that blazed like fire [?]. Although made of light, she was very defined. The wings were large and flapped – she hovered in the same spot right in front of me for about twenty seconds. I could tell it was a female from her shape and long hair. The size was approximately twenty centimeters in body length, but the wingspan around sixty centimetres. During this experience I felt very positive and happy when the light shone upon me. After it left I felt a little dazed and in disbelief.' 'The birds were singing loudly.' 'Her size and appearance, and the fact she 'lived' in the woods and was a nature spirit [made me think that she was a fairy].' 'There are many different types of fairies from spirits of the ancient dead who reside in hills, to nature spirits from another realm who reside in woods and have connections to plants and their environment.'

§180) Scotland. *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was going

downstairs in my own house. It was around 10 pm and I hadn't put on the light as it was summer time and only dim, not completely dark. As I proceeded down the stairs I saw what appeared to be an orange, lighted butterfly. It flew quickly to the tread of the fourth or fifth stair to hide. I stopped for a moment because I was startled, but when I came to the stair in question, no fairy was there. This is not the only encounter in my home, as my sister has witnessed a fairy peeking in our window as we chatted one night during a visit, and a few friends has also reported seeing sparkles at the side of their vision.' 'As I said bright, lighted orange wings, and various coloured sparkles.' 'High pitched sort of insect noise.' 'This particular encounter was definitely with a fairy. However, I do believe in Angels and I do believe I work with them too.' '[Fairies are] Nature Angels and Elementals.'

§181) Scotland. *Female; 41-50; 2010s; on or near water, in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I was walking down the field when I noticed a winged being leaning up against the side of a sycamore tree. He was as tall as the trunk, maybe fifteen feet.' 'Tall with large wings. he was brown/green wearing some type of clothing. Short curly dark hair. he was nonchalantly leaning against the tree watching me.' 'He asked himself: 'What is the human doing now?' which I heard telepathically.' 'After thirty plus years of adherence to a pagan path with daily meditation I have encountered several elemental beings over the last ten years, this chap was the most recent. I don't see fairies regularly but when involved in healing work have observed small winged creatures inside different coloured orbs of light around subject. I am very close to the land (work outdoors) and have had other encounters with the Sidh.'

§182C) Scotland. 'I've had numerous fairy experiences over the years, in house and garden, commonly around animals, (I saw a two-foot high man in brown and green sitting on a wall laughing and watching me rake the grass one summer morning, and they seem to congregate around sick or dying animals). We live just down the road from a Fairy Hill (complete with stone 'door') and I've had ribbons, pencils, secateurs

etc ‘borrowed’ by them, and had a rock thrown awfully close to me when I went a bit too near the fairy door once. However the most memorable experience involved my city dwelling brother who began seeing little dark shadows out of the corner of his eye in the evening in his flat. He was quite spooked by them and my mother and I became convinced they were more than just ‘terrestrials’ as he described them. So one night before he came home for a visit (we live rurally) we asked our own resident fairies to go back with him when he left to see if they could do anything about the baddies. We didn’t tell my brother, and he duly came home, enjoyed his weekend, then left for the city again. A few weeks later, we asked him over the phone if he was still seeing these dark beings. He said no, and the atmosphere in his flat had changed. When we told him what we’d done, there was a stunned silence on the other end of the phone. We’d hardly seen our fairies during the time my brother was back in the city, but when he came home for another weekend a few months later, our fairy sightings around the house and garden suddenly increased. My brother hasn’t had any trouble with weird dark creatures flitting about in his flat since that date, and although he’s still not a full convert, I like to think he has a bit more respect for our fellow earth dwellers.’

§183) Wales (Brecon Beacons). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, curious; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I’d been walking along a track at the side of a river through a wood in an area rich in fairy folklore. I’d gone there to take photos of the area as part of my own research into fairy lore. I got to a point where a large rock had fallen and blocked the path. As I stood there, wondering whether to try and climb over or go back, I spotted a tiny piece of paper next to my feet. On it was written the words ‘thinking of you’. I felt it was no coincidence that the rock had stopped me in my tracks just where I would find this tiny note. The logical part of me ‘knew’ it must be a part of a letter someone had torn up, but something else told me it was the fairies way of letting me know they are still there.’

§184) Wales (Brecon Beacons). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland* ('in front of a tree'); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; engaging and magical; occasional supernatural experiences; being alone, feeling safe, being open and unburied; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* '9 November 2013, Brecon Beacons, Wales, UK. I was walking alone off a mountain where I had been walking all day, in sunny cold weather. At the foot of the mountain I saw a gnarled tree standing alone, and immediately felt a tingle all over my body, and sensed that there were fairies in the tree. I closed my eyes and had the beginnings of an out-of-body experience. I was not afraid, and felt very privileged to be offered this encounter, but I wasn't ready for such strong magic and I was alone, so I opened my eyes to make it stop. When I closed them again the out of body-experience started again, so I kept them open. I still felt all tingly, and very alive, and in awe of what I was experiencing; I felt very safe. After a few minutes I thanked the fairies for what they had offered me, explained why I could not accept the full experience, bade them farewell, and walked on. I learned later that the tree is a hawthorn.' 'I don't really know what fairies are, but I feel strongly they are not biological (even though they may manifest in biological form), otherwise they would have been caught and classified by now. Also, they are definitely not aliens (which must exist somewhere, but on balance of probability have not visited the Earth) – their discovery will [be] testable by scientific methods such as radar and video cameras.' The idea of fairies as small winged humanoids is very charming and may be accurate, but could also be just our way of trying to understand them, by anthropomorphosis. My best explanation is that fairies may be emergent properties of beautiful environments.' 'It had fairy energy, nature-spirit energy. An encounter with ghost or an angel would have felt different but still with a magical quality. An encounter with an alien would not have had a magical quality.'

Figure: §185) Wales (Flintshire)



§185) Wales (Flintshire). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. ‘Captured on home CCTV security.’ ‘Small with wings and legs.’*

§186) Wales (Gwynedd). *Male; 1980s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; stressed, as could not find missing wedding ring; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. ‘The Lost Wedding Ring. It was Monday 5 July 1982 and my wife and I were on holiday, with our one-year old son, at a small cottage in the hills above Abersoch, in Gwynedd, Wales. I can be specific about the date because it was the day that Brazil played Italy in the 1982 World Cup. My mother and father had stayed with us over the weekend and were due to leave on the afternoon. In the morning, my wife had been washing the towels, nappies, and suchlike, and went outside to put them on the washing line. The washing line was up some steps at the back of the cottage, supported by two*

poles. The area was uphill and overgrown with grass, and beyond the stone-wall the hill went on up high to the summit. My wife suddenly cried out, and my father, mother and I rushed outside to see if we could help. What had happened was that, because my wife's hands and fingers were cold and wet from the washing, when she had shaken one of the towels both her wedding and engagement rings had shot off the third finger of her left hand, and landed in the deep grass. All four of us searched for the rings and after a couple of minutes we found the engagement ring. But we could not find the wedding ring! We took everything into account – the direction of her hands when she shook the towel, where the engagement ring was found, etc etc – but no matter how hard we looked we could not find it. It was assumed that, when we were all making the initial search, one of us must have trodden on it and pushed it into the ground. So as a last resort my father and I set off into Abersoch where we eventually found a kind person to lend us a metal detector. Unfortunately we were to find that the ground had a lot of metal under it, with many pipes and objects found after digging down from a positive reading. We searched for many hours, but to no avail, and my parents had to leave to go home. Needless to say it was all very distressing. It was late in the afternoon, and we had virtually given up hope of ever finding the wedding ring, even though we knew that it must be within the limited area by the washing line. I was now alone, as my wife had gone in to see to our son. It was at this point that I remembered the old saying that if you have lost something then you should ask the fairies to help you retrieve it. So I decided to give it a try! I cannot remember exactly what I said, but it was along the lines of 'If there are fairies out there and you can help me then please guide me to where the ring can be found'. Not knowing quite what to do next, I decided to clear my mind and see where my attention might go. I looked up and saw a large black bird hovering high up in the clear sky. I focused on it and then let my eye move in a direct line down below the bird to where the line met the ground before me. I concentrated on this piece of ground, and moved to it. I then moved the metal detector over the spot and got a 'zap' noise, to indicate that there was metal below. But when I moved the detector over the spot again – from the other direction – there was no repeat sound.

Nevertheless, I decided that if this was where I had been guided then I should dig there. Therefore, I put my knife into the ground – and there was the wedding ring, edgeways into the ground! My family and I must have gone over that spot many times, but somehow missed the ring. The fact that the ring was pressed into the ground edgeways will have made it a much smaller target for the metal detector. But I know, beyond doubt, that this was the one spot that my attention had been drawn to, after I had asked the fairies to help me. Did I really get help from fairies? Who can tell? But my wife and I were relieved and delighted to have found her wedding ring. So I said a quiet, little ‘Thank you’ for its return.’ ‘I am a Fortean and so I keep an open mind [about the existence of fairies].’

§187) Wales (Monmouthshire). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘We were with our walking group - the boys x three aged ten-twelve years old had ventured ahead of the main body of walkers (seventeen in total) so, because I am a walk leader, my daughter and I ventured ahead to keep an eye on the boys. Two boys ventured on but one boy stopped and turned around watching us as we approached him. When we were approximately five metres away from him a fairy flew in from our left hand side right up to the boy’s face, as it reached his nose the fairy turned around smiled at us and then shot off to the boy’s right and flew away in to the woodland. The fairy was a pale gold in colour approximately one inch in symmetrical cube/box shape, wings as large as the body of the fairy: the body looked slim and fragile. The fairy’s face was slim and pointed but petite: I could not tell if it was male or female. My daughter (then aged ten years old) saw exactly what I saw. We asked the boy if he believed in fairies. He did not. We described what we saw to him and he was very surprised. He saw nothing!’ ‘The fairy actually did not look as I had expected it to – it was like an airborne cuboid – symmetrical – light gold – it did not fit with my stereotypical idea of what a fairy should look like. I have looked for images/pictures since and failed to find anything that is in fitting with what we saw.’ ‘Living beings – only revealing themselves to those that believe and those that are

open to seeing and believing they exist: my daughter and I are open to new experiences.’ ‘I do not take drugs, smoke or drink alcohol – my daughter was only ten years old at the time. I am an outdoors person, enjoying nature, the seasons and wildlife. I am very much at home in a wood, on a mountain, beside a stream, in the snow, wind, rain or sunshine. If I could walk my life away in the countryside I would. I am not materialistic, conventional, fashion conscious. I am a stand alone person – do not follow any one – my daughter is very much the same. My daughter is a budding artist!’ I have seen spiritual beings – the fairy definitely not being one of these. I have seen several ghosts – definitely the fairy was not one of these. The fairy was definitely playful and was definitely living: a body mass: I could have touched it – I am sure it was a living being.’

§188) Wales (Newport): *Male; 21-30; 1990s; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was staying over at a friend’s: there had been a party the night before. I was the first to wake up, and went out to the garden for some air. I wandered around, admiring and talking to the plants when I heard a ‘pop’, turned my head and saw something flying towards my face. It swerved at the last minute and flew in the direction of the last plant I’d been admiring, which is when I realised what it was. It was blue, around an inch to an inch and a half in height, was wearing blue clothing (a tunic or dress and cap) and dragonfly-like wings. It continued its flight ’til I could see it no more.’

§189) Wales (Powys). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘My experience occurred the very first time I took magic mushrooms. I noticed these small two-dimensional creatures walking in procession in the grain of wood on a chest of drawers. There was one larger member of the procession that appeared to be female and in charge. The entities had long pointed noses, appeared

organic, like beautiful little goblins, and were sort of swirling along in their procession. The largest one turned to look at me, noticed I was looking, and then continued with its procession. I shouted out to the other two people in the room ‘I can see fairies,’ because I didn’t know what else to call them. The fairies just continued to move along the grain of the wood, and I stopped paying attention to them. It was a strange experience – they seemed to be different to the rest of the psychedelic experience because they were moving along with deliberate intent, and seemed to possess a consciousness of their own. They clearly noticed me, but were not concerned that I had spotted them. The memory is still very vivid in my mind.’ ‘Like small, two-dimensional, beautiful goblins. They had long pointed noses.’

§190) Wales (Rhondda). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘[starts here] Then early one afternoon in May, I was sitting out in my garden. The rhododendrons were in flower and it was a hot bright sunny day. I was very comfortable and content to listen to the birds and just relax. Unexpectedly I became aware of the golden outline of a figure down at the bottom of my garden. I say outline because it was not solid, but looked as though just its outline had been drawn with golden ink. The figure shimmered and had tall wings, but mostly it was transparent, like a rough sketch. It was about three foot tall and rose up in the air a little way before descending; it did this several times. Then I saw a second winged figure, very much smaller. This was also golden, but I remember seeing a flash of blue and green. My first thought was that it was a dragonfly, but on closer observation I saw that it flew quite differently and its shape was not that of an insect but a small human-like figure. Next I became aware of someone on the seat beside me, although I could not see them, but they were trying to get my attention – I could even see something pressing on my left upper arm, moving my clothing. I had that strong impression that day that I was meant to see the fairies, and they were pleased about it. It was a lovely experience, totally benign; I was amazed to see how the fairies really did look the way they appear in traditional tales. I have seen fairies many,

many times since that day. And May/June is a particularly good time for seeing them in my garden. I have photos of strange mists in that area of the garden from other years too.’ ‘They varied. I’ve seen tiny ones, various colours although the first was iridescent and reminded me of a dragonfly, and I’ve also seen one large one with a golden outline only (not unlike Atkinson Grimshaw’s fairy paintings, although I hadn’t seen those before my own experience and only made the connection later.)’ ‘Didn’t hear any sounds, it was eerily quiet.’ ‘Wales is on the Celtic fringe – the whole country has a reputation for fairies.’ ‘I just felt - and still feel – that it was fairies. We’ve had a house brownie here ever since we moved in in 2000. That’s quite different to a fairy.’ ‘Spirits attached to the land and operating in another world, very close to ours, that sometimes touches and allows us to interact.’ ‘I think that the Gentle People should always be treated with respect. I hate the idea that they should be ‘banished’. There is plenty of space for us all to co-exist peacefully and I think they have a great deal to teach us if we let them.’

§191) Wales. *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘A friend and I were home one evening relaxing, my dog was out the front garden, it was late autumn, we had candles lit, listening to music, discussing spirituality/religion etc as was our passion at that time. We heard my dog a spaniel scratching the front door to come in, my friend went into the hall leaving the lounge door open to open the front door for the dog. I was sitting in my chair and could clearly see two metres or so out into the hall. I heard a commotion, like an animal’s feet running and looked out into the hall expecting to see Ben my spaniel come running into the room. I saw a man-sized ‘animal like’ creature run past and up the stairs, and heard the heavy sound of it running up on all fours, as it shot up the stairs. It was, I’d say, if standing, five foot five inches maybe more, it was sort of human crossed with an animal, I could see brownish leathery tough skin with coarse black hair sporadically growing out of its

body, its head had a large flattened snout, crinkled and wrinkled like someone had forced its nose into its face, and upward protruding teeth. My friend heard it, but curiously did not see it. The dog had not come in and was still out in the garden. Over a period of a few years, I and visitors to the house would see red lights, like eyes, at night up on the landing and stairs and a few occasions hear the running up the stairs, like a very large dog. I am convinced it was a faery, a pooka, or some other thing. The house got renovated in later years and all occurrences stopped.’ ‘A large black dog, crossed with human characteristics and some other beast. Red eyes. Upward big fangs from bottom jaw. Flat large squashed in snout giving the face an ugly quite fierce expression.’ ‘Heard its running up the stairs on many occasions.’ ‘It was an old house, we held seances there, groups of friends into the paranormal would gather here over a few years, it was quite a hotspot of activity until its renovation.’ ‘It seemed like an elemental it seemed connected to the land the area the house. After renovation it stopped, it was definitely connected to the old untouched energy, before modernisation. We tried to use candles and hardly watched TV, preferring soft music at our groups of spiritual exploration there. There were a lot of experiences, by myself and others at that time.’ ‘[Fairies are] other dimensional beings, linked to our earth also, and our psyches, they seem to reflect our inner hidden natures.’ ‘I am very interested in the awakening of the ufo/alien/faery connection worldwide and the connection to multi-verse theories and other dimensions... Could it be the same thing? How is our human consciousness connected? For we are [connected] or we wouldn’t have these experiences. Is it possible to actively seek a faery encounter, and therefore be privy to the mysteries?’

Part Two: North America

§ 192) Canada (Alberta). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was ill and getting some air going for a walk with my husband'; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience. 'I was feeling quite sick and needed to throw up unfortunately, but my husband and I saw this beautiful bright light that had a trail behind it. It was spectacular, it landed on my shoulder and my husband saw it fly off. It was magic. It was quite dark and the light from the fairy was incredibly bright. It was blue or green maybe even a mix in between. It was winter and there was snow on the ground. It all happened so fast but knowing we both saw it just means so much to me. I've seen them before but this was the first time I shared my experience with someone else.'* 'It was a bright light that had a trail of light behind it because it was flying so fast.' 'Little bells and chimes.' 'It could have been [?] but I really believe it was a fairy.'

§193) Canada (Alberta). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'My girlfriend and I had recently moved in together and we were getting used to our new apartment. As our work schedules were offset at the time, I gladly prepared dinner for us both nearly every night. We were lucky because our apartment had a large kitchen separate from everything else, so it was easy to work in. That night, I had decided to make chili. I got all my ingredients together and opened the cans and packages, started getting my spices in order when I realized that I couldn't find the chili powder. This really stood out because, as we had just moved in together, a lot of the dry goods that we had were from her parents' kitchen and chili powder was something I expressly bought because she wasn't given any. So then I got mad. I had already opened all these cans and a package of beef and I sure as hell was going to make chili! I ransacked the kitchen. Now when I say that, I don't mean 'oh I looked everywhere' like it was some affected resignation. I actually took all the contents out of every cupboard and the refrigerator and lined them up on my kitchen*

table. No chili powder anywhere. I have been a long time *Fortean Times* reader and I studied anthropology (mostly because of that), so I'm Fairy Agnostic. I don't believe that there are literally fairies, and I dispute socio-psychological explanations of them (like Jung's, for instance). I think that fairies are something more in the middle – like a Baudrillardian-type post-modern fairy. Its real enough if we're talking about them. Otherwise, there is no fairy tradition in my family that I haven't looked into myself (I'm Finnish-Canadian) because nobody was interested. My girlfriend is a fairy agnostic too, but I would say that she can at least imagine the possibility that there actually are physical fairies hanging around somewhere (she's Swedish-French Canadian). So having examined carefully and honestly and openly accepted the magic/religious belief systems of people all over the world, I did what others have done when faced with the same situation. I said out loud 'Fairies, Fairies, your fun is done. Bring me back my stuff'. I went back to the kitchen to put everything back in place. When I had my shoes and coat on ready to go to the grocery store, I closed an open cupboard door but something caught my eye: chili powder. NOT POSSIBLE. I was genuinely moved and felt that I had experienced something totally eerie and supernatural. Not lost on me either (and I hope not on you) was that this was also totally stupid in its banality. About fifteen minutes later, my girlfriend came home and I explained everything that had happened and what I said to 'fix' it. She was pretty excited as well after that and eventually we started to refer to them as the 'Tex-Mex Fairies'. Sometimes we'd tell each other stories about them, ask them for help, blame things on them, experiment with them in good fun. Alas we live in a new apartment now and in the stress of the move, we forgot to follow some guidelines of 'Fairy Protocol' and left them there. For all of that, they were already living in that apartment and I hope they're still there; somehow.' 'I know it was a fairy experience because only when I addressed them did the full situation resolve.' 'I really like that this [survey] is happening and I hope the results are sufficiently compelling and weird. I hope it's not a lot of 'I saw miniscule girls in tutus with butterfly wings', but some mixture of accounts like mine, some scary ones, some classic folklore monsters and the like.'

§194) Canada (B.C.). *Male; 1970s; 11-20; no location given; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; no duration given; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was a columnular cluster of translucent pale blue almost metallic with sparkles elongated slender many insect-like wings flapping. Weirdest looking thing I ever saw! Maybe a portal? They suddenly poofed off into thin air as I got twenty-foot distance from it. The wings were long three and a half inches each dragonfly-like with the tip sorta like a comma butterfly top wing portion. It was like pillar of sparkling flapping wings eighteen inches just above the sandy beach border to a forest environment. Absolutely mind boggling, I have no good explanation for this other than the wings resemble the legendary fairy creature or some kind of extraterrestrial insect? Ok it’s really hard to describe it but I tried.’ ‘I did not see any bodies the wings were protruding in a three hundred and sixty degree column and there was many of them perhaps thirty or more. If there was any bodies it would have been in the lighted up central core region of the columnular structure. It looked ethereal transparent as if they were made of light energy!’ ‘There was no sound although I thought I may have heard a very faint buzzing crackling sound when I got close to it.’ ‘I heard people that talked to me saw strange things but did not elaborate on that beach while they stayed overnight on it.’ ‘It could have been any one of those or I can’t easily identify something so strange other than the all [sic] I’m asking for is: What is it??? All I see is funny wings and all I can speculate is it looks like a FAIRY WINGS?’ ‘I wish I could ask a fairy what it is, I’m puzzled maybe it [is] interdimensional and they come out of portals if that’s what that thing was!’ ‘Well wings aren’t made swamp gas and there’s nothing igniting it cause there’s no methane smell its clean fresh air. The only other scientific thing is electrical plasma coming out of the ground but why wings? funny insect wing things flapping it makes no sense. You tell me! And I saw flying saucer few years ago that’s another one I can’t explain.’

§195) Canada (B.C.). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland, in a garden; on my own; can’t remember time; cannot remember duration; aloof ‘yet one gathering danced’; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking*

blackberries); *loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was a repeating experience. One which occurred to me as a young child recovering from polio. I was rather a lonely kid, both shy and fierce. I spent a lot of time alone. I sang a lot. I would make up songs and music and sing as I played in our back garden and down into the deep wooded ravine. My faeries came in two sizes. The woods I played in were an old, old wood in an area that had been logged during the early part of the twentieth century and then reforested, except for one old forest giant cedar tree which somehow had been missed. It stood proud above the forest and was visible for miles sticking up out of the surrounding woods and fields. I sang to myself. Music and singing was very much part of my family experience. The faeries I experienced were not so much wee folk as in the Victorian illustrations but movement and mist that seemed to form figures. They appeared in two places down by the cedar tree in between its huge roots which grew beside the pond and spring. They stood quietly and gracefully adult sized if not taller. The other place they appeared was on the old brick walk that my father laid down outside of our back door. The old bricks came from Victorian era buildings which had been burnt in a fire and so had gone to the scrap yard where we had bought them. They danced and seemed more cheerful, perhaps less mythic in appearance.’ ‘More mist and movement which coalesced in human like forms.’ ‘As if the leaves rustling in the breeze suddenly bumped up the volume.’ ‘[The place] did have a reputation as being haunted.’ ‘[They were fairies] because they danced.’ ‘I feel like a bit of an ass telling you this.’

§196) Canada (B.C.). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on or near water, in a woodland ‘we were on a hiking trail in a park near a creek’; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof, intense, staring, maybe unkind?; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was my fifteenth birthday, March 20th 2006. I was walking along a hiking trail with three friends, two girls and a boy my age. It was about five o’clock or a little later. The weather was gray and overcast with drizzly rain. The path we were on branches off from the main trail. We were going through a

heavily wooded area and the trail was narrow so we went single file. We were climbing up a hill when I saw the fairy(?) standing ahead and a bit to the right of me, between two younger trees. It's the only time I've ever seen a fairy(?) that looked like a person. They were taller than me, maybe five feet five inches to five foot seven inches. They had brown skin, leaning towards dark, and fair straight hair. They were naked from the waist up and wearing dark clothing from the waist down. They were very thin looking and I couldn't tell if they were female or male they were very androgynous. They had a mostly human looking face but their eyes were a bit too big and I couldn't see any whites in their eyes, just dark. I expected the fairy(?) to disappear as soon as I looked directly at it, and so I waited breathlessly for a second, but it didn't. I could still see it. I asked my friends if they saw anything up ahead, and they got very quiet and said no. One friend asked if I was alright. I was afraid, but without turning around (I didn't want to look away from the fairy person thing) I told them to get back to the main trail. I was the leader of my little group of friends and I think they understood I was serious, since the laughing happy mood quickly evaporated and they just obeyed me. I stayed exactly where I was, staring at the fairy(?), afraid to move or turn my back. When I realized my legs were shaking I stood up really straight and stuck my chin out and tried to look brave and unconcerned. We had a stare off for a minute, or maybe a minute and a half, before I said out loud, 'I'm leaving now.' And then I did. I turned around and walked quickly, doing my best not to run, back to the main trail. My friends had just gotten back to the main trail themselves when I got there. My friends asked what happened then but I told them I couldn't explain it. My heart was pounding and I felt quite sick to my stomach, like after you get a burst of adrenaline. One of my friends assumed that I had seen a ghost (they were really into that sort of thing), so I didn't deny it and didn't confirm it and just let them think that, since the truth seemed so much more outrageous and unreal.' 'Human adult height, maybe five foot six or five foot seven? Androgynous, thin, with darkish brown skin, very fair longish straight hair and large dark eyes with no visible whites. They were only wearing dark pants or a long skirt, and they were naked from the waist up.' 'I'm not sure it was a fairy. That's just what

seems to fit the best. The fairy(?) seemed really solid. And earthy, and kind of animal-like even though it looked sort of like a human.' 'I don't know how the fairy(?) felt about me. They didn't really have a facial expression, they just stared at me. I don't know if it was friendly or malevolent or what. I was just scared to be seeing something that I'd never seen before, and that seemed like it shouldn't exist.'

§197) Canada (Manitoba). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I awoke in my bed to find myself surrounded by tiny men dressed in brown holding spears. They did not speak but I was aware that if I moved or cried out that they would stab me. I could not move, and did not cry out. When they finally 'left' I felt that I had passed some test, and that I would not be taken. It is a very strong memory. I believed that my home in the country was surrounded by good fairies, who lived in the trees, but these were malevolent, and I thought they must be brownies.' 'Very small, all dressed in brown or dark colours.' 'I was surrounded by nature and felt that benevolent fairies existed outside in the trees.' '[What are fairies?] Not sure. Little supernatural creatures.'

§198) Canada (Nova Scotia). *Female; 21-30; 2010s; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; mischievous, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'We were watching the stars on December 21 of 2012 just past midnight when we both saw a woman step out of the woods. The area where we were was basically a large aspen tree of nine trees grown together surrounded by woods. Beautiful place. She had a long silver, purple and green gown and loong [sic] hair with seven stars in it. She

seemed to be made of light with what might have been a crown on it. She walked from the woods and paused at the tree, looking right at us before walking INTO the tree. Then it was as though the shadows began to close in and something larger descended from the tree – like a big spider. Needless to say we did NOT stick around. We left in a hurry. After that my friend who also saw it had some terrible spree of bad luck which ended when he later returned to the place with a gift and an apology.’ ‘It reminded me of the old tales of Cuchulain for some reason.’

§199) Canada (Nova Scotia). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland, in a city, in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; erotic; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were very sad; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘2017 middle August, sitting out on deck smoking, *** inside with dog’s door open, when I seen a cloud zoom down so fast past two gardens. Then it paused when four limbs an inch long dropped down the front made a sign and it took off into a Chinese apple tree. It looked like a spider brown limbs. Sense this light out back playing tricks on off and I found a fairie stone the Sacred Heart stone.’ ‘A cloud with one inch limbs I never seen the head so it looked like a light brown limbs like a spider.’ ‘For it moved magically and the cloud was its vessel it had one inch limbs and there is always a green mist smell back door.’ ‘To me I believe now.’ ‘I have the stone the Secret Heart it went missing after three days. Cleaned the house four times then I light a candle outside with water earth and a bit of red wax over the white candle on windy night and prayed for the stone to return next morning. It was at the foot of my bed. I still have it today.’

§200) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘My sister and I were digging in our backyard. Suddenly a group of fairies flew out of the hole. They were all dressed up like we had interrupted a formal ball. The males were in tuxedos and the females were in colourful evening gowns with jewellery and long gloves. My

sister was four or five and I was a year older. We were startled and ran into the house, where we watched them from the back porch.' 'Like tiny people with wings like dragonflies. As I described they were dressed in formal clothes.' '[Fairies are] little people with their own society.'

§201) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes* ['a few minutes for us, hours for the people looking for us']; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'Me and my best friend at age eight were in the countryside for a family barbecue in the fall. Me and her decided to go play in the large woods that evening (just as the sun was starting to set) behind the house because all of the other kids were doing it. We had wandered maybe three minutes into the woods (we could still hear the party faintly) when we came across a ring of mushrooms. I had heard of these being somehow connected to fairies so me and my friend danced around the inside of it for a couple of minutes. When nothing seemed to happen, we left the circle to continue playing. But when we stepped out of the circle, the warm sunset lighting suddenly faded to the point where it was almost pitch black, and we heard our names being called out. We ran towards the voice and found most of the family looking for us. We had apparently been gone for hours. They couldn't see or hear us even though we were a few minutes from the party in a relatively undense part of the forest, and their hunting dog couldn't smell us.' 'Since it happened a while ago I can't remember the exact noises, but I do think I remember giggles that weren't mine or my friend's, and bells/wind-chimes.' 'I did research after the experience, and with the fairy ring and other factors, I believe fairies could be the only supernatural creature able to create what happened to me and my friend.'

§202) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; no answer for duration; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special*

state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sudden warmth before the experience. ‘While recreating my garden space, I could feel a crazy kind of magic, my garden got excited while I worked in it, the longer and harder I worked the more exciting and magical it felt, the plants I planted grew to ridiculous size, huge, I had a friend that was taking botanical classes at the University nearby and she would visit and laugh at me when I would tell her the name of the plants, no she would say that plant doesn’t grow that big, she would bring me native plants to put in my garden and when she came back a few weeks later, she would be shocked at the size of them, we thought we had a secret to growing big plants. The garden got finished, life moved on, after a couple of years, my plants became regular size and all was forgotten. A couple of years ago I started studying all things magical and came across a book on fairies, I was very surprised to read about over in Scotland some place where the plants are super big and the book described the exact same thing that had happened to me and attributed to the fairies. I have never actually seen one but I can feel them, they are not in my garden anymore cause I neglected [it] for too long, but when walking in the forest if I call out to them to follow I can feel the excitement and hear the rustling of them following. I don’t tell too many people about this.’ ‘At the time I was clueless, I had no idea just thought I was using really good soil, LOL, it wasn’t until a couple [of] years later when I read my experience in a book that I looked back and realized the magic was created by fairies by then they had left my garden but they play in the forest at my cottage.’

§203) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences, no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Was waiting for my friend to come back from lodge, was standing on bridge over water by parking lot. Thought it was her saying my name, but she didn’t come back for another five minutes. Distinctly heard someone call my name.’ ‘Imitated my friend’s voice.’ ‘[I thought a fairy] because of environment and feeling’.

§204) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was still angry, cooling off from an argument with my husband'; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was sitting watching the water at the edge of a first on the bank of a local creek. Suddenly, what I assumed was a dragonfly came around the right side of my head and paused, hovering, directly in front of my eyes, for approximately five to ten seconds, just long enough to see exactly what I was looking at – and it wasn't a dragonfly. It was the exact shape, size, and proportions as a dragonfly, with the very same wings, but it was a tiny woman with pale skin, long brown hair, wearing an ivory silk shift. Perhaps twelve inches from my face, she hovered, looking back at me as intently as I looked at her. Then she flew off, again, in the very same manner as a dragonfly. If she hadn't come as close as she did, and paused so long, I'd have mistaken her for just that. I sat there a moment longer in astonishment, then jumped up to run and tell my family what I'd just seen. And, of course, sadly, no one could possibly believe me.' 'Creatures with some human attributes, but a slightly different vibration, likely from a parallel dimension.' 'I'm very grateful to have had the experience.'

§205) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was eating breakfast one morning when I took a drink of my milk and a fairy with short red curly hair flew out from my milk threw her arms back and spat out a drop of milk. And the drop landed on my table. She had neon pink skin, a green dress with a skirt made of leaves and she had little purple boots to her knees with buckles. She flew from near my glass right out my back door. Then I drank again and another fairy flew out. She had orange skin with hair to her hips and it was aqua coloured. She had a red to pink flowing dress to her knees. She had green boots. She flew out the door as well. Before I could swallow another drink, a third fairy came out. She had green skin, dark blue hair as long as her body and little pink shoes no higher than her ankles and they went twirly at the end with a bell. She had a yellow dress with silver sparkles outlining her skirt. The skirt was shorter in the

front than in the back. there was an orange bow at her hips. Instead of spitting out milk, this fairy she threw her arms back behind her and waved at me. Stunned, I looked at her wide eyed and waved back. Then she flew over to my ear and said thank you (for the milk). I said you're welcome. She flew down the hall and up the stairs.' '[Fairies are] kind helpful creatures, can be mischievous (in a good way) and can be mean if treated poorly.'

§206) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'My daughter and I sensed fae energy in our garden by the river, but never knew for sure until we noticed a photo taken at night, which clearly shows a sparkling fairy.'

§207) Canada (Ontario). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was working in my garden when I saw a diminutive woman dressed in a white robe with her arms akimbo and face lowered to the ground standing about two hundred metres away. As I watched her, she stood still, but when I stopped looking briefly and then returned my gaze she had come closer. This happen three times until she was about fifty metres away and when I looked down and back again she was gone. This scenario repeated itself five more times in a month.' 'Humanesque.' 'The only other possibility that seems to fit is [an] angel, but these experiences did not feel or evoke religious feelings for me.' '[Fairies are] creatures with uncanny traits.'

§208) Canada (Quebec). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a city; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'As I was taking a video of the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City these little Orbs show up in my camera.' 'Purple light.'

‘Music was playing outside in the city by a musician.’ ‘I believe in magic light of life. Life is more than what IS!’ ‘[Fairies are] love’.

§209A) Canada (Quebec). *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; ‘neighbor of a friend’; 1980s; 51-60; in a garden; alone; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; scary; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* ‘The event took place in the area of ***, ***, in a private home (bungalow). The owner of the house, a lady we can name ***, a former teacher of French in that area, went to do gardening around the house. It was just after dinner, during a summer’s day. Once ready to work the ground with gardening tools, she suddenly saw three small gnomes coming out of the ground, steering [staring?] at her for maybe a second or two, then running out as fast as they appeared. The event lasts only a few seconds. However, she had time to notice the following details: they measured about thirty centimeters, they more or less look alike, seemed old with grey faces and grey clothing. She doesn’t remember if they had caps or not. But their skin seemed from old-age persons. Very agile, they disappear from the fern plantation between her house and the next one. She never saw them again since then (she thanks Lord for that, being so scared at that time). Only her sister and my friend were told about this event. Today that lady is very old but still remember well this adventure.’ ‘The event is still alive after all these years.’

§210) Canada (Rockies). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘Unusual wind, change in the light, got very quiet, could only see it out of the corner of my eye.’ ‘Blurred like trying to look through fog.’ ‘[Fairies are] very old beings.’

§211B) Canada. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; no duration given; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time.* ‘I had three experiences in my entire life: 1) In Ecuador inside of my house in

the middle of the night I saw her directly. She was stunning. I was so emotional. I didn't believe in fairies before. 2) and 3) In Canada in April 8 with my family and this morning by myself. In the same place in *** next to my home. Have pictures. I would love [it if] you guys can check the pictures I have. 'Like beautiful little tiny women with clear wings.' '[Fairies are] elementals, guardians of the trees and more.' 'I feel blessed and grateful for experiencing all these things.'

§212) US. *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in a garden* ('in my backyard'); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood given ('I could not determine it'); never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I woke up at 2:30 in the morning standing on the steps of my deck, with no recollection of getting there. The door closest to get into the house was locked. I looked out into the yard before turning to go back inside. The grass near the swing set appeared as if it was blowing in the wind, but there was no wind. I don't know why I went over to it and look, but I did. I looked on the swing, and there looked like a small, glowing pinkish red object on the seat. I moved my hand towards it, and my hand felt warmer. When my hand touched the swing however, all of the heat went away, as well as the glow.' 'I assumed they wanted me to come into the yard for some reason.' 'I believe it is a fairy experience based on the warmth I felt as my hand moved towards the glowing.' 'Small, magical creatures that usually want you to do something for them.'

§213) US (Alabama). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It was flying alongside my car, just outside my left window, moving like a large hummingbird. It was about six to eight inches long. It happened twice around the same time.' 'Body about six to eight inches long and plump, no tail. It flew like a hummingbird, moving quickly. The wings looked and moved like large hummingbird wings. I was driving and could not focus on any details.' 'I have no idea [what fairies are].'

§214) US (Alabama). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland, outside house window; on my own; 12 am-3 am; 'several nights'; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* "This happened in 2011 in the summer several nights of one week. Not sure of the month now. We slept with the windows open and I had been having trouble going to sleep that week. I would often sleep with my head at the foot of the bed so I could see out into the backyard and the woods beyond that. The first night I awoke feeling extremely peaceful and noticed a bright whiteish light that changed in color to a indigo violet color buzzing in a very erratic motion inside the frame of my window. So fast that the light had tracers. As I cleared my eyes to make sure what I was seeing I watched it just zip off without a trace. The next few nights there was an unusual calmness, none of the animals made noises. And I notice colored lights that faded in white and back into colors throughout the trees of the woods behind my house, these were not fireflies. The closest were about two hundred and fifty feet from my window and still the size and brightness of old time Christmas light bulbs. They were very high and like one or two *per* tree, there was no noise like bugs or frogs. The woods on my property and the next both had them in the trees. They sort of faded bright to dark constantly. I would shine flash lights on the trees and would not see anything and the lights wouldn't shine. But they would when the flashlight was off of them. Not sure what they were I noticed the property next to mine had glittery rings about thirty foot in diameter across a field and it glistened like light shining on diamonds. But when you went close there was no glistening and nothing obvious making the apparition. After a week the lights stopped but I continued to see the rings for many months. I tried to get other people to notice them but no one ever admitted to seeing them."

§215) US (Alaska). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries)* ['chain sawing trees, yes repetitive but super focused']; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* "I, at the time, worked as a sawer for *** crew fighting

wildfires in the Alaskan interior forests. As we were cutting line around the fire it began to rain a bit and for the most part the fire was controlled but still not contained. It is our job to cut line around the entire fire to eliminate any chance of it drying up and spreading. So it was low adrenaline regular run of the mill day at work. Slow and steady. My saw partner and I would each run the saw till the tank ran out and switch. One would act as sawer and the other as swamped. As we switched tanks, I began to cut and he began to swamp the trees, the burnt hot ones go into the black while the green ones went to the green side, this cutting our eight to ten foot control line on top of this Rocky ridge. As I was cutting down these pecker poles about two to three inch wide and ten to fifteen feet tall, I went to cut into the bottom of one and right before my eyes the tree shrunk down and a not so handsome little man about a foot tall with a beard and many wrinkles on his face stared up at me and screamed 'Noo'. My hands held steady the saw that vibrated from the four hundred and fifty cc motor and my eyes widened large. My partner later told even through the screen protective lenses he could tell something amiss. He yelled '***, *** [the sawyer's name].' With no response I stood stiff. He shook my shoulder, then my partner, a seasoned veteran and paramedic shut off the saw and again asked me what happened? I still stay stiff into [sic] he turns me with grabbing both shoulders and tells me to take a seat. For fifteen minutes he tries to get what happened out of me. How could I tell this man who trusts me with his life that I saw. That I saw... Finally he says he will have to call our crew supervisor,. I turn to him and say '***, I saw an elf!' He looks at me and just shakes his head in full acceptance. I look puzzled, I say 'you saw it too?' He says 'no'. I say 'what'. Trying to read his mind, 'others, others on the crew have seen them?' He nods his head, yes. Understanding this I keep silent and continue about my day. I nor the others on the crew were ready to share and hold their truth amounts the possibility of fall out that could have incurred. Happy to share it now. Blessings and love to the many dimensional beings we share this world with.' 'Old rugged kinda ugly though I don't like to say so. Kinda bald and dirty.' 'I said elf to my buddy but it could easily be a name. I just know what I saw. It was in the woods, and my wisdom spoke up and

remembered something that lay dormant [? dormant].’ ‘[Fairies are] a dimensional being that can support humans if they wise up in connection with Mother Earth. Fairy is a large dimension of characters. Some to trust while others are a bit more tricky.’ ‘Being a thirty-nine-year old man that has retired from a job that most people considered brave, tough, and masculine. I love sharing this story to those who are like. Well I got me thinking anyway.’

§216) US (Arizona). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a city; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘It was in a dream, and she was protecting me and asked me if I knew what she was and I said yes. Then later after we were done flying together I saw four little ones and when they saw me they turned to plastic dolls.’ ‘The adult size was pretty had caramel hair color and light skinned. The four little ones were older looking one white, Mexican and I can’t remember the rest.’ ‘Because I just knew [that she was a fairy], and she asked if I knew.’ ‘Why haven’t I seen them if I believe, though I know there are bad and good and I am worried of the bad ones.’

§217) US (Arkansas). *Female; 11-20; 1990s; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘My younger sister and I were playing in the woods behind our grandparents’ house with our family dog. Our grandparents’ property was fairly large so we liked to go exploring. On the backside of the property was a hilly area with a good-sized creek running along the low areas. I had always enjoyed taking long walks there. That day, my sister who was around six years old at the time ran ahead of me and then off to the right over the top of the hill and down to the creek. The dog stayed with me. As I went to follow my sister, the dog became very still and started leaning against me with his hackles raised though he didn’t bark

or growl. He was focusing intently on something off to our left. It wasn't my sister because she had gone off to our right. When I looked up to see what had the dog so worked up, I saw a woman. She was wearing a long, white dress and was walking toward us but there was no noise of crunching leaves or anything. It was completely silent and still. The birds and wind didn't even make a sound. She was beautiful and seemed to glow a little like she was a little brighter than everything else around her. She looked at me smiled and waved. I was feeling kind of shocked and just stood there staring back at her. My dog made some kind of noise and pushed against me some more and I looked down at him. When I looked up again, the woman was gone. My sister hadn't seen anything.' 'Her hair was dark blonde and was long and loose. She was wearing a long white dress and seemed to be brighter than her surroundings like she maybe glowed a little.'

§218) US (Arkansas). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; country road, on a garden; on my own; can't remember time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; extremely happy; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I saw what I guess you could call a Leprechaun. I was walking from our back lot to the house. We had a very old peach tree at the edge of the yard. As I came into the back yard I heard a noise and looked toward the tree. There stood a little man! He stood about two-foot high. Looked like an older man (white hair, wrinkles) dressed in browns/greens. Know he had a hat on, but can't remember much about it. His shoes looked like moccasins, sort of. He was carrying a sack type thing over his shoulder, couldn't tell anything about what was in it. Remember his clothes seemed layered and with uneven edges. He had a beard that was grey/white. We stood and stared at each other for what seemed like for ever right then, but I'm sure was just a few minutes. He seemed as stunned to see me as I was him! Suddenly, he turned, shot toward the peach tree and disappeared down a hole close to the trunk between two old roots. I played in the tree all the time and there had never been a hole before. Later I stuck my arm down it, even tried digging it out till my grandmother told me to quit and leave the little people alone. She did not seem surprised when I told her about seeing

him. I spent hours hiding around the corner of the house, watching the tree, but never saw him again.’

§219) US (Arkansas). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘As a small child, I played in the woods near our house. On multiple occasions I interacted with what I know now to be fairies. They appeared to me as tiny people who would run along beside me and span [?] to me telepathically. They would tell me where to walk, which logs to avoid because of snakes. Years later I asked my mom why she let me wander alone in the woods at five years old. She replied, I grew up in those woods too. I knew you were safe.’ ‘Like tiny humans maybe six inches high.’ ‘My mother experienced them in the same area as a child.’ ‘I believe they are always around us, but are easier to experience when we are young.’

§220) US (Arkansas). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; ‘dancing in the moonlight’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was in a clearing on a mountain, on a full moon in autumn. Friends were in a truck not far away listening to music, and I was dancing and spinning a stick in the moonlight. After a while, I noticed a swarm of things, hundreds of them, about an inch or two long flying in a circle around me. It was too chilly to be insects, and they were all flying counterclockwise. I was trying to figure out Wtf? When one landed on my nose. A two-inch thing sitting on your nose is kinda hard to see, but it sure as hell looked like a tiny vaguely luminescent person with wings (which were tickling my eyelashes). It was a pretty amazing moment. Then one of the guys got out of the truck, I dropped the stick, and they all took off into the trees.’ ‘They were fast and hard to see. Would have mistaken them for insects, except it was too cold, and the behavior was weird. And in the moonlight they seemed like they glowed a bit, like phosphorescent fungus, but could have been a trick of the light. The one on my nose I couldn’t see well. Seemed humanish very small very light, and it kinda tickled.’ ‘[Why fairies?] The dancing, the flying in a

circle, the faint glow, the one that landed on my nose, and it just really seemed to be the case. Dunno man. It was faeries. I've had other experiences before and since, but never one so undeniable. I mean, faeries comes and sits on your nose, that kinda... it's no longer a matter of belief.' '[What are fairies?] no clue. I think that's a broad territory, and one that gets awful fuzzy in the reality department.' 'I think usually, it's a corner of the eye thing, or a something merely felt or heard or... They seem not exactly 'here'. I think in my experience I was in an elsewhere for a bit there. There is a tendency of feeling, a particular resonance that I associate with faerie that is not the case with other phenomenon. I don't know of course, as this is strange business.'

§221) US (Arkansas). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; mischievous, erotic, annoyed; regular supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'So we were making a crappy indie film, and we'd finished filming for the night. We were trying to get all the various power cords dealt with. They were tangled as all hell. So I struggled with the one I was dealing with for about ten minutes, and every time I touched the damn thing. It tangled. I even went so far as to lay the thing out perfectly straight, I start coiling it and immediately, it was impossibly tangled. I kinda lost it, and bellowed 'alright goddammit, you want to play this game, Fine!' I whooped off my coat, turned it inside out, put it back on, and started furiously coiling cables with no more problems. Everybody just kinda stared at me, but I didn't care. I felt badly to pull out some old school on the mischief, but I was pissed. And it worked. The whole shoot was plagued by weird problems, and I think it's because there were loud people and lights in the woods where no people should have been. Dunno, that's what happened though. I left out some whiskey and cookies in apology after that, and it seemed to help.' 'Felt like faeries, faeries live there, mischief was consistent, inside out coat instantly stopped it.'

§222) US (California). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, comforting; occasional supernatural experiences; you had*

just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. ‘I had multiple experiences as a very young child (five years and less) and they all blend into one today. I would be in my bed at night, it would be late, very dark. And in the corner of my bedroom, near the ceiling I would see these fairy-like beings of light. There could be as many as six or eight, and they would be in different stages of morphing: they would start out as a pearly/opal ball of light. Then the ball would slowly change into a fairy-like shape. Small, maybe four to five inches tall, feminine, winged. Soft colors, pearly and opal-like. The really weird thing was that I wasn’t afraid of them! When I was a child, I was very shy and afraid of everything! I suffered many nightmares and hated going to bed, but I wasn’t afraid of the fairies. They seemed to be like guardian angels, though I don’t ever remembering that they interacted with me, or me with them. I didn’t even think of them as fairies. I thought they were like Disney’s Tinker Bell, who I know now, as an adult, was a fairy. It didn’t really hit me until I was an adult, around twenty two years, that what I saw were fairies. I mentioned it to a friend who told me that her dad called them ‘spooof fairies.’ (Spooof, not Spook). I saw these fairies in my bedroom but also at my Grandmother’s house (she was from Scotland). My granny died the day after my fourth birthday, and I wonder if she isn’t somehow connected with the fairies, though I don’t remember if she spoke about fairies or not. I’ve asked myself if I could have dreamed the fairies. It’s possible, but it would have been a recurring dream. No, I think I was awake. My strongest feelings are that the fairies were comforting, beautiful, and like nothing else in my everyday world, then and now. The opalescence was beautiful. The light did not light up my room or produce heat; it just was, and it was beautiful. Thank you for giving me this forum to relate what happened to me. I’ve shared this with very few people.’ ‘Don’t remember hearing them.’ ‘I haven’t the slightest idea [why I thought they were fairies], except that I used to watch *The Wonderful World of Disney* on television on Sunday nights, and Tinker Bell was on that show. I think a fairy would be the least frightening to a child. A ghost, alien, or angel would frighten the hell out of me, as an adult or as a child.’

‘[Fairies are] a different type of being from us. Similar to angels.’ ‘I forgot to mention that sometimes the fairies would be pouring bottles of some type of bubbly liquid into fancy glasses (soda pop, champagne?). The bottles would be bigger than the fairies. I don’t remember if they drank the liquid or not. They seemed to be celebrating.’

§223) US (California). *Female; 1960s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad (‘it was war time, I was a cog in the machine’); loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘In woods, following raccoon trail up a creek. Trail divides. One went up hill to the right to a dark entangled hostile woods. Trail to left went up. Hill to the left to a luminous, verdant green inviting woods. I went left to a leveling knoll where trail ended. Trails do not end in the woods. Perplexed, I left the ground and scrambled through the dense brush, limb to limb, trunk to trunk for approximately thirty yards where I entered a meadow about the size of two basketball courts, it was not grassy, but full of knee-high wild flowers with tall old fir tree with gnarley roots and moss limbs on skirt of circumference of meadow, and a large madrone tree in the middle. The atmosphere was alive and freshening. Silence was healing. Madrone tree had limb growing out parallel to ground about chest high for a lengthy span, at one point it drooped to stomach high so climbed up and sat there in the saddle and studied the mystery of this meadow without being able to fathom what it was. But it was alive, with an electrical sense of humor as if a joke was playing out with me as the host. Eventually I left the limb to leave the meadow because evening was ready to descend, a late summer afternoon this was. There were no trails leading out so I stepped carefully, avoiding treading upon any single flower, and the path opened up to me, one step at a time, guiding my feet, where my feet should go. At [the] edge of meadow, just as I was entering the brush again, I heard a bell. A tiny crystal silver type of bell. It rang just once. I can still hear it, it has stayed with me for all my life. I turned around and then I saw the faeries and elves were at play, as if they couldn’t wait any longer for me to be gone.

They saw that I saw them and they froze, trying to trick me into believing they weren't there, but it was too late. I saw them and they knew I saw them, they knew that I knew that they knew. It was just a split moment outside the measure of time by human methods, and that's when they took me into their confidence and drew me into their merriment and festivities of unfettered mirth and merriment. Dancing, singing, music, rejoicing in the presence, the visitation of the queen of the forest to their meadow. I had been sitting in her lap, the madrone tree, without knowing it, and that was the joke, as they laughed silently while waiting patiently for me to leave. The queen of the forest, as I call her, came to me and laid her hand on my left shoulder and informed me it was time for me to go. I protested, telling her I wanted to stay. Her compassion, understanding was beyond measurement, and her touch and words filled me with a healing comfort in a troubled time of my life. She granted me a wish, but I declined and she gave me a gift instead. Her words have guided me all my life, but it has taken a lifetime to remember all she said, a lifetime to understand the meaning, which I am still trying to remember and understand. I asked if I could tell others of my meeting her and she said yes, I could, but she seemed to know already the challenges I would face and endure by telling of such things. She did tell me one thing I can share with every one, which I don't often speak of with words but try to live and incorporate with my being in every encounter with other people, simply that, 'Love shall overcome' so rejoice. The secret of the ages that I learned that day is that the universe, the omniverse, she, the divine impulse, mother of all, is pure joy. Everything is joy, the source, the end, joy. Yes there is sadness, pain, death, loss, remorse, but, ultimately joy is what it is all about. The four foundation stones to manifest absolute joy is freedom, truth, beauty, and love. I went back many times to that meadow but the feasting had moved on to other locations. but the experience has never diminished in its brightness. It is the truest moment of my life.' 'Similar to classical renditions, as well as glowing balls of color, always in motion.' 'I've been trying to describe the music all my life. I'm a pianist and always try to replicate what I heard: it's like listening to multiple symphonies at once.' '[I knew they were fairies] because they were the spirits of the plants and flowers, trees and their leaves. [The]

queen of the forest, there was no mistaking who she was. Is.’ ‘It was the most real and profound moment of my life. I’ve since studied the phenomenon and have found many others to have had similar experience. Science found a part of the brain that can activate this feeling. Different experiences of other people amount to a similar profundity. Whatever it was, it touched me deeply and awakened my soul. I wish for all the world to know this experience, however they may experience it. When it happens the darkness of fear is instantly vanished like a light switch being flipped on. It is something that is everybody’s birthright, to know the divine intimately, personally.’ [Fairies are] spirits of vegetation.’

§224) US (California). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘I saw a bright flashing light in my house and then it flashed again. I saw ‘beings’ that were clothed in light floating into my room, but they did not have legs or legs that I could see.’ ‘They looked like humans but were bright and ‘white’.’ [Fairies] because the entities that I saw seemed playful and friendly. They seemed like they were there to entertain me or to show me something. I have never had a ‘ghostly’ experience, or an alien experience.’ ‘Recently there were some flashing lights in my living room. I was in my den. The lights were bright and white and were only in the living room. The light did not spill over into my den. It was broad daylight and I asked if anyone was outside with a camera/flash. The lights looked like the flashing white light of a camera flash.’

§225) US (California). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; mournful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘Saw a small figure darting in/out of the flower pots in my backyard, at twilight. Got a sense of ‘not enough room’, creature was NOT happy, extremely sad.’ ‘I heard mourning sounds, as if their world was not enough or lost.’ ‘Saw a figure in shades of grey.’ ‘There was

the hint of bells in the air... 'Time felt twisty.' 'Beings [fairies] who once had a place in this world, left it, and are coming back.'

§226) US (California). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; comforting; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'I just remember their presence. I opened a circle and they came to sit with me. I couldn't describe them but I can now look at depictions of the fae and recognize truth from fiction.' 'Whispy.' '[What is a fairy?]. That's a really interesting question and I don't know how to answer it.'

§227) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; country road*; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience*; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'Me and my family were driving home from my grandparents' house and I looked out the window and saw a small insect-like thing glowing red and blue flying outside my window. It only stayed there for a couple [of] moments before flying away.' 'It had a feminine body shape and a blue and red aura.' 'Well I usually have experiences with demons and spirits but this was much different and for once, made me feel good.' '[Fairies] are spirits from deep in the forest and it takes truly special people to see them.'

§228) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; 'in my driveway'; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My hometown is mostly urban but still features a few nature spots, including a creek and small patches of forest in some areas. One day, my dad had picked me up from tutoring in middle school, at least ten years ago from today, and we'd gotten home just before sunset. We were talking, and I'd known he'd gone to Starbucks before, so had milky sugary coffee on his breath. He turned around when I was about to ask him something, but then a sprite flew between us.'

The seconds it passed seemed slowed, and before I knew it she was gone, but I could still make out what she looked like. Green patchy skin, a closed flower bulb for hair, dragonfly wings, black eyes, almost no nose but thin lips, no clothes on, and small breasts on a slim body. I knew what I saw because she bent around another house, before disappearing, like a diver going into a pool. I obviously forgot what I was going to ask my dad, but I did ask him if he saw her/it. He had no idea, even though she was right in front of him the most and at least five inches tall/long. I'd always believed in faes but didn't do much real investigating until later in life, which is when I found out some like milk, probably why she whizzed past us that day.' 'Female, small breasts, slim body, black eyes, green skin in patches of different shades, dragonfly wings, closed flower bulb for hair.' 'No sounds, not even of her wings.' 'For ghosts/demons, they either had no form (invisible or just a shadow), were see through, or deformed in some way, and most experiences were heavily based on sensing they weren't human nor alive, but feeling their presence based on their attitude. For UFOs, all experiences didn't deal with any emotional sensation or manipulation, I simply saw ships/vehicles or heard intense pulsing sounds in/from the sky. The pixie felt real, had physical form, I could sense she was simply in a rush like someone passing by on the street, and that was that: it was a very real, organic experience.' 'Creatures [are fairies] from a dimension layered onto ours.' 'I have a strong connection to redwoods and redwood forests. In preschool, there was a redwood at the back of the playground; on the brightest, sunniest days I could see lights that weren't from the sun, hear music and voices, and felt drowsy but calm until someone snapped me out of it by calling my name or having me play games with them. Nowadays I simply feel very at home in a redwood forest, more than anywhere or with anyone else.'

* This respondent sent in two different versions. The answer in the main text dates to August 2016, the answer in the footnote to April 2017. **US (California)**. *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in a garden* [in front of my house]; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; 'in a rush, simply passing through'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was raised in a small suburb, my house resting on a hill with a creek at the base. This is my only experience of encountering fae. I was in middle school, around thirteen or fourteen. My parents were still together, and my dad had picked me up from school as usual. I was in a tutoring program, so by the time we got home it was very late dawn [dusk?], just before sunset. He'd opened the garage as we got out of the car and just as we

§229) US (California). Female; 2000s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland, inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; 'different times'; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience. 'I was walking back from the rec center to the dorms which was about a one to two mile hike. I felt a weird sensation of dread while walking along the path and was silently wishing I wasn't walking alone. At that point, I started noticing small blurs running from tree to tree until I had gotten on the other side of the hill. The next time I saw something was when I finally moved off-post to ***. I had suddenly turned around in the kitchen and saw a small (about two inches tall) set of legs run into the closed pantry door.' 'The blurs had color like they may have been humanoid. The legs were brown.' 'Size changed through the experience.'

were walking inside he turned around to tell me something or answer a question I might've asked. But just as he turned, while smiling, the two seconds seemed to slow as I saw something fly across his face. I was about to assume it was a bird, until I realized it had a very small humanoid body, about five inches long, slim, and small breasted like a teen girl. The skin had patches of green shades (mostly light greens), its 'hair' like a closed pink flower with leaves, its eyes small and black, its hands with less fingers than a person, its feet like leafs, and clear wings like a dragonfly. I stared at it as it continued flying away from the house, and I could confirm that it really was a small humanoid because as it turned to fly over, or through, the next house, its body curved like a swimmer diving in a pool. The next thing I knew it was gone and my dad was just standing there, asking what I was looking at, as if he hadn't seen something five inches long just pass his face. Upon asking him myself he revealed he really hadn't seen anything, and I'd remembered he'd gone to Starbucks before or while taking me home. His drink of course had milk in it, so I figured the smell of it on his breath might've attracted the creature. To my great disappointment even as a twenty-two-year-old woman, I never saw it/her or any other type of fae again.' 'Five inches long, slim body, light green patchy skin, small breasts, hair like a closed pink flower, black eyes, no nose, hands of only three fingers and regular thumbs, feet with no toes but more like leaves, very transparent dragonfly wings maybe two or four, small mouth, maybe small but long pointy ears.' 'She made no sound, in fact all surrounding noise seemed muted as I saw her.' '[It was a fairy] because the creature was small, flying, its body made up of leafs and a flower for hair, and it had wings.' '[Fairies are] various creatures of nature living in an in between dimension.' 'I am hoping that diving into paganism and becoming closer to nature might help me see fairies again, whether scary or not, despite being an adult, since they are said to be more visible to children/teenagers. I'm not sure if this is relative, but for at least a year I had countless nightmares in late elementary school. I've always had, and still do have, very profound dreams with immense detail and have even visited the same places more than once (the later repeat dreams being less scary or confusing than the first time). But in the period of nightmares many dreams involved my backyard at night, with the grass knee-high and unseen monsters racing towards the back of the house from the higher point of the hill I live on. Much later in life when I read the *Spidernick Field Guide* it's said that the presence of goblins gives you nightmares. Although online it is also said nightmares can be triggered by stress and puberty. Something more distinct to my minimal faery experience is when I was a toddler in preschool. Behind the playground stood a tall redwood tree, which was my favorite thing in the world. If I was ever given the opportunity to lead a pretend game or play tag I sometimes or always tried to involve the tree, either as a pretend house or as a safe zone. I also remember often wandering to it absentmindedly and looking up to the branches or dancing around it. On particularly sunny days I would sit against it alone and look at the sun through the branches, and if I listened very carefully I could even hear distorted yet almost enchanting music and voices, and see extra sparkles of light dancing around. To this day redwoods are my favorite tree and make me feel at home.'

§230) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, curious; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was attending ***’s Witch Camp, an event for modern Pagan Witches that features daily magical training and rituals. We were supposed to spend an hour by ourselves in nature, observing, making an altar, and writing in our journals. My special place was in a wooded cove on the bank of a creek. I was writing in my journal when I felt/saw something from the corner of my left eye. It was the color of gas flame – a vivid blue – and hovered very near my eye for a few seconds, then darted away. I thought perhaps it was a dragonfly or hummingbird, but it moved backwards very fast, and I did not hear the wing-beats that would have accompanied these animals. I still don’t know what I experienced, really; it could even have been the reflection of light off my eyeglasses. But later in the evening, when I reported my unusual experience, several more experienced campers interpreted it as a fairy. They reported that I was not the only one to have experienced this sort of darting, hovering, blue-light thing down at the creek. Who knows – perhaps it was a fairy.’ ‘First of all, I’m still not sure I experienced a fairy; I’m reporting the way others interpreted it. However, considering all the cultural categories of anomalous experiences, and the specific parameters of my experience, it fits better with ‘fairy’ than with ghost, alien, angel, or some other category. The thing was small, brightly colored, moved very fast, and was found in the woods near a creek. These characteristics are more like ‘fairies’ than they are like ghosts (spirits of the dead), aliens (beings allegedly from other planets), or angels (heavenly messengers according to the Judeo-Christian tradition).’ ‘A fluttering or humming, like the sound of something vibrating.’

§231) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience [?]; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experience; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It was a very intense dream. So real that I am counting this as an

experience. Very detailed. The fairies (dressed in pretty dresses etc.) and I were getting off a boat on a lake, it was very stormy. I was told that people often are not aware of the magic around them, that they are so involved in their busy lives. I was told that fairies often take forms that people don't often recognize. I turned around and one of the forms this fairy took was of an Aztec beetle! There's more. I wanted a pot of gold but the elf told me 'not at this time'. Even more detail, but this is enough!' 'A few were in pretty dresses with their wings etc. one was a large twelve inch beetle with an Aztec design on the shell.'

§232) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, sympathetic; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad, you were extremely happy; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'A leg cramp had triggered a bad fibromyalgia flare. I went inside to lie down. In mere seconds, not finished settling down, I felt a long-fingered hand hold my hand. A pair of similar long-fingered hands (they felt feminine) started massaging my leg HARD! I felt the distinct fingers. They unkinked the muscle, and my fibromyalgia flare stopped just like that. It never normally stops so fast.' 'My grandmother's home [where this happened?] had a reputation for strange happenings.' '1. Ghosts, in my experience, tend to be visual rather than tactile, and oblivious rather than responsive, often caught in loops, repeating an event or emotion. 2. I think a lot of 'alien' experiences actually involve fairies. Fairies seem more believable to me, as they have less far to travel and more in common with us. 3. Angels have a particular spiritual quality about them. These beings just felt earthier.' '[Fairies are] nature beings. Creatures in charge of vivifying creation, more fallible than angels, but mostly doing the best they can.' 'I have felt other touches from fairies, most recently yesterday a couple of comforting touches when I was frustrated with the chronic fatigue that goes with my health issues, but the account I gave was the most vivid experience. I have had vague possible glimpses, but nothing as concrete as the touches. I have more direct interactions in lucid dreaming (I believe that fairies find it easier to insert themselves in dreams than

to become perceivable to us in the waking world) but that might lie outside of your survey's intention.'

§233) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful, loving; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'Saw a fairy afloat next to my pillow while I was in bed.' 'Bright sparkling light with fast moving wings.' 'High pitched musical tone.' 'I sensed it was a joyful playful entity from its light/aura/energy and from what I could see.' '[Fairies are] little nature entities that usually mean no harm and fly around cherishing nature.'

§234) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, angry, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was picking cherries and noticed a lot of moss and mushrooms and very small flowers, I thought to myself the area looked very much like fairy land. On my second day at the job picking cherries a very small one-inch tall, light greenish gold fairy appeared to me. She had mermaid legs with little feet or fishtail she had blond hair and she was fluttering in front of me. I said hello and she leaned against the tree I was picking cherries on. I was kneeling down when she came to me. She fluttered her wings she had four golden iridescent wings like a butterfly. She had a beautiful little face. I was talking to her asking her where she came from. But I could not hear what she was saying. She was making sounds that I did not understand or could not hear. Then I thought I would take a picture of her with my cell phone and when I tried to take the picture she got mad and looked at me and quickly flew away. After this happened a dark insect like creature about the same size kept flying in my face. It scratched on my neck and it seemed to be angry. I continued my job working and I apologized to

the fairy for trying to take a picture. As I got to my car another insect-like creature attacked me and flew into my face and scratched my forehead.’ ‘She was greenish gold.’ ‘The other two were black greenish brown.’ ‘Sounded high pitch inaudible.’ ‘Because she looked like a fairy type that I have seen in books but not exactly she had a fish tail like a mermaid. And I had been thinking of fairies for a few days because the area looked like where fairies live.’ [Fairies are] little magical people with wings.’

§235) US (California). *Male; 1980s; 21-30; inside a private house*; on my own*; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Lying on the floor watching Saturday Night Live, I briefly dozed a little and awoke. I notice the fish swimming around in my aquarium which was next to me. I also was aware that several small beings were holding me down on the floor. They were talking among themselves saying things like ‘look at the poor human struggling, he can’t even get up, etc.’ They were taunting me, sort of. They seemed to exhibit child-like amusement and took joy in their teasing. I sort of got a little freaked then poof, they were gone and I got up and went to bed. I seriously have doubts that this was a hypnogogic episode and I had sensory acuity of sound, sight and smell. I could not ‘see’ the beings only hear and feel their hands on me. This always freaked me out though.’ ‘Things seemed non-threatening and impish.’ ‘Inter-dimensional entities.’

§236) US (California). *Male; 1990s; 41-50; in woodland, in a city, inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; blink of an eye, minutes, hours’; aloof, intense, ‘filled with their sense of honour and their kind of integrity (not like human)’; occasional supernatural experience; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘First time: A long night of visitation. In Faerie, many months past, though I was only ‘gone’ for a short time. I was forbidden to relate some of the encounter. However, I was given a gift (which has proven very true, twenty years later). And, I was given two tasks. 1) to

link human magic with Faerie magic to 'save the green'. About which they are very concerned, the destruction of the wild places. 2) to 'lead people to Faerie'. Which has been a life journey to figure out what it is that I'm supposed to do. Second time: a being moved across a fire lit meadow. There were many people there. I don't think anyone else saw the being. Third time: a Faerie appeared in my bathroom when I was in the shower. he came with me from the shower to my bedroom to convey some information to me and then he disappeared. Fourth time: was singing in a very 'Fey' spot and suddenly we could see our breath, except that the air temperature did not change – we were not cold – but a mist came in. Our hair tingled. Then it stopped and the sun came out. Fifth time: I slipped across the veils via awareness of 'essence', and heard great songs of making as the Fey workers danced the essence of all living things.' 'Aloof, intense, filled with their sense of honour and their kind of integrity (not like human).' 'A Celtic tribe probably from pre-Christian British Isles (I believe Scotland, but maybe somewhere else?). They had furs and wools and carried hand weapons. Human size. They said that they can appear anywhere on the planet via slipping across the veils. They spoke such that I understood their words, though they did not speak modern English. And I do not speak any Celtic language. (First and third encounter). Second: too dark in silhouette to see clearly.' 'Fifth time I heard music. The songs of Makings the dance the living world's essence.' 'The first time, the Faeries told me who they were. Over the years, I have developed a practice of acknowledging the truth of that experience, which perhaps colours experiences since? Don't know. Again, I point out that my 'gift' such as it was, manifests in the mundane world quite observably. I don't understand that. But the gift was quite clear. And that leads me to try to accept some level or form of truth to the matter. I also try never to leave my left, thinking, analytic brain behind. And, I try to keep one foot firmly planted in mundane reality.' 'I started out seeing acquaintances seem to go somewhat 'crazy' from so-called fairies. I wanted nothing to do with that chaos. then, stuff began to happen to me. I then started to study. The study has given me some insight into my own experiences, or perhaps a 'frame' with which to understand these. However, I remain both an absolute believer and a sceptic. Call me a Faerie

heretic. However, I have gone deep and wide into what has been reported and folk wisdom past down to us. I will note that my first major spiritual experience predates all of this by at least ten years and remains the rock upon which I live. At that time, I was ‘shown’, deeply experienced, that I am but a part of the great unfolding of a living, perhaps divine, universe (immanent, not transcendent. If there is divinity, then to me, it is what science describes, such as we know at this time). Science does not at this time account for Faeries. But, at the same time, science cannot account for experiences that I and some friends have experienced and can acknowledge and confirm with each other. There is a lot I don’t know. And I’m ok with Mystery.’

§237) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘My girlfriend and I were taking evening time photographs at *** state park. We found an amazing meadow surrounded by large old conifer trees. While my girlfriend [went?] down into the meadow to get the best camera angle, I stood behind at the edge of the woods and took about fifteen pictures of her doing her photography and the scene around us. It wasn’t until we reviewed the pictures on my iPhone that we spotted what appears to be a very clear fairy with a distinct green aura around it. I first noticed it around my girlfriend’s head in some of the low light pictures where the glow stood out more easily. But upon further review, the fairy is found in almost every picture I snapped on my phone of the scene. In different light levels, different focus points, and appears to even be hiding near the ground watching my girlfriend from a distance at first in several of the photos. I never believed in or had even considered the possibly of their actual existence. But the pictures I took actually have me somewhat shook up. I can see human features in some pictures, arms dangling, legs and feet in one, a feminine neck and head in another, and what appear to be wings moving at hummingbird like speed from the blur of it.’ ‘Feminine features. None of the picture show the entire body, as the green aura appears blurred, probably from movement. But some parts are visible in most pictures. Slender legs and arms. A neck and head leaning out towards my girlfriends ear, arms dangling

clearly. Wing shapes.’ ‘Visually, it was a fairy, like straight up Tinker Bell from Peter Pan fairy. I had never believed until I saw the pictures I took myself.’ ‘My girlfriend and I both would consider ourselves skeptics. But she had many fairy experiences as a child she had summed up as imagination, that she has now revisited and thinks may have all been real memories.’ ‘I think there is something special about my girlfriend, and that this fairy was trying to make contact with her but was unsuccessful as we weren’t listening unfortunately. By we will be going back as soon as possible and though I never imagined myself saying something like this, we’re going to try to make contact with a fairy.’

§238) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, ‘ritual or meditation’; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘During a ritual I was conducting to honor the earth and nature spirits, a tall dark-haired man wearing green and black with silver and gold trim and decorations appeared and said we knew each other. I was very confused. He said he would see me again soon. Both my wife and I heard his voice and/or saw him and his people in our dreams or on the edge of consciousness for several days. He and his people came to live in our garden and we speak to them regularly.’ ‘Tall and strong. Much like a human, but cleaner and more focused. The leader I first spoke with is about the same height as I am (six foot five inches) though I get the impression he is actually capable of being much larger should he need to. Others were much smaller and less definite in their shape.’ ‘I did not hear their music the first time, but the one I spoke with asked me to sing his songs. I asked how I would know which ones were his. He said ‘you’ll know.’ So far, that has been the case.’ ‘The Individual I spoke to first used a language that I now believe was Old Irish or Gaelic based on my subsequent research. When I did not understand it, he identified himself as a member of the Sidhe. My intuition confirmed this very strongly.’ ‘Beings who share the land we live on, but exist

primarily in another level of existence than we do.’ ‘After speaking with the Sidhe chieftain I met in the experience I described at intervals for some time, I have learned a great deal. The garden around my house has also done uncommonly well, even though neither my wife nor I are expert gardeners. Living with the knowledge that he and his people share the same land is also a responsibility, just as it would be to share space in a communal way with a fairly large group of human friends. We have a reciprocal relationship that so far has been mutually beneficial to both my family and his. One factor in his choice to contact me is that I and a Neo-Pagan Druid and had already undergone extensive training and study into Celtic mythology and history before he chose to visit. I also had a fairly long-standing Shamanic practice. He told me that my training made me someone he could and would contact and that not all humans are in that category for reasons that I chose not to delve into because it seemed rude to do so. I am very interested in this survey and would be willing to discuss this further as long as whoever contacts me is very respectful of my privacy and realizes that there is much I am not at liberty to discuss because it must remain between me and the Green Ones I share the land with just as there are many things groups of human friends share that are not to be brought out into a public sphere.’

§239) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; cemetery; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; hinting; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I think I very briefly experienced the Fairyworld, but not Fairies.’

§240) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, ‘in love’; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘Fairy Encounter in Summer 2010. My girlfriend and I were sitting by a beautiful stream in *** Park. We each had just eaten a gram of mushrooms

(psilocybe). She was a clairsentient person – forty-six years old, like me at the time – who'd had psychic and Faery realm experiences since her youth. She told me as we sat there that she just saw a Giant, and pointed into the dense woods across from us and the stream, where there was also a wide dirt path by which we had hiked into this area (we were only two miles in from the Pacific Ocean side of the park, the trail actually runs for about twenty miles all the way into the redwood forest town of ***). She was also pointing far to our left, and I said I didn't see anything. She said I missed it, I had to pay more attention next time. She then told me that she'd encountered the Fae at various times throughout her life. After maybe fifteen minutes of talking about that, and maybe another twenty minutes of silence, we were feeling the mushrooms getting stronger, patterns were emerging in the plants and stream etc. We'd gotten to our spot by crossing a bridge that was just fifty feet away from us, as the stream was somewhat large. We kissed for a while, and then, when we broke apart she pointed again across and a bit to the left, at the woods and said look, there's something moving. This time I saw what appeared to be a person pop out from between the trees, and onto the trail. He was still at least five hundred feet away. Then he began moving down the path, I wouldn't know it was a male until later. This being appeared to be walking rapidly, and sometimes skipping, down the path, which was entirely visible to us from across the water. The being walked and skipped until he was in front of us on the path, then he turned and saw us, and then walked/skipped off the path, over the bridge, and was soon standing right beside us. The being appeared to be about nineteen-twenty-one, naked except for a pair of leather celtic or pagan shorts (or maybe more like a loincloth?), like you'd see at the Renaissance Faire, and a leather vest (of similar style) that was fully open. His feet were bare. He exuded a vibrant healthy quality, his body was completely tanned (but caucasian), with natural definition, as if he'd never worked out, but was quite healthy from living in the outdoors all the time. We were seated on the ground, he was standing above us. He appeared to be about five foot seven inches or so, maybe one hundred and sixty to one hundred and sixty five pounds. As I was looking right up at him, and he was looking down at us, I seemed to notice that his ears appeared mildly

pointed on top. He had thick, dark curly (or wavy?) hair, over the ears, but not past his neck. His eyes were intensely sparkly, and he was smiling, his features were animated, and he also seemed to shift his weight slightly between his legs as he proceeded to speak (without a foreign accent, I think). He said he was lost, that he couldn't find his car, could we help him? I said there was only a single path into and out of this area, and it was the one he'd been on. If he followed it another two miles, he'd be at the beach, and the parking lot for the western entrance of *** Park. Unless he'd parked in ***, in which case it would be around seventeen miles to the East entrance and parking area. He thanked me and said he wasn't sure how he'd gotten lost, but could he hang out there with us? We looked at each other and then I said 'No, I think we just want to enjoy each other's company, alone'. He said, did you bring a tent? Maybe I could camp with you or something, and go find my car in the morning. I said thanks, but my girl and I wanted to be alone, and we wished him luck getting back to his car. He took that as a cue to leave, and thanked us both for our help, and wished us a good day. Then he turned away from us, and began to walk/skip across the small bridge, then all the way to the path (about another eighty feet), and then he made a right turn on the path and walked/skipped rapidly out of sight. My companion and I were both stunned and silent for a few minutes, and then she said: 'Did you see how he moved? He was one of them, only fairies move like that.' I replied that I thought fairies couldn't be in a physical form, like humans, and she said no, there are many different types. Besides his robust outdoor healthy energy, and tanned and ruddy complexion, we also agreed that he'd seemed quite handsome, but simultaneously, there was something unsettling and vaguely repulsive, energetically, about him. Anyway, yes, we were on a small dose of mushrooms, but we were both experienced with that, and reasonably educated (she has a PhD in Neuropsychology, I have a BA in Literature, but was working as a digital artist in the film industry at that time).' '[Why fairies?]' The 'glamour', the repulsiveness, the skipping, the clothing (and mostly nakedness), the ears.' '[Fairies are] etheric and astral beings of the Earth plane.' 'The experience influenced my later life in some big ways.'

§241A) US (California). *Female (third person); still in touch with the witness; friend; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house, in a garden; alone; don't know the time; many hours; angry, joyful, aloof, aggressive, desperate, begging, unclear/clear, delightful, dark, scary; regular supernatural experiences; the witness had just woken up or was just about to go to sleep, the witness was tired and hadn't slept for a long time, the witness had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, the witness was very sad.* 'My witness was/is a famous person called Whitney Houston and she has already died and I know why, because I have seen the scenario how it happened. When I saw her for the first time, I could hear her desperate voice singing, which made me notice that she was not in the mood to sing and give concerts any more, only because of her manager. She kept coming, it was dark and I was sitting on the terrace and it was quite dark when I noticed her coming to me in an unpleasant way, not caring for me being scared although I tried to calm her down. I could smell her clothes and alcohol also seemed to play a role, because she was drunk. And she said the following message to me, with a rough voice sounding like she had drunk too much whisky, 'I am gonna die, because I'll take an overdose of medication and will have a bath, getting myself drunk until the mixture of these poisons together will kill me. So people will find me in the bath and the substance which I'll take will not be found in my blood so only you will know how I will die.' I could smell the medical substance or drug, it seemed to be an injection and she used her right arm to inject the poison. I told her to stop, but she didn't, she went on showing me, she wanted to put everything into my heart and soul without caring for my limits, until I learnt to control these feelings, to control her, to get the messages she has been trying to send me. There was another experience I had with Whitney Houston, it was in the shower. When the air was dark because of the water-steam, she frightened me. I could smell her person, her body. And after she had died, I had a dream of her. Her ex-husband was beating her up, shouting 'Batsch, Batsch', and he seemed to like it, but Whitney couldn't fight against him. She seemed to let him do so without saying anything or talking against him when he did so.' 'She said that she would send me angels just to find myself clear.' 'She said they were my assistants, but she would always be the leader of the elves.' 'Whitney is still with me. She is my spirit guide and accompanies

me. I learnt to trust her messages and warnings she keeps sending to me and was also taught by my heart that she is a friend.’

§242) US (Carolina). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; wild, hard to compare to human emotions; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘we had taken a small sip of wine, but not enough to feel any effects, and were wide awake’; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘My friend invited me to go out into the woods to look for fairy rings. We took wine from her parents’ pantry as a friendship offering. We left at sunset, having been given permission to go camping. We walked a little way out into the woods, maybe fifty yards, stopping in a clearing among cedar trees. We each took a small sip of wine, toasting the good health of any spirits who happened to be about, left some in a sea shell which we had brought for that purpose, and poured the rest out on the ground. We then lit a small fire from deadwood since it was getting cold. When we got tired, we poured water on the embers and stirred them to make sure it was all out. We then wrapped ourselves in blankets and lay down to wait. What felt like hours past, and then, when the night was very dark, and my friend was talking about the dark spirits I had seen previously in another forest, there was suddenly a wild presence, a sense of something entirely outside the normal, safe, civilized world. And where we had left the wine we saw small, colorful lights hovering in a circle about a foot or two above the ground. They went round for a while as we stared in mute amazement (I don’t think either of us expected anything to actually show up) and then just as abruptly they vanished. We decided it might not be best to spend the whole night there and rushed back to her house, or at least tried to rush since the path which had been clear on the way seemed to lead us in circles and we were forced to cut through deep underbrush before reaching her back door all out of breath. My friend’s mother was at the back door and said she had been calling for us for the last hour, thinking it was too cold to stay out, but we never heard her.’ ‘Small figures glowing in many colors.’ ‘The feeling that accompanied them was distinctly not religious, human (as with ghosts) or extraterrestrial (although I have never encountered aliens, so I have no point of

comparison there).’ ‘[Fairies are] spirits that inhabit the land and/or an overlapping spiritual dimension.’ ‘This sighting happened during a time from 1999-2001 when other strange things were seen by me, my sister, and another close friend, including mysterious cloaked figures that appeared in daylight (did not feel like fairies), black dogs, large black birds, and tracts of land in another forest which seemed to be there only some of the time.’

§243) US (Colorado). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden* [‘next to apricot tree’]; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; ‘surprised, like it didn’t expect to encounter me’; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘As an eight-year-old girl, I was playing outside by the apricot tree in our yard when I saw a fairy. It was very small, maybe the size of my little fingernail. It had wings, green skin, and a body that ended like a seahorse’s – in a coiled up spiral (no legs). Rather than hair, there was black coloration where hair would be on its head. It flew up in front of my face and we both looked at each other for several seconds. Then, it flitted off and I never saw anything like it again.’ ‘Very small, wings, green skin and black coloring where the hair on the head would be. It had no legs – rather the torso coiled into a spiral like a seahorse. The skin was very soft and green.’ ‘[Why did you think it was a fairy?] ‘Because of the appearance of what I saw and that there was no interaction or message.’ ‘[Fairies are] creatures living between dimensions.’

§244A) US (Colorado). *Male (third person); still in touch with the witness; friend; 2010s; 11-20; don’t know where; alone; don’t know the time; ‘it is still ongoing’; friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful, sassy and fierce; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘A fairy named Sylvizz lives on his shoulder and speaks to him, usually just stories and opinions, but occasionally she has good insight and will protect/help him in his own life.’ ‘A woman made out of a combination of leaves and insect parts.’ ‘High-pitched and giddy-ish.’ ‘She told him she’s a fairy.’ ‘A smaller form of fae, it’s extremely complicated and varying.’ ‘I briefly met her, so either she’s there or there’s some intense schizophrenia going on here ;).’

§245) US (Colorado). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad, you were extremely happy; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was in the living room of my small one bedroom apartment when I first saw flickers of light out of the corners of my eyes. This was the day after I had a dream where I recited a spell from a book that called fairy helpers/guardians to protect me from someone who was trying to take advantage of me. The fairies stayed with me from 2001-2005, while I was living in Colorado Springs. They were sad when I decided to move in with my fiancé in 2002, until I told them they were welcome to come along. I almost heard their cheers and felt like my chest was being hugged by seven little bodies. These fairies were captured on film in May 2003, before and after my wedding. The pictures showed green fairies.’ ‘Flashes of light or little green bodies surrounded in a green nimbus.’ ‘Ghosts make themselves known to me by scent or by whispers in my ears. Fairies I see.’ ‘My fairies were elemental, they were tied to the land. Others have been tied to a person.’ ‘Fairies are wonderful creatures and worth cultivating friendship with, as long as you realize they can be mischievous.’

§246) US (Connecticut). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; ‘serious’; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Was playing in the woods and climbed up a large glacial rock. On a rock ledge was a tall thin man. Six and a half feet at least. He was oddly dressed and looked not quite human. He had six fingers on each hand. I sat down next to him and we talked for a while. I don’t remember what we talked about. I finally climbed down the rock and when I looked back up he was gone.’ ‘Extremely tall, thin. angular features. Long pointy fingers, there were six. Trousers and a coat and a hat.’ ‘I just knew it was a fairy.’ ‘[Fairies are] beings that vibrate at a different frequency and are in a parallel dimension.’

§247) US (Connecticut). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Very strange. I was staring at a spot on a book shelf and then all of sudden a small figure, princely, popped out. After a moment it receded. It really seemed like a little fellow. I like the idea of spirits but I’ve never seen something so material, I’ve always taken the idea to be like shadow or imagination.’ ‘Like a small prince, a bit ‘Maxfield Parrish’-like.’

§248A) US (Connecticut). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1930s; 21-30; in woodland; alone; don’t know the time; don’t know the duration; no fairy mood given; regular supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* ‘My grandmother had a journal that was found after she had died. My mother found this diary in her things when she was an adult (her mother died tragically when my mother was four years old). Here and there throughout the course of several years has moments of mentioning Fay folk. She lived in Connecticut at the time but was originally from Rhode Island. She was second generation American from Scottish/English decent. It seemed she quite regularly experienced seeing faerie folk in her garden and near along the edge of the woods. My daughter who is now twelve is a wholehearted believer, as am I.’ ‘She simply observed them fluttering about and what seemed like tending to their own business. She didn’t want to interact with them for fear of frightening them, much like you observe a wild animal.’ ‘Small, human-like, wings like insects.’ ‘She seemed to simply refer to them as if they just went about their business like any other wild thing.’

§249) US (Delaware). *Male; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘In my

grandmother's garden I saw a figure materialize in an almost heatwave like fashion. This was inside of a hedge, I cannot remember what the scientific name of the plant is but we called it the box bush because it grew rather large, but the inside was completely walkable. My grandmother was just outside of the box bush and told me I may have seen one of the fairies that keep gardens healthy.' 'Heatwave like, in human shape.' 'In relation to this experience there were no sounds. However, on several other occasions I have heard bells ringing in the same garden. No gardens were on the immediate or nearby premises. These sounds always happened late at night.' 'Yes, my grandmother is a firm believer in fairies.' '[I thought these were fairies] largely because of my grandmother's conviction that it was either a fairy or child imagination. Looking back as an adult it could have been either, however given other less intense experiences that also occurred and align with fairy folklore I am of firm belief that it was a fairy. A ghost would be the next possible option, but ghosts and fairies have a shared relationship.' 'I believe they exist. As an adult animist I often interact with these spirits. As a child I was a Christian who was raised to believe that fairies could keep plants alive and healthy. That was largely the extent of my exposure to fairies.' 'Other than the belief that fairies were real and influenced plant life, my grandmother and family were very logical people. These experiences shaped my future research into fairy folklore and animistic religion. This is also very likely to have created a confirmation bias when reflecting on these experiences. My bias of upbringing, current religion, and fascination with the subject of fairy folklore should be kept into account when reviewing this information.'

§250) US (Florida). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a city, in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was surveying the rain damage that Sunday Morning when a coach pulled by dragonflies approached and blocked my path. The coach was fashioned in an old style hearse [hearse?] pulled by a pair of bridle dragonflies. A larger red dragonfly was a rear coach/foot man and provided stability

to the apparatus. A small figure was sitting in the driver seat with top hat and black tailed suit. His speech was very high and fast and unintelligible. I told the fairy I did not understand and he cracked his whip above the dragonflies and took off.’ ‘Small. Less than one inch.’

§251) US (Florida). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, ‘warning’; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Was digging up a garden bed and had a visit from the wee folk riding on a bee. At first I shoed the bee away but then it hovered six inches away from my face and I heard a little voice. I could not believe a fae was hovering in my face trying to make contact. I listened closely, looked closely to try and read her lips. She was too small though. But I think she was trying to keep me from entering a sacred place so I put in an old garden gate as a fence and had a psychic check out the land.’ ‘Less than half an inch tall.’

§252) US (Florida). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden* [‘in front of my Home under a big tree, where I often made offerings, food, trinkets etc.]; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; matter of fact recognition; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported [‘just stepped out of my house onto the walkway’]; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘A slender elfish man about four foot tall and somewhat ethereal but not transparent appeared from under the shady tree. He was wearing green under clothes, tights and blouse, with a black short coat and a crumpled brim hat with a white and pink flower in the left side, that rested to one side of his head. He had on little curled toe boots also black. His right arm tipped his hat and nodded recognition. Very matter of factly he stood there on the walkway recognizing and disappeared, Lovely experience.’ [Fairies are] inhabitants contacting those of a certain disposition.’

§253) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were*

undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘Entering my house, I turned to make sure the patio door shut and I saw a blur much bigger than anything on my patio dart from one plant to another. I could tell it was bipedal, but it was like it wasn’t solid.’ ‘They were seen but moved too quickly and seemed like they were more spectral than solid. I also saw that the plants it touched were affected as if physically rustled.’ ‘Just [heard] the rustling of the plants.’ ‘Had experience with ghosts before (extreme dislike) but fairy experiences leave a different after-feeling. Hard to explain.’ ‘Always skeptical [?] after a sighting, then always wanting to see more.’

§254) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I woke up around 10:30 [pm] because I heard a noise, and I saw a small person lifting laundry out of the clothes pile near my bed. I thought from the size of the person that it was my son, who had a sleepwalking problem. I said to the fairy, ‘Come to bed’ and held the blanket up so he could climb in, but I guess my voice startled the creature and he slid down to the floor, as if to hide under the bed. I leaned over to see why what I thought was my son was hiding, and it was gone. I turned the lights on and looked under the bed, then I checked my son’s room, and he was sleeping. On another occasion I was getting ready to cook dinner and my oldest son was getting into the refrigerator. As the door closed, I thought I saw my younger son duck in front of the door, like he was trying to hide. I said, ‘It’s okay Nick, you can get something to eat!’ And Nick replied from another room that he wasn’t hungry. The fridge door was still propped open, but when I went to see who was there, no one was.’ ‘Like a small child – about five or six years old – with blonde hair’.

§255C) US (Florida). ‘*** [young woman aged about 21] said she and two friends rented a small cabin in 1971 near *** Florida near the beach and about midnight

something woke her up and looking next to her in the windowsill was a bright iridescent butterfly being. There was no explanation for it but it was delightful to see!*

§256) US (Georgia). *Female**; 1990s; 21-30; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘Walking in a very [?] garden, ***, a sunken area with a main street that ran along the top. There were halogen lights on this street, but none in the garden. It was late winter, not especially cold. My husband was there. Strolling along behind me, rather bored by the whole idea of a walk. I was up ahead of him quite a bit. This garden is formal, but parts are naturalized going into a the remains of a forest, which still has some virgin timber. There is a creek that runs through one end of it and there is an overflow ditch, very deep, which meanders through the whole thing area. Across the road is an estate called *** that has never been cut and, though open to the public, maintains the policy that visitors remain on the path and disturb nothing. These two places belonged to contemporaries, and are held in trust which protects them from destruction or development. Okay. As to my experiences. It was dark. I was walking some distance from my husband when I spotted a light in a tree. It was glowing green light about the size of a child’s ball. I thought it was probably a Mylar balloon, stuck in the bare branches and catching light. I was trying to determine where it could be reflecting light from. I stepped closer, and then, though it might be hard to believe, I forgot about it. I was standing by the deep overflow ditch and something else caught my attention. It is difficult to describe. The best I can describe it is that a small bit of space around a bush got darker and busy. Somehow, about of this a small thing appeared. It looked like a classic Brian Froud illustration of a Gnome. Maybe three-feet high, rustic clothes: pants, shirt, vest and slouchy leather hat. The pants and vest seemed an brownish green, the shirt pale. The hat was a russet color. His eyebrows were bushy, hair long, unkempt and both brows and hair were white. His face was hairless, but [th]at wore a

* Roger, ‘Fairy Sightings from Roger and His Friends’, *FIS Newsletter* 3 (2016), 19-20 at 20.

scowl. I have no idea how I saw the colors in the dark. This man, for he seemed male, was completely unanimated. I was struck dumb for a moment. Then, I screamed and ran for the car. I remember that I yelled 'We have to get into technology and drive away.' My husband ran as fast as I. We were in a wooded and secluded area near downtown Atlanta. He had no idea what I had seen, but he knew that I was terrified. He probably thought I had stumbled upon a murdered body. I really had sheer panic. I went back to the daylight and can only add that there was no Mylar balloon in the tree and that the bush the Gnome materialized at was what we in the south called Mountain Laurel. Native American tribes here have many Little People Beliefs, some of which seem to be near what your stories over there might be. Helping with farm work, taking travelers into lands where time moves faster and in Georgia and North Carolina (which are located in part in the Appalachian mountains.) I know that there are a couple of what are known as townhouses. I swear that I was sober when I had my experience and that it was truly one of the most important events in my spiritual life.' '[It was] a very special, quiet place.' 'Because of the place [I thought a fairy]. If you look into the background of the *** garden and *** the very large nature center across the road, you will find that their owners protected them from development. These are in *** Georgia USA not far from downtown. ***'s family tried to have her ruled mentally incompetent, for refusing to have a hundred or so acres undeveloped. I think the place is sacred. The timber is virgin.' 'That there are more things in heaven and earth..etc.' 'I had a paranormal experience age five. At my Grandmother Tanners house, all the doors had hook and eye latches on the OUTSIDE of the doors. My grandmother could close them all. We sat in a small central hall, in front of a open flame gas heater. I was in her lap. The hook was hanging loose on the door and as I watched it, it began to swing. I immediately told my grandmother that it was my sister playing a trick. She answered in a low voice, without fear or excitement, 'No, it ain't ***'. But I went into the room and searched the closet and was halfway under the bed, when I knew I was alone. But my Grandmother saw it too. That made it unquestionably true in my mind.'

§257) US (Georgia). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was outside playing by myself and I looked up and there were two little people, not kids, holding hands looking at me. A man and a woman and they just stood watching me and smiling at me and then they were gone.’ ‘Like little people in long smocks, kinda like priest wear.’ ‘Don’t remember any music.’ ‘Cherokee believe in little people.’ ‘[Fairies] are real.’ ‘Lots of mysteries in the Universe and many we will never understand but that does not mean they do not exist.’

§258) US (Georgia). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was napping on a bed in my grandparents’ finished basement after school. The basement had small windows but was mainly underground and thus lit with artificial light, which was on. I was looking directly at the ceiling, focusing on a place where the drop ceiling tiles had been taped up in a design that looked like an owl. As I was looking at the owl I began to gradually have the impression of dust motes glowing from being caught in direct light coalescing above my head. They were golden, but began to shimmer through the rainbow spectrum at the edge of my field of vision. As they coalesced they became clearly a dragonfly wrought in golden filigree, although any given piece of filigree would temporarily fade if I focused on it. The dragonfly was three to four feet above me on the bed and about two to three feet long. It hovered above my head for about five minutes, then gradually more of the filigree dust motes would fade out than were replaced elsewhere in the body of the dragonfly until it was totally gone. I was awake the entire time.’ ‘A fairy implies a semi-supernatural being that is still of our environment but without some directing purpose to its actions.’ ‘I am certain that at least some people who experience fairies/aliens are having real encounters that are not currently explained.’

§259) US (Georgia). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful, powerful 'yet sweet, filled with love'; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'About three months after returning to the States after living abroad for the past two years I decided to attend a meditation retreat in north Georgia. It was a weekend retreat at a cabin in the woods that was attended by all women. At the beginning of the retreat we drew oracle cards to set the tone for the coming weekend. Mine was titled 'Passion' and said: 'Resurrect a childhood dream. Let your passion take flight'. Sounded exciting. I gave it no further thought than that, though, and carried on. The retreat was filled with magical experiences and heart-felt connections throughout the entire weekend. We experienced wonderful heart-opening activities that opened us up to the unseen realms of Spirit and allowed us to move deeper into ourselves. On the very last day we were given one last meditative process to work with. It was a nature meditation in which we were to go into the woods on our own, find a spot that called to us, sit down and allow Mother Earth to help us release that which no longer served us. I walked deep into the forest and found a nice clearing beside a stream, beneath a tree. I made myself comfortable and began to release. I could feel the layers and layers melting off me. Letting go felt good. More and more released into the earth: old ideas, limiting belief patterns, debris, just moved out of me and into the Earth to be transmuted. Then I was empty. And it felt so good. I was clear. And really I wasn't empty, but filled with light. I opened my eyes and looked around me. The sun had gone. Then it came out again. Suddenly I felt a wave of warm energy encircling me. I could feel the presence of Mother Earth beneath me and all around me, and within that energy another presence could be felt, separate and yet part of it. I knew without knowing it was the faeries! And then I heard them speak without words. I saw a picture of the card I'd drawn flash into my mind's eye, and like a stream of consciousness that poured in I understood what they said without speaking. As a

result of that day, I have spent the last eight years working with faeries, sharing their message of wisdom, love and light, as they had requested on that day. Before then, I'd had some magnificent spiritual experiences – transient glimpses into the unseen realms of light. Up until then, however, I would explain many of these as ‘breadcrumbs’ on my path of searching. That day in the forest, I truly awakened – to who I am and my divine purpose. Ever since my life has been devoted to planetary healing and transformation. Helping others awaken their connection to nature. And it all began with opening my heart as I listened. I believe they are gently nudging many of us now – to open our hearts to magic and remember!’ ‘This experience was not highly visual. My eyes were closed until the end. I felt their presence, and yet flashes of light swirled and sparkled.’ ‘Again, the sound is hard to describe. I understood, and the understanding translated into words and yet it was more image and tone based.’ ‘When you know [it is a fairy], you know. You can feel it in your heart. I have often worked with and felt the presence of angels. The energy is different, very distinct.’ ‘I believe [fairies] are a race of light beings and their work and existence is integral to the evolution, health and growth of our planet.’ This is the definition that they have shared with me: ‘The Faeries are a divinely guided race of light beings who are committed to the evolution of the Earth in time and space.’ Their destiny is intimately interlinked to the Earth and as such they are also intertwined with ours. They share that the heart is the portal through which we can access the faery realm; love is the key. Blessings and Faery Light!’

§260) US (Georgia). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported [‘my normal routine about three hours before I went to bed’]; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I was outside on the concrete steps at the back door when I noticed movement in the far right corner of my back yard. That area had several wild hemlock bushes next to it and an earthen mound about one-foot high, three-feet long, and one-and-a-half feet wide. I thought at first it was a stray cat but when I started to walk over to check it out I noticed a figure between two to two-and-a-half

feet tall standing there looking at me. I began to get a feeling I was not safe so I stopped and began toward the steps, whatever it was began to walk toward me. When I stepped past the cast iron teki holders and runes I had etched into the concrete I turned and almost ran into the house and shut the door. My wife at the time asked what was wrong when she heard me slam the door shut and I told her what had happened. The next morning I found impressions in the soft ground around the steps that were too small to be from me and where I had not stepped the night before.’ ‘Around two to two-and-a-half-feet tall dark colored hair and clothing.’ ‘Yes because I somehow knew I was safe as soon as I passed the runes.’ ‘They are like humans some good, some bad and some indifferent.’

§261) US (Georgia). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; on or near water; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘Found out there is a rip in the veil near the stream in my backyard. Had a conversation with a water Fae who was collecting light.’ ‘Fluid light energy, in a almost human like shape with a pointed head. No legs, have a fin instead. That’s when they take a form. Usually it’s just light and energy.’ ‘Fluid light energy, in almost human like shape with a pointed head. No legs, have a fin instead. That’s when they take a form. Usually it’s just light and energy.’ ‘They’re extremely interesting. Haven’t had one bad experience.’

§262A) US (Georgia). *Female (third person); witness is dead; family; 1970s; 61-70; in a garden; alone; 6 am-9 am; don’t know the duration; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘She always told me that there were fairies under the mushrooms that grew in her yard. She said they used them as umbrellas when it was hot or rainy and we mustn’t disturb the fairies. She would also leave out saucers of milk and bread on her porch for them.’

§263) US (Hawaii). *Female; 51-60; 2010s; on or near water; with one other person who shared my experience [?]; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs), you were extremely happy; a sense*

that the experience was a display put on specially for you. ‘I was on holiday with my husband in Maui, Hawaii in September 2014 and we were doing a morning walk along the boardwalk in Ka’anapali from our ocean front resort, and as we were walking along the boardwalk right next to the ocean, I saw this matte grey fairy/humanoid with wings, fly by me and brush against my chest area and fly into some bushes. I stopped and said ‘OMG, what was that?’ ‘That was a fairy!’ and I followed its flight path and was lasered in on the legs, since they looked just like human legs but scaled down to a smaller size (this was about the size of my hand, little bit bigger, around six to eight inches long); and it seemed like time stood still because the last thing I was expecting to see on my walk in paradise, was this fairy, all grey and it almost flew right into me. I went over to the bushes where it flew into and I could see it, hiding and then I couldn’t see it anymore. It appeared to have two wings and the legs were dangling and bent at the knee. The feet looked like doll feet with no toes and it looked like it had grey stockings on. I have seen a lot of things in my life, from ghosts, orbs, UFOs but have never seen a mythical creature like the beloved fairy. I felt it wanted to be seen by me and though my husband saw my reaction of total disbelief of what I had just experienced but he did not experience what I had witnessed. He [the fairy] did something in the bushes but it happened so fast. It was about ten seconds. This was an incredible experience that I will never ever forget!’ ‘It was all grey in a matte finish with wings and it was about the size of my hand but a couple inches larger.’ ‘No music but the wings made a flying noise.’ ‘When it flew by me, it brushed against my chest area.’ ‘The Hawaiian islands are a place of a lot of mystical things and the menehunes are known in the islands as the small people that like to play tricks.’

§264) US (Idaho). *Female, 2000s; 51-60; in a garden; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful, ‘welcoming and happy to share their lives’; regular supernatural experiences; ‘I had a set exercise to do’; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was approached in my back yard. The Fairy was checking me out. I had crossed the veil and she was concerned about what I was doing there. Then she recognized me and walked away.’ ‘Fairies are earth based creatures that can

and do move between the physical and astral realms.’ ‘I am not able to describe them. It is a knowing in the mind’s eye. I guess they look like hobbits. Hahhaa.’ ‘I learned so much about the Summerland working with the fairies. They are an incredible part of the natural world. It is hard to separate fantasy from a true experience. A person needs to have some training to be able to distinguish the difference between the two.’ ‘Flute notes and bells.’

§265) US (Idaho). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘It was really short, but I knew it had to be a fairy of some kind. I was in my sitting room, watching TV actually. I was not thinking about fairies or magical things at all, just watching something. Something flickered out of the corner of my eye. I turned to look and saw it again. A little shadow of something flitted across the bedroom area and disappeared into the shadows of the room. I knew it was one of the fey, and I have no idea why. I said hello and told it is was welcomed in my rooms anytime. I didn’t want it to think I was begging to see a fairy. I want it to be comfortable in my space as it was probably its space first.’ ‘Small shadow, a flittering creature. Really too fast to describe.’

§266A) US (Idaho). *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; family; 1930s; 0-10; inside a private house; no company given; 6 pm-9 pm ‘every night before bed’; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; the witness had just woken up or was just about to go to sleep.* ‘It was my mom. When she was little the fairies would come to her room and dance around her bed [and] sing. From what I recall she said the song was about the taking her back to their fairy home. She said it kind of scared her. But she’s loved and collects fairy items ever since.’ ‘She didn’t really describe them.’ ‘Like a kid’s nursery rhyme.’ ‘She saw them clearly and I believe she spoke to them.’ ‘Little winged people.’

§267) US (Illinois). *Female; 1960s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense*

that the experience was a display put on specially for you. ‘Some friends came from the city for the weekend and the lady brought with her a pattern and fabric so I could help make [a] dress for a party. One of the items was a long zipper and when it came time to put the zipper in, it had gone missing. She drove into a nearby town and bought another and the dress was finished. A couple days after they had gone I was in my parlor and I looked up from what I was doing to see a wee man about eighteen inches high. He had a brown skin and a very old looking face. His hair was black and tousled like the hair on a baby. His eyes reminded me of apple seeds. And in his hand was the missing zipper. ‘HEY’ I called out and in that instant, he was gone and the zipper was lying stretched flat on the floor in the doorway. I had seen these things as dark blue shadows running along the wall. My toddler daughter played with them and called them ‘the Blue Bamboozies’. I saw the little fellow clearly one other time while she was playing with him. I have had many fairie sightings over the years (seventy three) of my life.’ ‘Brown skin, black hair, black eyes. Knee length pants barefoot and a tunic like shirt of a cream color. My outcry was a scold since he had made us look for the zipper and cost my friend money to replace it. While in that house we had many experiences sharing the house with them. I later learned that three artesian rivers joined under that house. ‘It sounded like organ music. Like long chords being played. However if I was singing, sometimes I would hear a voice singing with me.’ ‘The creature I saw was definitely a creature of the Earth.’ ‘[Fairies are] intelligent energy beings.’ ‘I had a ‘fairy friend’ as a child. As a musician I have run across tunes allegedly taken from the fairies. I began collecting them and now have at least thirty. The fairies seem to be very fond of music.’*

* This survey return was sent November 2015, a second return about the same incident was sent October 2017. US (Illinois). *Female; 1970s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Our house was full of them, the fairies. One day a friend came from Chicago to have me sew a dress for her. She had brought all she needed. We began to cut and measure, pin and fit. The zipper for the back of the dress was laid out on a table and when it was time to put it in, it was gone. We looked everywhere and at last she had to go to a near town and get another one so we could finish the dress. She and her husband spent the weekend and left Sunday night. The next day after they left I was busy setting my house in order and that was when I saw him/it. He was about eighteen inches tall. He had wild black hair that was like the hair on a baby’s head, going this way and that. His face was brown, lined, old, and his eyes were the shape of apple seeds, shiny and black. In his hand was the zipper. Seeing it, I was immediately annoyed with his prank and I cried out. HEY! In that instant he was gone and the zipper was neatly stretched out on the floor in the door of my sewing room. This is only one of many experiences both in that house and in my life. However this house which seemed so full of Them, we later found out was situated over two or three artesian rivers and different levels.’ ‘If I had to liken its appearance, I would

§268) US (Illinois). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experience; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘This was my first but not my last. I was a very young child and was smelling the flowers in my backyard. I touched a flower and it immediately closed (not typical for this flower). But I saw a flash of tiny light behind the flower. Went inside and later that night I started to see like lights randomly. Even to this day I can be sitting on my porch and I’ll see a little spark of light here or there.’ ‘Yellow light.’ ‘I am in love with all fairy folk.’

§269) US (Illinois). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; ‘cemetery’; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; friendly, joyful, peaceful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was around twenty years old in 1991-1992. I knew someone who was a practitioner of Ceremonial Magick. The person told me that the Fey realm was real and I had my doubts. When we went to *** in *** Illinois, it happened to be near a full moon for Beltane Eve and he said a fae were there and that he could show me he spoke the truth. We took bread and a sweet grape juice offering. He spoke Hebrew and said that he was opening a portal. He did this at twilight/sunset. We were the only two there and as the moon rose, the area changed. A lush green hedge like Archway was there, bushes and tree leaves looked silver or gold and the landscape changed into the most beautiful I had ever seen. The fae were around human sized and slept in the trees as we wandered in awe. It was hours we were there but it felt like only a few moments. It ended by just vanishing. The person I was with said something was wrong. The area is known as it is as a hot bed for paranormal activity, and I heard a ripping sound and then I saw three tall gangly

say he looked similar to a Native American. His skin was brown. I don’t remember his clothing although I saw him a few other times playing with my toddler and at that time his clothing always seemed similar to hers. Simple shirt and short pants.’ ‘It sounded like an organ being played. Long chordal progressions. Sometimes chimes.’ ‘[Fairies] because it felt natural and I think that if it were an Alien or an Angel I would have experience a different feeling.’ ‘That they are part of the Earth. That they are part of US. That they are Energy.’ ‘This was only one of several encounters in my life. One of my daughters has the fairy sight. I encourage my grandchildren to believe in them. Not believing does not make them go away.’

human like black shadows. I was told to run and I ran as fast as I could out of the place. That's my experience. We were not under the influence of any intoxicants such as alcohol either. It was the most amazing and scary [experience] I have ever had.' 'From four feet eleven inches up, human like.' '[The area] had a reputation for paranormal activity but not for Fae.'

§270) US (Illinois). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a city; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'The late afternoon sun highlighted a floating array of tiny (one to two inch) transparent shapes that moved in a slightly erratic but continuous line of flight (no discernible breeze), eight to ten feet off the ground. The charming display continued for several minutes until the last shape disappeared around the corner of a building.'

§271) US (Illinois). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'While on the path, which was very overgrown and FULL of spiders, the trek was slow. There were butterflies everywhere, and I had my camera ready to take photos. A butterfly, average size for the more larger North American breed, floated/flew in from my right out of the trees. It floated across the path in front of me, headed for a small bush to the left of the path. I was watching it because if it held still I was going to take its picture. It briefly landed on the top leaf of the bush, and that's when its bottom half suddenly (with no transition, it was just sudden) had the feathers and legs of a very small brown bird. It used its legs to alight onto the leaf and push itself back off again. When it was back into the air by about an inch, it continued to fly/float along as a full butterfly as it joined a small group of striped (or were they yellow?) butterflies flitting over a flowering bush that was much taller than me a few feet off the path into the trees. I can't remember any of their colors anymore, but I do recall that the butterfly didn't have the same pattern as the others because I

wondered why it was going around them. I've never seen butterfly clump with anything but their own kind my whole life. That's not my FIRST fairy encounter, but it is the one where I can give you a firm location. My husband was ahead of me on the trail with his back to me. And the event happened so quickly he wouldn't have had time to turn around anyway. I certainly didn't have time to lift my camera.' 'Butterfly then bird, then butterfly again.' 'Yeah, those such sounds I haven't heard since I was a kid and it could have been someone's radio to boot. So. No [sound].' 'I'm an abductee. This was a very different experience. When you've got a lifetime of weird stuff going on, you learn to tell things apart. Also, one of your questions up there doesn't have an option for me to select that applies.' '[Fairies are] just beings like cats, dogs, and people.'

§272) US (Illinois). *Female; 41-50; 2000s; in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; aloof, indifferent; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'I had spent the last four hours hiking cross-country in a state forest preserve (***, Park Forest, Illinois). It was right about sundown and I'd found the path leading back to the nature center and I was heading back. The temperature suddenly dropped, and everything I'd been hearing in the summer woods – tree frogs, birds, crickets, the hum of bees, the faraway yipping of coyotes, the hooting of owls – suddenly went silent. I couldn't hear any other human voices or intrusion, so I stopped and looked around. There was a stand of old oaks and hazel and hawthorn trees on the other side of the gorge that bordered the path on the left-hand side of the path. For just a moment, I could see someone watching me. I originally thought it was my husband: long, very pale-blond hair, tall, broad-shouldered. But whoever it was [he] was wearing different clothes than my husband had been wearing when we drove out to the nature preserve: a fitted, odd-looking jacket of dark-green material and fitted trousers of some light tan-colored material that might have been leather (it looked shiny). It was tucked into knee-high boots that matched nothing my husband owned. And then he was just gone. I hadn't even blinked. He had been looking at me with no particular expression on his face; the distance across the gorge that separated

us (the drop down is a good a hundred feet) was maybe fifty feet, so I could see him quite well. He didn't step behind a tree, or jump down the gorge. He just wasn't there anymore. A few seconds later, the creatures in the forest started making their sounds again. After that, I went back to the nature center and its parking lot rather faster than I had been before. By the time I got back to the parking lot and our car, it was almost full dark. My husband was wearing the same thing he had been when we had taken different ways through the forest. I decided not to ask him if he had been messing about in the woods with a different outfit, because I was pretty sure I would get an odd look from him if I did. (We ended up divorcing three years later.) 'I wasn't afraid afterward, but I didn't linger. I had the sense that, while I wasn't any sort of threat, if I persisted in staying, I might see things that I wasn't supposed to and that would be rude. I wish I could see him again. He was very beautiful.'

§273) US (Illinois). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; in a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I distinctly remember this happening to me during January at 2:06 am when I was fifteen. I was lying in bed with the blinds closed and my bedroom door closed and locked. I had been asleep, but something prompted me to wake up immediately. I looked towards my bedroom door and saw a Black Dog with glowing green eyes and its tongue hanging out running from that side of my bedroom to the other side, near the foot of my bed. As the dog reached the foot of my bed, it disappeared into the shadows and never returned. I stayed awake for a few more minutes to record the time on my alarm clock and think about what happened. Then I went back to sleep. While the Black Dog was running, it made no noise whatsoever, not even the sound of its nails hitting the floor. I think it may have been running on the air rather than the actual floorboards. It didn't seem to notice me despite my staring directly at it. I'm not sure how I could see its shape or its eyes glow when there were no lights on anywhere. How it got into and left my room is also a mystery. Its body shape was similar to my own dog at the time – labrador retriever with a slightly pointed nose and skinnier legs. To this day I'm not sure if it

was a fairy dog or my dog's doppelganger, since she died a couple months later.' 'Since the Black Dog resembled my own dog in body shape, it could have been just a doppelganger/wraith/fetch experience. However, doppelgangers are sometimes connected to fairies and dogs with all black fur and glowing green eyes that make no noise are considered a type of fairy dog.'

§274) US (Illinois). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a city; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; 'mournful keening'; occasional supernatural experiences; 'taking out the trash'; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My experience happened shortly after sundown on a late summer evening. I had gone outside to take out the trash, so it was a Tuesday night. The sun had set but there was still a little light in the western sky. The night seemed unusually heavy when I stepped out the door. I could sense that something was off about the night. I went out to the curbside, and put the trash in the can. When I turned around I saw a quick flash of white gauze-like fabric out of the corner of my eye. It quickly disappeared and as I looked around I saw nothing else. I took a step forward and that was when I heard a mournful scream right in front of my face. It was a female voice that was full of grief, sorrow, and rage. The sound seemed to go right through me and left me chilled to the bone and physically shaking with cold. The only thing that ran through my mind was that I had just heard a Banshee's Wail. I was so cold and could not get myself warm no matter how many blankets I put on that night. I was physically sick for [a] week after, missing three days of work with severe flu-like symptoms. My gran had told me stories of hearing the Banshee when she was a little girl, right before her great aunt died. I was only eight at the time and she ninety nine so I hadn't thought about them until then. I never really wholeheartedly believed in the fey until that night but now I know that they are real.' 'I saw a glimpse of white gauze-like fabric and maybe a bit of long red hair but I'm not certain about the hair.'

§275) US (Indiana). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful; never or almost*

never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘More than one fairy approached me, flitted about and tried to get me to follow them deeper into the woods. They looked exactly like little human beings with wings. One was a rotund man. They were jolly, happy beings, and the area was filled with light while they played with me. The overall experience was one of playfulness, however, I was scared to go deeper into the forest with them.’ ‘They looked and acted playful, they were tiny, and they seemed connected to the forest, specifically.’

§276) US (Iowa). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a city; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was going to college and headed out the door to my car which was parked across the street. I was not thinking of anything in particular aside from going to class. To cross the road, I looked left, right and left again as usual and then it registered that I had seen a tree looking person peeking from around a small tree in my front yard and to my left. I was startled and looked back just in time to see the tree person sort of sneak across the street and down the road. The tree person had tree branch ‘hair’ and a slender brown/grey body. I can’t really be sure this was technically a fairy or really a dryad. I have seen fairies two other times (in the woods) and they have always kept their distance. I have seen a dryad one other time a few years later while living in Baltimore. I had a potted hibiscus tree which I had not been watering enough. The tree person came up next to me one morning while I was curling my hair and stared at me. I noticed it from the corner of my eye and screamed. It was startled too but I got the message and watered it right away. This tree person looked much like the other but smaller. Thanks for letting me share.’ ‘I described this in my story but they looked like tree people. Tree branch ‘hair’ and a slender grey-brown body.’ ‘I think it was just me, sometimes, although not consistently, I pick up on things. Especially when I am relaxed but focused.’ ‘Well, in my case, it could have been the spirit of the tree or my visualizing something going on that I could not really explain. It is hard to

label so I guess this is the closest label that seems relevant.’ [Fairies are] probably the interpretation of the human mind of the spirit of other living organisms.’ ‘Nature spirits or elementals.’

§277) US (Iowa). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was really young, maybe four or five. It was Christmastime and I was sitting by the window of our house in the woods. A bright, round light about four to five inches in diameter flew by the (second story) window too quickly for anyone else to see. I remember it being fast, and very close to the window. All I saw was the ball of light.’ ‘One ball of light, very bright (it was nighttime) about four to five inches in diameter.’ ‘My mother always took me to a clearing in the forest behind our house to give our food scraps to the fairies, but that was probably just something she made up.’ ‘I guess it could have been any of those [supernatural things]. I’ve just always thought of it as the time I saw a fairy.’ ‘I don’t even know if they exist. I know I saw this, though.’

§278) US (Iowa). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was sitting on my steps, having a conversation with my sister. We were distracted by a large, bright yellow ‘insect’ flying low and very fast. He flew around us for about thirty seconds until we spoke to it. That’s when he stopped and hovered in front of us for another ten seconds. I still can’t explain what he was. But if fairies exist, that’s what I seen. Beautiful, but I was afraid of him.’ ‘He looked like a butterfly bigger than a hand. Bright, bright yellow. Large flowing wings that looked like fabric of silk. A bright yellow body with legs! He had black eyes and a black smiling mouth!’ ‘All I heard was an unusual increase in birds chirping for it being midnight. Nature was wide awake that night.’ A fairy is the only explanation I can think of.’ ‘A fairy is the only

explanation I can think of.’ ‘Deceased loved ones, worldly creatures forgotten in time.’ ‘I just want to know if anyone else has seen my friend. I want to see him again!’

§279) US (Iowa). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.*

‘About 2 AM around late August, I encountered something. I was just lying down to finally go to sleep. At the foot of my bed there’s a big dresser. Not easily moved. On said dresser is my witch’s altar. And on that altar is an abalone shell with about five gold bells. When I laid down and pulled the covers up, they rang, for a solid ten seconds, was the steady, faint chiming of a singular bell from my abalone shell. I was still fairly wide awake, so when the chiming stopped, I told my grandma in the other room. She didn’t hear a thing. Other general paranormal stuff happens in our house as well, and paranormal things run in our family; from UFO chases, to shadow people. I should also note I have built, about two months ahead of the encounter, a faerie house, right behind the house in its own little nook.’ ‘Ten seconds of a single, small, metallic bell.’ ‘From what I’ve heard, usually when bells chime, among other signs, signify that a faerie is near. But I do not recall how I felt, as opposed to uncertainty as to what's over the covers. I think it was faerie specifically as well is because they have a little place to go outside the house as well. I’ve left gifts of honey/milk, crystals, glitter, and surrounded their home with parsley, sage, and a few other plants. Now they’re inside for the winter.’ ‘[Fairies are] real. I don’t know if what I encountered was malevolent or benevolent.’ ‘Like I said, this isn’t the first paranormal thing my family has encountered, and certainly not the first I’ve encountered. Not specifically faerie related, but general spooky stuff.’

§280) US (Iowa). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Had just made a fairy garden it was just past dusk was taking a

picture of garden and asked the fairies to show us if they were there and in the picture was an orb and when you enlarged it you saw the fairy leaning backwards towards the sky.’ ‘Like a little person with wings stretched out backwards.’

§281) US (Iowa). *Female; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden* [‘on my front porch in the country during the winter’]; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was taking a picture with my phone of balloons filled with colored water in the snow in front of my house. When I downloaded the picture to send to a friend I saw what appears to be fairy fingers which had been held in front of the lens as if to block the shot. I went back out to try to recreate the picture but there was absolutely no other explanation for the image.’ ‘The fingers in the picture are long and tapered.’ ‘There has always been ‘activity’ in and around our home.’



*Figure §281)**

** Our thanks to Deb Kuehne who sent this in.

§282) US (Kansas). Female; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes* [respondent notes two events 2-5 minutes]; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘Y and I were walking from *** Ridge down to the lake. When we got to the stairs, there seemed to be a silver powder substance all over the stairs. I put some on my nose and reached over and out some on Y’s. We laughed. When we got about half way there, we followed a butterfly. It allowed me to place my finger under it and it moved onto my finger. After awhile it flew away. We continued walking. We got to the dike that has a road on top of it that surrounds the lake on one side. Something foul was in the air – like literally it stunk bad. We noticed a wall of flies blocking our path. We looked around a bit but could not find a dead critter or anything. We talked about going back but decided we would walk through the flies. So we did. When we got to the other side all was fine. Then about twenty steps after, a swarm of butterflies came out of nowhere: thousands of monarchs and smaller ones of the same color. They landed on us, surrounded us and stayed with us as we walked for about four minutes. Then poof they were gone. I noticed some orange mushrooms by a large tree at the waterside. We had our fun at the lake for about an hour to an hour and a half. Then we went back. At the place where the butterflies had left us, they came back and landed all over us again and stayed with us as we walked. It was sometimes hard to see where we were going because there were so many. At this point two other women walked up, eyes wide. They said ‘what IS this?’ I smiled and for some unknown reason all I said was ‘you know you’ve reached the faeryland, when you see the orange mushrooms.’ The two women said nothing else, just watched us. And Y and I kept walking. The butterflies stayed with us for about four to six minutes more and poof they had left.’ ‘I did not know, but apparently other have experienced Faecs there as well.’

§283) US (Kentucky). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a city, in a garden; 'by myself and also walking down the street with my mother'; 12 pm-3 pm; 'it would depend'; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'When I was little I lived in an old neighborhood in ***, Kentucky. My mother grew roses and hollyhocks in the back yard by an alley. I would sit in the grass and play with the fairies. They were little and would set on my fingers, I would make clothes and hats for them out of the hollyhocks and four-o'clocks. We would have tea parties with my little dishes. Once I was walking with my mother, and the fairies were dancing in front of me. I was poking my toes at them. My mother wanted to know why I was laughing, and I said I was playing with the fairies. She didn't see any fairies and told me I was silly. We moved from that house when I was seven, and I never saw the fairies again. I don't think anyone else ever saw them.' 'Like fairies! Little dancing things. Tiny children, maybe.' 'Just laughing.' 'I wish I could see them again. I went back to the alley of my childhood a few years ago, but my friends were no longer there.'

§284) US (Kentucky). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy, 'very calm and meditative'; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'May have heard their laughter, but not certain.' 'Vaguely humanoid, only caught a glimpse out of the corner of my eye. Seemed to have long flowing hair or clothing. A shimmery look of an aura or their wings in the morning sunlight.' '[The place] didn't [have a fairy reputation] until we built the performance area and had it blessed by a pagan high priest and priestess.' '[Fairies are] a race that has decided to hide itself from humans.'

§285) US (Kentucky). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of*

time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘I was eight to nine years old when I found a fairy ring in our yard. I leaned over and asked them to visit me when they danced. That night, as my sister (six to seven) and I were getting ready to sleep (lights out, but still able to see). Tiny balls of light darted into the room and began dancing against the wall. They visited for a long time. One of the most magical experiences of my life.’ ‘I’m not sure [they were fairies]. I often experience ghosts and other beings. Everyone in my family can see/speak with the dead.’ ‘Cautious. I’m inclined to believe we were visited by pixies rather than Sidhe.’

§286) US (Kentucky). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland, on a country road; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘There is a bog near my home in Kentucky. It is accessible to anyone, because there is a popular paved bike/walking trail that runs past it, however there are also several foot trails through the woods that also lead to the far side of the bog. I was walking through the trails one day, somewhere in my mid teens, I think I was about fourteen at the time, when I started to hear talking. I could hear conversation, from strange, gurgling voices that seemed to be close to me, just beyond my reach, and also very far from me, all at the same time. I stopped to listen, but couldn’t catch any words in English, even though I could clearly hear the voices, fading in and out of distance. I finally decided to see who was speaking, because it was very odd to meet people on these trails. Maybe the occasional hunter on a four wheeler, but I had heard no engines. I came out of the woods to the bog, and the voices hushed a bit, but did not stop. I looked around, and could see clear across the muddy water. There was no one on the paved trail as far down the path as I was about to see. No one on any side of the bog. I looked out over the water, listening to the voices fade and twist and change, like they were coming to me on the wind. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw movement in the water. It was the strangest thing I’ve ever seen. I almost couldn’t see it, even

though it was sunny and bright outside. It faded into the water, this weird, muddy blob of a thing with eyes that looked straight through me. I stared at it for a long time, and then, suddenly, it fell away, into the water, with a HUGE splash. At the same exact time, about four or five splashes just like that one happened across the entire bog. Ever since then, I have felt strange every time I went to the bog. I still hear voices from time to time, and splashes, even though the water is stagnant and has no fish.’ ‘Blobs of mud, with small spiny hands and small shining black eyes.’ ‘Gurgling low whispers that seemed to distort as if they were fading in and out.’ ‘Infant size.’ ‘[The place] has a reputation for being haunted.’ ‘[Fairies are] elemental beings that exist on a different plane of existence.’

§287) US (Kentucky). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; many hours; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was fishing at midnight on *** Lake. There was a full moon. At first I thought I was looking at fire flies, but they were not. Afterwards, I started to see them every night in the evening. They are in my backyard.’ ‘Wings attached to glowing bodies with different colors of lights. They can move very quickly.’ ‘High pitched.’ ‘[Fairies are] energy.’ ‘I think I might be psychic.’

§288) US (Louisiana). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who did share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘During a camping trip I and two close friends had a large campfire during a waxing moon (not yet full). We were on private property (over a hundred acres of land) when the wind started rustling the trees but not the brush. We saw what we thought were fireflies in the tall grass but it was not the season and too cold. We followed into the deeper forest but as the moon dimmed we stopped. The ‘fireflies’ would get brighter then dim again enticing us forward. (Yes we did mention willow wisps but we kept trying to think [of] them as bugs.) As we

backed out we turned and saw small glowing winged things on our bedrolls. I could make out legs although not sure how many but as we reached the edge of the woods they all flew away into the high grass. As we all noticed something strange we wrote our descriptions as not to influence our recounting and we all matched what we saw. Out of either superstition or manners we took some of our camping food plus a few sweets and placed them a few feet into the tall grass. During the night we could see dim lights inside the tall grass and in the morning just the sweets were gone. In south Louisiana where we are from there are very few bio luminescent insects and none of the ones we looked up matched our sighting.’ ‘From the distance and lighting we witnessed something about three-and-a-half to four inches tall with wings that either caught the moon light with amazingly effective multifaceted reflections or bio-luminescent. Legs were visible but barely and they flew away before we were close enough to see much of a head.’ ‘Our attention was grabbed by sounds that were very difficult to understand. Not cicada as it wasn’t their spawning season but more of a thrum. None of them ‘talked’ to us but we might have overheard them talking to one another.’ ‘We did not know this prior but the land owner when asked if he ever saw strange lightning bugs did mention fairies.’ ‘After looking through what we witnessed and eliminated other explanation it was thought that a fairy fit the description closest. Also as we don’t know what fairies truly are then they could be a sub type of ghost or alien but this is what we decided on.’ ‘[Fairies are] physical or spiritual embodiment of intelligent nature beings.’ ‘I can’t say that I was frightened when I saw the ‘faeries’ but what was drawing us deeper into the woods felt different and were more balls of energy with no discernible wings.’

§289) US (Maine). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘My mother, aunt, and I were out in our garden admiring the flowers, a rather large bumblebee flew over and landed on a flower to drink nectar and we all

simultaneously saw the bumblebee was carrying a tiny red pail in its front legs that appeared to be metal as it was shiny. The three of us all saw it at the same time, all saw the same thing, and it flew away within one to two minutes.’ ‘My mother had actually stated after the experience we had possibly just seen a being from the fairy realm, because in our world it was highly unlikely an oversized bumblebee would be collecting nectar in a shiny red pail the size of a thimble’

§290) US (Maine). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland*; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience.* ‘I was joking [! hiking?] through some woods when I saw movement about twenty yards from the trail I was following. I left the trail to get a better look, and came upon a slender, too pale being washing her wings in the river. Everything smelled of cinnamon, which struck me as odd because her wings were lemon yellow to my eyes. I watched for a moment and then left. I went back to the spot a couple times and could still smell the cinnamon but never saw her again. I’m not certain she was Fae, but I don’t know what else to call her. She was very tall.’ ‘I thought it might have been an angel at first.’ ‘Ghosts don’t smell and angels don’t need to bathe. They are less solid, anyway. And no alien could possibly want anything to do with human beings, as messed up as we are...’ ‘[Fairies are] parallel universe beings.’

§291A) US (Maryland). *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; friend; 2000s; 0-10; inside a private house; alone; don’t know the time; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘A friend of mine when we were younger (about ten) had vividly described a fairy she saw in her bathroom. She was a little ‘freaked’ out by it, she really believed it was there. She had said she saw it for a moment, then it vanished.’

§292) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was a child. My disc. [?] now would be a flash of light and an emotional presence, like I was with

another being.’ ‘A flash of peripheral light.’ ‘I’ve experienced ghosts. It was not alien. I don’t believe in angels. The presence was from earth, just not my plane of existence.’ ‘[Fairies are] earth beings, but apart from human realm.’ ‘The more I have accepted them. The more they are with me.’

§293) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 1990s; 11-20* [respondent put down 0-10]; in woodland, in a city, inside a private house, ‘dreams/alternate reality’; on my own; 12 am-3 am; duration varies; friendly, mischievous, aloof, pery/mysterious; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘First of all, I want to make it very clear that this experience is just one among many others. These events are sprinkled liberally throughout my life. Ever since I was born I’ve been able to see spirits, and etc. Sometimes the experiences are verbal, physical, dreamy, sensory, or hypnotic. It seemed since I was small; the faeries made an instant claim on me. They came out of nowhere, and until a few years ago were pretty active in my life. I come from a family that does not believe in the existence of such beings. I’m talking strictly Baptist/Christian. This goes against everything I’ve been taught. So in turn it’s made me a black sheep of sorts. Being sort of psychically inclined, and sensitive to otherness has done me no favors. I didn’t even know what I was dealing with until I researched myself years later. Lol. Now that’s established here’s a few tales. 1. This experience happened when I was in high school still. It was the early to mid 2000s. It occurred one night when I was in the back room. It’s a room behind the kitchen where I used to unwind, use the laptop, and etc. Well, on this night I had taken to staying up pretty late. I was an insomniac in training, because my teen years were hell when it came to spiritual activity. I couldn’t get into bed, and shut my eyes without something freakishly weird happening. During this time I was having trouble with my abilities. It seemed between twelve and eighteen I was gaining new abilities that I had to deal with. The fae weren’t helping. Instead it seemed constant contact with them

were awakening them. So I was about ready to pass out from sleepiness while on the internet. But I didn't. I was too stubborn to throw in the towel, and resign myself to bed. In the corner of my eye, because I always found myself (even now) scanning my surroundings for 'surprises'. I happen to see something in the doorway of the kitchen. It was on the counter by the door. It was a bright, pale, luminescent figure, but it was small. It seemed to be peeking around the corner, and then it flew off the counter and came into the back room. I remember turning slightly to gaze at it a bit clearer. It seemed to be about six- to seven-inches in height. It was clearly a smaller faery, not like the bigger 'elven' ones I got use to seeing. This figure came and landed on the counter behind me. It watched me for the rest of the time I stayed in the room, which wasn't long. I was too tired, and numb to deal with them. Lol. I soon got up and walked out passing by while it snickered to itself. It looked mischievous as hell. Gazing at me like I was unicorn or something. The figure was thin, thin and its ears were pointed. It seemed bald yet it had these two antenna poking out of its head. They curved forward. It had pointed feet or it was wearing something I could identify. But for all purposes it looked naked, but sexless. The eyes were slanted, dark, and big. It clearly moved a lot. It had sat, crept, and stood. It moved very easily, but flimsily. Sort of like a reed in the wind. The arms were, and legs were long. The faery shimmered, and glowed with a moonlight luminescence. It had small wings on its back like a fireflies. They were moving rapidly, but stopped every now and then. The face was very expressive. For all purposes it was may have been a spy, but it was a very surreal experience. Very dreamy, but it was real. It reminded me a Brian-Froud-like faery. 2.) This even happened in either my late teens or early twenties. I woke up to a lady singing to me. My head was lying in her lap in bed. She was sitting close by me, and stroking my hair singing or speaking a rhyme in a language I didn't understand. I had been curled up around her. I glimpsed a cloak or a dress of some sort. Not sure which. Never saw her face, but for the fuzzy moment I had been conscious she stopped. When I started dozing off again she began again, but stopped. I didn't know why until I began repeating what I just heard. Then she sung again, and waited for me to grasp it, and repeat. That's all I remember drifting off to

both of us in song. 3.) This happened when I was in bed one night. I was in my teens then. At some point during the night I awoke, because of noise and I sensed something. It seemed as if my room was a gathering point sometimes for paranormal strangeness. I always slept facing my library, because it was a narrow space. Also less creepy stuff happened in that direction. At some point I hear shuffling, and laughter coming from behind me. It sounded like a group of drunken old men. They were whispering, and egging each other on about a bet of some sort... I didn't really care until I heard 'she' spoken. They were being drunken pervs about something. I remember being super apprehensive, and trying my damndest to fake sleep. All of a sudden it had gotten too quiet. I was trying to control my nerves. Then all of a sudden I feel a random hand come from behind me to grope my boob. I'm sure a person not used to weird experiences would've screamed bloody murder. It was not something I'd ever expected, and it creped the crap out of me. This random massive hand stayed a sec, then receded to where ever it came from. Just as smoothly and quickly. Then, not a minute later, there was the laughter of these old men. They seemed to [have] made good on their bet and left. Staying true to my discipline when dealing with them, I didn't make a sound just froze, and kept my eyes closed. Afterwards I was shaken a bit, but otherwise fine. It sucked that there was no one to talk to about my experiences.' 'The female looked human-sized with a cloak covering her. She seemed to be wearing a dress or something. The little faery I've already described. The old men weren't seen, but that damn hand was very solid and I didn't look at it.' 'I heard faery music when I was very young. It's a very dreamy yet humbling experience. It's some of the saddest music I've ever heard, but it was beyond beautiful. It draws you in and can entrance. It seems they have a preference it seems for airy instruments. Sometimes there's bells and singing intertwined. Though the music has changed in some instances to jazz, or mutterings of mysticism. I think they add whatever they happen to like at the time. Their root sound is very folk sounding.' 'Well, I've had other experiences with certain types of spirits before. I've seen and encountered shadow people, nature spirits, seen random spirits on camera, ran into one in a book store that slowed down time, been saved by one before, and

etc. I've had enough experiences so far to be able to tell the difference in a [?] some sort of way. Besides the faeries are territorial. They've been very in my face throughout the years to let me know who they are. They have a certain essence that screams fae. They are mysterious, tricky, amusing, shocking, mystical, moody, and for all intensive purposes unknowable. When they're salted [?] they made sure I'd know it. Sometimes they couldn't be seen unless they wanted to be, and I would hear these random rude comments. Whether it was a stupid here or a huff there. They spared no honesty. Or slight threats with a smile. Other times I'd get pinched when younger, or they'd keep me up at night banging on the walls, and chair. They'd jump on my bed, slightly pull me off of bed, smack my ankle, move crap around, cuddle, push me into a crush at school, walk past me while I'm daydreaming/cleaning/working and wave, or laugh at me in my sleep. Other times they would enchant me into dreams and visions. When I was younger they enchanted me into sleepwalking with singing. That's how I met my first fae. Or when I would argue about my strangeness and views with my family. One of the eleven males would clearly call my name to calm me down. They've been intimately intertwined in my life for the longest other than my blood relatives. I gradually learned their rules. They taught me never to thank them for anything, because it's seen as insulting. Among other things. But yeah. I'm not sure if it's a good or bad thing. They just are.' [Fairies are] CRAZY, HYPNOTIC, MOODY, STALKERS, AMUSING, and Deliriously VAIN.' 'I don't know how faeries devolved into cute little cherubs and flower babies. What utter lies. I'm not sure what sane person goes searching for them. They've given me wonders and scares equally. Honestly though faeries are the stuff of myth, magic, and faery tales. I'm a chronic daydreamer and a woman who loves fairy tales. But even I know fairy tales never end well. I'm hoping they grow bored, and forget about me for fifty years or so... lol. They've broadened my reality indefinitely. So for that I'm truly blessed.'

§294) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on or near water; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood given; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or*

tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. “This happened in 2003 or 2004 in the town of ***, Massachusetts. I was thirteen or fourteen at the time. My mother, eleven- or twelve-year-old sister, two friends about our ages and I all saw this. It was a summer night. (The summer solstice, to be exact. I remember that detail.) We were feeling restless so we begged my mom to take us to the town beach. The town beach is secluded. It’s in a very woody area. There’s a small parking lot, and then a dirt road that goes into the woods. I don’t think it goes anywhere. It has become quite overgrown the last decade and I’ve never seen a car on it. There are stairs down to the beach. I’d estimate that there’s an elevation of maybe thirty feet from the beach to the road. It was late in the evening. The five of us were the only ones there. The beach closes at sunset, and we weren’t really supposed to be there. We were hanging out on the sand, dipping our feet in the lake, when I heard my mom and one of our friends talking excitedly. They kept pointing at something up on the dirt road. I looked up. What they were seeing were lights, like glowing orbs the size of a fist. I remember thinking they were fireflies at first, but they were way too big and they didn’t blink on and off. They weren’t flashlights, either. They were too dim, and although it was dark, I’m confident we would have seen and heard the people holding them. They floated a couple feet off the ground and moved in a soft bob. They moved into the woods and out of sight. All of us saw those lights. None of us knew what they were. We left shortly after that. Some of us were spooked but I remember being really pleased by the sight. I was sure what I’d seen was a fairy, and that’s the word we use to this day to describe them. As a teenager I spent a lot of time walking around at night (not a whole lot to do in a small town) and I never again saw lights like those.’ ‘Floating light, about the size of a fist or slightly larger. I remember thinking it looked like a giant, unblinking firefly. It was about as bright.’ ‘When we saw the lights, the word ‘fairy’ was instantly used to describe them. I don’t know why. The other people with me are not believers. What we saw happened in a wooded area. I can’t say for sure what we saw, but I got the distinct impression that the lights didn’t have anything to do with us. They were going about their business. We just happened to see them.’ ‘Spirits,

possibly tied to nature, maybe with many different forms.’ ‘I hope this was helpful. I swear this story is entirely true and five people saw it that night.’

§295) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was officiating a Pagan wedding ceremony in a small glen. We were surrounded by pine trees from the South to western part of the circle, scrub on our right with a hay field immediately beyond it. The bride was of the Fairy Tradition, the groom generic Pagan. As I started casting the circle, walking the around the participates [? around the participants?] creating a sacred space, I realized I was walking widdershines instead of clockwise. I’ve participated in thousands of rites and had never made the mistake of going in the wrong direction but it felt like I was being physically pushed in that direction. As soon as the circle was cast, I saw a shimmering in the upper branches of a pine tree in the western part of the circle. The bride saw the same thing as did I believe a couple of other people. They were small and beyond our field of sight so we couldn’t make them out clearly but there was no doubt in my mind it was fairies. We kept going with the ceremony (we didn’t collaborate and realize we shared in the experience until afterwards). As the purpose of casting the circle is to create a space separate from the world, I felt they pushed me in the other direction so they wouldn’t be cut out of the festivities. I believe they were there for the duration of the ceremony, although the shimmery quality was only visible for those few moments at the start. It was like they wanted us to know they were there but then stepped back as to not interfere or let their presence be known to the rest of the participants. The bride and I definitely saw them we talked immediately after the ritual, and recognized them for what they were. Not sure who else did. As I didn’t want people to think I was crazy, I didn’t talk about it with others.’ ‘Small and shimmery/glittery. They were too high up in the trees to make out details.’ ‘Still not a hundred percent sure of what I saw but I believe it was fairies. Over the years, I’ve had things disappear and

reappear which I sometimes blame on the fairies. What they are, I'm not sure. They were not like the pictures or descriptions in fairy tale books. They were like small balls of living light which glimmered and glittered.'

§296) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden* ['a bush in my yard']; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute*; friendly, 'happy to be known'; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I had recently taken an Angel Card Reading class with a teacher who mentioned how to take photos of angel and fairy lights'; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. 'I did not see the fairy with my eyes. I asked the fairies if they were there, would they please show themselves in a picture. I snapped the picture. I believe it's a fairy light that showed up. It's a light blue blur that looks like it's going sideways, and therefore, couldn't be a drop of water falling. No matter how I try to explain scientifically what it might be, I can't find an explanation. It doesn't even look like it could be an insect flying sideways.'* 'As mentioned above, it was a blurry blue light in a picture I snapped asking if a fairy would show itself.' 'I believe it was fairy because I'd specifically asked for a fairy to show itself when preparing to take the picture.' 'I do believe they're mostly beneficent but with their caring directed toward nature and beneficence in general. I hope that makes sense.' 'The above question: 'If you occasionally or regularly have supernatural experiences do these, at times, involve fairies?' should have had an option of rarely, as this is my real answer to that question.'

§297) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; I can't remember the time; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I was walking in a wildlife reservation when I caught sight of something small and blue through the trees. It was six to eight inches high, cobalt blue with bits of red, partially behind a small tree. When I got closer to the place I'd seen it, there was nothing there. I walked all around the area, but there was nothing that could explain the colors I'd seen. It was late fall or winter, everything was brown.' 'I didn't get a close look, all I really got was color and size.'

§298) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2010s; 61-70; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘On 10/11/16, approximately at 4:00 pm I was walking in the woods (a State forest reservation named ***) when I was looking to a big tree foliage and admiring the beautiful foliage and the sun rays through the branches when suddenly one of the sun rays started to turn blue, very intense neon blue until the blue ray touched the ground. The part of the sun ray in contact with the ground turned into an even more intense blue with a very intense white bright light in the center, then suddenly that part of the end of the sun ray got detached from the rest of the blue sun ray and started to move around, up and down and from one side to the other, happened twice the first time I couldn’t take pictures but the second time I was able to take the camera and I took three pictures.’ ‘Blue light with a figure in the center of the blue light.’ ‘[What are fairies?] I don’t know.’

§299) US (Massachusetts). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house* ‘outside my bedroom window’; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; ‘couldn’t tell, maybe in a rush or not paying attention?’; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘I was fine, just chilling, was probably on Facebook’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘My fiance Y and I were in our bedroom just relaxing for the night, I was sitting on the end of our bed and Y was next to me. The whole week we had heard weird noises outside our house at night as did Y’s mother who lives upstairs. They were weird animal noises it would seem though we went outside and found nothing. Anyway I was playing around on my phone when I heard a knock on the window as if a small bird or a bat flew into it. I approached the window and I saw something strange. Y saw it momentarily before it just vanished. It appeared to me like a small person no more than anywhere from two to five inches in length on it looked very shriveled and mummy like. I often think about it and bring it up to Y and he to this day just changes the subject.’ ‘It either flew into my window or tapped it.’ ‘Almost like a small dark, kind of mummified person, almost of evil nature.’ ‘It

was a small humanoid with wings, the wings were dragon-fly like.’ [Fairies are] supernatural beings of nature or evil.’ ‘I’m just puzzled and want to know more!’

§300) US (Michigan). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own [?]; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was watching a baby and his eyes kept following something. My mother said he was seeing the faeries so I watched him and saw them out of the corner of my eye. They were like little lights. Like Tinker Bell while she’s flying. A little pixie light. Several of them. My daughter said she had cast a spell calling them to come.’ ‘My mother knew they were faeries but didn’t see them. The baby I was watching saw them. I knew when I saw them what I was seeing and after my daughter had told me she was requesting them to come.’

§301) US (Michigan). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own*; 6 am-9 am; ‘varied but most of the occurrences lasted not more than ten minutes’; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep [‘other times we experienced them was if we were running late’]; unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘The second day that me and my two friends were living in that apartment was the first time that there was an experience. Early that morning I was woken up by the door bell. I went to the door and there was a guy standing there. I don’t really remember what he looked like just that his hair was wet like he had just gotten out of the shower. I also don’t remember his name but he said he was our downstairs neighbors and wanted to stop by and introduce himself. I told him that everyone was sleeping still but if he stopped by later he could meet everyone. No one else had heard the door bell and it turned out that no one lived in the downstairs apartment. The next morning all of our shoes were full of water and long pieces of grass, even a pair of flip-flops had as much water on them as was possible without it spilling over. There was no water on the floor. After that anytime someone was running late, and only when they were running late, their keys were nowhere to be found. Only after fifteen minutes or so of searching would they reappear in a highly visible place, usually

where the keys were supposed to have been and the first placed that was checked. Plants grew insanely well in that house, growing many inches over night and blooming more and more often than was expected. They weren't fertilized and were only watered with tap water. Cat-sized shadows were often seen darting around the place very early in the morning, usually two or three at a time.' 'The first encounter it looked like a human male but the only specifics I can remember is that its hair was wet. All other times it was only shadow figures that were about the height of a cat but kind of blobby looking.' 'I have lived in haunted houses before and this was definitely not typical ghost like behavior. Also I doubt aliens would be interested in messing with some college kids on a regular basis and same goes for angels.'

§302) US (Michigan). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; no duration given; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I turned on the television. I began hearing a horrible atonal moaning/singing from outside the house. It ranged in octave from a low octave moan to a high octave shriek. But it wasn't 'noise'. It was musical. I've lived in rural areas all my life. Even spent time in the deep woods. No animal sounds like that. I can't prove it. I didn't look outside. I didn't want to. I had a grandfather (the Irish one) sick with cancer. I knew what it was. Hearing a banshee was bad enough. To see one? No way. My grandfather died a short time later.' 'A hollow, moaning 'song', horrible to hear, but not unmusical. It made me want to look outside. I wouldn't. It moved around the outside of the house, as I went from room to room. The range was from baritone to soprano. But it was one voice. I had to drown out the sound with the television. It helped, but didn't entirely block it. It was almost as if the sound were in my head, but I was definitely hearing it with my ears, hard to explain.' 'It seemed sad. I always imagined the banshee as angry. But it wasn't. It was sad. I think it's possible that she may not be called upon again. The family name may not carry onto another generation.' 'While I'm not sure that a

banshee is technically a fairy, the stories are usually grouped into the fairyllore, so I thought you might be interested.'

§303) US (Michigan). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; erotic; occasional supernatural experience; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'I had just got back from a quick trip to Walmart and as I was carrying in shopping bags a small fiery looking thing (roughly spherical in shape) darted in through the open door. It's hard to describe its appearance but it didn't seem to have a definite shape or color and was translucent, iridescent, and flickering/shimmery like fire. It darted around the house for about a half hour before it finally went out an open window. It zoomed all over, from room to room and floor to ceiling. I was pretty freaked out and my dog hid under the computer desk the entire time it was in the house.' 'The closest thing that comes to mind is white/clear fire, like the hottest flame. There were no visible features and its size was in constant flux, from about the size of a marble to about the size of a fist.' 'My housemate had lived there long before I moved in and she said that small items (especially keys and jewelry) have always been moved mysteriously around the house (this continued after I had moved in) and that sometimes she had seen lights darting about the trees behind the house (I had never witnessed this). She is the one who claimed they were fairies, that's why I call what I had seen a fairy.' 'I believe it was a fairy because when I told my housemate about she told me it was a fairy. She works with fairies in her spiritual practices.'

§304) US (Michigan). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own* [I was doing a reading for a friend expecting to communicate with a spirit but a fairy communicated instead]; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'My friend had sent me a picture of herself hoping I could connect with one of several spirits she had been seeing in

her home. While I was trying to connect I was taken aback by seeing a fairy. Not a human spirit. She had specific messages for my friend. She corrected me when I referred to her as a fairy. She was in fact to be referred as ‘one of the little people.’ I had never heard of the little people except for humans who have dwarfism. I told my best friend everything. I thought my friend would think I was crazy and was sure I would never hear from her again. The next evening she sent me a message saying that she saw her curtains being messed with so she looked over and the bottom corner was turned up. The little person had told me to tell my friend the day before that she and her friends enjoy causing a little mischief and enjoyed playing tricks on my friend. After that I started getting small tea cups and saucers as gifts left on the floor where I step to get out of bed. I have kept one set for myself and pass the others on to children I meet.’ [A fairy] because the fairy corrected me as to what she was.’

§305) US (Michigan). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘For a couple of years now, I have had several (up to six) fairy rings in my front yard. One day on a whim, I entered the circle with my autistic son and we danced in the ring. That night when I was quieting my mind to sleep, they appeared. There were too many to count. They looked like lights dancing around. They told me that they were fairies and that they liked me. I have had three other encounters since that first time. The same way and too many to count.’ ‘Like lights fluttering around. No real form seen.’ ‘I have had an encounter with a UFO when I was young. I have never shared this experience with anyone. I saw one. I was not abducted and I did not speak to any aliens, although I did see them. This was vastly different and they told me they were fairies.’ ‘Although I know they are rather mischievous, my interaction with them was pleasant.’

§306) US (Michigan). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during*

the experience. ‘While out walking after having eaten dinner, on a moonless night, taking a ‘short-cut’ through the woods behind the library in *** (a small stretch of land that runs east-west between ***and *** I heard the sound of small indistinct voices talking, whispering and laughing from trees around me. I could see nothing, but caught glimpses of small black shadows moving in the branches. The night was pitch black and impossible to see, and though I had walked the path through the woods many times and houses with lights could not have been more than a hundred yards away, I felt quite lost and confused of my way. On a whim, I reached into a pocket of the backpack I was carrying with and found a small metal bell that I had found someplace and had kept as an oddment. I tinkled it for a few minutes and said aloud, ‘Here, you can have this,’ and hooked in on the nearest branch I could reach in the darkness. The woods seemed a little less dark and the path, though not visible, was suddenly discernible underfoot, as a flat clear space to walk. I quickly found myself out of the woods and on the sidewalk and made my way straight home without looking back. I went back to look for the bell the next day. But it was nowhere in sight.’ ‘Small, humanoid, shadowy figures darting through branches.’ ‘Small, high pitched voices, whispers, and laughter.’ ‘The woods in question (during my experience) always seemed to be, although very sparse and in the middle of an urban environment, quite old.’

§307B) US (Minnesota). *Male; 2000s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland, in a city; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, angry, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; ‘pure amazement’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* For the last four years I have had repeated Faery experiences with many people as witnesses. I lead Faery Walks to show how the fae can intelligently interact with us using flashlights, by turning them on and off to the answer of our questions. We have often captured pictures of the fae near people and by themselves. I was fifty-nine years old when I captured a photo of a faery that I could not explain. In pursuit of an answer, I soon found out the fae are real, and willing to teach us. I have also found several people who can talk directly

with the fae. I now live with a real faery in my house and can feel her presence. She chats via flashlights. I too am amazed. The faeries are real. Believe it! 'In the photos I have taken they appear as winged entities. The females are more flamboyant than the males. Some are by people and other are in groups by themselves. All emit their own light energy. In a digital world, the image of the faery itself has no pixels. It appears bright white. I have photos of bugs and faeries in the same photo. Bugs have pixels. Faeries don't.' 'I have an audio recording of some playful faeries cat-calling my name. They also respond well to light and air [airy?] music. Do something nice for the faeries and they will do something nice for you. I bring them cheese and candy. It works! They also cannot resist rose essence.' 'Angels are God's helpers, and faeries are angels helpers.' 'The faeries I have met are not young. They have ranged in age from two hundred to eight hundred years old. In Minneapolis, a lot of flour was shipped to Europe, and many faeries returned on those vessels, up the Mississippi to aid the native Americans.'*

§308) US (Minnesota). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in a garden*; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was doing something I did often, walk around the trees'; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. 'I heard a voice*

* This survey return was sent November 2014, a second return about the same incident was sent March 2015. US (Minnesota). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland, in a city; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; 'repeated ten minutes to one hour'; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; 'repeated experiences'; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. 'As [a] tour guide, I have done repeated visits to the same park to show hundreds of new people how faeries can turn on and off flashlights to communicate with humans. Many photos and videos of faeries also have been captured. I bring the fae treats of cheese, candy and wine to entice their activity. Do something nice for a faery and they will do something nice for you. I also built an indoor faery house which has now been lived in for a year and a half by a very nice faery named Lady Belle Courtland. I can feel her presence like another being in the house. I have utilized several mediums who can actually talk with the faeries to learn more from them. Angels are God's helpers, faeries are angels helpers. Most are old souls. The ones I have met are two hundred to eight hundred years old. Many came to the Midwest up the Mississippi on the returning flour vessels that transported flour to Europe from Minneapolis, MN. The largest flour milling capital of the world for more than fifty years. Angels wings are like a birds, faeries wings are like butterflies. I have photos of both. I was fifty nine years of age before I found out faeries are REAL! It changed my life forever for the good.' 'Photographed as winged sources of pure white light energy.' 'Recorded giggling female voices calling my name.' 'I found the faeries by accidental photography.' 'I am a paranormal tour guide and investigator. I have had repeated experiences with ghosts, angels and faeries. I have taken photos of each and have learned to discern the differences. Each year I repeat my Faery Walks and teach others that faeries are real.' 'I never thought I would be privileged enough to be allowed to visit the world of elementals. My faery friends have shared with me some of their ways, and allowed me to know of their existence. They have told us of trolls, fauns, sprites and other elementals that we haven't identified yet. They are a source of pure energy. They photograph as pure white with no pixels in their images. They are shy, but if you shoot your photos when the honeysuckle blooms, they are easy to capture. They are drunk on the honeysuckle, giddy and playful.'*

coming from a tree in my backyard. At first the voice was not clear, so I asked it to repeat what it said. Then I heard clearly. ‘Hello down there!’ ‘Are you a fairy?’ I asked. ‘Yes!’ The voice replied. There was another person with me and they heard it all as well. Very excited, we went to go tell people and when we returned the fairy was gone. I never saw the fairy, but when I returned to the tree later, a small yellow leaf fell to the ground beside me. It came from a pine tree, so that wasn’t normal. I don’t know if that even means anything, or had anything to do with the fairy.’ ‘No music, but a high pitched voice.’ [Fairies are] small human like creatures with wings.’ ‘I had been starting to lose belief shortly before this experience, but it helped to quickly bring me back to believing.’

§309) US (Minnesota). *Male; 11-20; 1960s; on or near the water, in woodland; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It happened in the early morning after having stayed up all night. (Some critics might say this caused an hallucination, I, on the other hand, think those times increase sensitivity). My friends were asleep and I rowed across the lake to an island. While enjoying the early morning, I was watching the squirrels playing in the trees when all of a sudden two small creatures (elves, fairies?) appeared on the branch and kicked a squirrel off the branch and it fell all the way to the ground. I have wondered if those entities really existed, but in my now soon sixty eight years I have yet to see another squirrel fall off a branch. I believe I had what an experience Jerome Clark coined as an ‘experience anomaly.’ ‘They were not much bigger than the squirrels. They seemed to be clothed but I really don’t remember how, but bright colors come to mind.’

§310) US (Minnesota). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 am; many hours* [‘95 minutes’]; friendly, aloof, indifferent to our presence; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Approximately eighteen months ago a group of twenty five friends and I went camping in the far north of Minnesota in the ***Waters

Canoe Area. On our fourth day we found a secluded island in one of the lakes and decided to do some fishing and extended camping there. After much discussion of what we wanted to do for the fifth day we decided to stay camped for the day and relax on the island. On the morning of the fifth day we were all getting ready to go swimming and fishing a friend called the rest of us over to look at something he found on the other side of the island. When we went to the other side of the island we were all gobsmacked. We witnessed what can only be described as gnomes, short (about sixteen centimeters without a cap on) human looking beings with tall caps and rough homespun clothing. We witnessed both male and female gnomes as well as a few children. The gnomes were aware of us, as was obvious by the way they would occasionally shoot us the evil eye, but made no malicious moves or threatening moves towards us. We sat there and watched the entire village for about ninety five minutes or so before we left to go about our activities. We camped out on the island again that night and were not disturbed by them. I went back near where their village was early the next morning and left a gift of a gold ring that was supposed to be given to my deceased fiancé, I think it's what she would have wanted, because I remember reading about gnomes working with gold as a child.' 'Human like including facial features. Short, about sixteen centimeters without hat. With Hat approximately twenty eight centimeters. Rough Homespun clothing of different colors. Tall Hats of the colors Blue, Green, Red, Orange, and Purple.' 'When speaking to one another I would describe it as a mixture of Swedish and Danish. One was playing something like a pan flute in this very rich and intoxicating melody that reminded me of a mixture of birdsong and Celtic music.' 'They were Gnomes. My grandma had a book that I read as a child about gnomes and they were identical to what was described in the book.' 'I'm an airline pilot, and prior to that a private investigator, so discussing something like this could potentially ground me and potentially call my prior work into question.'

§311) US (Mississippi). *Female; 1980s; 21-30; in a private house*; on my own; I can't remember the time; no duration given; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special phenomena to report connected with the*

incident. “There was a time, when I was in my early twenties, that the thought occurred to me that perhaps fairies were real. I purposely visualized a fairy, which, in that instance (in reality) removed a sore from my son’s arm. I did not see the fairy, *per se*, but the visualization was used to heal someone. Afterwards, I had a series of dreams in which I believed that I was encountering extra-terrestrials, (in my dreams). They called me ‘Chrysalis’, which is the stage of a butterfly’s life in which it is (Transforming) from a caterpillar to a butterfly. These beings, which I believed were extra-terrestrials, (now, I understand they are/were fairies). For one thing, my mother who adopted me told everybody in the family a story about me and my adoption, and she was a very religious and honest person. She said that she had a vision of an ‘Angel’ while she was outside near her walnut trees. She and her husband were renting a house, at that time, in Yuba City, Sutter County, California. She said that this ‘Angel’ appeared in front of her and asked her what she would WISH for, if she could have anything she wished. She was unable to have children of her own, and so she said that she would wish for a daughter. The ‘Angel’ asked her what she would name the daughter if she had one, and because she could not think of anything else, she replied, ‘Angel’. Afterwards, she got me as a foster-child, and several years later, when my birth-mother released me for adoption to her, the ‘Angel’ re-appeared to her and asked her the same question, and she replied that she would name me ‘Angel’ once again. A friend of hers told her she would be afraid to name me anything else, after that happened. However, I understand, now, that the ‘Angel’ which my adoptive mother saw, was indeed, a Fairy! I have been told by my Aunt, that I have some ancestors who were Druids. This is in addition to being part Native American and many other races, French, Irish, Scottish, perhaps British, Swedish, and maybe Gypsy. I’m a pretty good mutt. There are some unusual things about me. I pick up on people’s vibrations. There are plenty of things and since it is a long story, I am saving it for later. I would like to tell you about the fairies. For the first thing, their minds are very highly developed. They amplify the thoughts of humans. This is why many people consider it dangerous to deal with fairies, because, the thoughts of most humans contain fears, worries, and some negative things. As long as your thoughts or

wishes are positive ones, then, that is what you will be immediately drawing to you, if you are in the presence of a full-blood fairy. Whatever thought that you have, while in the presence of a full-blood fairy, manifests immediately. So, what I am saying is this. If a person believes they are in the presence of this wonderful being and has good thoughts, then, that is what manifests immediately. Yet, an individual who is 'demonizing' a fairy in their thoughts, is provoking the fairy to act the part, (the worry or fear is actually a wish). If a person does not have the control over their own mind, the person does not need to be in the presence of a fairy, in other words!

Another thing about fairies is that, they communicate by telepathy. They think their words loudly and you hear them, and they hear the words that you think. They can communicate verbally, also. But, they do not have names, such as we have names. As, my name is Angel, and you can sound out my name phonetically. Their names are actually symbolic pictures, which, in order to call or summon the fairy, like you would call me by saying, 'Hey, Angel, come over here for a moment,' or you could call me on the phone, but it is not the same for a full-blood fairy. You must visualize, or imagine their symbolic picture, (which is the fairies' name), and that is how to call the fairy. A fairy can come to you in a dream and show you his or her name. Or, you may find that some unusual picture in a cave, that you thought was just a picture by some ancient cave man, might actually be the name of a fairy and was carved in that cave for a remembrance. Fairies are beautiful, that is true. However, they are also shape-shifters. They can manifest however you would like them to. What I mean is, if your preference is a man with black, curly hair, he can be a very handsome man with black, curly hair. If you want to see one with blonde hair, he can transform himself again and make it blonde. These kinds of things are no problem for the fairy. They are magnificent beings, because of the greatness of their minds and their self-control. They are ultimate Gurus! They are way more highly-evolved than humans, and they are waiting for us to learn the lessons they would teach us. They share our world, but are in a higher dimension of it; a higher frequency of it, to understand it clearly. The people who have the gift to see them is because they are able to see into those dimensions and realms. True, many people have made the same mistake that I made,

and have thought they were alien beings from other worlds and galaxies, ‘extra-terrestrials’. The one I encountered in a dream experience, in my early twenties, came from a world called Botnik. I am not saying that fairies cannot live in some other world or galaxy, which would seem the same as an extra-terrestrial. In fact, it would seem that they do that also, as people are not running around seeing them outside, flying around just as the butterflies. As I said, to be able to ‘see’ them is a gift, of which, I have not experienced that. I have only dreamed about them...’ ‘I experienced feelings in a few dreams, and knowledge was shared with me, which, was too sophisticated for me to just create on my own ingenuity. I am very intelligent, granted. However, I do realize that some dreams feel too real and I have to say that I experienced some things consciously, although I was dreaming. I also have some of the abilities of fairies. My wish was to be like them, after my dream encounter. And, I realize that it is much like that. It is just that, I have not evolved to their level, and if I were, of course, exactly like them, then, I would be a lot better off than I am, (financially, life-style, and in all ways). ‘They are the super best! But, they can be the worst for people who are always looking to find fault or bad things in others! It really depends on the quality of our thoughts! That is the lesson.’

§312) US (Missouri). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; in a private house* [‘at my bedroom window of a private home’]; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes* [‘I watched them for about two minutes or so and then I think I fainted’]; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I walked into my room with a towel around me from showering. I sat on my bed getting ready to rub my hair when a movement over at the window caught my attention. There they were. Little men walking in a line across a branch with a small leap over to my open window. They went across the sill and then jumped down onto what I assume was the water meter next to the house, under my window. I couldn’t wrap my head around what I was seeing. It had to be a trick of the early evening shadows. I leaned forward to get a bit closer even though my room was tiny. Nope, it was small men about eight to ten inches tall. They were wearing what looked like *liederhosen*. They all wore hats too. The hats were very

strange. They looked like boxes made into poorly designed hats. I became so frightened I wanted to run for it but I didn't want to draw attention to myself. They never acted like they saw me, though I don't know how that's possible. I could feel the fear of seeing this getting so strong and then the next thing I know is I'm waking up at the end of my bed with the towel still around me and its totally dark outside.' 'They all looked almost the same. They were about right [eight?] inches or so, I could see ratty hair sticking out from under their hats. They had knobby knees and old fashioned type hobnob boots on. I don't remember seeing socks. They looked like little German men in lederhosens. I always thought they had very strange hats on but I do remember seeing a couple of them with their arms up like they were balancing their hats. I now in hindsight wonder if they were carrying boxes instead. The hats did look like strange boxes.' 'They were small men walking in a line. I just assumed they were of the fairy realm.' '[Fairies are] citizens of this planet just like us, only not harmful like us.'

§313) US (Missouri). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 6 am-9 am; ten minutes to an hour* ['twenty five minutes']; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'I got into my automobile to go to work. The time was 7:55 AM. I put the key into the ignition and before I turned the switch, I detected a movement in the wooded area right next to my driveway. I was compelled to get out of the car and walk over to the side of the drive, and as I stood at the edge of the wooded area, I saw a figure emerge from behind a very thin tree. The figure was a woman, wearing a brown and tan colored long dress. She was dark haired, it was long and pulled back from her face. She was wearing some sort of headband that came around her forehead. After stepping out from behind the tree she seemed to look around the woods, as if she had just arrived and was getting oriented. After what seemed like a few moments she turned and looked at me. She was not 'spooky' or 'translucent-looking' she looked solid, and as real as anyone. The fact that she had come from behind the tiny tree was odd, but I was not fearful. She stared at me for a brief time, then looked around again. After a few minutes she stepped backward, back behind

the very small tree. When she did that, I seemed to realize that I was just standing on the edge of the driveway. When I got back into my car, I noticed the time, it was 8:20. What seemed to me like only a few minutes had actually been twenty-five minutes. I have had several such experiences in my lifetime, though this was the first that I ever had with a creature such as this one. I am not sure if she was Faerie or a Dryad.’ ‘A female with long hair in a long dress.’ ‘At the time this happened I had built a small Earth Altar and it was placed near where this occurred. Perhaps that enticed the Faerie (or Dryad if that is the case) to appear.’

§314) US (Missouri). *Female; 2000s; 51-60s; in a private garden* [‘small rural town’]; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; none of these; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I had never really considered that fairies could be real although I loved the cute depictions of them in books and movies. The event that my husband and I experienced may not be related to fairies, but upon research into what we saw it is the only thing that comes close to explaining the phenomenon. Although my husband and I have both lived in a small town in Missouri all our lives neither one of us has ever witnessed anything like that which we experienced on June 19, 2010. It was around 10 p.m. We had just returned home from having supper in a nearby town when we decided to sit out on our patio to relax and enjoy the balmy night. It was unusually quiet for a weekend night. No cars were driving by. No people were walking down the little side street that our patio looked out on. The neighbors across the street were apparently gone as no lights were on. We were enjoying simply talking and looking at the stars in the sky. I then shifted my gaze to look over at the huge oak tree that lives in the yard just across the street from our house. At that moment I noticed about half-way up that huge tree was a very bright light shining through the leaves. I kept trying to focus on this, and at first thought I was seeing a star shining through an opening in the leaves. Suddenly the light began to come forward, and as it moved forward it was increasing in size until it reminded me of The Star of David that you would see in books of The Christmas Story because it had the distinctive points. It continued to move forward until it was completely out

of the tree. I was awestruck, and couldn't even speak. I was afraid to even blink for fear of missing something. As it cleared the leaves I could see the light was completely encased inside a beautiful bubble. The light was so brilliant that it almost hurt my eyes to keep looking directly at it, but I couldn't resist taking in every detail. The brilliant star in the center of the bubble emitted beams of light that literally went out in all directions stopping at the inside surface of the bubble. Between each beam were beautiful, swirling iridescent colors. The bubble continued to slowly move forward until it reached the edge of the street at which time it went suddenly and totally black. Just 'disappeared'. It was totally silent the whole time this was happening. I held my breath watching and waiting to see more. A few seconds later it reappeared on our side of the street, and was entering into our Redbud tree. I could see each leaf lit up as it were daylight! Then it went black, or 'disappeared' again. I finally got my breath at this point enough to ask my husband 'Did you see that?' He said 'Yes, what WAS it?' We were both dumbfounded, and didn't know what to do. If he had not been there to see it with me I would have questioned my own sanity. We started dissecting what we had just seen. The whole sighting couldn't have lasted more than a minute. It was obvious that there was intelligence within it because of the fact that when it entered the open space of the street it became 'invisible' (possibly to avoid being seen?) I guess we were both a little afraid because neither one of us attempted to go and stand under that Redbud tree! We waited about thirty minutes more to see if anything else happened. When we saw nothing we went inside. I have searched the internet looking for a clue as to what this might have been and the only website that I could find anything similar on is about fairy sightings. We also came across a book that described conditions that are right for fairy sightings. We were amazed at the number of things listed that exactly fell into place that night:

1. They are most often seen at the time of the Summer Solstice. (It was June 19, the date of the Summer Solstice.
2. They love to live in large oak trees.
3. They like music. We had music playing outside.
4. They like pets. Our two cats were running and playing around outside in this same area.
5. They love flowers, especially ferns. I have lots of ferns and flowers blooming on that side of the house. We feel as if we

may have been hidden from view where we were sitting due to the roof line by our patio. This experience haunts me wanting to know more, but I'm sure these things always remain a mystery. I had the realization that one could be outside a lifetime, and yet not be in the right place at just the right time, under perfect conditions, and miss this magnificent, yet very brief sighting. I'm very happy to know that there is so much more out there than what we are normally allowed to see. I have since then stepped outside alone in the darkness to observe that Oak tree and twice I have seen little bouncing lights in the tree. The first time the little lights were pale blue and appeared to jump across the branches in a scalloped pattern. The second time I was watching my husband came out to join me. We both saw some small pale yellow lights move across the tree in a horizontal direction and one fell to the ground and bounced when it hit! I wrote about this experience to an author and artist of a Fairy art book because a couple of his depictions resembled the first glimpse of the large light we saw. I was trying to find out how he knew what these things looked like and all he would say was he was glad I enjoyed his book and to place a clear quartz crystal on the Oak tree, and to leave it as a gift to the little light beings! I guess we will never know exactly what this was, but I keep thinking that it may have been a mode of transportation for the fairies!

§315) US (Missouri). *Male; 1990s; 11-20* [21-30]; inside a private house* ('in my bedroom');* *on my own; 12 am-3 am; 'hard to remember [duration] because I was half asleep'; 'I really couldn't say. It seemed wicked, but I could be wrong'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'I might have been sad or unhappy at that time, but can't recall reliably'; unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'I was asleep, lying on my left side. I slept on a mattress, without legs or box spring, which means it was more or less on the floor. While sleeping, I heard small noises in the room, the sounds began to wake me slightly from dreaming. While still deeply in a state of rest and drowsiness, I observed the sounds, and it slowly became clear that the sounds were not random, and were not animal-like; they were careful and deliberate. I listened for a long time, remaining perfectly still, which was easy because I had been so deep in sleep. It should be noted that I had two cats, but I knew them well, and they were not allowed in the part of

the house [where] I had a bedroom. There had never been rats in the house, and the sounds were too loud to be made by even several mice working together. Obviously the thing to rule out is one of my cats. My memory of this event is dim now, but I know the me of over a decade ago would have been adamant that it was no cat that he saw. Eventually, while deliberately frozen and motionless, I became very, very awake. The room was almost completely dark; there were phosphorescent paints softly glowing (I collected phosphorescent items at the time) and possibly a night light somewhere, though I can't remember that for certain now. I was lying with my eyes closed and trying to breathe as I would if asleep. But I was very acutely awake by this time. I was focusing all of my attention on detecting sound. At some point I became aware of motion, and shortly after, an overwhelming sensation that something was coming close to me. It was now directly in front of me. Something tells me I once had a memory that I heard it breathing, but I can't vouch for that now. But I did, very carefully, very, very slowly, open my eyes in the faintest way. I have quite long eyelashes; I used to play a game with friends to determine how much I could open my eyes from the shut position without them being able to tell I could see or if my eyes were even open. I opened my eyes as little and as gently as I could while still being able to see. This is what I remember, or remember remembering: Standing in front of me, almost directly in front of my face, was what can only be described as a little man. He was squat, and probably about a foot or a foot and a half in height, and had a head that was sort of football-shaped (American football); his head looked kind of like the head on the Lemonheads candy box.* His mouth was very wide, traversing most of his face. He was wearing some type of overalls. I obviously don't really know the gender. He just struck me as a male, but who knows. I was terrified and overwhelmed, and was probably in a state of panic; I knew the creature was paying attention to me, and was almost certainly inspecting me. But it wasn't apparent to me whether or not the creature actually knew for certain I was awake and looking at him, and I had successfully not moved in any way as far as I could tell. The only thing I could think of to do was slowly close my eyes all the way

* See the illustration that follows.

again and desperately hope to fall back asleep. I did eventually return to sleep, perhaps from exhaustion? I don't know. In closing, I should add that while I was terrified, I wasn't inclined to hurt the creature, and I wasn't certain it meant to hurt me, though it did not in any way seem friendly, and it even seemed vaguely wicked. I was probably just as frightened that something I would do would make it disappear; as bewildering and frightening as the incident was, I'm sure that I was also aware of the extremity of it. If I saw a living dinosaur or a Sasquatch, or a Unicorn or some other incredible creature, doing anything to endanger it or make it run away would be the last thing I'd be inclined to do. I'd probably freeze, just as I did that night. This was the only time I saw this creature, or anything like it. But I've submitted a very similar story told to me by my grandmother in the b) section [third-person accounts]. That story was told to me at minimum a year before the incident described here, and probably much longer before.' 'One foot to one-and-a-foot-half high, squat, wearing overalls, head the shape of an American football (or the Lemonheads candy mascot). Wide mouth.' 'I don't know what it was that I met, or remember meeting at least. It could have been some other type of being; but there were no technological artifacts that might suggest a spaceship-oriented culture, and I don't know what it could have been a ghost of, other than some species or race that died long before humans as we know them populated that piece of land. Obviously what I saw was no gauzy-winged Victorian fantasy. But the fair folk purportedly come in many shapes and sizes, and in any case, when being considered as a pair with a story my grandmother told, which has more classical elements of stories of faeries, it seems appropriate to consider my encounter applicable to this realm more than another. In truth, I don't know.' 'If they exist, I imagine they are another race or species. They may have prevailed before mankind came into dominance, or they may be extraterrestrials. Or we may be, while they are the natives. Or, possibly, they could be inhabitants of another dimension, who have chosen, for reasons that are opaque to humanity, to visit our dimension at this location from time to time.' 'I am an extremely logical and rational person. But, I am agnostic. I maintain a conscious ambivalence about those things which science cannot comment on or has not commented on, which, absurdly, does include the fair

folk, or elves, or inhabitants of Faerie, or whatever other terms or names or words folklore has used. I do want Faerie, or The Fair Folk, to exist, it is true, but moreover I have always had a sense that there *is something there*. Maybe any of the above entered origins are true, or maybe something else. But as someone who has tracked and deduced things many times (I build things and repair them), I know that **dis**believing in something almost certainly will mean you will never find it. Even research scientists often work from hunches. I'd rather follow a bad lead than fail to experience something profound. Also, I read the short bio of the Fairy Investigation Society over at the *Fortean Times* blog, and it sounded cool and romantic, if a bit silly and also unavoidably ill-fated.*



Figure §315

§316) US (Montana). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland, 'abandoned brokedown building in mining ghost town'; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience*; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, curious; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sudden chill before the experience. 'While checking out broken down building in ghost town, had*

* In an email correspondence in Nov 2017 the respondent wrote. 'As I said, it was a long time ago and my memory is bad at this point. But I think I was somewhere around 19. Re: in bed, it is reminiscent of the whole 'night terrors' and sleep paralysis phenomenon. I have sleep paralysis from time to time even now, and a sibling had violent night terrors fairly regularly. My experience might even have begun as sleep paralysis, although it definitely was not during the majority of it. Presuming bedtime entity experiences are actual encounters and not hallucinations, it would make sense to invade someone's space when they are unconscious. Mice and rats seem to most frequently choose those times to do it.' On the basis of this I've changed the age bracket: we can be certain, I think, that the respondent was in his late teens or early twenties when the encounter took place. 'I know that eventually I was fully awake, and that was when it became almost terrifying, because the noises were so explicitly real. My memory (which to be clear is now a memory of a memory of a memory, etc.) is that my visual glimpse of this creature/being was during this fully awake period. I mention the waking in the context of paralysis because the woken period was when my memory is certain that I was able to move. And again, I'm **not** for certain that the episode began with sleep paralysis, only that my memory suggests it **may** have. Also - I don't know what you mean by 20-30, unless that is what I filled in on the original report [ed. yes]. I did say 19 below, so 20 is of course in the ballpark. I had several odd experiences in these years, well earlier and somewhat later; mostly they seem to have tapered off now. Which does make me a bit sad. I don't have the feeling they'll never return, but I do expect it will be a long time from now if they do.'

grandkids go into building to get picture and take pictures, upon reviewing pictures later, from one picture to the next only a couple seconds apart the photos were different, in one picture seemed normal the very next picture a gnome was in picture, no reflections of light, no items changed in picture, just appearance of gnome on broken down wood on the ground inside of the building, looking towards the camera as if was curious to see who came into the building.’ ‘Pointed hat, small, face with two eyes nose etc, easily defined in photo, appeared to have bluish outfit on and white face.’ ‘[Fairies are] just other creatures of our realm that many have forgotten how to believe in and see.’ ‘Have always believed in many supernatural things and have always taught family and grandkids to be open to those things and to explore and to seek out other entities so as to experience them that’s why I believe we see or experience many aspects of the astral or supernatural realm or of other creatures that exist among us.’

§317) US (Nebraska). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; can't remember time; 'too young to remember' [duration]; friendly, wise; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; extremely comfortable/ no anxiety; unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘My usual hideout/ fort/ play area was in an overgrown honeysuckle bush in the garden of my backyard. There isn’t a particularly specified experience. But I know that growing up I thought fairies weren’t the flitting creatures everyone else thought them to be. To me they were about my size, and they were connected to certain parts of nature. And I’m pretty sure there was only one instance where this visually came to light. But it seemed to dissolve within my imagination. There are several pictures I drew throughout my childhood, and still there is a protective force in me about anyone doing harm to the bush. Now I believe it to have been a nature spirit of some type, tethered to the honeysuckle.’ ‘Not positive [about appearance]. About the size of a teenager that hadn’t reached puberty.’ ‘I feel like I have a better connection with nature than most. Walking in nature is an ethereal and otherworldly feeling for me. I’ve had more contacts with ghosts than fairies, especially growing up. Aliens were my worst fear growing up.’ ‘[Fairies] live in a realm that is not of our world. It is easier for them to transcend those boundaries through the in-between.’

§318) US (New England). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; 'driving car on well known route'; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I was driving in my car at night through a woody populated area. I saw something very small (eighteen to twenty two inches) running on two legs. It did not have the shape of a human child and it did not move like a human child! I have no idea what it was! The only thing that meets the description is a type of fairy!' 'Small (eighteen to twenty-two inches), slim two-legged, humanoid shape.'

§319) US (New England). *Male; 1980s; 0-10; on or near water, a swimming pool; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I was swimming in the shallow end of the pool at my grandparents' house. I went under water and saw a four-six [inch] figure running across the bottom. I went up for air and to see if anybody was close enough to see it. It was gone when I went back down a second later.' 'Sort of like a classic leprechaun.' 'Hand size or smaller.' 'I just always assumed it was a leprechaun, but it is just as possible that it was a fairy.' 'I definitely think I saw something that day, as well as other times in my life where I may have encountered 'paranormal' events. However, I don't blindly believe every and all stories I hear... I believe that there is more going on than we can perceive, whether it be other dimensions/planes of existence.'

§320) US (New England). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland, inside a private house, in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I had gotten home from a friend's house, and my parents were out, so I was locked out of the house, I sat by the door next to a small flower bed, and after a while about a dozen little naked people with wings like dragonflies came out from under the steps and buzzed around me and the flowers for about a half-hour. When my mother's car

pulled into the driveway they fled back under the stairs.’ ‘Little winged naked people, about an inch tall each, Caucasian type skin, but sort of gold colored aura.’ ‘Their wings buzzed and they sort of chirped a little, but it was too high pitched to really make out any words.’

§321) US (New England). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw them and we interacted.’ ‘They took various forms at various times, from butterflies to humanlike.’ ‘They identified themselves as the Fae.’

§322) US (New Hampshire). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; joyful, ‘happy until they saw me’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I did not necessarily believe in fairies until I saw this. Never thought much about them. I was lying on the couch inside my home. It was after midnight. The light source was from the bathroom light and the TV. I saw low light approaching along the ceiling in the hall which leads to the living room. I saw several ‘fairies’ almost dancing near the ceiling in the hall, approaching the living room where I was. I am positive they did not know I was there. Positive. There was no color but they were emitting a very bright light. Each little body was creating its own light. The little bodies would have been able to sit in my hand. They were not ‘walking’ or whatever on the ceiling, they were in an upright position with their feet going towards the floor, heads up top. The little bodies looked perfectly formed and I believe they had wings. They had something and it looked like wings. They were kind of pretty. I was scared. I saw maybe five or six of them but I am POSITIVE there were more coming behind them but because of where I was lying I could not see further down the hall. I must have moved. The one in front was startled and ALL of them appeared to go back in the direction they came from; fast. Then nothing. It has been about a year and a half and I never saw anything like that again. I have the very distinct impression that I was

NOT supposed to see them. I have seen no so called fairy circles anywhere outside or inside. I looked. It was THE most remarkable thing I have ever witnessed in my life.’ ‘Small enough to fit in my hand. Perfectly formed as a human with wings (I am almost positive it was wings). No color. Whitish and emitting a very bright light from the individual bodies.’ ‘Two people within a mile and a half of my house have also seen fairies but they did not look like this. So I guess this area is a cluster.’ ‘It was not a ghost. I feel strongly it was not an alien. I feel strongly that it was not an angel. I know it WAS fairies.’ [What are fairies?] Good question. I do not know but they are VERY aware of us. There is a consciousness.’ ‘As with anything that is unexplained, I am quite sure that no one will believe this. However, in addition to the friends down the road who had a very different encounter with a single tiny being (about a foot high). This one sounded kind of scary. They could tell by looking at him. I know someone else in northern Massachusetts who also saw a fairy about a year ago in her blueberry bushes. It sounded similar to mine. We all live within a half hour of each other. Someone else saw a fairy being in an old cemetery in New Hampshire, in the Manchester area. They are all over the place. I will repeat an earlier statement, I believe I was not supposed to see them. I don’t know what happened when they did not immediately know that I was there but they were GONE when they saw me. PLEASE do not share my email with anyone. Only a few trusted friends know about this.’

§323) US (New Hampshire). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was staying at my parents’ home on a small island in New Hampshire (USA). I woke up at about 4 AM, and this was not notable because I have very irregular sleep patterns. What was different this time, was an inner ‘pull’ and ‘compulsion’ to raise the shade and look out the bathroom window. I hate having the shades up when it is dark outside – it is a strange picadillo – but I hate feeling like I am exposed to the outside world in a display case, LOL. I

looked out into the dark, and across the country road, a fair distance away there were multi colored lights varying in size, and they were dancing. They were making circles in the pitch black night, dancing high over the trees and low and they were beautiful and compelling, and mesmerizing. Still, there was something sinister that gave me pause, and I cannot explain this because there was nothing inherently frightening in their display. I started to feel compelled and drawn outdoors, a feeling of longing came over me and I wanted so badly to be close to the lights, and there was a feeling of almost apathy for my personal safety. The sun came up and the lights slowly dissipated and faded. On a side note, there is a strange belief on my mother's Irish side of the family, that there is sidhe in our blood. I do not think this has any currency.' 'Multicolored lights in the woods of various sizes.' 'It could have been any or all of these things [ghosts, aliens etc], but in the moment the label fairy just felt 'right', in an intuitive way.'

§324) US (New Hampshire). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; angry; never or almost never have supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was in the woods behind my house, wandering by the brook, when I stopped to crouch down by the water. It was a sunny fall day, but shady under the trees, with dappled sunlight filtering down. As I was looking into the water at the edge of a small pool, a calm area of water that spread off of one side of the creek, suddenly the quality of the light seemed to change. It's hard to describe, but the sunlight seemed to grow thicker? And the leaves seemed as though they were falling more slowly through the thickened air. At the same time the sounds I had been hearing from the nearby road faded away, as did the sounds of the breeze, almost as if a bubble had been lowered over the area I was in. As I noticed this, I glanced up, as I felt a presence, someone looking at me. Directly across the stream, approximately twenty feet away, standing on the other bank, was a little creature made all of leaves and sticks. It was standing perfectly still, but starting straight at me. It held a stick in one hand, like a walking staff. I'd say it was no more than two-feet tall, with a broad face, and the likeness of

an old man, but composed entirely of leaves and twigs. I had a distinct impression that the creature was not happy to be seen, nor was it happy about my presence in these woods. At the same time I felt a certain acceptance, as if it was trying to convey that, although it was very unhappy with my kind, that it recognised that I was not one of the bad folk. I slowly inclined my head in a gesture of what I hoped was respect, when a sudden snap of a twig off to my left startled me, and I glanced sharply up. I looked back immediately to where the little leaf creature had been, but it was gone, as if never there. Suddenly the sounds from the road, and the breeze, filtered back in, and the quality of the light returned to a normal fall afternoon. I never saw the little leaf creature again, but occasionally I would feel eyes watching me from those woods, until finally I moved away.’ ‘The place [I saw the leaf man] had a reputation as a native American living site, where artifacts had been recovered.’

§325) US (New Jersey). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I was playing under the dogwood tree in my grandparents’ back garden, tossing marbles up into the branches and watching them fall and bounce on the moss around its roots. It was late afternoon, the sun was shining but light was filtered through the leaves of the many large trees that arched over the grass. One of the marbles I tossed up did not come down, so I tossed another and it, too, did not come down. I did this five or six times, and then I felt a presence, in the way that people say they feel a ghost arrive. A chill, the hair on my arms standing up, that sort of thing. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw movement at the wooden fence that enclosed the garden. I looked up and there were three people standing on the other side of the fence. Two were taller than the adults I knew, one was shorter. They shimmered in the light, so I couldn’t see their faces, but it was obvious they were wearing strange clothes. They just stood there watching me, and I watched them. I wasn’t afraid at all, it was as though they knew me. None of us moved, until one marble fell out of the tree and landed at my feet. I looked down,

surprised, and when I looked back up, they were gone. The next day, I went back to the dogwood tree. All of the marbles I'd lost the day before were in a neat circle on the moss.' '[The fairies] shimmered, and were almost transparent. Two were tall, one was smaller, like a family. I thought they were a family at the time. They were dressed in flowing garments but I can't say what kind of garments. Greens, golds, russet, but all with that weird glow. Long hair, pointed faces, but blurred so I didn't get any detail.' '[The place] had a reputation for ghosts, and I did not know this.' 'It happened in a garden, which of course anything can happen in a garden but what it felt like was an extension of the natural world, if that makes sense. Aliens come from different worlds, and ghosts are spirits in our world, but these things I saw were of the green world. They came from it, and went back into it. I think they wanted me to go with them.'

§326) US (New Jersey). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; in woodland, inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; friendly, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It seems so silly now but I remember it vividly. I was eating cocoa puffs watching Saturday cartoons and saw a girl, she was shiny and white, almost like a pearl, in my room and she had flowers. She walked to the wall, knocked four times and this is the really silly part, walked into the wall. She didn't talk, but I knew her name was Goldenrod and that she lived in the field next to our house, located in the pine-barrens. I wasn't afraid, and the room smelled good. I dreamt about her three times after that day, never saw her again. But would often see gold lights in the field. She didn't have wings, she wasn't tiny. I knew she was old, even though she looked my age, I don't know how. She wasn't a ghost, a dream or anything like that. I remember getting in trouble for leaving a cup of honey outside on the porch 'for Goldenrod' . 'I didn't hear sound. Even the television was muffled.' 'I wasn't afraid, atmosphere didn't change, ghosts don't exist, aliens and angels don't exist, in my head I knew it was a fairy even though she was regular size. And I ate gallons of honey after, and would always have an urge to leave out honey.' '[Fairies are] manifestations of nature.'

§327) US (New Jersey). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; in a garden; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘It was in the early spring, probably in 1992 or 1993. There had been a windstorm the night before, and there were many branches (some quite large) on the ground. My daughter was playing with some other children on the swings, and I was sitting on the ground. I turned my head and saw a fairy. My impression was that it was male, but I have no real evidence to back this up. He was crouched on one of the fallen branches, about four feet from me and had his back to me. Short dark hair, Caucasian skin color, and a double set of wings like a dragonfly. His arms and legs seemed to have too many joints but were recognizable as humanoid arms and legs (not insectile, if you will). Overall length was approximately six inches. There were five to six other fairies on a set of branches further back, but I could not see them nearly as well. I observed him for no more than a minute or two – I definitely did not want to attract his attention. I turned my head to check on my daughter and when I looked back I could no longer see him.’ ‘He was about six inches long, with a set of double wings like a dragonfly’s. Caucasian skin color, and while the arms and legs resembled those of a human, they had too many joints in them (imagine extra elbows and knees). I did not see his face.’

§328) US (New Jersey). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc), in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘It was at twilight on Midsummer. My husband and I had friends over. We had done a ritual earlier and were finishing up our meal. Suddenly, a green light, much larger than a firefly, emerged in the field in our backyard. It flew intelligently. The being flew toward us at the table, hovered, then circled us a couple of times. It then hovered again and took off very quickly. Most of us saw it, but didn’t say a word until it disappeared. Comparing notes we all saw the same thing. It was not an insect, and definitely acted with interest and intelligence. I have seen this being several times on

my own, but this was the first time others were with me.’ ‘I just had a ‘knowing’ that this was a Faerie, as did the others who experienced it with me.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature spirits or elementals.’

§329A) US (New Mexico). *Female; 1990s; no age given; in a city; alone; 3 am-6 am*; one to two minutes; aloof; no regularity of supernatural experiences given; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I don’t know if you will consider this a monster activity or not, but here it goes. This happened in *** New Mexico, in the summer of 1997, at about 5:30 A.M., I took my cup of coffee outside to a picnic table in the back yard. My Chihuahua Bella followed me. At first, I thought my neighbor had bought a dog, a little Schnauzer. Taking a better look, I noticed it was not a dog but a ‘little man.’ Bella thought it was a dog also as she ran to the fence to get a better look. We both noticed a little man about twelve-inches tall, stocky built with bushy eyebrows (gray) and a beard. He was wearing a gray woolen type shirt (no buttons) and gray pants with a rope for a belt. He had brown boots that looked like socks. Bella ran back into the house and under my bed, shaking, and remained there most of the day. The little man had a funny walk from side to side and quickly ran into a big Chinaberry tree and disappeared. I could not see a door or entrance but the little man disappeared into the tree. I will never forget this as long as I live. Thank you for taking the time. You may use my story.’ ‘Twelve-inches tall, stocky built with bushy eyebrows (gray) and a beard. He was wearing a gray woolen type shirt (no buttons) and gray pants with a rope for a belt. He had brown boots that looked like socks.’*

§330) US (New York State). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; city* [‘suburban area’]; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; somber, focused; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘mild insomnia’; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Sitting by my bedroom window late at night when I couldn’t sleep I witnessed a faerie processional taking place on my street. A column of faeries walked, wearing white cloaks and carrying single candles in front of

* This was accidentally put by the respondent in third-person fairy experiences. I’ve had to leave it out of my statistics because the rubric does not correspond.

them, moving from the wooded area in the middle of my street towards the cemetery at the other end. I remained frozen in place for some long minutes before the processional passed completely, partially in fear that they would see my movement, partially in awe of what I was seeing. I believe to this day that this was a mound moving as the wooded area was due to be built upon.' 'They seemed adult height from my vantage point (from the second floor). They wore long white cloaks that swished against the road, the hoods pulled up to obscure their features. Each fae held a single lit candle stick in front of them. One fae walked in front of the others, the rest walked in two straight columns.' 'I could not hear the processional from where I was, but I believe it was silent.' 'At the time I did not understand what I witnessed, but after research and talking to others who had experienced paranormal sightings, it seemed very likely that they were fae.' '[Fairies are] creatures that we do not have a good understanding of; ancient, magical folk that live in nature and sometimes have to move through the mortal plane.' 'This was my very first experience with the fae. I've had a few more, always robed creatures, sometimes up close, sometimes from farther away.'

§331) US (New York State). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; two to ten minutes; focused; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I woke up one spring morning to a sense of presence in my bedroom. The room was filled with a pink glow that I believe had to do with dewy pink flowers that had just bloomed in a tree outside the window. I saw a small, maybe eight-inches high being with its back to me, skittering back and forth on the sill. It seemed to be inspecting the tree. It had a simian look about it, stood rather stooped with arms dangling and long wings that appeared to be move as though triggered by the being's respiration. It had a cap and clothing that looked like dried leaves and the coloring of the wings looked the same. The skin was like parchment in both color and depth, and I could see light through the skin. It did not seem transparent as much as just very thin

skinned. It made sense that its camouflage could keep it from being detected. It had such an intense presence that it was uncomfortable, and I lay very still for fear of attracting its attention. Eventually, after several minutes, it flew, but did not seem to actually need its wings to do so. I developed a fair obsession with fairies after that and observed a very similar being among the illustrations of Brian Froud.’ ‘About eight-inches tall, monkey-like, thin with parchment-like skin, stood stooped over with hanging arms (again, like a monkey), wore a cap and clothing covering its' torso that resembled dried leaves, had long insect-like wings with similar coloring that gave the appearance of responding to respiration, bent legged.’ ‘I have had clairvoyant experiences since childhood, and was trained by a medium who married into the family throughout my life. I feel confident that I can tell the difference between this being and a ghost. It seemed like such a being of Nature, and so invested in inspecting the tree, that it just seemed like a fairy.’ ‘I resonate with the teachings that come out of Findhorn, and view the fairies as intelligences that are invested in developing the denizens of the Natural World. I will try to be brief here and say that I believe that they are a race of beings that would endeavor to enter into a co-creative relationship with us, and perhaps used to, when humans lived in greater harmony with the Earth.’ ‘I suspect that the environmental crisis is perhaps pushing these Intelligences to reconnect with humankind in the way that they perhaps used to on a regular basis, in an attempt to work together and address the damage that has been caused since the separation.’*

* This account was sent in August 2017. A second version of the account was sent in Nov 2017. US (New York State). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; two to ten minutes; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I had the experience on a morning in late April 2001. I was asleep and woke up because I sensed a strong presence, as if someone was in the room with me. A tree in my yard had bloomed and the room was filled with a pink color as the morning light was reflected by the dew on the flowers. I turned to see a fairy on my windowsill, with its back to me. It looked rather simian, and seemed to have a crude clothing or covering that resembled dried leaves. The skin appeared to have a parchment sort of texture and I could see light through it. The fairy seemed to be inspecting the tree and was slowly moving back and forth along the sill. It had long insect-like wings that moved as though they were responding to the fairy respiration. It looked like very much a being of Nature whose natural camouflage would obscure it. It remained for a long time and it had a powerful presence or energy. I lay frozen and watching and could not believe that it remained for so long that I could study it. It never turned to look at me, and when it finally flew off, it did not appear to be relying on its wings to do so – it just seemed to will itself into the air. I felt fairly traumatized by the encounter for a long time, but have since become more integrated about it, and was inspired to incorporate the study of the fey into my Spiritual Patchwork. I have studied a lot of material and have found several illustrations that reflect what I saw, particularly the work of Brian Froud, although his renditions tend to be more attractive. I have seen fairies from time to

§332) US (New York State). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘Hadn’t the [hadn’t?] gone to sleep yet in my in-law’s house, though my husband was asleep beside me. The shades were pulled down, and the room was completely dark. A small ball of light suddenly appeared, and began to move around the room. I watched it move to all different parts of the room, then it came toward me and hovered before my face. I could see a human-like shape inside the light. Then it drifted away, and after a moment, it disappeared. This happened on Halloween night.’ ‘Could not see it clearly.’ ‘I guess it was the seeming curiosity of the creature [that made me think that it was a fairy].’ ‘[Fairies are] natural beings that exist in both our world and their own.’

§333) US (New York State). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was on a camping trip with two friends. It was late at night and there were white fog type lights floating around us, there were no lights around us and no smoke so it was weird for this to be happening. One of the shapes was clearly a body with wings and what seemed to be a fairy, the wings were very clear. I took a picture with a disposable camera and it showed up like I saw it.’ ‘Small and flying in the air, winged, it was dark so I only saw

time ever since, usually in Nature but most often in my own garden.’ ‘The first fairy I saw, and several I have seen, have a sort of simian appearance. They have tended to be about eight inches high or less. The first had what looked like a covering on its head and torso that resembled dry leaves and long, straight, insect-like wings. It had skin that appeared to have skin the color and texture of parchment paper. Another I saw appeared completely nude, more of a spring green color, but usually the fairies I’ve seen have a drab color that appears to help them camouflage themselves. They seem either aloof in attitude or all-business.’ ‘Since seeing my first fairy, I have had experiences of hearing music, either pipes or what sounds like multiple instruments. I know that Irish music is said to be based on fairy music, but when I’ve heard it sound more Middle Eastern. I have occasionally heard a high pitched hearing test sort of tone.’ ‘Since seeing my first fairy, I have had experiences of hearing music, either pipes or what sounds like multiple instruments. I know that Irish music is said to be based on fairy music, but when I’ve heard it it sounds more Middle Eastern. I have occasionally heard a high pitched hearing test sort of tone.’ ‘I have been clairvoyant since early childhood (after a convulsion and NDE) and am used to seeing the Dead. An aunt who was a trained medium trained me throughout my life, but she had never experienced a fairy and didn’t believe they existed. The Dead present in a different, much fainter way. The fairies have much stronger presence and even my ability to see them is amplified when contrasted to seeing the Dead.’ ‘I resonate very much with the information channeled by the founders of Findhorn. I believe that they are a parallel species of being that would ideally work co-creatively with Humankind, especially around the care of the Earth.’

whitish in color.’ ‘I have had many experiences with spirits and this particular experience the body form was different. It was small and winged and definitely took the shape of a fairy.’ ‘[F]airies are beings that are not human, often smaller than us, that live in an alternate dimension but have access to ours, and they often have telepathic or other spiritual psychic powers.’

§334) US (New York State). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I had back surgery and was in a lot of pain. My boyfriend sent me beautiful purple roses because he could not be there. The faeries were attracted to the roses and also my need to have my pain alleviated. I did not see them, but I heard them, like chiming bells and I knew there were no churches or wind chimes or anything that the sound could possibly be except faeries. I also saw a flash of yellow before my eyes a few months before this which I am sure was a faerie. I also saw a fire faerie when I was half asleep/half awake. The ones I have encountered have been kind.’ ‘The fire faerie was all fire, had flaming hair, quite lovely. The yellow one that zoomed by I am assuming was a sylph, in a yellow outfit, but did not get a good look.’ ‘Beautiful chimes – like wind chimes, but prettier.’ ‘No, but it was a basement apartment in an old hospital, so I believe spirits were more prevalent (due to the morgue).’ ‘Sometimes, you just know. Ghosts are different. Angels are in the same family, but different, you just know.’ ‘Faeries are lovely beings, descendents of angels, here to help nature and to bring magic into the world.’

§335) US (New York State). *Male; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Was around six years old, in my parents’ bed. I watched fairy dance in circles on parents’ dresser. Seemed female in feeling I got. Both parents asleep, house was in remote country. Was middle of night, was illuminated by moonlight.’ ‘Small wings and small in stature. Size of a field

mouse. I remember dress like clothing.’ [Fairies are] forest dwellers with some magical ability.’ ‘A fond vivid memory of my childhood.’

§336) US (New York State). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; in a garden* ('on a golf course'); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Myself and two friends (all eighteen to twenty-one) went to a golf course one evening with the intent to have a few casual beers. Upon arrival, it began to sprinkle so we decided to head towards a ‘fort’ some kids had built in a nearby wood. As we were walking down the fairway, we observed some creature walking up towards us from the opposite end. It was definitely dark out (probably about 9:00 pm), but quite misty, and the mist was reflecting sufficient light from nearby homes and streetlamps that the silhouette of the creature was quite visible even at fifty yards. We continued to approach each other for several minutes, my friends and I trying to figure out what it was that was walking towards us (with an apparently human gait, but much too short to be human). We literally stopped walking (us and the creature) only when we were within perhaps three feet of each other. I swear, I thought I was looking at some kind of very little man (maybe eighteen inches in height), and was quite stunned and literally speechless. I bent over to make sure I had a very clear look at what I thought I was looking at, and my face and his (the creature) were, at one point, perhaps twelve inches apart. I was still speechless, but the friend closest to me blurted out, ‘it’s a little man.’ I turned to look at him, and then past him to my other friend, who immediately followed up with, ‘it’s a skunk!’ I turned back to the creature, and it now appeared to be a skunk. So, the creature turned and ran back the way it came while we turned and ran back the way we came, and the event ended. I know this is not some kind of recollection of a dream or something, because for years after the event my friends would still poke fun at each other with the phrase, ‘it’s a little man!’ any time something even slightly unusual or unexpected happens, and no matter what anybody tells me, and in opposition to any way I might have described this event to others since then, what I saw when I bent over *was* a little man. Short curly hair. No hat. Suede-like garb, apparently hand-made. Guessing its

age, he most resembled a human only a few years older than I was at the time (mid-twenties, perhaps?). I hold an MA in psychology and am working on turning that into a PhD, so I do not speak of this often, but there it is, for the record. End-note, I have recently (within ten years) been involved in regression-type experiments in which I was to be arbitrarily regressed to some point in my youth as part of the process. I asked the hypnotist if it would be alright to regress to a specific event – this one (without giving him any details of the true experience) – and he agreed to do so. In that regression, I re-experienced the event vividly, and it closely coincided with my memory except for two details: i) the regression was much better lit than the original experience, and ii) in the regression, what I saw when I turned back after *** said ‘it’s a skunk’ was more of a dense, black and swirling mist than any sort of creature. ‘The easiest comparison would be to the portrayal of Samwise Gamgee in the film series *Lord of the Rings*, but quite short, and no cape.’ ‘It looked quite human, and quite solid.’ ‘This isn’t exactly what I would have expected a fairy to look like, and perhaps it was in fact something else? I don’t delve much into the topic.’

§337) US (New York State). *Male; 1990s; 41-50; in woodland, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; ‘I was glad to be out of New York City, and in a contemplative and reflective state of mind’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I live in New York City, but in October of 1996 was visiting my mother and extended family, who then lived in ***. It was the middle of October and my mother, my aunt and I had taken a drive out into the country to see the foliage. It was a very beautiful, cool, clear autumn day. Towards late afternoon, we stopped in the small town of *** to have dinner. My mother and aunt wanted to shop afterwards, and I wanted to take a walk in the countryside which surrounds the town. I walked to the edge of the town and then out into the rolling land around it – open fields in the center with woods on either side. I was in a relaxed, happy and contemplative mood. I had been walking about ten minutes when, suddenly, I ‘heard’ a kind of sing-song ‘chanting’ in my mind, which ‘sounded’ like a multitude of very sweet, pleasing voices that were all

speaking the same words almost simultaneously, in a kind of cascading aural waterfall effect. I had never experienced anything like this before at any time, and the words were, ‘Don’t you see us? We’re all around you. We’re all around you, don’t you see us? Look – don’t you see us?’ Stunned, I stopped walking and took the experience in. There was a smallish tree near me, but otherwise I saw only the open fields, woods at a distance to my right, and a two-lane road beyond on either side. I did look around me, certainly not expecting to see anything unusual, and saw nothing except the autumnal landscape I had come to see. I ‘heard’ the voices for about ninety seconds, and then the voices abruptly stopped. I walked on for another twenty minutes, and then returned to the town, where I met my family. I said nothing to them about my experience, and reflected upon it on the long drive back to ***. The next morning I was preparing to take the afternoon train back to New York City, and, having packed, went for a walk on a familiar wooded path behind my mother’s housing development, a path which ran adjacent to ***, a residential street of traditional old American homes. I had been walking for about ten minutes when, suddenly, I ‘heard’ the voices again in exactly the same manner I had ‘heard’ them the day before. The voices said, ‘We’re here – come this way, walk this way. We’re here,’ and I looked to my left and saw another path through the woods that led to ***, which I could plainly see at the end of it. I turned left and walked down the path, still ‘hearing’ the voices, which, as I approached ***, came to a stop. *** is a fairly quiet street but does get some car traffic, and, somewhat stunned and dazed by this new experience, which seemed to validate my experience of the day before, I walked north past the homes using the lip of the road, as there were no sidewalks. *** curves slightly at various points, and rounding one of these curves, my eyes fell upon a grouping of four garden gnome statues on the front lawn of one of the homes. The statues were traditionally sculpted and done in what I would call a tasteful and ‘realistic’ manner; they weren’t the kind of mass-produced cartoonish garden gnomes so prevalent today. The four gnomes were in sitting positions and arranged so that they were facing one another. When I saw them, it was like receiving a blow to the chest, though I realized instantaneously that they were statues. But seeing them at that

moment seemed to ‘identify’ the source of the voices to me in a manner which I can only call profound, as if the statues were what I was meant to see when I turned off the initial path and walked down the other towards ***. Several hours later, on the Amtrak train, just as dusk was falling and the last of the day’s light was disappearing from the surrounding farmland, I turned to look behind me at the setting sun, and just as I did so, I heard the voices again in the same manner I had before, and again, the voices were ‘sing-songy,’ but less so than on the previous two occasions. The voices, which I have to paraphrase in this case, said, ‘You’re leaving us now, and the autumn door is closing. You will forget about us for a long, long while, but we have a date with you in the distant future. You will meet us again then,’ and at that moment, the sun disappeared behind the horizon. I found this third experience exhilarating and emotionally powerful. So I never ‘saw’ anything visually (other than the garden gnome statues), but I have, for some years now, come to the tentative conclusion that the ‘voices’ were ‘fairy’ voices. What struck me most, and still strikes me now, is that ‘they’ thought I would ‘forget’ them and the experience, which I certainly never have, nor have I ever come to think of it as unimportant. I want to state that, before the three experiences, which all took place within just over a twenty-four hour period, I did not believe in fairies or elves by any means. I had never had an experience of ‘hearing’ voices mentally, nor have I since. The experience did profoundly change the way I think about reality and my own life. Due to the nature of these experiences, they’re very difficult to put accurately into words as I experienced them. I’ve studied the subject extensively since that time.’ ‘The ‘voices’ were pleasant, ‘sing-song’, and were ‘cascading’ and over-lapping, but all saying the same words and expressing the same thoughts.’ ‘I think it was a fairy experience because of the garden gnome statues I came upon, which were so ‘realistic,’ tasteful, and beautiful, and the ‘voices’ had essentially led me almost directly to the statues. However, I accept that, objectively speaking, I do not know what the actual nature of the voices was.’ ‘[Fairies are] spirits or spiritual beings of some kind, perhaps daemons.’ ‘I’d like to make it clear that I’ve only studied the subject of fairies since my 1996 experience, but had never read a book of any kind on the subject before,

except a story by Algernon Blackwood and ‘Christmas At Dingly Dell’ by Dickens, which features ‘goblins’.

§338) US (New York State). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in a city, inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were about to go to sleep* [‘sleeping’]; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.*

‘Not sure when it began as a child but I know it ended on my tenth birthday because I recall the disappointment and correlate that year. They came to me in my sleep, very often and the purpose was always the same. To take me to fly above the rooftops and tree tops throughout my neighborhood as a very exciting treat. I thought for years it was just an odd recurring dream but the details of the things I saw from that bird’s eye view would be impossible to have been a dream. In latter years I was able to understand and recall more emotional details. I don’t recall the first or last time they came but I know no actual words were spoken. They were fluid like beings that were dressed in material that barely covered and was white and thin and always flowing as they too never touched the ground although [they] had legs and feet. I went willingly and trusting as I knew it was under my control where I was to fly and when I was to return. I now feel there was an exchange that occurred. I feel they (as many as five or six) absorbed the excitement from me. Never draining although I slept deeper and always briefly awoke at the point of being back in my bed. They oddly had no identifiable age but male/female was apparent and not concealed.’ ‘Clothing always appeared white but sheer not fitting more like dropped [draped?] and flowing always in movement. Their faces some old but bodies looked young some young faced with near adult feature.’ ‘They came to my house but never inside, rather to the window where they would wait for me. They had a way to let me know they were there but it still alludes me.’ ‘I only can say that as a child with older sisters I was aware of what a ghost was supposed to be and never felt or suspected these to be. I felt they were creatures not human and with ability to fly and

communicate without words.’ ‘I have no clue [as to what fairies are] but to say that I feel they are beings that visit from another realm.’

§339) US (New York State). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; in a city; on my own* [‘with my dog’]; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was walking my dog late at night on *** [New York street]. We did a once-round the parking lot as always, and a large figure stepped out of a dark corner. He said some very personal things to me, but not unkind, more advice-like, then laughed and turned and vanished, leaving a point of light blue light about the size of a lightbulb, then that winked out.’ ‘Dressed like a ‘homeless’ person, dark skinned but I couldn’t see any features, he had a hood or something around his head.’ ‘Just his voice and the street noises.’ ‘It was just so odd, but not threatening, and he seemed good natured.’ ‘[What are fairies?] I have no idea.’ ‘After I’d left the city I mentioned it to two ex-NYers, who said they had also had strange encounters with beings that looked like homeless people who dispensed advice and encouragement and vanished.’*

§340) US (New York State). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc)* [‘baseball pitch’]; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was playing softball and was out in the middle of the field. I was bored and wasn’t paying attention to the game. Suddenly something small flew by me. It was fast but I could clearly see a humanoid body with wings. Its wings shimmered in the light, a pale rose. It flew on but it made me very happy nonetheless.’ ‘Female with pale rose wings. About the size of an adults thumb. Flesh colored body, no clothing.’ ‘I’ve had experiences with ghosts, and that feels different.

* Chris Woodyard points out to me, Nov 2017, that this resembles the urban legends where a hitchhiker is picked up, gives a prophetic or helpful pronouncement and then vanishes.

Vampires also give me a different vibe. I've never encountered an alien.' '[Fairies are] mostly harmless but can be annoying, like boggarts seeing fire alarms off.'

§341) US (New York State). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden* ['in my backyard']; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; I was tired and had a headache; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'It was the night of Halloween. My housemate and I had been handing out candy to neighborhood children for the last few hours. I had a bit of a headache, so I excused myself and went out the back door of the house into my backyard. I was just standing near the door, enjoying the fresh air, when I heard a rustling from the furthest corner of the yard. We don't go back there very often because it's got an odd sort of 'off' feeling to it. It's overshadowed on three sides by tall trees, a tall fence, and the wall of our garage. Nothing we've tried to plant there ever grows (although the wildflowers seem to thrive.) Before then, we'd just ignored that corner. We don't even mow the lawn there. Anyway, I heard rustling in the leaves on the ground (which we didn't bother to rake either), and I thought a neighborhood cat was skulking around back there so I walked over. It was dark, but there was enough light from the lamp over the backdoor that I could see four or five little shadow figures. Like miniature people about two-feet tall, but composed entirely of darkness, darker than the surrounding shadow. There was another sound over my head like a gasp. When I looked up, there were more of them in the trees and on the roof of the garage. They weren't shadows. They were three-dimensional and moving around. I have never seen anything like them before or since. I don't remember what I thought or felt, but I ran back in the house. After a few minutes, I came back outside. They were gone – or, at least, I couldn't see them anymore – but I left them some wine and food I had in the house (apples, bread, nuts). Everything was gone the next morning, although I guess it could've been squirrels or rabbits. Were they fairies? I don't really know. I DO know that they were not human and also not a trick of the light. I never saw them again, but I've continued to leave food for them every Halloween, and it's always gone the next morning. I didn't tell my housemate until the next day.' 'Like little miniature people made of three-dimensional shadow. I know

that's not quite the conventional description.' 'They may not have been fairies, but they were definitely some type of earth spirit. At least, that's my gut feeling. I know they're still there. There's a feeling you get in that corner. A few people have remarked on it. It's kind of a solemn, serious feeling, like you're disturbing something when you go back there. I don't know about angels or aliens, but I've seen what I think we're ghosts, and they were nothing like these beings.' '[Fairies are] earth spirits.' 'I don't know if this account is useful to you or not, but I thought I'd share it in case it is. I've lived in this house for more than ten years now, and the earth spirits in the back have been both helpful and at times vindictive (fortunately, not to us.) My housemate and I try to be respectful (as respectful as you can be to someone whose culture you don't understand) and give them a wide berth.'

§342) US (North Carolina). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was five or six years old, and encountered a little red man at a tree stump. He was about two to three feet tall, dressed entirely in red, with a solid red face, tiny white horns on the top of his head, and with a red, pointed tail. He looked like Santa Claus, with a white beard, mustache and eyebrows, but everything else was a bright Santa red. I was charmed by him, and talked to him briefly before he disappeared. I went into the house, and told my parents that I had seen 'Debiloss', my childish way of saying 'Devil Lost.' I talked about him for weeks, and kept going back out to the stump, but I never saw him again. I have wondered as an adult whether he was a tomte, the Scandinavian gnome' 'Gnomish, red skin and clothing, small white horns on head, white beard, mustache and eyebrows. Red tail with pointed tip. Short and squat.' 'Did not hear music. The gnome talked to me, and said he was lost, but was now living in the stump. He may have said he used to live in the tree, before it was cut down when the house was built.' '[Fairies are] nature spirits, elementals.'

'Although the creature described himself as a devil, I was not afraid of him – he was happy and friendly, though sad about his tree having been cut down. He really did look like a little Santa Claus, except for the red skin, horns and tail.'

§343) US (North Carolina). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; 'threatening'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'I was on a rock in the river reading while my husband fished on up river. I was across from a park, people walking with kids and dogs. There were two young boys walking on the trail with their dad. They began moving down towards the water, when it started coming up the river moving through the water towards them. It was pale-skinned water-logged looking with black hair and sharp serrated teeth showing in a smile. It paid me no attention, but was focused on the boys. They were pointing at it with sticks and could absolutely see it. The dad finally ushered them away from the edge of river seemingly unaware of it being feet from his kids. It watched them move up the trail away with a creepy look on its face and then moved on up river out of sight. Did not look friendly to me.' 'I have seen them since childhood different ones and was told that's what they are. My granny from Ireland says I have the sight like her.' 'Beings from another world that sometimes share our world with us and can have good or bad intentions.' 'I was always taught to never talk to them or let them know I see them.'

§344) US (North Carolina). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; can't remember time; two to ten minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was about five years old and feverish. In bed I looked over at a bookshelf (??) and vividly saw little people dancing around a fire. I was TERRIFIED. I remember it to this day (fifty years of age) and am CONVINCED that what I saw was real.' 'I can't remember [the appearance], I mostly remember the fire but have a strong sense of having SEEN them. I'd guess about four or five.' 'I just knew that they were little people. In remembering and sharing the story (with family and only close friends) I have never questioned that they were anything other than fairies.'

§345) US (North Carolina). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 am-6 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported: never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep [I had been awake for over five minutes']; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was awake, lying in my bed in the very early morning, at about sunrise. I was staring at the foot of the bed at the light coming in through a large window when I saw a fairy suddenly appear on one side of the room and fly across the bed toward the window. The fairy appeared to be female, pale skin with brown hair. She was approximately the size of a five-year-old child but was not child-like in appearance. She was gaunt, with sharp features and not very pleasant to look at. She flew very fast, never looked in my direction and didn't seem to be aware of me or my husband or the two cats that were in the room. The cats did see her, however, and reacted by being startled and then trying to follow her. This experience lasted maybe the [? three] seconds and I never saw her again. We think though that she did frequent the bedroom at least one other time as my husband felt some[one] walk onto the bed and then onto him when he was alone in the room.' 'A female with sharp features pale skin and brown hair. She was approximately the size of a young child but obviously not a child. She was flying but wings were not visible.' 'I think it is strange that I had this experience in my house in suburban ***, North Carolina of all places. This would have been the last place that I would have expected to have this kind of experience.' 'I never doubted that what I saw was a fairy. I can't explain why, only just that it was obviously a fairy.'

§346) US (North Carolina). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in a city; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was sitting in my car waiting for my art school to open. There was a thunderstorm brewing and a heavy, gusty wind blew up. Bits of paper and other trash were being blown by the wind past my car. One bit of 'trash' looked different. It was like a small whirlwind, about a foot high. In the middle of this little whirlwind was a figure, twirling inside at a different rate than the

whirlwind itself. It scooted past my car and up the street. I realized I had just seen a wind elemental! 'A twirling figure that seemed to be dancing with joy as it was propelled by the wind.' 'Somehow I knew this fairy was attached to the windstorm. It could only have been a fairy/elemental.' 'Another race of God's creatures.'

§347) US (North Carolina). *Female; 41-50; 2000s; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, inquisitive; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'One lovely warm afternoon and [I] had just rolled down my van driver's side window to get the mail. Leaving the window open, I continued to drive up the driveway. I looked out into the woods, and there was a small copper-colored brownish faerie, all one color, hovering just outside of my open window. I stopped the van and stared until it flew away. It was small, maybe about an inch. Sort of person-shaped, smooth, with wings. I don't recall an actual face, but I recall a sense of regard as we looked at each other.' 'We just looked at each other.' 'The creature looked like a faerie to me. I felt I was being acknowledged by the local community.' 'I live out in the country in central North Carolina. This area is rich with trees [and] creeks. I feel that I am the steward of this part of this land. I felt as if they were acknowledging me.'

§348B) US (Ohio). *Male; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; 'ongoing'; happy, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no fairy mood reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Keeping it simple until we write a book. I grew up with little creatures that borrowed our things. My mother called them the 'Not-me's'. Now grown, with children of my own, I had hoped to find a place that could support me, my family and my magical friends. Divining a place to settle down and purchase land led my family and I to a magical place. A hill, with a pond, on the edge of a beautiful maple forest. Strange shadowy figures flitted between the trees. Some things seemed to bend the light. That, combined with the feel of the land, let us know we had found

the right place. We took on the acreage and spent our time communing with our new friends. We call them Goblins, but understand that the Fae are known by many names which they don't use. We live here, in ***, with full understanding that the world is full of magical creatures. These creatures have been inspiring us our whole life. On any given day, one may encounter, exciting things. There is always something or someone moving about out of the corner of your eye and sometimes strange sights can manifest before your eyes and vanish. Many of our friends have had experiences here, also. They aren't sure it is Fae, but they know something magical is taking place here. We know to respect them, and leave them gifts, as it seems they can bend time. There is nothing like coming home from a short walk in the woods to find you've been gone for hours and hours. Thankfully, it wasn't years and years. :)'

'Size changed through the experience.' 'Transparent shapes of creatures (forms), Smoke and wisps, lights, and sometimes people that vanish (like a ghost).'

'It is hard to explain. It's like you hear music, but when you try to focus on it, you can't hear it.'

'The folks we encounter seem to be other dimensional. Sometimes they feel like spirits or ghosts, sometimes they are like fuzzy pets from another land :D We tend to label things for the sights, sounds, and feelings they create. If it feels like a ghost, we treat it as such. If it feels like Goblins, we treat them as such.'

'Be excellent to each other.'

§349) US (Ohio). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road, inside a private house; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience*; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy state reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was nine years old and had taken my first airplane ride with my mother. We traveled to her friend's hometown for a long visit. That evening we drove to her friend's cottage on a small lake in the country. After settling into bed, I had to get up for a drink of water. The cottage was dark but the moon was at or near full so [there were] no lights on at the time. I could see to get a drink from the kitchen sink. When I turned to go back to bed I noticed a bright light in the living room. It looked like a sparkler sitting on top of a lamp. The room had a large picture

window and you could see outside quite clearly. Then the light moved. It moved around the room like Tinker Bell. I called out to my mother who was coming to see what was taking me so long. She saw it too. She called out to her girlfriend who came out to the kitchen. My mom said ‘don’t turn on the light, look’ and we all saw it. It was inside the living room skipping from surface to surface across the furniture. We were whispering ‘what is it?’ to each other. Then it shot out the picture window, out into the trees around the yard, skipped down the dock and flew just above the water down the lake. It was over and I asked again what it could have been. My mother called my father the next day and he said it was just St. Elmo’s fire. I thought it was a fairy. You couldn’t see anything in the light, no ‘little person’: it was like a ball of energy that knew it was being observed perhaps. It stayed for quite some time in the house interacting with things, and went through the window and interacted with the trees, went around them and up into the branches. I was nine years old and although raised with fairy tales, I had never imagined anything like this. We all told the story the next day and although there were some people who believed we saw what we saw, others brushed us off as tellers of tall tales. Other things happened in that cabin on the water that were what you might call supernatural, but nothing like the glowing orb ever appeared to any human person ever again.’ ‘It was just a ball of energy that looked like a sparkler, it wasn’t round *per se*, you couldn’t see through it. It was solid but well, like a sparkler.’ ‘No sound at all’. [Why do you think a fairy?] ‘Good question. As a child I was left alone a lot to do as I pleased. My Granny was a school teacher and read to me always. I knew about fairies because Granny didn’t want me to sleep with the window open for fear of the little people stealing me. Funny to remember that now. The object glowed, was playful or so it seemed. I just remember it had a consciousness. I thought it was self aware. It had a joy about it. It was having fun. To me that says fairy.’

§350) US (Ohio). *Female; 2010s; no age; in a garden; on my own*; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was

looking through flowers in a field to draw a still life for as an art project, when I [saw] several small beings emerging from the plants. They were tiny in size but large enough that I was completely sure they were in no way insects. They looked like tiny pale humans with moth-like wings and made tiny tinkling noises. I had no camera with me so I sat down and drew as they hovered around and ‘spoke’ to one another. About halfway through the sketch curiosity got the best of me and I stepped a foot closer and reached my hand towards the little beings. They quickly disappeared into the distance and as hard as I looked I wouldn’t find them anywhere.’ ‘Small, pale, with long limbs and wings similar to moths.’ ‘Like little bells (a cliché description but accurate).’ ‘They seemed similar to how fairies had been previously depicted and described, but not exactly how they are in most movies.’ ‘I never believed in them at all and was incredibly skeptical of the supernatural before and was incredibly turned on this opinion after the experience.’ ‘I hope to learn about other’s experience with fairies and want to have another experience with them some day.’

§351) US (Ohio). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw a transparent rainbow fairy glide across the doorway with backlit light from the open front door. Her dress was beautiful; rainbow ruffles that looked like the bubbles, like the rainbow reflection you see in soap bubbles. I think she had a crown on I think, and a bouquet of flowers in her arms.’ ‘[She was a fairy] because we were talking about the fairy, and she didn’t look like a ghost, alien or angel, maybe a guardian angel type, but really no wings that I saw.’



Figure: §352): ‘Over a period of about two months I’d found what looked to me like several different kinds of beings among the plants [in the photos]. I painted them.’

§352) US (Ohio). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; ‘some seemed playful while others looked frightened or intrigued, others were seemed just to be working’; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs); loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. ‘Riding a trail through the woods I’d stop and take pictures of wild plants to identify later. One day it felt as if I were being watched, so I pointed the camera in that direction and zoomed in as far as I could (this portion of the trail had a field on one side so I zoomed into the woods lining the field where I thought the watcher was) and snapped. I forgot about it until later that night and used a picture editor to enlarge and cut my photos. The one where I’d zoomed in had what looked like an eye [?] and a spirit near it. I was very curious after that and began to take more pictures and examine them closely. I’d read a tiny bit of fairy lore, but winged it and spoke to my surroundings when I’d stop to*

take a shot. I asked that if any fairies wanted to be in a painting, to show up and I would enlarge the photo and paint what I saw. Over a period of about two months I'd found what looked to me like several different kinds of beings among the plants. I painted them. I took a few gifts and even once took the little paintings to the places where I'd snapped the photos and showed them to the entities I could not see with my bare eyes. Eventually, I had to stop as work began in earnest and I had no time for enlarging photos much less painting what I'd found. I continued talking to plants and the fey and the like when I'd stop though. I told them about having to stop and I welcomed anyone to my own garden who would not mean harm and did not mind a human who was not a great gardener nor a consistent gift giver. Several of my favorite wild plants began to grow wild in my garden and are still there now and thriving when in their season. I keep the little paintings on a wall of my home and have the pictures from which I painted stored on my computer. When I have shown them to others, only a couple have seen what I did. People can make out how I came to the painting logically due to the resemblance of the shapes in the photos, but nobody ever seems to feel comfortable affirming that they are entities or acknowledging how wild it is to have had this experience. I keep pretty tight lipped about it now. I still give gifts and on occasion that photos and enlarge them later to hunt, but I have no time for painting. I only catch half glimpses anymore. I still bring gifts to the trail and I still communicate one way. It does feel very much like we have an agreement as pertains to my garden though. They can come and expect to be treated with respect, but know that I am inconsistent and keep to myself and they keep to themselves. In dreams I have seen them. The same relationship but with clearer visuals is evident. We do our own thing and don't interact much save for with the plants. I tend as I can and it seems they do as well.' 'Some seemed playful while others looked frightened or intrigued, others were seemed just to be working.' 'All sorts of ways. Some looked like aliens, some looked human, and others looked like a cross between human and animals.' '[They were fairies] because of the way they looked and how they seemed to answer when I spoke to them. They did not answer vocally, but when I said I would be taking a picture at a place and time and asked if

they wanted to show up, to do so, some did.’ ‘I think they like to be left alone by humans and that they have plans and goals of their own.’ ‘There was a question that asked if fairies played a part in other work. The options were ‘no, never’ or ‘yes, frequently’ but for me it is only sometimes and only about specific errands for them. Like what kinds of gifts to bring or what kinds of paints and colors to use if I am attempting to paint. But with other types of things, like magic working etc. they seem not to be involved. Perhaps they watch. In the garden I only see them peripherally and rarely and they seem to like it that way. Like a drive by wave.’

§353) US (Ohio). *Male; 1980s; 0-10; in a city; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘This took place in the city of ***, Ohio. I lived at *** East *** Street at the time. I was walking toward the abandoned railroad bed. I spotted what I first thought was a hummingbird. After a couple of moments of watching it, I realized that the blurred wings were attached to a tiny humanoid figure that was, maybe, as tall as an adult man’s index finger is long. The being appeared nude, but I’m not a hundred percent sure. I didn’t get that good of a look at it. I approached slowly. I heard no noise from the being. As I got closer, the faerie drifted toward a large lilac bush. When I got even closer, the faerie eased around the edge of the bush, out of my line of sight. I ran forward, hoping to see it again. It was gone. I looked around, and in the bush, but never saw it again. This is only one of several faerie sightings I’ve had over the years... I’d be happy to discuss these matters with you more. I’m a bestselling, award-winning author of fantasy, horror, science-fiction, paranormal, and action-adventure short stories, novels, comic books, and screenplays. My personal encounters with faeries, and other non-human beings have been a huge defining force where my writing is concerned.’ ‘A humanoid figure about the size of an adult male human’s index finger. Wings were attached to its back, but were beating so quickly that they were completely blurred. I couldn’t see any detail due to the blurring, and too much time has passed for me to recall if there was any color to the

wings.’ ‘The entire area was very active, paranormally-speaking.’ ‘The entire experience – as well as a few others I’ve had, both with winged, and non-winged beings – just fits with so much lore regarding faeries that I don’t know what else it could’ve been. Other beings I’ve encountered may well have been angels. Some of them have also been ghosts.’ ‘The ones I’ve encountered, I’ve liked seeing. I would dearly love to interact with, and work with, faeries on a daily basis.’

§354) US (Ohio). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house* [‘my driveway’]; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; indifferent; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); profound silence before the experience.* ‘I was taking a break from yard work and drinking water when I noticed something standing on the side of the driveway. It was black about one foot tall, a slender muscular body with wings on its back (they were folded), the arms looked just a little too long and the fingers came to sharp points, its head had a sharp pointed chin with two horns on top. The legs were shaped like a dog’s hind legs. The feet with the exception of the toes were normal human like. It also had a tail about eight-inches long. It looked at me for a few seconds, jumped down from the railroad tie it was standing on, slowly strolled across the driveway, looking at me occasionally. Upon reaching the other side it jumped up on the railway tie, with a wing flap (the wings were bat like). Once on the tie it looked at me again like it was considering something. Then it jumped down and went under the railway tie. I moved the tie but nothing was there.’ ‘Black shiny skin with wings and a tail about one foot tall.’ ‘No music but I could hear it step on the stones as it walk. I sounded much heavier the it looked.’ ‘This was only the first encounter with them. other run ins came later.’ ‘[Fairies are] elemental forces of nature.’

§355) US (Oregon). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences, no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘We were walking along and noticed that it

had gotten very, very quiet, looked around and noticed several small ugly humanoid persons about ten- to twelve-inches tall climbing all over a maple tree about twenty feet away. We ran for home after staring for several minutes.’ ‘Small adults with craggy features the color of maple bark.’ ‘Chittering, moaning, jabbering. Other occasions music was heard.’ ‘Too solid and fey for ghost, too natural for aliens.’ ‘Best left to themselves’

§356) US (Oregon). *Male; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; ‘aloof at first then curious’; regular supernatural experiences; no special reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘When I was about three years old I was at home with my family and we were watching the Mighty Joe Young movie on TV. I got a little over excited by it and got really loud and disruptive and [I] wouldn’t listen when my parents told me to be quiet, so I was punished and sent to my room. When my parents put me in my room, they shut the lights off and closed the door and told me to be quiet. While I was sitting there on my bed I saw a light appear in my closet and a caravan of small men and women that were only a couple inches tall began walking out of the closet in a single file line. They had little wagons and some of them were carrying lamps. They were dressed in green and brown and the men had little hats. I watched them crossing the room and head to the wall under my bed. I got freaked out by the little men and ran out of my room to tell my parents about them. They didn’t believe me but I finally convinced them to come look. They checked my closet and my bed but didn’t see anything so they got mad and told me to be quiet and quit lying and left the room.’ ‘There were two types. Most of them looked like little men and women wearing brown and green. The men had brown pants and green jackets and little hats. The women had brown or green dresses and no hats. There were also a few flying fairies wearing brown outfits. The hair color was mostly brown or black. As soon as they were gone I started seeing the lights and the caravan again. I watched for a few minutes then ran to the door to tell my parents the little men were back. My dad came back and was really mad this time that I was kept [from] leaving my room and lying to try to get out of my punishment. He duct-taped my mouth shut as well as my hands and feet and

tossed me on my bed. [!] Within a few seconds after he left the little people appeared again, but this time some of them climbed up on the bed to check me out. The men were accompanied by a couple female flying fairies. I just laid there terrified while they were checking me out. They seemed really interested in my face and some of them were tugging at the tape over my mouth while others were playing with my eyelashes and hair. They didn't seem hostile, just curious. Still, I was scared and started crying and wishing they would go away. I finally closed my eyes so I wouldn't see them anymore. After a few minutes they left me alone. I finally worked my way out of the duct tape and looked over the edge of the bed to see what the little men were doing and they were gone.' 'There were multiple beings involved and were clearly physical beings. They appeared to be on a migration and were carrying items in their wagons. Their size was small and were more consistent with fairy beings than anything else.' '[Fairies are] another species that live on this planet.'

§357B) US (Oregon). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; 'twenty years till I moved'; mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I grew up in an active area, as a child two to eight or so I would go down by the creek that ran through our property and there was a hallow under a bramble bush and I would go sit for hours and watch the small fae busy doing things in the brush and water. As I got older I grew up not only seeing the small fae living in the woods around our home, the ancient abandoned orchard, the fruit and nut trees, but also in our home. I at times would wake up to find small leathery looking fae, about two-feet tall, no clothing, no obvious sex, brownish, very tan and leathery looking skin, dancing in a circle on the floor by the foot of my bed. When they could tell that I could see them they would howl and cackle and hoot and laugh. In my late teens and early twenties activity didn't wane but instead grew and on many occasions I had friends visiting also see things. Sometimes just shadows other times full figures. From a tall furred figure somewhat resembling big foot that walked our dirt road, to small

human looking creatures. All activity most often took place for others at night but I have seen many in broad day light, middle of the day. Experiences have ranged from simple seeing them to also hearing tinkling and bells and seeing lights as well as the figures. It appeared a full range of varieties of fae lived in the area I grew up. And I have also had experiences in the woods not surrounding where I grew up as well as in old orchards and water ways around Oregon.’ ‘Some small/ hand sized, some winged, some not, rather dainty and delicate. Some about two-feet tall, bald, leathery, tan/ brown, naked, no visible sex distraction. Some taller than a large man, covered in hair, no visible sex or clothing. Some two foot tall to the size of small child, clothed in hand made looking garments, appearing to be of both sexes.’ ‘Tinkling, bells and laughter.’ ‘I think it was a fairy experience because of where I lived and what was there. I have also experienced Ghosts and other things, it just depends what is in an area. As a child not many humans had lived where we lived so ghosts were not there, but nature was prevalent as well as old abandoned orchards and lots of wildlife, so I am not surprised there was fae.’ ‘Creatures not human or animal that seem to move in and out of our sensory experience. Scientists are always proving the limits to our perception and the layers of our universe. I think they are beings that can coexist with us but are not fixed and limited to our space/time.’ ‘I think the world is full of things we have previously known about, forgotten and science will prove again the possibility if not existence of.’

§358) US (Oregon). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, ‘not sure, they seemed to want to be near me’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was around 10 or 11 am in the early summer of 2002, and I was in the bathroom, just starting my bath. It was so warm and bright that I had the small window open, and the breeze was coming right in from the backyard. (There was never a screen on that window because it was a little high up, and too small for a person). I shrugged off my robe, and sat down on the tub edge, waiting for the tub to fill. Quite suddenly, a flickering cloud of little lights came right in through the window and, as though attracted to me, flew close,

almost touching, around my head and shoulders. I was so shocked that my brain just froze! There was a tickle in my nose, and something in my understanding just clicked. I said out loud, and I mean, LOUD, (though as a twenty-nine-year-old woman such a thing had never occurred to me as being within the realms of possibility or even reality) ‘Hey! Faeries! Go away!’ And I tossed my head and flicked my wrist. The cloud of little lights zoomed off a little bit away from me, then gathered close together, for just a second, and I almost heard a sound, but it wasn’t quite a sound, really, more of an impression that there was communication between them that I could very nearly hear, like a buzz or a high frequency whine or bells shimmering like when they bless the Host in Mass – and then they flew as one, right out the window again! I was so surprised that I jumped up, naked as a jaybird, shut the window, and yelled out to my husband to come to the bathroom. My knees were too wobbly to support me just then. Whew! Never thought I’d get a chance to tell that to someone who didn’t think I was NUTS!!! Hmm... Let’s see. I don’t think there is anything else. This was nearly fifteen years ago. Oh, and I was a few weeks pregnant at the time, just about to find out, in fact. My backyard at the time was overgrown with blackberry thickets, dandelions and bluebells, and our part of Portland is in the Southwest portion, in a place called ***, which we are very privileged to still keep very green and lush. There is a lot of ivy, oak and holly here, and the Wildwood and ***, one of the largest urban parks in America, are just a few miles away. The Wildwood Trail is beautiful and over thirty miles long, and *** covers five thousand one hundred and fifty seven acres.’ ‘A cloud of small, flying lights. Warm, white lights.’ ‘Buzz or high, shimmering bells that I could almost, but not quite, hear.’ ‘[I thought fairies] probably because I don’t believe in angels or aliens. And I don’t believe in ghosts as conscious individuals, except on Samhain when they might peek back across the Veil from Summerland, if they haven’t yet been reborn into new human lives. The way the cloud of lights came in from the outside when I was just naked and enjoying the breeze, just simple emotions, I guess, seemed to suggest faeries. Odd. Never thought it might be some other thing. Plus, when I addressed them by name and told them to go, they did!’ ‘I don’t know [what fairies are]. Not

like us. Some form of sentient energy. They are not human. From the stories I've read, they are a very mixed bag. Their personalities seem to be bipolar at best and sadistic at worst. This was the only time they ever came to me, and it was startling but okay. Still, better to leave them to themselves. I don't open doors I can't close, nor invite things I don't understand. But if I ever came across an old man in the wood, I'd give him half my lunch and my water to drink, and talk to him much more politely than I did to whatever flew around me in the bathroom fifteen years ago when I was naked! Least I learned that much!

§359) US (Oregon). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; on or near water, cliff trails; with one other person who shared my experience [?]; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Friends and I were walking along the cliff trails on a full moon night when we noticed something large and grey crouched on the trail side. It looked like a spider human hybrid with humanoid body, grey fur, multiple eyes and limbs. It jumped up and skittered off toward the woods. We left immediately.' 'Human/spider. Six feet [long?] multiple limbs humanlike face with compound eyes, darker markings on body.' 'Hissed before it bolted.' '[The zone is] reported to be cursed and or nexus point for ley lines.' 'If not fey then some kind of elemental.'

§360) US (Oregon). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in open land (fields etc), 'next to hwy'; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was driving back home from a long trip. I stopped to take picture of some birds around a lake of water. I noticed a 'swarm' of what I thought were insects heading my way. They got close to me but I couldn't tell what they were, I was more interesting in getting those pictures. I decided to leave because I was no longer able to takes photos, too many of the flying things around me. I noticed that they were bigger in size and was waving my arms to keep them

from my face but did not want to hurt them. I had the feeling I was not alone. I got to my car and stuck my camera out the window and took two shots of them. When I got home and looked at the pics, I was completely floored by what I saw! Fairies, angels... Not sure. Magical for sure.' 'Even looking at them, I did not see them as they really are. They looked like big bugs but I for some reason could not make them out to be able to describe. Hard to explain.' 'I don't know that [they are fairies] for sure. I have had different people look at my photos. Some say fairy some say angels. My inner feelings say loving beings.' '[Fairies are] loving beings of higher vibration.*

§361C) US (Oregon). 'When I was working for the Forestry Service, ***. I had some very interesting incidents happen to me. On the second night after I arrived in the *** I decided to go off exploring. I got bored following the marked trail and decided to wander off the trail a little ways (not too far because I was afraid of getting lost). I climbed up a hill, and rounded a corner only to find that my way was blocked by thick vegetation. As I turned to leave I noticed a tiny opening out of the corner of my eye, so I went through. On the other side was a small clearing right on the river that had a huge fallen tree in it. It was completely secluded, the river on one side and forest everywhere else. It was beautiful! I felt like Christopher Columbus, and I had

* This entry was sent in November 2015. However, the respondent sent two further entries in July 2017. US (Oregon). Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, curious; occasional supernatural experiences; You were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you were extremely happy ['Two days prior I attended a Reiki two course and received my attunement']; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. Jul 2017 'While driving back home from a long solo car trip, I stopped to take pictures of the birds on a large body of water. Approximately ten minutes later a swarm of flying objects flew across the water in front of me. They made no sound and were non threatening. When I walked towards my car to leave, they had followed me. I saw them with my eyes but was unable to make them out in detail. I took some photos of them before I drove off. When I got home and looked through my pictures, I realized I captured something extraordinarily beautiful and amazing!' 'Was not able to see in detail at the time of experience.' 'Pure silence.' '[Why fairies?] It was a feeling.' 'I believe there are many different elementals that exists among us and fairies are one of them.' 'I believe that I was gifted with this experience and I am forever grateful. Photography is my passion I do it for the joy it brings me. I have taken other photos with gifts that appear but the fairy photo is dear to my heart.' US (Oregon). Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, curious; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. 'I was driving back home to California from Washington state. When I was driving through Oregon I came across a large body of water with many birds. I stopped to take a break from driving and to photograph the birds. I parked near the highway and walked over the railroad tracks towards the water. After a few minutes of photographing the birds I noticed a large swarm, of what I thought were some kind of bugs, coming towards me. They flew slowly in front of me above the water approx. twenty feet away. I couldn't make out what they were so I decided to leave. As I walked to my car they started to follow me. Once in my vehicle I stuck my camera out the window and took two pictures of them.' 'I saw them but was unable to make them out. I know that had wings and a body.' 'I contemplated on whether fairy of angel but my inner self kept saying fairy.' '[Fairies are] one of many types of elementals that exist.'

just discovered a place where no other person had ever set foot before. It was a couple of weeks before I was able to return because, frankly, I was exhausted at the end of the day, and was busy making new friends. Then one day a couple of us wanted to smoke some herb, but didn't have a place to do when suddenly I remembered my secret spot. I wasn't sure if I would be able to find it again, but guess what? I did. From then on we went there just about every evening after work. One evening I went up there by myself (I forget why). I was sitting on the log just kind of groovin' on the river, daydreaming, when suddenly I felt like I was being watched. When I turned toward the trees I saw the underbrush was moving, but nothing was there (and there was no wind). Needless to say it scared the hell out of me! I got up and was about to take off running when an unexplainable peace came over me. It was such a strange feeling because I still felt like I should be scared, but I wasn't. I sat back down on the log, not quite sure what had just happened, or maybe hadn't happened. I was beginning to believe that I had imagined the whole thing and started to leave when standing right in front of me was this strange little being. One minute I was looking at vegetation, and the next at him. It was like my eyes were out of focus and then righted themselves (I don't know how else to explain it). We just looked at each other, and with the blink of my eyes he was gone! I was scared, amazed, happy, sad, I don't know, all the emotions seemingly flowed through me at the same time. I stayed there for a long time hoping he would come back, but he didn't. It was getting pretty dark, so I went back to my dorm. I never told anyone about what had happened, but every evening when we would go there I kept my eyes peeled but to no avail. I'm not sure how much time passed before it dawned on me that I was alone when I had my encounter, but it was almost impossible to have alone time, as it had become 'The Place' instead of just my place. It was on a cold drizzly Saturday when it happened again. When I came through the opening there were two of them there. They were both solid green, and their heads were tear-drop shaped with large black eyes, the hint of a nose, a small little mouth, and little pointed ears. Their hands had four fingers with what looked like bulbs at the tips (kind of like a tree frog has). I couldn't see their legs because the grass came up to where our belly

buttons would be (they didn't have belly buttons). They couldn't have been more than twelve- to fourteen-inches tall. Anyway, I guess I startled them because when they saw me they vanished. They didn't so much disappear into thin air; it was more like moving at the speed of light, because the underbrush moved like something had brushed past it. First thing Sunday morning I went back up there, and sat down on the log and waited... and waited, and waited, and waited some more. I was just about to give up when I heard 'What do you want?' Startled I turned around and there he was. I didn't have an answer, my mind was reeling, I kept telling myself this couldn't be happening, was I losing my mind? He asked me again, and I said, 'I don't want anything'. So he asked me why I summoned him, and I said that I didn't know that I had. He was talking to me, but to my astonishment, not with his mouth, but through telepathy. The next thing I know he was gone, and the sun was setting. I had lost several hours, and that scared the heck out of me, so I didn't go back for a long time. A couple of weeks later, L, C, D and myself were on our way to a kegger at the base of *** Mountain when D, who was leading the way, stopped dead in his tracks, and just pointed to the side of the path and right there we all saw a group of maybe seven or eight of the little leaf people. They looked like they were gathering something, and there was this sound: no, that's not it. It was more melodic, but not music. Hell, don't know what it was, but very pleasing to hear. When they noticed us, they just seemed to blend into the background and were gone. Of course, word got out about what we had seen, and spread like wildfire throughout the compound. As it turned out there were several other people who had seen them. In fact, J, my dorm leader, told us that people had been claiming to have seen the Leaf People since the early 1900s, but she had never seen anything in the four and a half years that she had been working there. There was only one other occasion that they ever communicated with me. It was less than a month before I quit working [there]. It was at my first spot, and I was just about to light up a joint when the first two I had seen together (one was kind of tall and thin, and the other one, who I felt was older was kind of plump) appeared from around the other end of the log. Everything got very still, and then I heard their music, or whatever it was, and they were beckoning me to follow them.

There were no words, just a strong urge, like someone was giving me a slight push from behind, and the music was getting louder and I really wanted to go, with all that I am I wanted to go, when I heard this pink sound, and everything was back to normal and they were gone. I went up there every chance I got, but I never saw them again. I want you to know that every time I saw them it was before I had smoked any weed. I know this whole thing sounds like nonsense, but I swear to you this really happened. If there hadn't been other people with me that one time I don't know if ever I would think it is true, but it is, I have often wondered why they chose to show themselves to me. Over the years I have gone back to *** to visit my brothers' spirits many times (that is where my two brothers' ashes are scattered), and even camped there with family, but saw nothing but nature in all its glory.*

§362) US (Pacific North West). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; aloof, aware of me; occasional supernatural experiences; at peace with my surroundings; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I had been walking in the woods and suddenly I felt like I was being watched, and sensed someone moving between the trees off to the side of the path. I saw the fairy out of the corner of my eye, a short figure (two-feet tall or so), wearing clothes made of leaves, dappled green and brown. He was walking upright, striding diagonally away from me, between the trees. I turned to look more closely, only to see the ferns closing behind him, rustling with the movement. When I followed off the path, I couldn't find any more trace of him.' 'Two- to three-foot tall, humanoid and stocky, wearing clothing made of leaves.' 'It was at home in the woods, it had physical impact on the ferns around it.' '[Fairies are] corporeal, interplanar [interplanetary?] nature beings?'

§363) US (Pacific North West). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on or near water, inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the*

* N, 'Oregon Leaf Folk', *FIS Newsletter* 4 (2016), 16-18.

experience. ‘I was cutting my hair [?] for a friend of mine and her mother, in their kitchen in an old house that had been renovated into apartments. Her ten-month-old son was in the room with us as well. He started giggling and watching the plants in the window sill. Three adults in the room watched as well as the leaves seems to bounce, and sway individually as if being used for jumping pads. While we didn’t see the fairies, we are all convinced that’s what we were experiencing.’

§364) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw a parade of fairies going across my bedroom floor. They were all dressed in finery and had musical instruments and tiny animals. I tried to wake up my sister, and shook and shook her, but she would not wake up. I had another experience when I was in my forties. I was lying on my bed in the middle of the afternoon and there was a puff of green smoke on my wall and then there was an opening and a tiny green man came out. He was bigger than the first ones. This guy was quite ugly and about two-feet tall. He touched my foot and ran back into the wall, which then promptly shut.’ ‘They were dressed in flora.’ ‘I just know [that it was a fairy]. I often wonder if I have fairy blood.’

§365) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; country road* [‘quiet road along a railroad’]; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; ‘busy – seemed like he was on a task of some sort’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was riding my bike home from a friend’s house, sometime after 11 pm, in the summer of 1977. (I was almost nineteen years old.) The road I was on ran parallel to some railroad tracks; I rode south, and to my right was the last row of houses in town, and to my left, the tracks and beyond those, the *** River. I was nearly home when ahead of me I noticed movement in the road; at that hour I thought it could have been a cat or raccoon or any number of other things, but as I drew closer (the only lights were streetlights) I was astonished

to see a small man, no more than about fifteen or eighteen inches in height, walking across the road with a wooden yoke across his back, with buckets hanging from either side. I was on my bike, and so felt unprotected and a little frightened, and slowed as I approached him. He did not make eye contact with me, but seemed to have noticed me there, and hurried back in the direction he'd come from – up from the tracks and the river. He disappeared off into the overgrowth beside the road, and I kept going, feeling that I must have startled him as much as he startled me. His clothing was plain, a belted tunic of some sort, loose-fitting pants, shoes that, at least in my memory of it, were probably slip-ons. I was completely sober and wide awake, having just ridden my bike about three miles toward home.' 'A man of perhaps middle age.' 'I have had ghost experiences and this was nothing like those; the appearance and the occupation of the creature were both far too pedestrian and Earth-like to suggest anything alien.' '[Fairies are] creatures living at a slight remove from our ability to see them, as a rule.' 'I am of Irish ancestry and have been told that if you have Irish blood, you have fairy/faerie blood (and have twice had Irishmen tell me that, upon meeting me, they saw something of the Tuath De in me. So perhaps I'm temperamentally predisposed to this kind of encounter?'

§366) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My family had a house with a long driveway that had a steep hill to the road. One day, my dad drove my sister and I down to the bottom of the driveway to wait for the bus, but it was running late. I really had to go to the bathroom, so I figured I would have time to run back up to the house rather than wait to get to school. I made my way up, and once I got to the top of the hill, I saw that the garage door was open, which was strange because I was almost sure we had shut it. As I got closer, I saw something standing right in the front middle of the garage. I finally made my way up to where I could see, and standing there, I saw a gnome. It looked just like a garden gnome (we didn't own any), with the tall, pointy hat, the beard, the boots, the belt. The only things that were different were that the

hat was blue, and the gnome was taller than a garden gnome, maybe about the size of a small child. Not knowing what to do and not wanting to get any closer, I just stared at the gnome. After a few seconds, he smiled at me and waved. I did not believe that the gnome had any particularly terrible intentions, but I felt uncomfortable, like he was not truly friendly. I took back off down the driveway where my dad and sister were waiting.’ ‘Size of a small child (three to five, maybe a little shorter), tall blue hat, buckle belt, brown boots, white beard.’ ‘There were a few other times during the time that we lived in that house that I suspected the presence of fairies and other supernatural beings. Some of the things that led me to believe this happened before this particular experience, so while there was only a reputation to me (and my siblings), it was still a reputation and was before this experience.’ ‘I have read many books on fairies, along with other supernatural creatures, and I think that it’s fair for me to say that I know how to determine one from the next (that includes one type of fairy from another). From stories, research, reading, and such, I know that gnomes are a type of fairy. I have also have other experiences with other things, such as ghosts and aliens, and there are distinct differences between them. As I live, I feel this certain type of feeling, like a vibe or an aura, with almost everything I do, and that’s how my memories are kept as well. There is a different type of feel to a fairy encounter vs. an alien encounter vs. a ghost encounter.’ ‘Fairies are creatures that live among us, but are elusive. Many people do not believe in fairies on the premise that they are ‘unrealistic’, but I believe that they, along with their magic, etc., are real, just simply too uncommonly seen for most people to believe in them.’

§367) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; friendly, curious; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I awoke and saw a flashing light in my closet. At first I thought it was my phone but realized quickly that my phone isn’t in the closet. So I stared at the light for a few more seconds, then suddenly it moved, it jumped from the closet to the ceiling in a single flash, it was coming towards me.

Then it flashed again and moved further to my bed, then it hid behind my boyfriend and I thought, ‘ok, it’s a lightning bug, is all.’ So I laid back down, but then it flashed again, this time it went over me heading back to the closet. I got up and got my phone while it was still flashing. As it neared the closet, it pulsed and hovered there. I turned and got a picture of it, but it was a little blurry. It disappeared into my closet since. I’ve recently have been having dreams of dark and light faeries in the last two weeks.’ ‘It’s not my first time seeing the flashy ones, except this one in particular stayed longer and flashed from one place to another faster than speed of light.’ ‘Currently am having visions of dark and light faeries, woodland elves, Avalon. I made an oil specifically for this and a slight touch of it connects you with them. But at the time I saw the ‘flashy faerie’ I did not have this oil on, it happened a few months ago.’

§368) US (Pennsylvania). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘The experience occurred in summer of 2006. While taking an afternoon nap in our apartment in ***, Pennsylvania, I was awoken by the sound of a little girl giggling. I turned in bed towards the giggling sound and saw a figure resembling a blonde-haired toddler, perhaps two years old, standing beside the bed, her face mere inches from my own. My wife and I did not have children at the time and there was no history of ghosts in our apartment. I blinked hard, trying to determine if the figure was a figment of a dream. She was gone when my eyes opened. But, when I got out of bed I found our antique (nominally locked) curio cabinet door standing open, its key still resting on top of the cabinet. The figure seemed to be playing a game, but no further disturbances occurred prior to moving (for unrelated reasons) several months later.’ ‘A female toddler with long, slightly curled blonde hair.’ ‘Giggling laughter.’ ‘I believe the entity could have been either a fairy or a ghost.’ ‘Intelligent supernatural entities that are our terrestrial cohabitants that have more of a physical existence than ghosts – a cryptid species.’

§369) US (Tennessee). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; was just very relaxed and content; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was working at a German-themed Renaissance Festival in ***, Tennessee. up in the mountains during either March or April of 2000. Myself and most of the rest of the Faire’s Cast were camping up on the hill we called ‘Zauberwald’, or ‘The Enchanted Forest’ – which is where our Fae Cast dwelled during the Faire’s operating hours (which were in October). I played an Elf at this Faire. The area we were camping in was in a clear meadow edged in by the surrounding treeline. I don’t recall if it was a full moon overhead or not, but it was definitely either a half moon (either waxing or waning, not sure) or full. We had a small bonfire in one corner and various tents here and there. We may have been having our camping-event due to a Sabbat as myself and several of the people there, including the owners of the Faire and property, are Pagan but we also had Christians there, too. After a couple of fascinating hours of sitting round the fire with several other people, listening to conversations and discussions on this or that with a few interesting philosophical debates thrown in, and warming my feet through my boots at the edge of the fire. I had gotten up with some of my friends (around my age of seventeen) for whatever reason, but we ended up at the edge of the treeline that led off over the hill and down toward the castle and Faire-grounds below. Just inside the dark tree-line, several of us watched a long and winding thick line of small glowing blue lights bobbing and floating along in their course through the woods. They each were anywhere from a few inches off of the ground to a couple of feet and all that could be seen of them were just the glowing blue lights, like a blue LED light. I and about three other people were standing just outside of the tree-line watching this and whispering amongst ourselves as to what these could be. In their course, the line of these lights bent closer to the edge of the tree-line, several of these lights floated out into the clearing to where we were standing. They’d float up to us and then blink out within a couple feet of us. It wasn’t a strict line of them in the trees. But these lights kept together in a rough semblance

of a line with some meandering off to the sides here and there. Put me very much in the mind of paintings and descriptions of trouping-fairies through the woods holding little lanterns aloft. Only these were blue lights and we saw nothing other than the blue lights. No accompanying little figures. We called over some of the adults who stood for a while watching with us, but most seemed to dismiss them as bugs, while a few others seemed curious but not terribly excited, as though they'd seen this before. I was later informed that often lights of green, yellow/gold, red, and orange and even occasionally purple and white were spotted late at night up high in the trees, just blinking in and out and floating around. One of the adults claimed these were just Nightcrawlers. But in my later on-line research, I found no bugs that matched these lights or their behaviors. The owners of this Faire lived on the property in their small castle and often performed Pagan rituals around the property, especially up in the area we were camping. I didn't feel afraid, just very curious and excited. We didn't chase after these lights, we kept our respectful distance and just stood still watching them. They eventually trailed off through the trees deeper into the woods 'till out of sight. All the while staying low to the ground and the underbrush, but winding around trees and large rocks. Later, the next day, one of my friends told me that in addition to the blue lights, later that night, as most people were in their tents, he saw a large black humanoid shadow slipping in and out of view around the tents. He said this shadow couldn't have been cast by anyone near the fire due to the distance from the now low-burning fire and the angles, plus the tents obscuring the light between the fire and this shadow-being. He was cautious of it and I think a little shaken, but claimed that he wasn't afraid. In the re-telling, I was a little creeped out, though. I worked that Faire for the three years it was open, camping there often, both up on that same hill and down at the base of it closer to the castle. And never again did I see those glowing blue lights, or any other lights, aside from the occasional fire-fly (which was strictly a bright green/yellow-green color and very obviously a bug). There was one night, the following October, where I had to walk down the hill, from the clearing at the top (Zauberwald), down to the bottom at the base of the hill near the castle, where everyone was camping during the active Faire weekends.. I was

alone as I'd been waiting for my boyfriend to get out of work and meet me so we could set-up our tent for the night. (I was leaving a friend's small camp-site up past the clearing at the top of the hill and heading down to the larger camp-site at the base of the hill where my boyfriend was supposed to be when he arrived at the site.) It was past midnight, probably about 1-2 am. I didn't have a flash light with me, but the moon was out a little bit. Maybe a half-moon. As I was walking alone in the near dark down the hill, I kept thinking I was hearing something behind me keeping up with me. It wasn't loud, but I was aware of it. I was made very nervous by this as I have an active imagination and all sorts of images were running through my mind. But being that I was in the dark, even knowing that path like the back of my hand and being aware of all the bumps and ruts in it, I knew that if I ran I could panic and accidentally hurt myself and/or give whatever might be following me more reason to chase after me. I walked faster, but continued to keep calm and just walk. I was very relieved when I not only reached the bottom of the hill but also when I came within view of the campfire and some of my friends and fellow cast members, their tents, and my boyfriend's car. Needless to say, while a bit shaken, I was safe. I never saw anything, that experience was mainly just hearing and feeling. Every time I was on that property, I 'always' felt magick there: always felt like I wasn't alone, whether for good or ill. I still feel a longing for that land and that time creep into my bones every October once the chill starts to creep into the air and the smell of burning leaves is everywhere. There was something very special about that place.' 'Very small floating and bobbing glowing blue lights.' 'Heard no sounds, no rustling of leaves, no footsteps, no music, nothing. Just the sounds of the gathering of people around us.' 'I later found out that experiences like these weren't uncommon on this property. But I wasn't all that aware prior.' 'I think this was a Faery experience because it was in the woods, it matched old paintings and literature about Faery. I've never heard of ghosts or aliens, or even angels looking or acting like this.' 'As an artist, I have a rather active imagination and am good at clearly visualizing and do periodically find myself with my head in the clouds. But I am not, nor have ever, been prone to imagining things or seeing things from my imagination while awake other than while

actively visualizing it (for the purpose of mentally designing some new mask or other costume design or accessory). Further, as stated earlier, I was with a good sized group of people – roughly fifteen to twenty with a mix of teens and adults. Pretty much everyone there saw these lights and many still remember them even now, fourteen years later. 'These were real.' 'There is the possibility that they could have been bugs. I guess. But I have done a lot of searching and reading about various bugs and not a one of them matches what I saw that night. I don't for a minute believe that what I saw was just bugs. I believe I truly experienced some Faery event or happening that night.'

§370) US (Tennessee). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; 'calm'; occasional supernatural experiences, 'had been reading'; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Once when I was about seventeen years old, I was crossing the hall from my bedroom to the bathroom, and just as I was crossing the threshold I saw something out of the corner of my eye down near the floor up against the outer-facing door-frame of the bathroom in the hallway. I immediately stepped backward into the hall to do a double-take. What I had seen appeared to be a very small older man, maybe a foot high. He had nutmeg colored skin, very squat body shape, his clothes were non-descript but in shades of deep browns and mossy greens. He had a hat of some sort on, I believe. But he had his head tilted back as he was peering up at me, just watching. Never said a word or even moved. Just stood there. When I had stepped back into the hall for the double-take, he was gone. This was the impression I had gotten of him in the brief moment it took me to cross the threshold into the bathroom from the hallway and I seemed to only glimpse him just as I was stepping into the bathroom, not while approaching. This happened during the day, mid-day, though I don't recall exactly what time. The hallway was only lit by the large window in my bedroom behind me as well as, the smaller window in the bathroom in front of me, and whatever natural light was coming in from the dining-room french doors at the end of the hall to the right of me. Not terribly dark, but not well-lit. This was the first and only time I'd seen this figure or anything else like it. I did not feel scared, just surprised, curious, and a bit bewildered. I initially did

question what I had seen and if it had been real, but it's now been roughly fifteen years since I saw it and it's never left my mind and I still remember the incident very clearly, though his image, unfortunately, seems to be fading in my memory. But I believe that what I saw was very real, especially because that memory has never left me. My mother claims she has seen him once, too, in that same house but couldn't remember how or when. Seems to have been around the same period of time. While our house was in a suburban area, we lived next to a large field that has a lot of trees around it and very nearby to a running creek which empties into a lake. I periodically would also see small balls of glowing golden or white light fly past me in my bedroom out of the corners of my eyes and once heard what sounded like a woman sighing once or twice just outside of my one-story bedroom window. At that time I was in my later teens and very much interested in Faery lore, though I had grown up always having an interest in Fairy Tales and had been reading them since I was a small child. I was also getting my feet wet in my growing interest in Paganism, though I did not, yet, practice. I don't know if the creature I saw was a gnome or house brownie, or what. But I do believe he was of Faery and that he meant no harm.' 'He was roughly a foot tall in height with a squat, thick figure, and nutmeg colored skin. He was wearing non-descript clothing in deep browns and mossy green shades and a shapeless hat. He looked very solid and real.' 'I think this creature was a Faery because he matches the descriptions of various Faery creatures and the feeling I had afterward was that this was Faery.' 'Creatures/Spirits of Nature and Magick. Both benevolent and malevolent.' 'While I do have a vivid imagination, I am an artist and so can and do visualize very easily and clearly. But I am not, nor have ever been, given to random visions or images like this while awake.'

§371) US (Tennessee). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was driving on a country road, it was very dark and it was a heavily wooded area. Suddenly something flew in front of the car, in the beam of the headlights and

up over the hood of the car. It was about four inches in length and was very clearly NOT a moth, or bird or bat or any other creature that would be flying. It appeared to have legs and hair and my friend and I both said at the same time 'Did YOU SEE THAT? A FAIRY!' and it just flew off. It appeared to be reddish or rust in color.' 'The fairy was about five-inches long and had wings about three inches wide, with long hair and clearly visible legs, arms. It was reddish or rust in color.' 'I have had ghost experiences. This was clearly not one of them. It was unique.' 'I don't know what to think of them. Still learning.'

§372) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden*; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; no duration given; joyful* [I have felt joy and love]; regular supernatural experiences; feeling pretty normal, happy, positive and believing always that anything is possible; sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I have taken photos of spirit orbs and Earth bound souls for over a year now. I am gifted to be able to cross souls to the light therefore my love and light are very strong and I attract a lot of spirits and angels to me as you can imagine. One evening mid October 2014 I was taking more pictures outside at night with my digital camera and upon uploading I see a tiny spirit being hovering above the grass. I felt, since I am a Clairvoyant, Medium, Intuitive and Light Worker, that this was indeed a fairy! The energy I felt, as I got major goose bumps, was so much love it made me cry! She was beautiful! Her light was green and you can see she is not a bug. I confirmed this with a couple of like-minded gifted friends and they too agreed that I have Fairies in my backyard! I have also taken many pictures that show colored lights in the grass and my most amazing experience with a photo where you can really see a Fairy in spirit form was when I had set up an altar to honor the nature spirits in my yard. I had a white candle for purity, incense, varying crystals and a vase of real fresh cut flowers. I asked that the Fairies come and enjoy what I had for them, and that I love them and have a safe haven for them. After I talked to them and thanked them for being with me to help me grow, protect me and teach me I started taking pictures. I later uploaded the photos and my jaw dropped and I screamed to my husband, 'OMG honey, LOOK at her!' She was flying towards the altar and was bright glowing white and her legs were like mist and in a corkscrew appearance. This

was NOT a bug! This one looks as if it has an armor on the back of some kind. I have so many pictures of other nature spirits and am very anxious to share what I have caught in pictures.’ ‘I only see them in the photos I take not with my eyes.’ ‘Seen only from photos, they are lights in or on the grass, some look like a humanoid bug type of being in varying forms, and those show glowing white light. One Fairy hovering above the grass was a glowing green and you could see what look like her little arms, wings, antenna and a body structure and at the heart area was more white in color.’ ‘The place being our home has high paranormal activity, my husband and I noticed this not long after we moved in. We could feel it and could see movements and glimpse of something moving around especially coming out of our guest bath room. I am not aware or know of a reputation of having Fairies. I did ask the previous owner if she had any paranormal experiences and she said no. We have been in this house four years.’

§373) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a private house*; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘happy’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I would like to share a type of faerie sighting. This is called an in between dream. It began when I made a faerie ring in my patio. Once I placed the rocks in a circle, I noticed there was a plant with a long leaf coming up. I repositioned the rocks so the plant would be centered inside. It was perfect now. Upon going to sleep, I felt a child-like joy. Then right before drifting off, my mind opened up with a brilliant image of a green female fae coming out of this leaf. Actually two leaves. She rose up out of in between the two leaves as if being born maybe. She had a long face and body like the long leaf. I, then, fell fast asleep. The second leaf did indeed come up later!’ ‘Long green female that looked like a long green leaf.’ ‘Because I connected to the fae especially after talking to my plants.’ ‘There are many kinds. I believe they are ancient beings from another realm and can make themselves small and know how to travel through portals.’ ‘I had two other experiences when I was younger but do not know if they could be considered faeries.’

§374) US (Texas). Female; 1960s; 0-10; in a garden* [*‘our front yard’*]; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) [*‘both times I was not expecting to see them’*]; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘I have had a few fairy experiences. The first when I was nine years old. I walked home from school, alone, and when I arrived to my house, I saw some little lights in the grass. I walked to them and when I looked down where I had seen them, I then saw three tiny little flowers. There were all the same type of flower (unknown to me now, and have never seen any like them since), growing in a little cluster, in our otherwise weed-free yard. What was so unusual was that one was blue, one pink, and one pale yellow. I knew they were a rare gift, so I picked them and went indoors, where I immediately placed them in my little bible. I use to open it up to the page where they were pressed, sometimes when I was sad or happy, and would marvel at them. I still have that little bible, but somewhere along the way, the flowers either fell out or turned to dust. All that remains is a little yellow remnant of a petal. Another time, when I was in my thirties, my mother and I were driving through an open field which had a seldom used tire pathway leading to a cabin in the middle of ‘no where’ (***, Colorado) where we were going to spend the weekend. While my mother drove, I kept seeing bright, golden lights in the grasses. They were everywhere! I knew they were fairies and they ‘followed’ us all the way to the cabin. When I returned home from that weekend I told my soul sister about my sighting of them, and described them to her. Years later, when she and her boyfriend (now husband) were at the pond on his property, they saw a blue light on the other side of the water. Remembering how I described the fairies I saw, she immediately knew that it was a fairy and told him. Skeptical, he said, ‘If it’s a fairy, call it over here.’ She did, and it sweetly obeyed! They both marveled at it for some time before it flew away and disappeared in the grasses. To this day, her husband believes in fairies. When I asked her to describe it to me, she said that it was a little blue light being. No distinct features were seen, but the shape was human-like, and its essence/energy was peaceful, loving and gentle.’ ‘Brilliant coloured light.’ ‘The

first experience when I was a little girl, I just knew they were fairies. I don't know how. They felt like fairies, being so close to the earth. The second experience, when I was in my thirties, I recognized them from when I was a little girl. Again, I just knew they were fairies.' '[Fairies are] beings of light – living on a different frequency level than us.' 'Though I read fairy books, and love the illustrated fairies shown in books and art, the fairies I saw did not have wings. Both expressions of them are beautiful, and both feel like kind and gentle beings.'

§375) US (Texas). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was playing by myself under a mimosa tree. At first I thought it was just a very pretty colorful butterfly flitting around me but the body was definitely not that of a butterfly. The body was that of a very beautiful lady. I was so stunned that as she flew away I didn't even try to chase her. I remember I ran inside and told my mom but she didn't believe me. I got my younger brother to come outside but we couldn't find her. Since that time I have always been on the lookout for another fairy.' 'Like a beautiful butterfly with a lovely body of a lady.' '[Fairies are] ethereal creatures that live in nature.'

§376) US (Texas). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; can't remember time; many hours; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs), you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'When I was six years old I was playing in the empty lot next to my house and suddenly, I was in a forest. The fairies were tall and they fed me a drink and cakes that were very sweet and seemed to be made of light. It was dark, but it wasn't because it seemed like light emanated from the trees. After a couple of hours a woman told me I had to go back. I didn't want to go back and complained. She told me I had to because I had a purpose. Suddenly, I woke up on the floor of my living room. I don't remember getting there or leaving the open lot where I was running

around and playing. I felt like I had lost time.’ ‘Some of them looked human but were tall and thin. There seemed to be a light glowing from their skin. There were others that had hooves and played musical instruments while everyone else danced.’ ‘The music was joyful and reminded me of an Irish jig, but even better. They played on drums, pipes, flutes and guitars.’ ‘I remember that they referred to themselves as Fae.’ ‘I think that there is much about the universe we don’t understand and that to dismiss the existence of fairies is shortsighted and dull witted.’ ‘[Fairies are] [c]reatures from another dimension who often traverse between the realms.’

§377) US (Texas). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was sleeping in my bed and began to drift into awakesness. With my eyes still closed I felt air hitting my face. There was a pulse to the air like wings. The air would lift up a little then go down and up and down. This happened for a minute. I was scared to open my eyes cause I was not sure what it would be. Next thing I know though it felt like a small doll hand was moving its fingers across my eye lashes. At this point pretty sure it was my little brother I swatted at whatever this was. As my hand hit the object I felt a small body in my hand. I quickly opened my eyes and saw what looked like a human being with wings fly quickly out of my room.’ ‘Fairies have followed my family for years.’ ‘Looked like a small human with wings. Wearing a green dress.’

§378) US (Texas). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was nine and playing in the woods behind my elementary school (my mom was a teacher so sometimes I had to stay late after school with her). It was around four in the afternoon. I heard something moving in a bush and, when I looked over, I saw a small face peeking out of the bushes at me, surrounded by bright light. As soon as it realized I saw it, it disappeared.’ ‘Small. I only saw its head, but that was a little smaller than a plum. It was surrounded by light.’

§379) US (Texas). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was sitting out on my back porch one evening, just enjoying the nice Spring weather. When I noticed a light in the shape of a small figure flying around in the trees in my backyard. The figure was about ten-inches. I had the feeling that it was female. She wasn’t visible long, but she was definitely there. I’ve also had things happen in my home, such as items being taken and reappearing in a totally different area. So I know it is the fairies playing tricks on me, which I love.’ ‘It was just a light in the shape of a female figure. She had wings and was flying around in the trees.’ ‘[Fairies are e]arth angels. They take care of the Earth and like being around folks who honor and do their best to respect Mother Earth, plants, animals, and us humans.’

§380) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, aloof, playful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was June and I was in the back yard and out of the corner of my left eye I kept seeing something flit. It was a bright streak of light that would zip across the flowers and bushes.’ ‘Their torsos were very bright light; limbs were tan or pale blue or green. They had wings; some were delicate, others were thicker. Some glistened while others didn’t. I didn’t see any clothing because of the very bright light.’ ‘A pasture was behind our house.’ ‘The beings were between two to three inches in height and moved with a purpose. I wasn’t scared, didn’t lose time or feel lethargic, no telepathic communication, nothing like that.’ ‘They are real. I can’t tell you how I know this; it’s not logic, but I saw them on many occasions and I’m not the only one. When we moved out of our house, I told them to find a garden to be happy in.’ ‘At first it was just one but on subsequent nights after I invited them in, there were many and they seemed happy.’

§381) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house, in a garden* [‘back and front yard’]; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; you*

had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.

‘Inside my home has been seen by me and my husband who now believes and my daughter has seen him also and outside my home. About two-three-inches tall from head to feet in all green or brown clothes matching hat. Looks like a little old man very fast.’ ‘Small little man all in brown and other times all in green clothes.’ ‘You can hear him move about and looking thru things in drawers and on shelves and on the floor running around.’ ‘Because I heard him one night in my bedroom. Was reading heard a noise, looked toward my TV and seen something trying to come out from behind where the TV was layed [?] still, thought it was a mouse it looked out seen I didn’t move and ran along the baseboard toward me, to where my lamp was got up to look behind lamp was gone. Disappeared. [He] was all in dark brown from his hat to his feet. Was carrying a brown bag slung over his shoulder like Santa Claus and moved quickly.’ ‘Just that they like shiny things cream and cookies. I leave treats for him.’

§382) US (Texas). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc), on a country road, inside a private house; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ‘off and on for several years’; ‘friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful’; occasional supernatural experience; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘In the late 90s I moved to a house out in the country. It was a historical home used in the Underground Railroad complete with secret passage ways. It already had a bit of paranormal activity but the Fairies made their presence known and clear. It began late winter to early spring. What they call, a Fairy Circle appeared in the front acreage of the house. It consisted of mushrooms that made a ring about nine Feet in diameter. As the seasons changed so did the ring. It took turns with various flowers and colors but the ring remained very apparent. I started to do some research on the matter (thanks to AOL dial up at the time!) I discovered by the nature of the ring I had been chosen by these higher beings to walk the path

they made for me. After much research, I began to leave offerings for them in exchange for their gifts. They gave me many blessings. I soon became pregnant with my son and neglected my hobby with the fae. That apparently wasn't to their liking so they began to take things. Mostly shiny objects like keys, thimbles, Christmas tinsel. I did more research and learned the fae behave similar to modern gangs. Once you join there is no leaving or taking a break. I was able to compromise and would spend the Sabbaths within the circle which I now understand to be a door to their dimension. Once the initiation was complete they proved their loyalty by leaving me gifts from throughout time such as a Chinese currency from the futile [feudal?] era, a rusted baby's bell from the early 1800s and gaudy costume jewelry from only they know where! I have moved several times since then. They do still find me and I continue to cater to them by gardening with fae friendly plants and leaving super shiny or sparkly offerings. My spirituality has grown abundantly but I will never forget how it all began with them.' 'Bright flashes of light and streaks (when moving) mainly for me they show up as white, indigo and blue but that can have a lot to do with my psychic perception of them.' 'High pitched humming (frequencies) that harmonize.' 'The Fairy Circle is the calling card but their materialism gave them away!!'

§383) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own* ['the cat and dog were on the sofa with me']; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; angry* ['I don't know, but it sounded angry ']; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'For too many reasons to go into here, my daughter and I had realized in 2000 that we have a house fairy living with us, so this incident from about two years ago is far from the first occurrence, nor is it the most recent. However, it's still very fresh in my mind. About eight o'clock one night I was on the sofa watching television with my cat and dog asleep next to me. The TV volume was at a moderate level, not too high. Suddenly there were three tremendously loud, banging knocks on a door in an adjacent hallway. The door leads into the (attached/enclosed) garage. The knocks were so forceful I heard the door rattling in its frame. With my husband out of town, I was so frightened at first I couldn't move.

Then I saw that, despite the noise, the animals hadn't awoken. I realized the noise was likely not human in origin, but I was still very nervous about checking the garage for intruders. I woke the dog and made her come with me, and of course there was nothing to see but a very ordinary, undisturbed garage. I'd already set the garage burglar alarm for the night. It has a glass breakage/loud noise sensor close to the door in question, but the alarm had not been tripped.' 'Based on a series of experiences dating from 2000, some of which were very helpful in nature, we concluded that we live alongside a house fairy. Based on responses from the Ouija board (a whole 'nother story, and none of them were from the fairy himself), we learned his name is Zee.' 'I have no idea, but if I were to hazard a guess, I'd say they're some sort of elemental energy.' 'It's very difficult to write about this without feeling as if I'm coming across as a complete nutjob. And it would do no good to assure you I'm not. Yes, I allow my imagination free reign. It's kind of my job. I'm a poet (dozens of publications) and a novelist (my two books – as yet unpublished – are about fairies, actually). But I know what I heard. Interestingly, when I told others about the experience I've related above, they all tell me how terrified they'd have been in those circumstances. And the night it happened, I was too, but only at first. Once I came back in the house from investigating the garage, my fear just dissolved. I should have been frightened still. It scared me out of my wits when I heard those knocks. But trying to recollect the fear – to reimagine it – was impossible. Almost as if it happened to someone else.'

§384) US (Utah). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in a city* 'parking lot in winter'; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; 'wounded'; regular supernatural experiences, no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'One morning as I was walking into work through the parking lot where there are intermittent trees and flowers, I spotted something with very large wings on the ground. At first I thought it was some kind of moth, but the wings were too large. I continued to walk on, but then realized that it was something else entirely. I went back to find it, but it had disappeared.'

§385) US (Utah). *Male; 1950s; 0-10; on or near water, on a country road, in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw two what I took to be males about fourteen-inches tall standing near a small stream as we drove by. They were dressed in clothing that did not seem out of place or extraordinary. My father would not turn around to go back.’ ‘They appeared to be smaller scale human-type approximately fourteen-inches tall.’ ‘I have never thought of them as fairies until reading of this survey. I always referred to them as little men.’

§386) US (Utah). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house* [‘in my apartment’]; with several other people some of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; many hours; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special states reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I had some friends over for pizza, I was restless and decided to wash my windows while the pizza was cooking. It’s only a one bedroom apartment ground floor so I only have three windows. I started on the outside of the kitchen and living room windows. After cleaning the outside I noticed there were pictures on the inside of window some very elaborate where the dirt and grime had gathered. I thought it was pretty strange but didn’t say anything right away. I took the pizza out and we were eating it in the living room when I noticed a face had formed in a big mirror I had hanging between the kitchen and living room. It had a blue tint to it and you could clearly see pointed ears and a beard. It was visible from anywhere in the room. I asked everybody there if they could see it too. And they could. I got up to inspect it closer and noticed if you looked at it, the mirror, at an angle, you can see elaborate portraits and pictures about the size of your hand all down the side of the mirror. Somewhere pictures of women in long robes one was what looked like witches on brooms but when the bottom of the mirror came into view. I will never forget what I saw lying on his side leaning on his elbow taking up the full bottom of the mirror was I could only describe at the time was a demon. except it wasn’t threatening in anyway. It had the same big oval eyes and oversized head as your classic alien description. A

lot like the cover of Whitley Strieber's book *Communion* from the seventies. but what will always stand out in my mind and what I'll never forget is the grin he had on his face. Half laughing he seemed to say you found me. It was like the other pictures and face was to distract me from finding him. Everybody there took turns and saw him. When one of the girls that was there that night saw him she screamed and ran out of the apartment. The image was still there the next day till I cleaned it with Windex. It has never happened again. But [it] wasn't the last time that I [have] seen my new friend either.' 'No wings. Oversized head. Big oval eyes. Three-feet tall max and a shit-eating grin that I'll remember for the rest of my life.'

§387) US (Utah). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house* ['my apartment']; on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'My first experience happened at about 3 am after watching a movie I had turned off the TV and DVD player and was sitting in the dark. I noticed a light behind the curtain on the window. I watched it for about one minute moving back and forth and then all of a sudden it stopped and was aware that I was watching it. Then a florescent purple orb about the size of a small basket ball came into the room and landed next to me on the bed. We exchanged a mental greeting to each other and I thanked it for showing itself to me. Then it streaked out of the room disappearing through the ceiling. That was two years ago, and the first of many encounters that I have had with Fae.' 'AT FIRST I DID NOT KNOW [that they were fairies]. BUT AFTER THE OTHER ENCOUNTERS THAT FOLLOWED AND HAVING TEMPORARILY BEEN GIFTED WITH FAIRY SIGHT ON ONE OF THESE ENCOUNTERS IT LEFT ABSOLUTELY NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.' '[Fairies] ARE THE DIMENSIONAL ENTITIES THAT HELP CARE FOR THE EARTH.' 'YOU DONT HAVE TO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES FOR THEM TO BE REAL YOU JUST HAVE TO RAISE YOUR CONSOUSNESS ENOUGH TO

INCLUDE THEM IN YOUR REALITY OR YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE SEEING.'

§388) US (Virginia). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I opened a large wardrobe in my sister's room and inside was another world. There was a green field, tall green plants and colourful creatures that didn't seem surprised to see me.' 'I saw mostly animals but they were not like our animals, about the size of a rabbit but purple and blue. There was one 'man' climbing on one tall green plant.' 'Faint music like a bell orchestra and nature sounds.' 'I'm not sure if it was a 'fairy' experience. It might be, it was odd and of course no one has ever believed me. I'll let you decide if you want to keep it in the list.' '[Fairies are] natural creatures, perhaps more advanced than humans.' 'I have no idea if this is related, but I am forty years old and still appear to be in my early twenties. I also have the agility and energy of a younger person. Good genes, a result of my encounter, or something else, I don't know. There is also a bit of strangeness about my conception, I have often wondered if my parents are entirely my parents.'

§389C) US (Virginia). 'The first story took place around the same time as the last, around 2000 when I was about twelve. The second happened about six months ago. All three were in ***. 1. My friends and I found a mushroom circle atop a hill and decided to call the fairies. I did a protection chant before leaving the house ('I am purified, I am protected, I am one with the radiant white light of divine wholesomeness'). We went out the mushroom circle, chanting, 'Come out of you fairy bower/Come upon this golden hour/Come to me/I beg you please/Fairies dancing on the breeze.' We didn't see anything when we were out there but when we got inside I felt what I assume was something trying to possess me. I felt like someone shoved into my back, tried to ooze into me, and shot back out. What we left out for the fae was gone in the morning. This was my first lesson in keeping your

shields up when dealing with any uncertain entity. 2. My boyfriend and I were walking in the swampy woods in darkness. He kept feeling like something was trying to call him off the path. He ignored it, of course; we're both experienced practitioners. As we walked, we heard foxes barking to each other. We walked on for a while. Then, all of a sudden, we both saw something ahead of us. It was bipedal, about three-and-a-half-feet tall, brown, and hairy or furry. My mind translated it as brownie- or kobold-like. We got the sense it didn't want us to go any further. We left, with a feeling of being hastened along, until we had gone a fair distance. We went back later to leave an apologetic offering and everything seemed fine.*

§390C) US (Virginia). ‘The route goes through very mountainous areas in West Virginia and western Virginia. This was close to the Virginia border, to the best of my recollection, before entering West Virginia. It would have been either Rt. 64 or 64/81. The freeways are all down in little valleys--the land slopes up to ridges planted with trees--pine tree and other species. My husband was driving, we'd been on the road for about two to three hours, and I was idly glancing out the window. It was about 10-11 am, 17 March, 2011, a bright, sunny day, with patches of snow on the grass. On the ridges, I saw two ‘tree’ creatures. One was a female, just a stump for the head and standing very still, pretending to be a tree. Another had a triangular base, something like a Dalek, also standing very still. I got quite a jolt when I saw them, thinking, what the hell are those? It didn't make any sense. There are plenty of dead trees along the route. Normally I didn't give them a thought. But there was something sentient about these two trees. It felt like they had been caught in the open and froze in position so they wouldn't be detected. One of them had eyes, but I don't remember which one. We'd driven this route multiple times; I'd never seen anything like this before, nor did I see anything in subsequent trips, although I looked. I was not asleep, nor was I sleepy – I can't sleep in the car, especially in the mountains. Not drunk or hung over – don't drink. Not on any drugs. Good, but subdued mood – had a lovely visit with the daughter, but sad to be leaving and a bit worried about her as she was going to Peru with her boyfriend and his family. Seeing

* Received by email November 2017.

what appeared to be ‘elementals’ didn’t ease my mind. I told my late friend X about the sighting at the time. My husband doesn’t remember me mentioning seeing these. I don’t think he saw them since he was concentrating on driving. Or I may have kept my mouth shut because, although ghosts are one thing, sentient trees are, well, barking. And in broad daylight, too.*

§391) US (Virginia). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in a city, inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; can’t remember the duration; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I did a ritual to receive my fairy name. ‘I am faery and faery bound. A name for me will soon be found. And by this name the Lady knows that I am hers where e’er she goes. So magick name now come to me. This is my will so mote it be.’ (Still have it in writing so I looked it up.) A ball of red energy appeared before me. Sometimes it looked like fire, sometimes a young child with wings in a red womblike cocoon, sometimes just red light. I knew it was in reality formless energy. The name Brigid appeared in my mind. The image of the faery remained for a while and gradually faded.’ ‘Because I had specifically called on the fae.’ [Fairies are] beings without inherent physical form, though they might take on a physical form sometimes. Have something to do with nature and/or natural processes.’

§392) US (Virginia). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful, aloof; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was standing at the back door of a friend’s house, looking across the clearing right behind it, to the edge of the forest. He lived in a small cabin, in a fairly secluded and rural area. At the edge of the forest (maybe around fifty feet away) I saw a small white light about three or four feet off the ground. It was floating and dancing in small circles. I called my friend to ask if he saw it too, he did. He said maybe it was a solar light (the kind that is attached to the top

* Email and permission to publish Nov 2017.

of a stake, which you stick in the ground) that he had in that area. I pointed out that if that was the case, how could it be moving around and floating off the ground? He didn't argue. We watched it for several minutes. I went back the next day to look at the area in daylight. There was one broken solar light in that area, firmly anchored to the ground. I definitely saw something else. A fairy, duh! :) 'A small white light. Since it was at a distance, I couldn't see any other form (or maybe there wasn't one.) I did not try to approach for a better look.' 'I think a fairy would be most likely to appear as a dancing light by the edge of a forest. I've read of other people seeing fairies as balls of light. The setting in nature is somewhere I would think it would be likely for fairies to be, even if they weren't always visible. When seeing it, I had a feeling of awe. I think if it were an alien or ghost, I would have felt unease.' 'Elemental spirits, like the Angels of nature. In a realm tangential to ours. Maybe occupying the same physical space, but on a different energy frequency or something.'

§393) US (Virginia). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; on a country road; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time ['not excessively sleepy']; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Driving late at night on country road, I witnessed a small man in the middle of the road. He was perhaps three feet in height. I swerved to avoid him. He did not have wings or anything like that; I took him to be a sidh or leprechaun.' 'Small man of normal human proportions.' 'Seems to fit my understanding of sidh, little people, etc. Well-versed in Scottish/Appalachian folk traditions.'

§394) US (Washington State). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; I was very much at peace; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was walking through the woods and swept back a branch. I saw a scene before me of a frozen waterfall and rocks as if it had frozen in time. It took up the entire area yet it seemed small and was breathtakingly

beautiful. I gasped and the branch swung back into place. When I brushed it away again the scene had disappeared.’ ‘While the scene took up the entire space before me, it was also very small. My impression was that the area was full of fairies that I could not see because my eyes saw a different kind of time that appeared frozen.’ ‘It resonates with me that [fairies] are fallen angels.’

§395) US (Washington State). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘All of my experiences were very similar, even though I was in different parts of North America. I am a practicing Pagan and all of my experiences were during full moon ritual. I don’t belong to a specific sect or group of pagans, I’m a believer in all things in nature including that which most often can’t be seen. While meditating and thinking about my intentions for the full moon I noticed these zip type noises. Trying to stay focused and not be distracted I didn’t look to see what the noise was. I started blessing some jewelry and stones for a friend when I noticed I was surrounded by a circle of mushrooms that weren’t there before. I had this feeling of deep love and happiness and remember thinking that the Earth was guiding me. I looked up toward the moon and saw tiny lights flickering white and blue. I investigated these lights leaving my ritual space. When I got to the wooded area the lights were gone. When I got back to my sacred space I was missing something, honey, honeysuckle, some hemp cord, and a small marble sized moonstone.’ ‘[The noise was] like a hummingbird flying by sort of zippy.’ ‘I had heard from people that there are places in the woods of Seattle that fairies can be found.’ ‘The feeling I had at the beginning of the experience and after. All I could think was it had to be a fairy.’ ‘Fairies are creatures that guard nature.’

§396) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you*

were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. 'I was lying in bed, not quite asleep, when I seen a pale blue shimmer fly from the corner of the room, and out the open bedroom door.' 'I've seen ghosts, and angels, this was a fairy for sure.'

§397) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'I saw in the far distance a fallen tree and what was left of it was shaped in a perfect triangle, and it looked like a tee-pee with an entrance at the front. I made a comment to my sister walking ahead. I asked her if fairies lived there. She laughed and said they certainly could. It would be perfect for fairies, I said. As we got closer, still far off in the distance, a light could be seen at the entrance. A tiny light. My sister did not see it and continues walking the trail as I stopped to take pictures of this. I waited for the spot of light to move but it didn't. So picture after picture I took. It was the most glorious few minutes. I told the fairy thank you for letting me see her. It was a magical moment.' 'An intense spark of light.' 'I had the sense of fairies the moment I walked into the trail through the woods. I would have to ask my sister the name of it.' 'When I saw the wood structure (I have plenty of pictures of it) in the distance. My very first thought was that it would be perfect for fairies. The whole woods was perfect for fairies. The feeling never left me the whole time we walked this trail. I didn't see the fairy house until almost the end and it made the day very special to me.' 'I have always believed in them. Little people have a place in our reality, I believe only those who believe or need to know they exist ever get to see them.' 'I have pictures I'd love to share and someone to look at.'*

§398) US (Washington State). *Male; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep ['pinching woke me up']; a sense that the experience*

was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘I felt pinching on my legs early morning... Sat up in bed, sheet draped over knees and saw several three inch high people. They were sliding down the sheets... A few were still lightly pinching me in a playful way to get my attention...’ Then, from under the sheet out came the apparent leader of the group who told me his name was Jack and he told the others to stop pinching me. Jack had a green shirt on and a goatee and a moustache, he looked like a miniature version of Mitch Miller, like a tiny beatnik I realized later in life. They didn’t frighten me. They were lovingly playful. It was a reminder to me – at that time – that there’s more to life than meets the eye. After they left, I jumped out of bed all excited and ran to my parents. They told me it was just a dream, but I knew it wasn’t. At that age. I began to question normal ‘reality’. A gift to a child. These little people were mischievous in a fun way. Their leader made sure I wasn’t scared and had a calming effect on me. ‘This event I remember just like yesterday, vividly.’ ‘Wore little clothes and shoes. Some wore hats.’ ‘Only Jack spoke to me as a representative. The wisest one.’ ‘[They looked like fairies] because they looked like little people (no wings). Later in life I did read some fairytales. But at that time I hadn’t [done] so.’ ‘[They were] multi-dimensional beings that awakened me to the fact there are other realities.’ ‘They gave me hope that life isn’t as mundane as my parents’ world. And their being playful made me more like Dennis the Menace-more of a prankster in a kind way.’

§399) US (Washington State). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ‘several experiences over about two hours’, none lasting more than a minute each; angry, aloof, timid; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘While being shown the basement, which was very poorly lit, we were shown a corner that had been excavated to, presumably, provide a place for some previous tenants to grow marijuana (probably). As I looked in, I saw a black dog leap toward me and jumped back. The dog did not appear further. Later, while back in the living room, we were talking about some unrelated

matters, and I looked at the heating vent (old-fashioned decorative ironwork grille about a foot square, as I recall) due to some movement. I saw a small, furry man looking out at us, his hands holding onto the grillwork. When it/he noticed me looking, he quickly let go and vanished into the heating vent. I alerted the others, but none of them saw it. Shortly afterward, I saw a ghostly figure of a woman in a blue dress in the corner of the room. Again, none of the others saw the apparition, but before I described the phantom woman the person who lived in the house asked me if she looked like such-and-so (details of the phantasm's appearance escape me now, beyond the blue dress), which matched precisely what I had seen. She explained that the figure had appeared several times previously. She was not aware of small furry men, however, and the dog was similarly unknown to her. I do not know if the three appearances were connected beyond occurring in the same general period of time.' 'The first, the black dog, was about the size of a German shepherd, of indeterminate breed, but vaguely wolf-like. It was aggressive when it leapt at me. The next appeared to be a small manlike figure covered in dark brown fur or thick hair, about ten inches tall, perhaps, but hunched over slightly. The last, if it was a fairy, appeared to be an adult-sized woman whom I recall as very beautiful, though the details of her face and appearance have been lost to my memory. Similarly, the dog is somewhat vague to my recollection, though no more so than other memories from that era. The small man, however, is vividly marked in my memory. I can easily call up the texture of his fur/hair, the color of his fur, the appearance of his face, and so on.'

§400) US (Washington State). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. 'A creature with a four-foot wingspan (the wings had the shape of a dragonfly's wings and coloring of moth wings) flew past me three times, brushing my arm twice, and then disappeared.' 'Seen from behind, the creature had a long thin body shape with the wings described above.' 'Movement in*

the rushes of the pond before buzzing us three times.’ ‘It was the immediate impression I got [that this was a fairy].’

§401) US (Washington State). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘Whilst taking snapshots of people during a midsummer gathering, there were fluttering fairies visible in the camera. I photographed and took video of them all evening.’ [I thought it was a fairy] because it looked like a fairy, because it was not scary in any way.’ ‘Like glowing blue hummingbirds’.

§402) US (Washington State). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; on or near water; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was sitting with my ex-husband who said he doubted the existence of anything. I told him to open his mind to the experience and suddenly a ball of light appeared outside the apartment window. I went outside and saw it bounce around the apartment complex. I saw several other people come out of their apartments and follow it around. It was very interesting.’ [‘This was a fairy] because I’ve had other faery experiences since which have helped me make sense of this particular experience.’ ‘[Fairies are] multi-dimensional beings.’

§403) US (Washington State). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland, in a city, in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience* [‘my son may have seen it but not my ex husband’]; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘My son was giggling at something in the bushes. He was about three. I called him over and he piled with us in a big hug in the sunlight. I sensed movement where he had been giggling and I looked over and saw a large

insect. It was so large like a giant cricket that I stared and then I noticed it was staring at me! And it winked at me with a human type eye! And smiled. I turned to tell my husband and it was gone.’ ‘I have heard fairy laughter and tinkling of bells and singing or humming.’ ‘No [fairy reputation in the area]... But saw fairy circle.’ ‘We saw fairy rings while walking. I got a chill when I heard my son start to giggle and he wouldn’t come when I called.’ ‘[Fairies are] forest protectors. Portal protectors. Bridgers between dimensions.’ ‘It was very memorable!!!!’

§404) US (Washington State). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Appears to be a nude nymph woman in a muddy spot without any dirt on her.’ ‘Manifestation of some goddess, in fairy nymph form.’

§405) US (West Virginia). *Male; 1960s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; maybe curiosity; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Camping with a friend. It may have been around 10 o’clock pm we were sitting around a fire and we heard walking in the woods. We used our flashlights and saw nothing. Going back to camp my friend saw a floating orb light, it looked like a lantern floating through the air. We camped in these woods several nights and saw the orb lights twice more. With the lights there is always the sound of walking through the leaves in underbrush. A couple of times we heard small sounds that sounded like a small child. We actually never saw anything that looked like a fairy or anything else but from the descriptions from books I’ve read it could have been a possibility.’ ‘I can’t say that it was a fairy, just that it was a new experience seeing the orbs the few nights that we were there. The house that I grew up in was believed to be haunted with ghosts. The experiences that I had in the woods were different and we thought maybe they were fairies. But no proof of it.’ ‘[Fairies are] maybe spiritual beings.’ ‘Growing up through my childhood into manhood I have experienced a number of things that I can’t explain. It’s just this

time in the woods it seem a little different. It could have been something else I don't know for sure.'

§406) US (Wisconsin). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, playful; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs), you were very sad, you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'First, it was Halloween weekend, and we were all in a wooded grove on a small college campus. There were about five to seven of us that decided it would be fun to hike out through the woods to find a secluded camp spot to hang out. We set out camping, when I noticed the moonlight shining on the Wrong Sides of certain trees – and it Illuminated a Path. I had recently Come to Fully Believe in the realm of Faerie, so without a moment's hesitation I begin to wind my way through the Illuminated moon path. my friends follow. We come out in this large clearing, with a gentle depression in the middle. it was the size of about half a football field. As the others emerge into the clearing, they start wandering about in a confused and aimless manner – and definitely couldn't see anyone else, even though it was an open, moonlit clearing. Everyone was entirely visible that evening. To me. No one could see anyone else – until I approached my friend *** and told him to 'turn your jacket inside out and you'll see everyone. Trust me.' He did – and was immediately able to see everyone else. So it continued that the 'aware' ones informed the 'pixy-led' members to do the same – a fine, fine laugh was had by all! Well, by me. The others were a bit spooked, but my laughter made everything okay. 'Faint birdlike bell sounds – almost sub-audible. Only [audible] to me.' 'The more I think back upon my Faerie feelings and experiences, the more they could be interchanged with a quasi disincorporate, Benevolent, Alien presence.' '[Fairies are] Mystery. Glamour. Passion. Madness. Quasi-disincorporate Beings of Wild Magic. Family.'

§407) US (Wisconsin). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I went outside with my Collie at approximately 10:20 pm on a summer evening. I was standing on my deck, not thinking of anything in particular, just enjoying the evening air and the stars above me. We live in the country so no street lights dim the stars. I heard a humming behind me, like a cross between a humming bird and something else. I turned to see what was making the sound and an ORB about two and a half inches in circumference flew over my shoulder and in front of me. I was in awe. It was golden green with a tinge of blue and it left a trail of glittering gold with a tinge of green ‘dust’ behind it. Even after the orb disappeared the glittering dust remained until it slowly faded. It was the most beautiful thing, that I had ever seen. I managed to say ‘OH!’ when I saw it, and as I watched it, I asked ‘What ARE you?’ I heard ‘A Fairy’. But I can’t be certain if I audibly heard that response or if I heard it inside my head. I know this sounds absolutely crazy but I KNOW what I saw. I get blooming plants, always bulb plants in my gardens that I did not plant. That year it was pink Resurrection Lilies. This year it is Yellow Irises!’ ‘[A]n orb, that trailed glitter!’ ‘It was so unusual, and the trail of glittering, shimmering, gently trailing dust was so uniquely beautiful.’ ‘I believe in elementals. They are simply in a higher vibration than humans.’ ‘Oh! and later, like a month or two (I can look up the exact dates of the experiences), both my husband and I saw, during daylight, our plastic, ‘crystal’ that hangs in our cedar tree-strobe with light. It was awesome! We have photos of it!’

§408A) US (Wisconsin). *Male (third person); lost touch with witness; friend; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; alone; don’t know the time; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness had just woken up or was just about to go to sleep.* ‘My friend said he and his parents were on a road trip somewhere in rural Wisconsin. They got a flat tire. While his dad was fixing it, he wandered into the woods. He went into a clearing where there were rocks in a circle. A little man came

out with a light. He spoke to the little man. Then more little men came out and danced. That is all I remember.' 'Little men in hats.' 'He just said music.'

§409A) US (Wyoming). *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; family; 1930s; 0-10; in open lands (fields etc); alone; 12 pm-3 pm; one to a two minutes; no fairy mood given; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'This story is from my Grandmother. My Grandmother had a lifelong aversion to lying, and an extremely strong moral code. In her sixties, she claimed that she had never once in her life told a lie, to anyone. I don't remember all of the details, so I'll only assert what I do remember. She was playing in some rolling grass-covered hills, I think not far from some scrub brush or sparse woods, with her brother. Her brother wandered off by himself. At this point, I'll suggest several initial events, none of which or one of which may be the case, but my memory fails here: she saw a rabbit run across the field and under a rock, and chased it there; she saw a little man run across the grass and bolt under a rock, where she chased him to; she never saw any creature run to the rock, she just went over to the rock for some reason; in any case, she ended up at this rock, which was large but small enough for a child to turn over; when she turned over the rock, out jumped a rabbit, but the rabbit was wearing overalls. The rabbit ran off faster than she could catch up to. But the rabbit ran away on two legs, like a little person, until she couldn't see it anymore. It may or may not have been wearing a hat or holding something in its paw. But the two legged running and the overalls and the turning over the rock and the rabbit jumping out are all definite and certain details of the story. Asked repeatedly, she swore it happened exactly as she described, but had no hypothesis, beliefs about, or explanations for the event. She was always patient with all of the obvious questions, i.e. was it a prank and her brother put some overalls on a rabbit and trapped it under a rock and it just ran weird because it wasn't used to wearing overalls, etc., but she always came away from the questioning certain that it was exactly as she said, and simple as it sounded. Neither her brother nor any of her family ever indicated that they had played a prank, and in fact denied anything of the kind. They lived on an isolated tract of land in rural 1930s Wyoming, other people being around at all would have been unlikely and rare, certainly not for

playing an elaborate and strange prank. She was a Christian woman, who went to church, but she had respect for native American beliefs and considered them to compliment her own. Her husband, my Grandfather, was a quarter blood Cherokee.’ ‘She just had no idea what it was. Also, this was before Roswell, and she lived in rural, and (although not technically) in a way, pre-industrial America. Radio, telephones, and phonographs were exotic to her. What could it have been a ghost of? Also, she wasn’t on any medications and hadn’t eaten anything unusual.’

§410C) US. ‘Fairies started contacting me by calling my name in the woods above Seattle, Wash. I seemed to search all day for them as a kid in the woods and after a storm I ventured out to find mossy bogs. I loved them and stayed all day. Now, I’m almost seventy five years old and they come very regularly and manifest right in our living room. My wife never notices them as she’s so fixed on a TV show, but when they come I tell them ‘hello there’. Sometimes they’re large, above four feet tall wearing strange clothing with big buttons and this one fellow had a bright red Mohawk hairdo. That floored me! He held several old books to his vest and stayed for perhaps one minute just looking at me. Another time a little fairy popped up from the end of our coffee table. She had a red dress on and looked over her shoulder smiling at me! Faerie orbs fly around the house and gardens, but the strangest thing was in our kitchen, I was having a cup of Irish cream coffee (my favorite!) when I noticed something invisible was walking across our purple four leaf clover plant and each step caused one leaf to drop down, perhaps three inches, before the next step and leaf dropping. One by one it traveled across the plant. I searched for a spider, or a wind, anything that seemed reasonable for what caused this, to no avail. It happened several days later and only for three steps. Go figure! My journey to Fairyland happened at a special Invitation to the Faerie realm conference in San Francisco. I believe it was 1997 or 1998? I have a complete file on this. First of all, I don’t know how I received news of this limited special event as I didn’t know anything about it and then this letter came in the mail. I made reservations and made a three hundred and fifty mile roundtrip not being sure what to expect. Only four hundred people were allowed in and many were disappointed

waiting outside the hotel. A Scottish gentleman entered the room and began to go into a trance and so started the two day seminar on fairies. I wrote down everything he said as fast as I could and when he spoke of traveling to fairyland, I thought it was a joke. I can't be hypnotized because I'm too curious, but sitting there in my chair listening to him I suddenly was surrounded in total blackness like I've never seen before and I noticed the blackness was moving downward and suddenly a huge moon was moving from right to left and it had a vapor trail and as it passed over planets were traveling and it was so real. As it continued downwards, the earth began to show mountains and a beautiful sky so blue and then shrubs appeared and huge birds in these plants were of jewels and magnificent colors. Even the shrubs were glowing and so radiant. Everywhere I looked there was strange beautiful creatures with long feathers of unbelievable colors. Then a young lady stood up in front of me with beautiful long brownish hair past her waist and she turned to look at me and seemed to evaluate who I was. Her face was very pretty and I noticed she had no wings. I also couldn't see her ears and that bothered me. 'I'm your guide' she spoke to me and started to walk forward. When the class resumed, only four people had an experience, none like mine. To me this seminar was a blessing. I just wanted to add that when I saw everything so magical and brilliant. It was far beyond my wildest dreams and imagination. I was on a different planet! I began seeing pictures in different magazines that in some way suggested the fairyland I saw and I collected them and put them in an album. These pictures best told the story of my visit. I decided to add my words, my descriptions and add them to the pages of this magical album. Maybe in future years someone will find this album and recognize my journey. By the way, I paint but for some reason I don't feel I can capture the true feelings I felt and saw. Maybe at a later date? A week ago on Friday October 30, 2015 my wife and I were having an early dinner about 4 pm and sitting in our kitchen table talking about the honey bees that were getting into one of our humming-bird feeders just a few feet from our kitchen window on the patio deck outside. I could easily see the bees taking turns to enter the feeder from the tiny holes and realized I had mixed the sugar and water too sweet when I noticed a pair of golden wings began to emerge

from behind the glass feeder and as it rose upwards I saw a pair of arms then a woman's face and finally the entire body as it ascended and disappeared. I thought for a second on what I had just seen and realized it was a golden fairy! She was about six inches tall and had dark hair and was not smiling just looking upwards. Her arms were straight out from her body and one leg was bent backwards from her knee. She wore a golden transparent fabric like silk that was golden. Her wings were golden with no veins about a third her size. I usually have fairy sightings indoors so this was a first for me. My wife didn't comment on the fairy so I assume she didn't see it as usual.*

§411C) US. 'I had a 'visit' very early today from a very clear image in my mind's eye of a beautiful elfin elemental. So unexpected and so clear. I was not thinking about anything like this. She was lovely and smiling at me. I take these images seriously as we should have no expectations that they will communicate with language. Images are their way of being known. What a blessing. Just sharing with you. †

§412C) US. [A ten year old girl] I'm thinking the time of year was late spring, because it was about a month before I visited my grandma and that was in June. It was morning. I was still in bed. A movement caught my eye from the living room window. We have vines growing on the outside of my house, that's when I saw something move, green colored, thinking it was a leaf on the vine outside the window. I looked twice and realized I had seen a little fairy creature. Because I was so young, I thought it was Tinker Bell. But of course I know now, that Tinker Bell is just a Disney character. So it must have just been a fairy. When I saw her I couldn't believe my eyes, she was so tiny and beautiful. I wanted to stand up and walk over to the window but I was afraid I would scare her and she would fly away. I remember lying there, and watching every flutter of her wings as she danced around the windowsill. I smiled and wondered if I was still dreaming but I rubbed my eyes and

* Roger, 'Fairy Sightings from Roger and His Friends', *FIS Newsletter* 3 (2016), 19-20.

† Roger, 'Fairy Sightings from Roger and His Friends', *FIS Newsletter* 3 (2016), 19-20 at 20.

she was still there. I moved slowly, to get a better look but she flew away and that was the last time I saw her.*

§413) US. *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘While I was alone playing in the backyard a small butterfly came to land on my foot, soon after it was followed by a dragonfly I began to feel an instant surge of happiness and relief in my being they flew away after a few minutes, but the spot where they were left with a light heat warming feeling.’ ‘A dragonfly and a butterfly.’

§414) US. *Female; 1990s (?); 21-30; in a city; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; ‘I did somehow feel ‘court was in session’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Around 8 pm on a June night about twelve or so years ago, a light appeared on or from within a half dead pecan tree. It swirled around the trunk from ground level to about twenty five feet or so high. At its highest point the light appeared to come from within the tree and paused in the shape of a door with a rounded top/flat bottom. It then swirled around the trunk again losing brightness until it faded. This was all about thirty feet from me/my front porch. Weather was mid eighties, small city, houses about ten feet apart. Traffic was going by but not hindering or promoting the light in anyway. Two others were viewing the phenomenon.’ ‘I am not sure it was [a fairy]. It was the ‘door’ aspect that made me feel this. My husband (who is a sceptic of all paranormal) had seen ‘something’ a few times in the neighborhood. But I didn’t want to post a report on second-hand accounts. Let me just say he saw a few months before this incident three small creatures (about twelve-inches tall) run on two legs from one street drain to the next

* Roger, ‘Fairy Sightings from Roger and His Friends’, *FIS Newsletter* 3 (2016), 19-20 at 20.

on the street around the corner from our house. They were dark in shape and could have been rats on two legs. The incident reported here, the tree is also over a drain.’

§415) US. *Female; 2010s; 0-10; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you were very sad; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I don’t really recall what happened now, but I kind of remember little floating lights dancing in the street on my cul-de-sac. They were too bright to make out, but I’m pretty sure they were fairies.’ ‘[I thought fairies] because I was going through a really hard time in my life.’ ‘I believe [fairies] are nice. And come to people who need help. And they are very beautiful.’ ‘Please show me how to meet a fairy in a week. I need to know. I need to have someone to talk to about my problems that isn’t fully human. Someone that I can keep as a secret friend.’

§416) US. *Female; 21-30; 2010s; in woodland; on my own; 12pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; angry; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘While visiting a local site known to have fairy activity I saw a female being, of approximately human height and appearance, with brown hair, dressed in white. She stood between trees in a section of the forest that was burned out by a recent fire staring at me for several minutes and then disappeared.’ ‘Medium build, brown hair and eyes, youthful’. ‘I had gone to the location to make an offering after the fire destroyed a section of a state park known to have lots of fairy activity.’

§417A) US. *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; 2010s; 51-60; location unknown; with one other person who shared the experience; 3 pm-6 pm; don't know duration; no fairy mood reported; supernatural frequency unknown; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Incident took place outside a retreat center. My stepmother had stepped out back and while leaning against the building caught glimpses of fairies buzzing around the field. Another lady came out and so my stepmother put her back to the field and the lady

then had her back on the building, when she asked my mother did you see anything out in the field, and she replied 'yes'. What did you see asked my mother, the lady hesitated but said fairies, and my mother replied 'yes, so did I'. This started her adventure with fairies and her beliefs became something her and I with full hearts totally believe in. Fairies.' 'She was very direct about this incident being of fairies, she knew I have always believed in fairies and found them very fascinating, and that when she told me her encounter with fairies.' 'She describes them as magical, claims they have many features as people do and believes fairies are a lot like you and me, they experience all emotions and ups and downs in life as we do. She believes they are unique type of being that needs to be respected.' 'They were like a shimmering light with the features of little humans.' 'I believe [the retreat had a fairy reputation]. The retreat instructor advised people to please do not disturb the back field for the lil folk live there.'

§418) US. *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience. 'Tiny high-pitched bells and flutes.'*

§419) US. *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc); ('at my gate at the main entrance of a steel mill'); on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; curious, playful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy, stressed; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. 'I was at my gate working as a security guard, listening and singing to music. I see a bright, white light about five foot long with wings like a butterfly and a short dress on. She circled my gate one way, then the other way for several minutes. Always making sure she went in the front and my left side. Then, she took off into the field next to me and disappeared. I checked my cameras, she wasn't there! I KNOW I saw her! This was one of many experiences.'* 'White light, about five foot

six inches long, short jagged dress above the knee, butterfly like wings, pointy feet. I couldn't make out facial features because she was all white light, but I could make out the other features from her flying by slowly.' 'It was silent. She was curious about MY music!' 'Because I've played with faeries when I was younger and kept my child-like innocence in my heart.' 'They DO exist! I don't care who makes fun of me. I'm a strong believer!' 'I believe humans can enter the faerie realm. I also believe in reincarnation. I believe they appear to children and their familiars.' 'She didn't appear on video. Even if she did, I couldn't get a copy of it.' 'They would whirl a cloud of dust that would surround me, meaning that they wanted to play with me.'

§420) US. *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; many hours; friendly, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'When I was in college twenty years ago my suitemates used to talk about going on 'adventure walks.' The idea was you leave the house with nothing but a quarter and just start walking. You go as far as you can go and when you are done you use the quarter to call someone to drive to your location and pick you up (there were fewer cell phones and more pay phones back then.) Late one evening, one of my suitemates, call him Mike, told me we were going on an adventure walk. I reluctantly agreed. He had me change into dark sweatpants and a sweatshirt. I protested that I didn't have any pockets to carry a quarter and he told me I wouldn't need it. In fact, he said, don't bring anything metal. I thought that was strange, but didn't protest and a short while later we started trekking across the campus under a full moon with nothing but the clothes on our back. We left campus and ended up in an outdoor shopping mall maybe a mile from the dorms. The mall is built on a hill. There are several two level parking garages built into the hill with shops both on the top level of the garage as well as on the bottom level up against the hill. We were walking through the lower level of one of those garages when we noticed a gap in the cinderblock wall built up against the hill. It went from ceiling to floor and was maybe two feet wide. It looked like whoever had built the wall had intentionally left a small doorway. Mike said we

should investigate. I didn't want to but he said it would be fine and walked into the hole. I followed him. As soon as I stepped through the doorway, I saw another person standing just inside. My heart skipped a beat. I thought it was a homeless person using the place as a makeshift home. I was afraid of being attacked for intruding but Mike said, 'Don't worry. He won't bother you as long as you are with me.' The guy ended up just kind of standing around and didn't interact with us at all. The area behind the hole was not finished in anyway. The floor was just dirt. The only light was coming through the hole from the parking garage. I told Mike I didn't think we should be here and that we should leave. He said, 'Look, it goes further back. Let's see where it goes', and he disappeared into the blackness encouraging me to follow him. I followed Mike through an earthen tunnel. I could hear him just up ahead, but I couldn't see him or touch him. As I walked forward the ceiling got lower and lower. At first I was just crouching but before long I was crawling on my hands and knees. I could still hear Mike just ahead encouraging me forward. Before I knew it I was belly crawling into an ever tightening space. It got to a point where I was clawing the dirt with my hands stretched out in front of me trying to move forward another inch. I was suddenly worried I had gone the wrong way. I didn't hear Mike anymore. I tried backing up, but couldn't get any leverage to move backwards either. I felt like I'd wedged myself into my own grave. I was stuck in darkness, buried underground, behind a wall in the back of a parking garage. How could I have been so stupid to get myself into this situation? Just as I felt all hope slip away and consigned myself to death, I felt a hand around my wrist and a sharp yank. I found myself being pulled through a hole into an open space by Mike. Now I was in a tunnel with concrete walls with light coming from somewhere (I think there must have been electric lights but they weren't bright. Maybe like emergency exit lights). I looked for the hole I'd come from but I didn't see one in the wall. Mike told me that we couldn't go back that way anyway. Then he warned me, 'If we run into anyone, do not let them see you. You aren't supposed to be here.' Mike started leading me through the tunnels. I assumed they were similar to the maintenance tunnels that criss-crossed underneath our school campus, but I was kind of surprised they were

also under this shopping center. I asked Mike if he knew where we were going. 'We're going to meet someone.' 'Who?' 'Someone powerful.' We walked for about ten minutes before entering a circular room. Mike suddenly looked worried. 'This is where we were supposed to meet, but he isn't here. He isn't normally late. Something bad must have happened.' Mike told me we would wait for five minutes and then we would go back. We waited for a few minutes and another one of my suitemates, call him John, walked into the room. Mike suddenly looked relieved. They stepped away from me and talked quietly for a bit, occasionally glancing over at me. I got the impression that neither of these people were the friends I lived with and that they were only disguised as my friends. And yet I didn't feel threatened by that. After they talked a bit, they walked back over to me. John looked at me directly in the eyes and with a very serious expression asked, 'Do you want to meet someone?' 'Who?', I responded. 'He is The King under the Hill who is also known as The Man in the Mountain. But I must warn you that once you meet him you can never unmeet him.' With those words I was struck by the idea that meeting this king would open a door for me and I would be aware of things that I wasn't aware of now. I also knew that those things would be aware of me as well and that I would be opening myself up to danger that I was not currently exposed to. I felt a deep sense of dread and fear and could only give one answer: 'No.' As soon as the words left my lips I felt all of the energy drain out of my body. I could barely stand, let alone walk. My friends got on each side of me, put my arms around their shoulders and started supporting me on the way back home. I had a need to get out of those tunnels and asked them if we could walk back up above. They tried to explain to me that the tunnels were the most direct route back home and that if we went topside we would have to cut back and forth to get back home. I guess I accepted that answer, but I don't remember anything after that. I don't remember returning home. In fact, I had completely forgotten the entire adventure until three years later. I'd been reading White Wolf Game's sourcebook for 'The Dreaming' and fell asleep totally believing in Faerie. I woke up the next morning absolutely convinced that the story above was a real memory and I absolutely could not understand how I could have forgotten it. I also

had a strong sense that I shouldn't tell the story to anyone. And I didn't. For several years. But over time the memories faded. I don't even really remember it anymore first hand. All I have now are memories of memories and the story as I told it to myself over and over. The warning not to tell faded too.' 'Humans. Specifically friends of mine.' 'It fits with Faerie lore. But I don't know really.' '[Fairies are] creatures that have evolved to use a different subset of physics in their biology than we have.'

§421) US. *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I went out back of the house to relieve myself. I feel like a wasp was flying up on me, I looked to my left nothing there I could see at distance something watching me pee. It knew I seen it moved in away it knew I seen. It went about two hundred feet one way then hid behind the treetop for a few seconds hiding like then it took a bee line to the other side of the yard took a imitate [?] left and disappeared into thin air. I want to know if anybody help me understand if it [is] living in my pool house why it [is] here and why [it] was watching me. It had a conciseness [consciousness?].' 'Dark looking. Not what I would consider a fairy. It was more insect like in its movement.' 'I submitted a file to *** on my experience and they referred me to you I don't think it was a fairy. I didn't think it was, but this was his best bet I think it was a bug.' '[Fairies are] BS.'

§422A) US. *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 1990s; 11-20; in location given; no company given; no time given; no duration given; no fairy mood given; do not know regularity of supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'Hi, I know of a girl named ***, who told me of seeing a 'real' fairy once. She would not, however, explain the story to me. She feared judgment, and I guess, the experience was quite profound for her.' 'I have tried, many times, over the years, to contact her to clear these details up, as I collect supernatural experiences by others, but have not succeeded.'

§423) US. *Male; 2010s; 91 plus; on or near water, in woodland, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; can't remember time; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous,*

joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sudden chill before the experience. ‘It was a lazy afternoon when my wife and I took a stroll through a metro park and then crossed the lake over the boardwalk. She was the first one to notice the light that sparkled in the distance. We went closer to the light and it was then that this amazing small creature was before us. At first I didn’t believe it, but she was right there. As she flew around I felt an almost magical presence in my stomach. It was an INCREDIBLE experience.’ ‘Unexplainable beauty in a small pint size way.’ ‘It was like a buzz yodel with bagpipes.’ ‘I don’t believe in ghosts or aliens, those are just ridiculous. And angels don’t show themselves to us. It was a fairy experience, my first experience, and it blew my mind. I have no idea why the fairy chose me and my wife. I don’t want to tell anyone about it because I think I’d be embarrassed to admit what I went through.’ ‘I have no idea, but they seem to be a legendary creature that is rarely seen by humans.’ ‘I would appreciate any feedback that you could offer me to help me discern the events of my situation. I am very confused and in a way, scared. What should my response be?’

§424C) US. ‘I do not condone this method for seeing faeries because it is highly addictive and dangerous but Methamphetamines, when consumed (esp. inhaled via vaporization) will alter your frequency (speed it up, literally) and someone who is sensitive to the spirit world (like myself) will begin to realize the elementals are all around us at all times. I have many many hours of amazing interaction with the fae using this drug over the years, unfortunately the illegality, taboo and danger of meth with prohibit most from realizing this forbidden knowledge. The drug almost killed me and as much as I would love to, I can't use it anymore. But there is an endless variety and number of fae, ENDLESS!’

Part Three: Europe

§425) Belgium (Antwerp). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘At this point in the past, I had never much thought about elementals or faeries. But some of my friends were talking about it, and I got into it a little and expressed my desire to meet them. I thought nothing more of it, but the next morning I woke up, and as I opened my eyes, still a little groggy, to my amazement I saw this little brown creatures sitting on my belly. It looked a bit like Pumukl the kobold from German television, but it was colored all brown and dark brown. I could see it was trying to communicate with me, but I conveyed to it in thought that I could not understand it. It got more frantic and started jumping up and down and waving its little arms, but I could not feel or hear any message. Then it jumped off my belly and disappeared. Then I heard this gentle musical ringing, like tiny little ethereal bells, and I felt this amazing and positive, child-like energy of joy. The room was still dark, but my chest and belly were lit up with white light. There was a small group of faeries standing on my chest and belly. Exactly like you'd imagine a faerie, little beautiful women with tiny wings. They looked so fragile, yet they felt strong, their energy felt strong and positive in a way that is hard to describe. One of them came up to me and with her little hand, she touched my cheek. It felt warm, soft, loving and compassionate. I then started receiving information, telepathically I guess for I could hear no voices. They had heard my desire to meet them, and they wanted to use the opportunity to ask me for help. On their land in my neighborhood, there was a source of spiritual corruption, and they wanted me to help them heal this as best as I could. As the message got through, they disappeared again, the white light faded, and my room was dark again. The next few weeks and months I would spend time every day sending healing energies to the faeries to help them release the corruption. I have not seen them since, but I have been told they still support me in my struggle against the darkness that seeks to harm me. What I learned about elementals in general since then, is this: Elementals have been around since the very

beginning of Earth, in countless forms and subspecies. They care for Mother Earth spiritually and physically, maintaining Her energy flows, working to release corruption and stagnated energies, and caring for the forests, plants, trees and rivers. They are in fact, physical beings, not spirits. All elementals have physical bodies, they get born and they reincarnate just like we do. But their bodies vibrate on a frequency that does not allow us coarse humans to see them. The human eye is quite blind when you compare it to all that is to be seen. What I also learned is that the darkness that has come to Earth so long ago. Found a way to attack the elementals. The darkness had major issues targeting the elementals directly, so they created races of dark elementals. These dark elementals exist on a similar level as the true elementals, so they are able to interact with them. However dark energy has problems reaching there, so these dark elementals simply do not have the power, and never had, to wipe out true elementals. But they created problems and strife, pain and conflict in their world. Maybe a little like in the movie *Epic*. I have met those dark elementals myself, but they were not able to really hurt me. The darkness in general has lost a lot of power in recent decades. What these dark elementals do in their interaction with humans, at least they did so in the past, was bring false information and lies. But really it is quite easy to 'feel' the difference, as their energy does not feel joyful and positive as with faeries for example.' 'I saw a small and rough, earthy creature that looked much like Pumukl the German kobold, but it was colored in various shades of brown. The faeries I saw looked much like you'd expect, tiny beautiful girls with tiny wings.' 'Like an ethereal ringing of countless tiny bells, along maybe with a hint of rushing leaves, very hard to describe really.' 'Sadly my past lives were not easy and I carried them into this life, my spiritual defenses are weak due to deep wounds, and seeing and entering other worlds and realities became a nightly occurrence. I have had many beautiful and terrifying experiences in my life, but this experience I had with faeries, was very different. I could feel that they were physical beings, not spiritual entities such as the dark beings that attack me, or the spirit guides that try to help me.' '[Fairies are] physical beings, vibrating on a higher frequency than humans in their current form can observe easily. They care for Mother Earth, for the animals,

plants, trees and rivers.’ ‘I’ve learned that elementals, (to me personally ‘faeries’ are but a specific subspecies of elementals) exist in almost all natural places outside of cities. If you live in the country, or if you live in a relatively peaceful place with lots of gardens, then there will be elementals, even if no one ever sees them. The only places in the world they generally stay away from, are cities. As the energy there is simply too toxic. But it is possible they may live in some cities that are less toxic and have more green.’

§426) France (Ardèche). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; ‘these experiences exist outside of time’; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘I was doing spiritual things. I was given a spiritual reward’; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life [English tourist in France].* ‘The beings that I saw appeared to be fell walkers. They wore walking gear. They had knapsacks. But their knapsacks seemed to be empty. They carried no bottles of water. There were about fifteen to twenty of them. I had just pushed my bike up a mountain and I was sitting on the grass at the top of it. They appeared, walking down from a path above me, and stood around me in a circle, chattering and laughing, ignoring me, as I sat in the centre of them. Behaving in a way, as a friend who lives in France commented, that no French person would. ‘The French would never do that.’ I chatted to three of the group, in broken French. First, a man who seemed to be their leader, the dominant male. Then a taciturn and sad looking man, and finally a woman. At that time I was on a spiritual quest that has been on-going for about twenty years. I felt that they were there to support me and to prove to me that my quest was not a fatuous one. One of them, the woman, came over to me and took from me a possession I carry that has tremendous spiritual significance for me. I was still sitting down. She stood over me. She had the strongest, most muscular legs I have ever seen – but in proportion. They were not grossly muscular. They looked like ordinary legs but I doubt that they were. They were the legs of someone who has walked everywhere, on every day of her life. This may seem preposterous, but I cannot stress enough the significance of her clearly not human legs. It was one of the

things that truly made me realise I was with people who were not people. She took the possession I carry that has ‘tremendous spiritual significance’, said its name and then kissed it. At which point, as if their mission was over, the group turned and walked away. After they had gone I came back to ‘this reality’, realising that I had been Outside of Time, a state that I have experienced before, always while undergoing unusual and significant events of a spiritual nature. When the group left me they were chattering and laughing. I heard them doing so as they turned a corner and left my sight. Scarcely less than ten seconds after they had gone, and realising that something truly strange had occurred, I got up and followed them. I turned the same corner. There was no sight of them. ‘They had vanished.’ ‘Human but eccentric.’ ‘Angels possibly. but I doubt that they travel in a large group.’ ‘[Fairies are] creatures of a spiritual nature, possibly astral, who share our reality but in a different way; who exist outside of time and space. who interact with us rarely, but always for a good reason. But there may be many kinds of fairies. Ask them to define humans! If you believe in the existence of fairies, however you might define them, it is possible that they might be able to cloud our perception of how they appear. If I were a fairy and travelling through the countryside of France, I wouldn’t do so in gossamer wings while waving a magic wand. I might choose to camouflage myself as someone who would look at home in the hillsides. Like a fell walker.’

§427) France (Brittany). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; mischievous, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time, you were very sad, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience. ‘For a moment, I caught a glimpse of a tiny woman with long black hair dressed in leaves. She saw me looking at her, and vanished.’ ‘She had long black hair, tanned skin, a tunic of dried leaves, and a little cap.’ ‘I could hear her walking on the leaves underfoot.’ ‘I suspect [the place had a fairy reputation]. It was associated with the tomb of King Arthur.’ ‘I just knew it was a fairy. It couldn’t have been anything else.’ ‘[Fairies are] supernatural sentient beings from earth.’*

§428) France (Dordogne). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland, riverbanks; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. [Dutch tourist in France]* ‘I was thirteen years old when this happened. We were on a family holiday in France and stayed in an old silk mill. With the garden lay an acre of grassland that led to a ruined house and a water well. If you passed through the ruined house you’d reach a dried up river. It was clear that usually the water would flow through but extreme summer heat had reduced it to a slow trickle with several deeper pools. Me and my sisters would explore the area a lot, we saw strange burrows made out of thorned blackberry bushes. One time I thought I saw something big move on the bottom of one of the deeper pools but afraid it might be Pegpowler or Jenny Greenteeth I didn’t stay to investigate. One day I was walking far down the dried river alone. Slowly an uncanny feeling started to build up, the wind playing through the trees getting stronger and stronger as if blowing in warning. It got stronger and stronger and I decided I should go back. The moment I had turned around the wind started blowing even harder, on the riverbanks the trees were wildly shaking. I sped up walking back when I saw on the forested riverbanks figures shoot past. The way you see wolves circle someone in the woods in movies, they move through the thick trees and you can never quite see where they are but you know they are there. They were pale humanoid creatures, slightly shorter than a human would have been. They didn’t wear clothes but seemed to have a moss that grew over their bodies covering them. By now I had broken into a sprint feeling really scared and unwelcome. They kept hunting me from the river banks throwing sticks and rocks at me. I never quite got to see their faces, I was running too fast. It was very hard to see the entrance to the ruined house from the river bank and it was the only exit. When climbing back up the bank and into the house, the ruckus stopped. The wind stopped blowing and I couldn’t see the creatures. But somehow, not seeing them anymore was even scarier than seeing them. Especially because I could still feel them watching me. While carefully making my way to the exit a bright green snake dropped from a tree near

me. I have no clue if this was in anyway related to the creatures but it made the experience all the more surreal. I later went back there, and while the place still had that mysterious aura it had had since day one, I hadn't seen the creatures again. Still they did leave traces there, as the burrows seemed lived in and often things around that area would have moved.' 'Slightly smaller than an adult, shorter but not sturdy at all, long delicate limbs. They were very pale almost luminescent white. They could move through the forest at an incredible speed sometimes moving on all fours. They wore no clothes but their bodies were covered in moss that seemed to be growing there naturally. Their hair was also a white silver grey. Darker than their bodies.' '[Why did you think they were fairies?] This completely depends on your definition of faerie, I go for the broader English ones which includes Goblins, Brownies, Boggarts and a lot of other unseelie creatures. (Certainly not just petal winged ones.) I believe them to stand in contact with nature, these creatures seemed to have a strong connection to the natural area [where] I found them.'

§429A) Germany. *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who shared the experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; do not know regularity of supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'The woman sat with her two-year old son in the apartment; the child was playing with his toy. Suddenly, he said to her (translated from the German): 'look Mama, where the little man runs!' The child was following something moving across the floor, but the mother could not see anything.'

§430) Germany (Nordrhein-Westfalen). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was in Mum's sewing room when I looked up and by the closed door near the ceiling was a creature about six foot tall, all in floaty green hovering. I could see the wings and the body which looked human. It then disappeared.' 'All pale green, with gossamer like clothing, the whole thing was pale green.' '[A fairy] because it was solid, real, and

looked like a fairy as seen in my books (I was ten).’ ‘I have experienced strange happenings, things being moved, a large shell dropping into the bath on more than one occasion, once when I was in the room and it just missed the cat who was asleep in the bath.’ ‘[Fairies] are beings that don’t need to be seen.’

§431) Iceland. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘Half an inch large creature in light blue colour that was flying above flowers. We were one or two feet away; we could not see a face or head details due to fluttering of its wings. It had a look as if there were two sets of wings. It looked like two v-shaped wings; at the top a normal v-shape and at the bottom an upside-down v-shape. The wings were transparent, white of colour. It was definitely no insect for I know a great deal of insects. My husband and I both saw the creature. When I saw it I said aloud ‘what the heck is this?’ At that moment the creature flew away from us higher and higher in a nearby tree. My husband is a very sceptical man but even he was flabbergasted and cannot explain what we saw on the 21st of July 2016 between 1300 and 1400 hours on our holiday in Iceland in the city of Akureyri in the botanicus garden.’ ‘Half an inch, light blue with two v shaped wings. One v shaped at the top and one upside-down v shaped at the bottom. The two sets of wings were connected to each other.’ ‘It looked like a flying fairy. It looked a bit like Tinker Bell but not as detailed as she is in the movie. It did not look like any alien or ghost or any other thing and certainly not a flying insect. We heard just before we went to Iceland that more than 50% of the Icelandic people believe in fairies or hidden people. We laughed at that moment, but not anymore!’ ‘I would like to know if our fairy sighting has similarities to other fairy sightings in Iceland.’

§432) Italy (Abruzzo). *Male; 1960s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘It was the first time (in this Life). Alone, in the high woods of ***, a wonderful brilliant whitish Being, twenty centimeters long,

watching at me for more than three minutes (approximately). No words at all.’
 ‘Zoomorphic primate’. ‘A humming’.

§433) Italy (Sicily). *Male; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; I can't remember; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I saw a tiny man, naked and with a bushy white beard, he looked at me and ran fast. I followed him until he entered into a hole in the ground. I haven't seen him since.’

§434) Italy (Tuscany). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were about to go to sleep; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘I was going down the stairs to eat on my own for breakfast: Mummy and Daddy were upstairs. I had gone into the kitchen to get something to eat, but I ate on the stairs. I ate on the stairs because I could sit there and I could see Mummy and Daddy coming. In that moment I saw a foot and leg appear at the bottom of the stairs in front of me. The leg had red trousers and the feet had blue socks and it was a little bit of air (i.e. transparent). It disappeared, I think because it thought I was scared and decided to go away. I saw it come out of the corner of my eye. Then I went to tell Mummy. She was very interested. Then I told her in the car. Daddy told me that it was the day of the fairies, but I had thought it was a ghost. I did a picture and showed it to my friends at school. I'd like to see it again or another fairy ghost.’ ‘I only saw its leg. The trousers were red and the socks were dark, dark blue. It had no shoes on. The leg was transparent as well.’



Figure §434: fitness on stairs and red leg from the wall

§435) Italy (Veneto). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience.* ‘When I was a little child, I was playing in the garden, when I saw this little tiny thing. I thought it was a butterfly, but it was white, with jagged wings. I took it and I pinched it, I think I killed it, and it disappeared in a white dust.’ ‘Like a white butterfly.’ ‘I have seen ghosts in my life and I just don’t believe in aliens.’ ‘[What are fairies?] Little creatures butterfly-like.’

§436) Italy. *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad, you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘First of all, I’ve have many experiences and some were shared since childhood. The one I’m talking about

is a particularly clear one. I asked my guides/angels to meet them and as I was meditating a girl about three-feet tall with brown skin and huge eyes danced through the glass doors, blew me a kiss, winked and then danced away. She was very cute and joyful.’ ‘Well, I’ve seen angels too and they are tall and look very different from the fairies I see. Basically this fairy didn’t look like a human or angel and I’ve never seen an alien but I felt that she was a fairy spreading love and joy and she was so happy and positive.’ ‘[Fairies are] angels of nature.’

§437) Netherlands. *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was in my backyard gardening, when I saw a strange fungus in the grass. I went inside to get my camera to take a picture of it. When I was taking the picture I felt watched if like I was being pranked. Later I saw a green creature in the photograph.’ ‘Green bald low to the ground creature with a playful grin on his face.’ ‘I believe fairies are nature’s creatures not like ghosts, angels, like. They blend in to nature that’s why we cannot see them.’

§438) Netherlands. *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences, no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was trying to make contact with one of the house fairies, so I tried out this meditation. At first nothing happened because I got distracted, but at some point I wandered off into a deep trance and suddenly I heard a voice saying this ‘you have to ask it to Specia the woman fairy’. I thought it was very odd. But I took it as a message anyway. From that day on I ask all my questions to Specia, she is very friendly and even though I can’t see her. When I need her, her energy would be with me.’ ‘[She is a fairy] because they clearly said ‘Specia the woman fairy’, also I can separate the energies from different beings quite well.’ ‘[I] only [heard] a voice of a child like creature who told me about Specia.’ ‘I didn’t see how she looked like, but I do have the strong image of a being

with a very friendly face covered in bright purple shining light.’ ‘Yes, from the moment I remember my uncle told me stories about fairies and gave me all kinds of presents which had to do with fairies. After he passed away I was looking through his book shelf, when I suddenly found this book about fairies and nature spirits. When I started to read it I felt this strong boost of energy shooting through my body, I felt the presence of a lot of small energies around me! And when I started to check his whole shelf I found more books about nature spirits and fairies. And from that night on I knew that my uncle has planned this all along.

§439A) Norway (Oppland). *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; family; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; alone; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My sister was visiting an elderly lady, who lived in what was said to be the oldest house in ***. (The house was over one-hundred-and-seventy years old). The lady my sister was visiting showed her into the lounge, which was a very pleasant and sunny room, with windows on both sides. The elderly lady went off to make coffee, leaving my sister alone in the room. A movement in the doorway caught my sister’s eye, and as she looked, she was amazed to see a diminutive figure dressed in leggings, a jacket, and a hat which rose into a soft and floppy point. All the clothes were in bright colours: sky blue, fire-engine red, and yellow (or maybe it was green – I can’t remember the details). The figure had a face which my sister described as male, deeply tanned and wrinkled, and with bright and intelligent black, button-like eyes. I don’t remember if she mentioned a beard. The creature was not as tall as the back of the sofa it was standing next to, so I am guessing it was less than thirty to thirty-six inches tall. The little man was studying my sister intently, but when he realised she had seen him, he quickly stepped behind the sofa, which was in front of my sister. (The room had two sofas opposite each other, with a large coffee table between them. There was at least five or six feet between the back of each sofa, and the wall behind). My sister rose from her sofa, and walked around the coffee table, to kneel on the second sofa, so that she could look over the back of it, to get a better look at the little person. There was no-one there, and she immediately looked under the sofa again, no-one was there. It was at this point that

her elderly host returned, bearing a tray of coffee and cakes. My sister was embarrassed, and her host asked her if she had dropped something. My sister didn't know how to reply truthfully, but the elderly lady smiled, and said something like, 'So, you have met my little gnome!' My sister's face must have told its own story, and the old lady said that in Scandinavian lore, many homes had a fairy protector, and described the figure in perfect detail to my sister. To have actually seen the little creature was said to be extremely rare, and my sister was considered to be very honored because of it, according to her host. Even after the event, she still didn't believe what she had seen, despite her host's confirmation that she had had a real experience, and not imagined the whole thing.' 'My sister was not given to flights of fancy, or telling tales, so I have every reason to believe her account was a true representation of what she thought she had experienced.'

§440) Portugal. *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Large group of people dancing in two circles around a fire, felt impelled to the place, had the feeling that my job there, was just observe.' 'Tall, thin, long curly hair and wearing medieval clothes.' 'The only music around was from the drums.' 'The feeling was way too strong, and like I said before, I was impelled to that place.' '[Fairies are] magical creatures.'

§441) Russia. *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'It is one of the childhood memories that I share with my sister who was a little younger than me. We both woke up for some reason, right now I believe we just woke up together. I am not sure about the time, but I would say before midnight, but it was dark already, it might be right after midnight. In summer, in a countryside (a small village, thirty kilometres from a big

city) in a little wooden house right by the forest. What we saw didn't make us scared – rather curious – it was a rather tall human like figure shape made of little yellow lights. We called it ever after a star man. The figure bent over our sleeping mom. We were not really scared but decided to call her to wake up. When we called our mom the figure straightened and disappeared. Don't believe it appeared again.' 'It could be an angel. We explained it as both to ourselves.'

§442) Spain (Alicante). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'It was a face rubbing in air. Baby face, green. Big eyes and he stared at me. It had its own light. Somehow I communicate that was a fairy. It was green but could see through.' '[Fairies are] energy beings.'

§443) Spain (Aragon). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland, in a garden, 'en el monte' [on the mountain]; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; fatigado, depistado [tired out, lost]; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, 'estaba feliz porque estaba de excursion, y triste porque era la primera vez que viajaba sin mis hijos' [I was happy because on holiday and sad because it was the first time I was travelling without my children]; loss of sense of time.* 'Hello, I wanted to tell you about an experience that I had, several years ago when I was about thirty-eight years old: now I'm fifty eight. My kids had gone on holiday with my husband and so I decided to go to *** with a friend. In that period I lived in *** and in that general area there was a Buddhist temple. We found a camping site and decided to rest there for the night. We hired a tent that was big enough for six people. Once in my sleeping bag – it was summer – we spoke before saying good night. There was no need for a light as the streetlights outside were bright. Just then a *duende* flew by, as if it was really empty-headed and exhausted after a very intense day. It was as if the *duende* was talking to someone and then decided to take the road home past our tent. She had wings, a large nose, green clothes and, in her hand, a candlestick with a guard. She was about twenty-centimetres tall. She seemed shocked

that I had seen her: she looked at me and passed on by the tent. I can't remember other details as it all happened a long time ago. But I can tell you that I was not expecting to see gnomes or fairies! Yet I saw her, this ugly little thing (*feota*) but PRECIOUS, a bit empty-headed by the company and exhausted from a work and she was leaving to go and rest. It was 9 pm. I think it was a *duende* not a fairy.' 'It was a *duende*, a little like in the stories, who belonged to that place. There was the impression that she was a bit late and was coming back from her fields and I could see her but not the others with her and I saw her as she went past the tent.' '[Fairies are] from another plane or dimension.' 'This happened a long time ago and already I can't remember the details, but I saw it. I saw her before my eyes something precious, small and big-nosed.'*

§444) Spain (Catalonia). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; joyous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'Dark, approximately at 3-4 am, we're near a rural road with a little tent camping. We heard sounds and sweet voices from the wood and then sparkles.' '[Fairies are] representation of elementals.'

§445) Spain (Galicia). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; can't remember time; one to two minutes; joyful, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'In the Midsummer evening, when I was like ten, a friend of mine and I were on an open field where a

* Hola, quiero contarte una historia que viví, hace bastantes años, tendría entonces 38, ahora tengo 58. Mis hijos se fueron de vacaciones con mi marido y yo aproveche para ir a *** con una amiga, entonces yo vivía en ***, desde allí. por *** hacia *** (existe un templo Budista allí), encontramos un camping y paramos a hacer noche, alquilamos una tienda ya montada, bastante grande como para seis personas. Una vez en el saco, era verano, mientras hablábamos antes de darnos las buenas noches, y sin necesidad de linterna ya que una farola cerca de la tienda iluminaba lo suficiente para vernos, cuando atravesó volando, como despistada y cansadísima de un día muy agotado, como si fuera hablando con alguien y ese alguien hubiera tomado, el camino por fuera de la tienda, ella tenía alitas, una nariz grandísima, su traje verde, en la mano llevaba una palmatoria con una vela, mediría unos veinte centímetros, desde el aire paro asustada al ver que yo le miraba, me miro y atraveso la tienda. no recuerdo mas detalles porque hace mucho tiempo, pero te aseguro que yo no tenía en la mente ver gnomos, ni duendes... Y la vi, feota como ella sola, pero PRECIOSA, despistada de la compañía que llevara y agotada de un día de trabajo, en el que se retiraba a descansar, serían las nueve de la noche. Creo que era una duende, no me pareció que fuera hada.' 'Era una duende. pequeña, como de cuento. pertenecía a aquel lugar, y daba la sensación de que se les había hecho tarde para regresar a su 'campamento', a ella la pude ver, a su compañera no, paso por fuera de la tienda y la que yo vi, entro dentro sin darse cuenta.' '[Fairies are] entidades de otro plano o dimension.' 'Decir que han pasado muchos años y ya no recuerdo muy bien los detalles, pero lo vi. Ante mis ojos paso volando algo pequeñito, nariguda y preciosa.'

bonfire was getting ready for the night, when suddenly we saw some balls of light dancing around the bonfire. They were synchronized, dancing in circles. When we went closer, they disappeared.’ ‘Balls of light.’ ‘[Fairies] because it was Midsummer’s evening, and it’s known that fairies are usually seen that day.’ ‘I believe [fairies] exist’.

§446) Spain (Madrid). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘We took a photo with a mobile phone, I and a friend, in this photo, two silhouettes with little coloured lights, that formed two outlines one of a fairy and one of a gnome. I no longer have the photo, but I remember this incident very well.’ ‘This was a park in which children play, and sometimes these children say they have imaginary friends and invent games.’*

§447) Spain (Malaga). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘This is the story of the last time that I saw ‘my’ ice fairy. I don’t remember when was the first time, I was so young. She is a girl with a frost jumpsuit, her hair was white, short, it is decorated with icicles. She hasn’t got the typical butterfly wings, these were ice stalagmites. I think that she hasn’t got shoes but I don’t remember very well. In my dream she was taking my hand like my mum (she was taller than me) and speaking with me for some minutes, she was telling me goodbye. I wake up and I cried for one hour, I do only for remember this we were together for years. This happened in a cold day of winter or maybe autumn, I was twelve, and it was in this time when I stopped believing in

* ‘Hicimos una foto con la cámara fotográfica de un móvil, una amiga y yo, en esa foto se dislumbraban dos siluetas a modo de pequeñas luces de colores, que formaban dos dibujos, una de un hada y otra de un duende, no conservo la foto, solo recuerdo muy bien aquella anécdota.’ ‘Sí, era un parque en el que juegan normalmente niños, algunas veces esos niños decían tener amigos imaginarios y inventarse juegos.’ ‘En aquella ocasión vi hacia poco una película sobre fotografiando hadas, las siluetas tenían forma de hada y duende.’ ‘No se que decir solo que no tube miedo me hizo ilusión verlas.’

fairies because the people condition me for do it. I think that maybe she left me for this. Now I am nineteen and returned to believe in fairies, sometimes I sense her but I hadn't seen the ice fairy again.' 'Her eyes were blue light, she has got white skin and pointed ears.' 'Because we had spoken often and she told me that she was a fairy.' 'In winter she removed the spiritual energy of the trees, and yes, some winter snow here.'

§448) Sweden (outside Stockholm): *Male; 2000s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; 'none of these, neutral, took no notice of me'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'Saw a very small man, less than half the size of a human, walk across a field in front of me (I was walking in the field, he was crossing my path). He was wearing a workman's apron over his clothes and I think he was carrying a bag, satchel, something like that. Looked like he was about some business rather than just taking in the scenery. Just before he was about to reach the edge of the field, and pass into the woods, he disappeared, into thin air. Like he was never there. Strangely I was not at all afraid, upset or even excited when it happened. Just matter-of-factly noted that he was there and disappeared and was something out of the ordinary. I guess in Ireland, he might have been called a leprechaun. In Sweden, where I live, we also speak of 'little people' under various names.' 'He was smaller than we are but otherwise looked like us. I imagine ghosts would be life-size, aliens would look different, angels would make a much bigger impression etc. He seemed to be of a supernatural 'little people', as he disappeared into thin air.'

§449) Sweden (Roslagen). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a private house* [in the room where I gave massage treatments]; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I gave massage to a teenage boy and had asked for energetic guidance since the boy was young and in pain.' 'After a while I suddenly saw two small winged shadowed beings circling above his lower back. I accepted and thanked for their protection of the boy. After a while they were gone.'

‘The small flying beings with wings made me think of fairies.’ ‘[Fairies are] energetic beings.’

§450) Sweden (Västmanland). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood given; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It was pale, green-faced, hooded in black. Flat nose, narrow eyes.’ ‘A mischievous, dwarfish thing.’ ‘Actually I think that ‘fairies’ and ‘aliens’ are the same beings.’ ‘Fairies are archetypal beings that live inside our mindscape and, somehow, sometimes, they can manifest in the physical world.’

Part Four: Australasia

§451) Australia (ACT). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘A young man, three-feet high dressed all in brown was playing in the garden and walking around in my garden. He was wearing a pointed brown hat and when he lifted his feet I saw he was wearing brown shoes with pointed toes and brown stockings. He wore brown shorts or breeches and a brown top. He played and walked then just disappeared.’ ‘Dressed all in brown with brown pointed cap, brown shoes.’

§452) Australia (Darwin). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; in a hurry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was driving, not fast, a fairy flew past the front of my car, landed on a fence, then kept going.’ ‘Too big to be a grasshopper. Had legs, not sticks.’

§453) Australia (Melbourne). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries)* [‘gardening’]; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘It was during a period when I was gardening all the time. I was completely enchanted by my garden. Looking out into my patio, I was standing in the lounge when a small bright light started floating just on the other side of the window. I stared at the small ball of light as it floated passed, until it was out of sight.’

§454) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; woodland*, on or near water* [‘a creek in the bush’]; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; ‘just having a peaceful walk along a creek’; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I was walking along a creekbed and saw a huge big uprooted root system from a tree, half in the water, half out. There were doors and paths all over it. I asked out loud if I could take a photo and suddenly I got hit on the head with a rock or something. So I took it as a NO. So I didn’t take a photo. I didn’t

actually see any beings but I felt their presence.’ ‘The feeling, the vibe, the size of the doors into their tree root home [made me think fairies].’ ‘I love [fairies].’

§455) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in woodland* [‘untouched rainforest near a river bend’]; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; ‘very inquisitive’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘We had visited this small pocket of rainforest about two weeks before and I felt like I was being spoken to. I was asked to return at the next full moon. On dusk [at dusk?] I returned to a very large fig tree in the centre of the forest area with my young daughter and husband. I sat down within the roots of the tree with my daughter cuddled up. My husband went to explore around the tree. I closed my eyes and listened to the evening falling on the forest. I could hear something off by the river, almost like music but all natural sounds. I felt like I was being watched, I felt a breeze, like a fan, on my face. I could sense something very close. I opened my eyes and found two figures fluttering just in front of me looking very hard at me. When they realized I was ‘seeing’ them they flitted away. My husband had come around the tree a little while before and watched them in front of me. Soon after this the air became very busy with things flying around the branches of the fig, in and out of the large gaps in the trunk. Not wanting to interrupt the procession or upset the Queen, we chose to leave.’ ‘They were guards, very inquisitive.’ ‘Maybe because of the light they appeared mostly brown. Small human forms with clear wings.’ ‘From traditional stories I grew up with in England I knew of trooping fairies. What I experienced matched the descriptions I knew of from fairy ‘parties.’ ‘[Fairies] are beings who are part of our natural world.’ ‘I could tell it was the sound of crickets, the wind, the river and frogs. They were all harmonized with a distinct tune.’

§456) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)*; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time.* ‘I was sitting on train, looking out at the narrow platform

over to the trees and bushes just on the other side of the platform, and sensed movement, in the bushes and knew it was fairies or elementals of some kind. I mentally called out 'hello' to them and at least fifty of them came out of the bushes, some quizzical, some shy, but most of them so excited that I could see them! They were small and light, slender creatures, about twenty centimeters tall? All chattering excitedly and waving to me through the window. Most of them were right next to the train window (I was in the downstairs of the carriage, looking straight out at platform height). There was nobody on the platform (humans that is). I didn't speak out loud, but I was grinning, because there was such a feeling of excitement and love. They quickly retreated back to the bushes. As the train began to move, all waving, I could hear their chorus of 'goodbye' in my mind, their sweet high pitched calls ringing in my head. I felt enormous gratitude for this experience and have had other experiences too.' 'Light slim ethereal creatures, their bodies were almost transparent yet I could see them clearly, their wings were beautiful, like gossamer, almost translucent. More ethereal than physical, but whether I saw them with my mind's eye or my physical eyes I do not really know. It felt very real to me.' 'High pitched little voices, almost a squeaky sound.' 'Just know they were fairies. I've seen angels too and know the difference between all of these 'unseen' entities.' '[Fairies are] nature spirits, they help the plants, trees and animals.' 'This was a lovely and joyful experience for me, I have probably only told one or two people about it ever. I've had other experiences too (in several countries) but chose this one because it was definitely fairies that I saw on that occasion.'

§457) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'Was the most beautiful experience I've ever been a part of... I'm a photographer was out in nature for the day... Was in a partly shady waterfall area when all of a sudden they were in and around the water dancing around with lots of sparkles of light. One day I'll never forget. They have been here at home,

too, a couple of times. They are always welcome :).’ ‘Lots of movement on and in the water-like sprites. Lots of fast movements fluttering around lots of yellow light as they moved.’ ‘Fairies are the keepers of nature. The movement of fairies and angels are different.’ ‘Adorable nature keepers... divine beings.’

§458) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; ‘in my backyard (not a garden)’; on my own; can’t remember time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was in December or January that the incident happened. I believe it was either late afternoon or early evening. It was very cloudy and I believe there had been a thunderstorm or was about to be a thunderstorm. The sky was very dark. I looked out my bedroom window and saw a being made of light. I recall the being as female and as hovering. I climbed out the window and I remember I could smell rain and could feel it spitting. I went towards the being and reached out to hold her hand. I recall it felt like I was next to a fire. The parts of my body that were close to her were very warm while the other side of me was chilly. Just before my hand touched her, my memory of the event ends quite abruptly.’ ‘Humanoid. Made of light. She faced me, so I couldn’t see if there were wings or not.’ ‘I named the experience ‘fairy’ at the time that it occurred.’ ‘Fairies probably do not exist.’ ‘I suffered a head injury earlier in the same year, and have since had experiences of lost time, visual, auditory, tactile and smell/taste hallucinations. EEG tests that show that I have anomalies in my right temporal lobe that mirror to the left temporal lobe.’

§459) Australia (Queensland). *Male; 1970s; 41-50; inside a private house,* on or near water* [‘on the verandah... not too far from the mangrove swamps’]; on my own; 3 am-6 am; less than a minute; sad; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was asleep and was woken by thunder. We had wonderful storms then. I went out to the verandah to watch the lightning and in one of the flashes of lightning everything was lit up for a few seconds. Not that long, maybe just two

seconds. And there he was, sitting on the verandah watching the storm. Small, hairless with large eyes. Rather sad eyes. I didn't think 'goblin'. I don't think I'd heard that word then I just thought it looked sad and lost. No threat to me in any way. The house I grew up in used to be swampland but they drained it and filled it in. Afterwards I felt like the poor thing had lost its home. Then I went back to bed. I didn't tell anyone.' 'It felt linked to that place.'

§460) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; no location given; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'When my friend and I were walking to my house on a summer evening we saw what looked like a little man run across our path! Quick as a flash it was gone! Maybe running late like we were :-). He was probably about thirty-centimeters tall.' 'I'm not sure really [why I thought that it was a fairy]. It didn't have wings. But it was a perfect shape of a little human.' 'Other dimensional beings.' 'Am still curious twenty years later!'

§461) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland, in a garden; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'I got up to open a window and saw a white and orange light fly very quickly, two white pulsing lights stayed. I watched them and then went to the front door to go and investigate. They had gone.' 'One was orange and white. Two were white.'

§462) Australia (Queensland). *Male; 1980s; 41-50; in a city, in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Many years ago (circa 1982) I lived in ***, an old ***, Brisbane mansion that had been converted into flats in the 1930s. Next door, at the end of a cul-de-sac, was an overgrown lot on which stood a once-magnificent house

built by a wealthy timber merchant in the 1920s. It had become abandoned and somewhat derelict. Often my friends and I would explore the beautiful old place wishfully imagining the grandeur of the old house in its heyday. One night, after a visit, I was returning alone to the border of the two properties. On the border stood some magnificent and very old trees. I think they were some sort of imported conifer because the original owner of the property, having been in the timber trade, had planted some rather unique exotics. On this night as I made my way back home I was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a glowing bluish light that appeared from somewhere near the base of the huge tree and rapidly rose in an arc up in front of the tree then plunged into the branches several metres above ground level. The occurrence was stark, simple and absolutely real. At the time I thought it may have been a mini UFO! In the January 2004 issue of *Fortean Times* Moyra Doorly in an article Invitation to Elfland relates that she saw ‘fairy lights’ while living on Arran Island off the coast of Scotland. They appeared as very small, very bright, balls of light, 10-15cm in diameter, which hovered on the air before shooting off at great speed to disappear among the trees. (Doorly, 2004. p.42) This description is identical to what I saw.’ ‘In this instance it was not a ‘fairy’ *per se* but rather a very distinct but weird light.’ [Why a fairy?] Because of the similarity to the experience described by Moyra Dooley: this is in hindsight; at the time I had no idea what it was that I had seen other than a mini UFO.’ ‘Nature Spirits; Elementals.’

§463) Australia (Queensland). *Male; 1990s; 41-50; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘The second event* occurred in about 1997 soon after my partner and I, together with our three-year-old daughter, moved into a very old house in *** Street, ***. Ours was the first house in the street to be a domestic domicile. *** Street is a comparatively steep hill and below our house the street was occupied by commercial and industrial properties, all concrete and brick with no gardens or greenery of any

* The respondent gave two separate accounts, see also §462.

kind. One night, not too long after moving there, I went into the fenced back yard to look at the lights of *** below. Very quickly my attention was taken by a large tree to my left. I thought that I had seen small lights ‘popping’ in among the branches. I did not see them by direct frontal vision but rather by peripheral vision, ‘out-of-the-corner-of-my-eye’, so-to-speak. It seemed as if dozens of small snowflakes were darting through the branches. It so arrested me that I called my partner out to see if she could see the phenomenon. But by then whatever was happening appeared to have ceased because she could not see what I thought I may have. We speculated upon the possibility that if there were such entities as nature spirits perhaps they had migrated to our back yard in large numbers because it was the first oasis of greenery in an urban jungle of brick and mortar. Further up the street there were more houses with verdant back yards and I imagined that these may have formed an unbroken island of vegetation in the sea of urban cement providing a protective habitation for local nature spirits. The two streets bordering this area were home to more concrete and brick with no gardens. Some months later a postcard arrived addressed to the former tenants of the rented house. It had been sent from the Findhorn community in Scotland. It appeared that the earlier occupants had some ‘New Age’ leanings. Sometime after the arrival of the postcard the former tenants came by to collect their mail. We got talking and it transpired that they were involved in the preparation and publication of a very ‘New Age’ journal (the title of which I can no longer recall) from the very premises we were now occupying. Suffice it to say they were the very epitome of the person that would be welcoming hosts to dislocated nature spirits looking for a hospitable environment in which to continue their work. Judika Illes in *Encyclopedia of Spirits* states that Flower Fairies suffer from habitat loss. She says ‘Give them a home and they will come.’ (Illes, 2009, p.404) She maintains that ‘regular fairies’ compare in size to humans whereas Flower Fairies are a distinct species of spirit flitting from flower to flower (Illes, 2009, 404).’ ‘The very distinctive flitting from branch to branch of these tiny lights bear some resemblance to descriptions I have read of the behaviour of nature spirits, etc.’ ‘Nature Spirits; elementals.’ ‘Once

again, they did not look like traditional ‘fairies’ but rather like snowflakes (impossible in Brisbane!) or dancing lights.’ ‘No sound, but rather a hushed silence.’

§464) Australia (Queensland). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; ‘recurring’ [‘for duration’]; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* ‘Soon after my wife and I moved into our new house we began to notice strange things happening. Objects would go missing when they shouldn’t. One time I had bought a large pack of AA batteries that I’m positive I sat on the coffee table. My nephew was coming over and he loved to play X-Box so I had bought them especially for that. We discovered that the batteries had disappeared, and since he was coming over the next day, we began a frantic search of the house. I had heard stories about people who asked the little people to return things that had gone missing so I jokingly said ‘good people please return the batteries to us. We need them for tomorrow.’ I didn’t really expect anything to happen. I was just joking with my wife as we searched. Our search turned up nothing so I resigned myself to having to get up early the next day to pick up a new pack. Getting up the next morning, however, I found the pack of batteries lying on the coffee table where I remember putting them. They were the only things on the table and in plain sight. There was no way both my wife and I missed them in our search. I asked my wife where she’d found them, but she wasn’t the one who put them there. No one else has access to our house. Since that day, every time something went missing I’d ask the ‘lil people’ to please return it. More often than not whatever I asked for would turn up within a day or two in an obvious place where it would be easily noticed.’

§465) Australia (South Australia). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy [‘just in the moment of my daughter’s pure joy’]; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘My daughter, who at the time was around seven (she is now nineteen) loved

water. I had the sprinkler on out in the back yard, and she stripped herself off and danced and squealed with joy under the sprinkler. I was sitting watching her, utterly captivated in the moment of her joy, and all of a sudden, I saw all these wee folk, dancing under the sprinkler with her. There must have been close to a dozen! They were almost up to her knees, and as soon as my brain clicked in and I realised what I was seeing, they all just disappeared. I saw them all with my own eyes and no-one can take that away from me :).’ ‘They were petite, colourful.’ ‘Fairies are fairies.’ [Fairies are] beautiful little wee folk, sometimes with attitude. They are the keepers of the earth and gardens.’ ‘I have no doubt that there are many dimensions and layers of consciousness – and in the physical, not many can access them all – though some of us can, those of us who have developed the ability to reach the other dimensions.’

§466) Australia (Sydney). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; focused; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was eight and I was losing my teeth. I believe that I saw the tooth fairy but I feel that she may be one of many. I had lost a tooth and kept it in my special tooth holder. Usually my parents would swap it for a dollar coin. That night I woke to see a full human size glittery and flowing woman with blonde hair, a crown and a sparkly pale blue dress float past my bedroom door down the hallway. I slept with my bedroom door open until I was twelve. I don’t know why I woke at that moment, but I did. She did not react but disappeared down the hall. She, I guess now looking back, looked a lot like Walt Disney’s Cinderella but real and glittery. She lit up the hall with a luminous blue. I was definitely not dreaming, nor was I scared. I, in fact, did not even believe it to be a big deal until the next morning when I received not just a dollar coin in the tooth holder, but a sparkly purple and blue fairy princess themed Polly Pocket (my favourite toy growing up) wrapped in a sparkly paper. My mum swore she didn’t know where it came from but was quick to dispose of the wrapping and note attached. All I have is the Polly Pocket and she won’t talk about it.’ ‘Adult size, blonde hair, sparkly, luminous, big dress.’ [Why was she a fairy?] Because she was the tooth fairy. She came the night of my tooth and left me a special present.’ ‘I think they are old creatures who exist in another dimension

on our planet. They have harmony with nature and remote places. They could have links to disappearances in national parks etc, for example I believe they may have something to do with the Missing 411.’

§467) Australia (Sydney). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘Multiple small sparkling lights flying around my friend.’

§468) Australia (Sydney). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; ‘keeping to themselves’; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs); a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘I saw one or two as I was walking through the bush from the corner of my eyes. They were watching me I think.’ ‘I believe they were nature spirits – I was in nature in their habitat.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature spirits.’ ‘They are there to protect nature.’

§469) Australia (Tasmania). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; ‘top of a small hill (lookout) overlooking lakes and wilderness; on my own; 12 am-3 am; ‘I don’t know [the duration] – my dreams were very different that night – it was a full moon and no cloud’; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘was awake taking photos’; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I lucid dream normally, my dreams that night were different – very hard to describe, but happy, fun and entertaining, not tiring or draining. I woke up and was watching the full moon, decided to try to take photos as it was so pretty – unsuccessfully as they were all blurry. It was when I returned home and was reviewing photos that there was just one with a bright white shape that I could not determine what it was.’ ‘Bright white image in photo.’ ‘Have a photograph which I would be very happy to share, as I would like to understand better what was around me. I was travelling on my own, safely sleeping locked in my car. I chose to stay in this particular spot as the campgrounds didn’t feel safe. The following day I was

energetic and a feeling of calmness, happiness and, I guess, wonder stayed with me throughout the day, which I honestly put down to being in awe and loving the sights, smells and pristine beauty of the wilderness area I was visiting. The spot I stayed is as far as can be driven into that section of the state.'

§470) Australia (Tasmania). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was outside my house standing near our huge tree waiting for my ride. I turned around and saw a pointed face creature with dark skin tones. He sat there and watched me for at least a minute or so with a smile or smirk on his face. His limbs where long and he was naked. Triangular comes to mind when describing his physique. He vanished very quickly.' 'Triangular in body and very pointed face dark almost black skin.' 'It is just a feeling it was a nature spirit fairy creature.' '[Fairies are] nature spirits.'

§471) Australia (Victoria). *Male; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland, on a country road, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded ['we were walking with our dog']; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'We had not been long in Australia. I was walking with my father and we saw the fairies in the trees. They were smallish, very bright and you could see their forms within the lights. They seemed to follow us and we saw them in the gardens and around the window sills.' 'They looked like miniature humans.' 'I thought they had come from England to see us.' 'I believe in [fairies]. I think that a lot negative things are said about them these days.' 'The fairies I saw were miniature humans in form. They were not the dark beings so popular in modern stories. I thought they were male. I saw them as fun-loving and friendly. I didn't feel scared.'

§472) Australia (Victoria). *Male; 1970s; 11-20; inside a private house; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience* ['with my two sisters']; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state*

recorded; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident. 'There was an elf or a pixey in our wardrobe. We could hear noises and heard him laugh. We were a little bit scared.' 'We felt it was a fairy.' '[Fairies are] friendly and sometimes mischievous.' 'My sister and I experienced this. My other sister came in and experienced it too. We thought it was a pixey or an elf.'

§473) Australia. *Female; 1990s; 31-40; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; over three nights; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. 'I was staying in a cheap inner city motel with a disused area approximately twenty-foot long four-inch wide grass. This was the bottom end of accommodation but the disused area was littered two foot-high with drug paraphernalia and countless years of other rubbish it was not accessible unless you climbed out the window open onto the area so ten rooms ground floor and four stories, not even management bothered to clean. I was wanting confirmation if the secret communications of an unconventional nature existed in spiritual orders. This increasingly was of importance since inner voices were prolific. Over three night I received three pins or badges from the Anzac Remembrance series: one Gold, one Red, one White representing the three pillars or schools of spiritual expression. I cannot stress enough that no one from my material world knew I was in the motel and the unlikeliness of any resident daring to walk amongst the sharps garden to place an Anzac Badge each night is unlikely and not around October the time of Anzac Day and badges were on window sill and seemed placed not fallen...' 'Supposedly the fairy kingdom is a corresponding pantheon. Aliens don't bother with me, ghost are scared of me and Angels I see as more of an ephemeral being not able to interact with mundane densities... For some reason I feel fairies provide ground support so to speak...' 'I am a theoretical metaphysician so another layer of correspondences, cultural distinctions and other cultural similarities. For some reason I feel fairies provide practical ground support so to speak.'*

§474) Australia. *Male; 1970s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; 'obsessed with a thistle'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special phenomena to report connected with the incident.* 'At first I saw a large pink butterfly on a thistle on a dry riverbank. I was young and had been left alone by my father and his friend. On approaching it, the butterfly folded like origami, first into a flat looking faerie, then into a pretty little pixie. I watched it for a long time. It fled when the adults returned and I was very tempted to follow it.' 'First a butterfly, then it folded itself into a pixie after an intermediate flat form.' 'Gentle rustle of its wings.' 'It was a small female figure with butterfly wings. It was tangibly present and fled by flying away not fading. I suppose it 'might' be an alien, but there was no technology present to suggest that.' '[Fairies are] extra-dimensional beings.' 'I didn't know at the time but I have since learned that the 'origami folding' it performed was probably what is called 'glamour'.'

§475) Australia. *Male; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were very sad; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'In the cool of an Autumn evening, just on dusk, I stood by the edge of a mountain pool. A dozen or more dragonflies flitted lazily across the surface of the water. Some landed on lilly-pads while others clung to the branches of reeds. I stood under a huge willow tree. Looking up amongst the branches I noticed three dragonflies that did not move in the stiff, regulated darting patterns like the rest. They were more rhythmic and fluid and swarmed around each other in an almost synchronized dance. One of them flew down and buzzed passed my left ear. As it did so I distinctly heard the playful almost mocking high pitched laugh of a child. I spun to look behind me for the source but I was completely alone. When I looked back into the tree, the remaining two unusual dragonflies flew directly out across the surface of the pond and disappeared amidst the rest of the insects. I returned several times since but have never had the experience again.' 'Mocking laughter, like catch me if you can.' '[Area has no] reputation for fairies but locals do

tell stories of strange sounds and lights at night or on stormy days.’ ‘Small winged creatures about three-inches long that sounded like children playing. Hmmm, sounds like fairies to me!’ ‘If they exist at all, I would have to say they are the remnants of a time long gone. It is hard to believe that some eighth-century German storyteller could come up with tales of fae creatures like fairies, elves, pixies, nymphs, dryads, dwarves and gnomes, without some sort of inspiration. I firmly believe that inspiration came from first-hand accounts. Furthermore, I fully believe that if we were looking in right places we could find fossilized evidence of the existence of such creatures in antiquity.’

§476C Australia. ‘Twenty years ago I returned home to an empty house at approximately 9.30 p.m. I’d just returned from a week away and I’d slept all through the flight and drive home from the airport. So I was well rested. After turning on the lights, making a cup of tea, turning on the TV etc., I decided to unpack my suitcase. Intended to take a shower and spend the evening reading, watching TV, etc. Went into my bedroom, slid back the sliding door to the built-in wardrobe and commenced hanging up some clothes. Within seconds, I was overcome by sleepiness to the point I staggered backwards and lay full length on the bed, shoes and all. Last I saw was the ceiling light, which seemed incredibly bright. As I sank into an unconscious void, I told myself I would just lie down for a few minutes before continuing my plans for the night. Next thing I was aware of was the sound of several voices, all urging each other to hurry, hurry! (I don’t know if they were speaking English or even if they were speaking aloud. Can only report the way it seemed). It took a lot of effort to raise my head and look down to the foot of the bed, where the voices were. There were several small people, tugging on my legs. They were trying to pull me from the bed and into the open wardrobe. It didn’t seem odd to me. I wasn’t afraid. I looked at them briefly and told myself I was too big and heavy for them to move far. I decided it was safe for me to close my eyes for a few more minutes. Then I looked up and the small people were standing around me, looking at me silently. They were not very tall; possibly only two or two and a half feet tall. There were males and females. They looked like ‘gnomes’ or ‘dwarfs’. They were stocky. Their skin was very

coarse and weathered, as if they spent a lot of time outdoors. They looked at me the way you stare unmoving and silent when a child starts waking up. On those occasions, you say nothing in the hope the child will drift off to sleep again. Well, that's the way they stared at me. They were not kindly, nor were they overtly hostile. They seemed to regard me as a 'nothing', as just a 'job' to them. They had absolutely no compassion or sympathy for me. They did not seem overly intelligent, but they were determined. They were joyless. They wanted me to just go to 'sleep' again, or whatever state it was that kept overwhelming me. At that point I must have become unconscious again. The odd part is, at that point, when they were gathered around me. I was reversed in position on the bed; my head was where my feet had been, moments earlier. Some time later, I again heard their argumentative voices, urging each other to 'hurry!' As before, it took a lot of effort to raise my head and open my eyes. When I did, I experienced a huge shock of adrenalin, because I could see that they'd managed to drag me a lot further from the bed. My legs were almost totally off the bed at this point. I grasped instantly that I had awoken just in time. A little bit more and gravity would have done the rest of their work for them and they would only have needed to steer my falling body into the open wardrobe. Again, the scenario did not seem strange to me. Which is ridiculous. Nor was I afraid of the little people, which again is illogical. When I saw how far they'd managed to drag me from the bed, adrenalin shot through me. It flashed through my mind that it was my own fault for allowing myself to lie back down after the first time I'd woken up. I began kicking out at the little people and screaming at them. I still wasn't afraid of them at that point – I was angry with them. They muttered and groaned amongst themselves. They realised I was not going to lie back down this time. I jumped from the bed and into the middle of the room, which wasn't very large. The light in the room seemed incredibly bright. That's something I've always remembered. From the middle of the room, I continued to yell at the dwarfs or whatever they were. They gave me resentful looks and then began walking into the open side of the built-in wardrobe! It still didn't seem strange that they existed. They seemed to walk in and down an incline inside the wardrobe. When they were gone, I remained in the centre

of the room in the bright light for a few seconds. To that point I was not afraid, nor was I in a state of mind to question what had just occurred. Then I suspect my mind began to return to normal. I ran from the bedroom and into the living room. It was at approximately this juncture that I fell apart in every way. It was very sudden. I was just overcome with terror, shock, panic, hysteria. It was very acute. I couldn't breathe or think – I was close to being 'out of my mind' with fear, but it had no real focus – it was just a hideous terror. I was reduced to the level of a very small, terrified child, in the space of a few seconds. I phoned a friend. Couldn't get my breath to speak properly and don't know what I said. He said he would come straight over. The fear continued to escalate. I doubt I would have been able to remember or say my own name by that point. I was blind with fear, but it wasn't focused on the little people – it was just total fear. The house was unbearable. I couldn't stand to be in there. All I wanted was to be with others, even strangers. I ran out and into the street. All the houses were dark, although there were a few cracks of light showing behind some of the houses' curtains. Because of the fear, I couldn't breathe or speak properly. I tried to call out, but my voice wouldn't work – all I could do was make noises and sobs. I stayed there on the road until my friend drove up. He looked terrified when he walked towards me. I couldn't talk. He pushed me into the car and said he'd lock up my house for me. I watched him walk up the driveway. Moments later he reappeared. He'd left all the lights burning and the front door open. We drove to his place. Didn't speak all the way. He put me in a spare room and covered me with lots of blankets. I was freezing and couldn't get warm. Nor could I bear to be alone or in the dark. In the end he spent the night in a chair next to my bed, with the lights on. My friend is logical, practical, sceptical. He would be the last person to ever take an interest (or even tolerate) Fortean topics, for example. Next day when I got up, I felt weak and dazed, very fragile, very unsure. My friend didn't want to discuss my experience. I realize now that he was probably scared. At the time, I thought he despised me and believed me to be insane or something. I wanted to tell someone about what had happened, so I told my friend some brief detail. I asked if he thought I'd gone crazy. He said he knew I wasn't. He said he didn't want to even speculate on what may or

may not have occurred, other than to say he'd never seen anyone as scared out of their minds as I'd been when he found me. (We never discussed it again, although we continued to work together for a further fourteen years). He was in the perfect position to know I had been perfectly normal only an hour before I'd called him in hysterics, because he had travelled with me on the plane and the drive from the airport. We were colleagues and worked together. He knew I don't drink or take drugs, etc. I had been perfectly normal during the week long seminar and the plane flight and drive from the airport. We worked out that whatever had occurred (re: the little people) after I arrived home, had taken place within three quarters of an hour or less. I sold the house not long afterwards. There had been several very strange 'otherworldly' occurrences there in the six years that I'd owned it, even though it was modern, new and appeared 'normal'. I suspect it was built over some odd land. I never told anyone about my experience with the 'little people'; I was too embarrassed, it sounded too ridiculous. Ten years later, my daughter revealed that she had seen the 'dwarfs/gnomes' when she was small, and had been terrified of them. She told me they came out of the wardrobe – the same one they'd tried to pull me into. She said she and her brother had even been terrified of the hallway that backed onto the wardrobe, when they were young. I asked why she'd never told me about all this. She said she'd known, even as a small child, that I would not believe her and would have told her it was 'all her imagination' or a 'dream'. She was right. That's exactly what I would have said. I've since reached the conclusion that is the reason these creatures sometimes take the form of 'dwarfs' or 'gnomes' – because no one believes in the existence of such creatures. Either that, or my mind 'saw' them as dwarfs, rather than acknowledge what they really were – whatever that may have been. I submitted this experience recently to a UFO magazine, here in Australia. Didn't know where else to send it. The publishers wrote to say they intended to print it the following month (they did). Incredibly, prior to printing, the UFO group received an urgent phone call from a woman in Melbourne (other end of Australia) to say she didn't know who to call and was terrified, because she and her adult daughter had watched several small creatures (described as 'like gnomes') darting

around quickly inside the house! The woman was near hysterical apparently – thought she was going out of her mind. The UFO group people were stunned by the ‘coincidence’. I’ve never had any interest in ‘gnomes/dwarfs’ etc. Until my experience, if I thought of such creatures at all, it was in the context of ‘fairy tales’, ‘old stories’ etc. Has anyone had a remotely similar experience, involving ‘dwarfs/gnomes’?*

§477A) Bali. *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; friend; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden; with one other person who did not share the experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; the witness was extremely happy.* ‘My friend is a photographer. She was taking pictures of an especially beautiful garden full of tropical flowers. When she developed the pictures she was astounded to see that one of them clearly had a little female figure, fully formed, sitting in the middles of the flower. I saw this picture and it is unmistakable!’ ‘Like made from nature, very exotic like a flower but human too in features.’ ‘It looked like a faery sitting in a flower!’ ‘[Witness believed] fairies are protectors of nature.’

§478) New Zealand (Auckland). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was in my dark bedroom and watched a little silhouetted figure, maybe six-inches high, move across the hall floor, lit from the living-room. When I told my mother next day that I’d seen a fairy I think she believed I’d really seen something, but was worried it had been a mouse!’ ‘Just a silhouette: rather a bent figure with a pointed cap on its head, seemed to bob across the floor rather than to walk in steps.’ ‘I have always been sure it was an experience of a fairy.’ ‘[What are fairies?]Nature spirits? essences? Haven’t researched the terms!’

* This story was first published on the *Fortean Times* site, <http://forum.forteanimes.com/index.php?threads/finehair-again6s-gnomes-caution-may-be-tripe.35297/>, 29 Sep 2004. It was not sent to me, but it is such a remarkable recent account that I asked for and was given permission by *FT* to republish it here: it involves a woman who was 30-40 when she had this experience.. For anyone interested Malcolm Smith has been in touch with the respondent and has written a detailed commentary <http://www.malcolmsanomalies.blogspot.com/2015/08/attempted-abduction-by-gnomes.html>

§479) New Zealand (Auckland). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; I had been in the garden for a long time by myself and had been thinking very hard; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘When I was a child I got a strong sense that there were creatures living in our garden other than the usual birds and insects. When I played outside during twilight or as it was getting dark, I would frequently see movement in the grass or among the plants. A few times, I saw very tiny beings in the garden, carrying small, very bright lamps. They were very wispy and long-haired, quite ghostly, almost transparent in form. I was a very easily scared child, but I never felt scared of them, although I felt nervous about getting too close in case they wanted me to go with them. I frequently looked for them during the day, but never saw any – although I used to imagine the scattering of flowers and leaves around the garden was them.’ ‘Almost ghostly – quite wispy and not quite opaque. Very pale. Almost like very unkempt children – very long hair, clothing that was very light, shimmery, but almost ripped and torn in layers, bare feet.’ ‘Light, upbeat, almost medieval-sounding music – like a flute and lyre maybe.’ ‘It wasn’t scary, and I was scared of lots of things. Something just felt right that they were fairies. I’m entirely open to the idea that I loved fairies so much, and had read so much Narnia, Faraway Tree, etc, that I conjured them up really vividly in my own imagination. But to me they were totally real, and I have always believed in fairies, both before and since. I used to try and call them up when I was a kid, half scared that I was doing real magic and they would come, and half disappointed that they didn’t. But I always thought there was a chance that they might. So I guess I just believed really strongly in them, and I just knew straight away when I saw them, what they were.’ [Fairies are] natural beings that are made up of energy, or maybe the echoes of previous generations of the land. I think they are probably guardians of the natural world (we have an indigenous expression in New Zealand of *kaitiaki*, that expresses this).’

§480) New Zealand (Auckland). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; city*; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; no fairy state recorded; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported;*

unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘I saw it out of the corner of my eye as I walked through a school on my way home at about 6.15 in the morning. It was darkish but there was light from the security lights in the school and from the street lights so I could see quite well. The fairy was human shaped but only about twelve-inches high, and it was transparent – like a jellyfish. It was hovering in a flax bush (Phormium) and in the time it took for me to turn my head to look directly at it – it was gone. Or at least – it looked like it was gone. ‘Human shaped but about twelve inches high and transparent like a jellyfish.’ ‘It looked like a fairy, without the wings.’ ‘[Fairies are] older siblings to the human race.’

§481B) New Zealand (Auckland). *Female; 1940s; 0-10; in a garden; no answer given for company; 12 pm-3 pm; no duration given; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I am seventy-two years old. I have seen faeries, elves, little people all around the world. When I have spoken of them other people tell me their experiences especially in Norway and Denmark. I dance and talked to them and they have taught me many things in my life time. I still see them inside my house and outside in my garden. I have had them tell me things to say to people they are fond of. They appear to be fond of certain humans and like to be around them.’ ‘Some were tiny when I was a child and danced in the garden with them. They spoke of plants and healing properties which I later used in healing. They wore colorful clothing. I was a thin child and so were they. In Europe they were more like small elf’s none had wings but they called themselves the little people. One night one visited me he had fair tight curly hair and was very happy. He called himself the fairy King and told me they were moving up into my roof. I drew a picture of him. and also a young girl. She was so full of life and mischief.’ ‘[Fairy sounds] very high off the scale tones. Nothing I can match in life.’ ‘My grandmother said I was the only one to see the fairy group. We talked when she was eighty seven and I told her then they were real.’ ‘I have seen angels with people dying, I have seen other Beings in different forms a fairy is a fairy.’ ‘[Fairies are] Little

people who share our world when it suits them.’ ‘Just because I have seen, heard and felt things all my life I have had to come to terms with being different. I have had many of my experiences validated to now know my truth.’

§482) New Zealand (Canterbury). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was at a ten-day shamanic retreat. I saw the fairies on the last day. They looked like the seven dwarves. They giggled when they saw me and ran along in front of me, talking excitedly and glancing back to look at me. They had the energy of excited children that had been noticed and were thrilled to be acknowledged. Lots of giggling is what I remember. I was with a group of ten women – walking through beech forest – when I saw them amongst the trees. No-one else saw them.’ ‘They had faces like the seven dwarves. They were the size of a small child.’ ‘Giggling and they talked quickly. Gabbling.’ ‘[They were fairies] Because the energy was that of a playful, childlike being.’

§483) New Zealand (Gisborne). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were very sad, you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘The birds were flying out of a nearby tree, down into my vineyard and eating some of my sweet grapes. It was in the early morning. I was quite annoyed as I work hard for this so I shouted and clapped my hands to scare them away. Next minute this sparkle of glistening light with blue edges flew from the tree directly at me and then turned and flew over the vineyard zig zagging and doing twirls. The air went quiet and very still. And the birds flew off and didn’t cause anymore annoyance. We don’t use herbicides, insecticides, systemic fungicides or soluble fertilizer and we don’t kill things nor try not to disturb nature. We study elemental beings or nature spirits at our work and, while I don’t know exactly what to look for, I see and feel their presence all the time.

How can I find out more?’ ‘White centres, blue glitter extremities.’ ‘Don’t know the sound but maybe like cymbals.’ ‘There are old spirits there but didn’t think about fairies. Maybe sylphs?’ ‘I want to learn more as they, and the others spirits are mother nature’s messengers who hold the answers to many disturbances which we encounter on a daily basis.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature spirits occupying the realms of air and light.’ ‘[Fairies because] it was delicate’.

§484) New Zealand (Nelson). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; can’t remember time; ongoing; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw ‘lights’. Sparkly tinkly lights. But it was the energy, that’s what made me stop and look in the first place. It was like that part of the garden was alive and moving. I do think I heard like whispers but won’t a hundred percent say that. I have often ‘felt’ this in other gardens but only saw the lights once.’ ‘[What are fairies?] To be honest I’m not sure I have an opinion on that. They just ‘are?’’ ‘The people I was with, unbelievers – often had me on about believing in faeries! – took what I was telling them seriously. They never felt or saw anything. I think it freaked them a little coz they saw a change, or something, unexplainable in me.’

§485) New Zealand (Otago). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a garden* [‘it took place in the garden of a private house but also on my drive to the house before I had even seen the property’]; on my own*; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; ‘smug and like a granddad trying to teach manners and stories’; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was just starting to browse the real-estate market when I found a house on line that looked right up my alley, the price and size was right, but it was also out of town, it had lots of land and it had a spring fed stream going through the property. It was listed as a private sale so I rang the vendor (a woman) and arranged to see the place on a Saturday afternoon. On my way out to the house that Saturday I decided to stop in at the boutique bakery and grab a hot pie for lunch (this particular bakery is

famous for its slow cooked gourmet pies). Getting out of the car to go into the bakery a very definite, powerful thought sort of burst in to my brain, not really like a normal thought more like an impulse or the hard battering thoughts I get when I really need a smoke and my brain is saying 'HAVE A SMOKE, WOMAN'. Well this thought said 'you should take her something, a gift' and then I sort of thought that's a weird thought, 'I haven't taken any of the other vendors at properties I have been looking at gifts' then with the same sort of force the thought: 'Take her some fruit bread' and as I walked into the bakery there on the shelves were beautiful fruit and nut loaves. So I bought my pie and I bought the bread. The Drive down from the city where I was living to the property took about thirty minutes and the whole way one part of me was considering how weird it was for me to be taking this woman some bread and the other part was trying to figure out a way to ask her to leave some of it outside. I pulled up, it was an early spring Saturday, where the sky is black and the wind is awful and the drizzle is constant and in that awful weather the peaceful little stream was wiping about all brown and churned up and the house looked like the hundred-year-old man that it was, in need of a HELL of a lot of work, the gardens were over grown and I already knew it would be too much work for me. But I went up to the door with my bread and knocked anyway. Needless to say the lady was very happy with the bread and showed me around the tiny house and the wild gardens and over the stream where she had kept pigs. She then took me back inside and I finally decide to ask as I thought by this stage that it wouldn't matter if she thought I was crazy as I probably wouldn't buy the house. 'This is weird' I said 'But are there fairies here?' She looked fascinated but not surprised or weirded out like I thought she might. 'Yes', she said, 'well there is a Taniwha'. (According to the mythology of the native people of New Zealand the Maori, the Taniwha are shapeshifting water spirits.) 'The stream is spring fed, it comes down from the silver springs up in the hills behind us and he is here to protect the water I think', she carried on as though she was very familiar with him 'He's much older than the Maori people though so he was probably called something else before they got here'. While she carried on explaining the Taniwha it was like there was a happy old man sitting

behind me nodding his head muttering 'yes that's right' and 'ah ha' and when she spoke of the Maori people visions of tribally dressed people drinking and fishing from the stream sort of filled my mind, while at the same time I received a tirade of information about how he was of the land and of the water as old as the earth and how he was formed and why he was there. I could not see him but I could see him in my mind a shifting thing of water then like a lizard, then like an old man in a gray cloak, then like a beautiful young woman in no clothes at all... All while I watched a film in my head of how the land had changed around this stream and heard his voice and felt him grinning, that is still the overwhelming sense I have when I think about that day is his grinning satisfaction and this sense of awe that he knew I was coming and was capable of telling me to do something when I was miles away like time and distance and just the physical world was no barrier to him. And I got all this while he painstakingly explained that he was the land and the water. I don't know if that makes any sense but that's what it was like a flood of information and feelings and things not really seen or really heard but as if they were being seen and heard. The woman talked about how occasionally other people picked up on his presence. I explained that I was now sure it was him who had told me to bring the bread. When I think about him now, I think he is still aware of me, though I think now I'm probably as significant as a fly would be to a person. I didn't buy the house, though I do think he would have liked me to. I did go back for one more viewing and felt something but nothing as strong as that first time. I am a believer. I have a passionate academic interest in folklore and mythology and religion. But other than maybe one group ghost sighting as a young teenager I haven't experienced anything like this. I never litter, not because I'm a great conservationist but because I have always felt like it might upset fairies and I don't step into mushroom circles. But other than that I am normal, not a spiritual hippy new agey person. But someone with a mortgage and a day job ha ha.' 'Like an old man, and a lizard and a lake and a young woman.' 'I think it was an experience with something that is as much a part of the earth as water or dirt is.' '[Fairies are] manifestations of creative energy of the earth not limited by the physical world.'

§486) New Zealand (Taranaki). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; less than a minute; curious yet serious; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was fifteen years old, I woke up and a little green man/being (sort of looked like a gremlin/imp (khaki green skin/ bald/pointed ears/wrinkly weathered skin/ unclothed/ about a foot and a half tall/ stocky) was standing by my bed looking at me. I am a hundred percent sure I was fully awake! I looked at him, for a bit, stunned. He didn’t look mean, more curious, then he looked like he was going to walk closer to me. I exclaimed ‘what the #@!\$% is that!?!?’ and threw my pillow at it. Then after a few moments I peeked under the pillow and nothing was there. This was in my basement bedroom. I fled upstairs and slept in my sister’s room that night and slept upstairs for a week or two after the incident. Everyone laughed at me and said I was dreaming but to this day I can remember it totally and was wide awake. I didn’t think it looked like an alien! But who knows? More like a tiny troll thing. The area that the house was built on was a reclaimed swamp.’ ‘As noted previously, about a foot and a half tall, stocky, unclothed, khaki-coloured, wrinkly weathered skin (like an elderly man who has seen a lot of sun) pointed ears, snub/small nose, presumably male, didn’t seem female, bald.’ ‘One of my friends who was an amateur medium said to me it was a being from another plane who just was checking me out so I never really knew what exactly it was – my sister heard about this survey on a radio interview and thought it might have been a fairy so phoned me and told me to fill out the survey as she heard a fairy might not be a typical ‘Tinker Bell’ fairy and was familiar with my story of the ‘little green man’. ‘[What are fairies?] no idea really – supernatural beings I guess.’ ‘The only other thing is when I was small, around two to three years old, I had an imaginary friend for quite a while and would tell my family off if they sat on him etc!’

§487A) New Zealand (Wellington). *Male (third person); still in touch with witness; family; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share the experience; don’t know duration; no time given; no fairy mood given; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My then two-and-a-half-year-old son insisted, quite matter-of-factly, that

he could sometimes see a ‘little bat man’ standing or (possibly) moving on our bookshelves.’ ‘A ‘little bat man’ (or possibly, ‘a little Batman’).’ ‘I don’t think he knew the word/concept ‘fairy’. He just spoke about seeing the little bat man.’ ‘I don’t believe in the empirical/literal reality of fairies and neither does my now-adult son, but we’re both interested in the ‘suspension of disbelief’.

§488) New Zealand. *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in a city, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Under the branches of a very old and large fig tree. As I played with my older sister they joined our game as if they were friends who had always known us. Then as the afternoon wore on they drifted away but then returned on subsequent occasions as we played. There was no encouragement or enticement on our behalf.’ ‘Small pale colours, floaty clothes soft gentle appearance delicate wings.’ ‘No sound other than the breeze and the natural summer garden sounds.’ ‘Fairies are very distinct.’

§489) New Zealand. *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a garden*; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘It was the night of Halloween, and I was alone on the farm property where I lived. I visited a willow tree that was a favourite place to spend time, and the area was well lit by stars etc, even though it was late in the night. I was quite close to some houses but the willow grew from a stream and was out of site, slightly down a hill. As I approached I ‘heard’ some kind of drums, although I heard them inside my head and it wasn’t really like noise, more like being aware of there being drums without really hearing them. (I never used to believe in fairies but had an experience of seeing one in a different region only a month earlier, and so I had considered the possibility more seriously.) The more I ‘listened’ to the drums the more clear they became, and seemed to come from everywhere with no single source, but it was like trying to tune in to a radio station amongst static. I couldn’t see, but

became aware that there were small people dancing around me, between five-inches and a foot tall, also some were in the tree and others, much larger, were around the grove and stream. I can't explain how I knew they were there as I couldn't see them, just sense them. I had heard folk stories about humans who have bad things happen when they dance with fairies, so I was wary even though I didn't know what was really happening and guessed I was probably imagining it. Regardless, I enjoyed spending time there in the grove, 'listening' to the music and after about ten minutes (I think), I returned to my house. I was able to remember the music for a short while afterwards, and the more I look back on the event, the more certain I am that I accidentally was allowed to join in/be aware of some kind of fairy celebration.'

'Between five- to fifteen-inches tall, of various types. Slim, tall and humanoid with extended limb and torso lengths. Some of the group were another type as well, much larger and shaggy, or bulky, and between four and twenty-five feet tall.' 'Hard to describe. I was aware of a drum beat, rhythmic and festive, fast. There was another kind of music amongst the drum which had a tune, but I was unable to remember it after the experience ended. I could remember the feeling it invoked, but not the actual music itself. The drums weren't heavy sounding, they were more like a pulse or heart beat (slightly muted).' 'I was aware of many small figures dancing to music in a grove by a willow tree on a time of year famous for supernatural occurrences. I also had an experience of seeing a fairy for the first time a month prior, so immediately was open to the possibility that is what they were.' '[Fairies are] spiritual beings that exist in a part of reality we aren't regularly able to perceive.' 'I would like for fairies, and places that have a great understanding and respect for them to receive good, scientifically-founded investigation and professional acceptance. Whilst I think that many people do experience hallucinations or have vivid imagination about this, I also think that there is far more to reality than we understand or can quantify. As it is we can only perceive a very limited section of the light spectrum, for example. After my experiences, I am forced to accept that there is a basis for fairy lore and although I will not actively seek out fairies, I hope that others do in a way that leads to a better understanding of this complex planet and our relationship with it.'

§490) New Zealand. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘I was lying in bed looking at the sun rising from my bedroom window. When I saw a flash of red light darting amongst the plants and flowers outside. I grabbed my phone and took a few pictures of the energy. When I checked out the photos I had a picture of a red fairy wearing a hat and might even be holding a sword. I think it looks male.’ ‘Energy and light: wearing classic clothing like a uniform.’ ‘I have had experience with ghosts before in a haunted house. I think I was just lucky to have taken the photo. I wouldn’t have even known it was a fairy unless I had taken the photo and enlarged the image. I just saw unusual light and movement.’ ‘[Fairies are] energies from another dimension.’ ‘I believe that there is so much more out there than our current minds can see and understand. I see auras but most people don’t. But they are still there even though most can’t see them.’

§491) New Zealand. *Male; 1970s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was about four years old. Family had finished dinner. It was daylight saving, in New Zealand, and during summer. In my parents’ garden was a lemon tree, adjacent to a path leading to an orchard at rear of house. As I approached the lemon tree I saw fairies. They saw me approaching. We looked at each other. Under the lemon was a ‘portal’, like a worm hole. The fairies looked at me, gave a smile and skipped into the worm hole. Their body language suggested to me they had been busted, and had not expected to be found by me and appeared embarrassed by it. I continued walking towards the lemon tree and then past it. When about five meters past the tree, I suddenly turned around, and again I saw the fairies. A second batch were escaping through the worm hole under the lemon tree. The worm hole was about the diameter of a soccer ball. The fairies were similar to as classically portrayed in pictures. The funny thing about the lemon tree

was the grass that grew under it. When older I use to mow my parents' lawns. The grass under the lemon tree was always of very fine quality compared to the remainder in the garden. I suspect the reason for my encounter was due to the fairies doing a similar thing as I. They were enjoying a summers sunny evening. I never saw them again. I even returned the following evening to try and find them but didn't. A few years later I saw a TV documentary about the Cottingley Fairies. A forty-four year old in New Zealand, I didn't know about the Cottingley Fairies. I had only learnt about them [i.e. fairies] from children's books and nursery rhymes. The fairies I saw were very [similar?] to those in the Cottingley photos. The thing I remember most is beige and brown colours of the fairies' clothes. Their skin was like a caucasian's. The whole experience happened real quick and was over in less than a minute. I couldn't believe what I had seen. I thought I had imagined the whole experience, but it wasn't like that. I saw them twice. First on approaching the tree, and second when I suddenly turned around after passing the tree.' 'Six to eight inches tall. Slender, not obese. Caucasian. Being New Zealand I would of expected some Maori fairies but they weren't. They were very similar to those in the Cottingley photos.' 'I saw a worm hole. Fairies are made of flesh and blood. They can travel through dimensions. My experience was in New Zealand. I would have expected them to have brown skin like a Maori, but they did not. It was Caucasian coloured. I don't know what their cause for existence is.' 'My fairy experience was the first supernatural experience in my life. I have had plenty since then. My fairy experience is the only one I have had. I believe the Cottingley photos to be real.'

Part Five: The Rest of the World

§492A) Argentina (Mendoza). *Male (third person); still in touch with witness; family; 1940s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); with several other people, some of whom shared the experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).*

‘This fairy experience took place in a little town called *** in Mendoza, Argentina, the people who were involved in this experience where, my grandmother Rosa, she was twelve, my uncle Manuel he [is] still alive, he was eight, and her little brother, he was six. According to my uncle’s testimony this happened around noon, when she [grandma] had to take a snack to her stepfather, who was working on a farm that it was about five miles away (it was common for them to take, depending on the occasion, breakfast or snack always made the same way and about the same time). Along the way they reached a known farm land, in which they used to play for a while, (in this part my grandmother always stopped to tell how fun it was, stretching between all and then climb fast and crash when closing a game child) vertigo. All of the sudden my grandmother heard a scream and saw one of her brother’s pointing and shouting an ‘Elf’, he saw it coming out of the meadow that were on the other side of the gate, near the road also came a low man, dark (a very dark brownish), holding a stick in his hand she also remembered in this part he was like calling them to play with him .I remember my grandmother telling me that it was half pigheaded, and it was like floating and moving very fast. The ‘Elf’ was about ten meters from them and her brother when they saw it.’ ‘The cultural myth at that time was that this type of creature was known as an ‘elf (Duende).’ ‘This experience is part of the region folklore and belief and it’s been passed, for every generation, creating myths and local legends. The people of this region is known for being serious, hardworkers and Catholic. This encounter experience has been recorded, in an interview with my uncle, the last witness of that encounter many years ago.’

§493) Chile. *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was eight, I was sitting. There were ferns. And on the ferns had two little men cleaning the leaves. I never saw me [sic].’

§494) China. *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a garden [‘kung fu school’]; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; mischievous, angry; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘It was scary, first it was on the window trying to get it, then tried the door, I closed it that second, then it started screaming, but really really loud as a person, the whole school heard it. It was creepy.’ ‘Black.’ ‘SCREAM LIKE HUMAN BUT LOUDER THAN ANY HUMAN.’ ‘I don’t think it was a ghost I’ve seen many of those and they touch and seek and throw stuff in my house, break things and levitate stuff back in Bolivia so believe me I know those ones, then aliens? I don’t know. I don’t think an alien would scream like that.’ ‘I had a similar experience when I was eleven-years-old in Argentina, in the bathroom, it was in the shape of a big insect I ignored it. Then I showered and told him I’m your queen haha, and kept talking to it mentally. Then I came out and it started to walk to me and I was like stop and then it SCREAMED, ACTUAL SCREAM, my friend was outside the door and she was like why are you screaming?? And I was like it’s not me! And then she came in and the thingy shut up and went away, but it was like human scream and Super LOUD.’

§495) Mexico. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; curious; regular supernatural experiences; ‘drawn to take pictures of flowers’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was photographing roses in a friend’s garden and photographed two [fairies].’ ‘One was small didn’t look like it was clothed and either had something on its head, maybe blonde hair. The other was just his face looking at me through some leaves.’ ‘[Fairies are] beings between realms.’

§496B) Mexico. *Male; 2010s; 51-60; no location given; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; many hours* [‘2 o 3 horas’ ‘2 or 3 hours’]; friendly, joyful, aloof; regular supernatural experiences; ‘voy a visitarlas muy seguido cada semana’ [‘I go to visit them every week’]; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you,*

unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience. ‘I am a fairy investigator and have been for the last seven years. I know where they live and I have more than five thousand photographs of them.’ ‘Yes, many things from stories and films exist.’ ‘Harmonious and rhythmic choirs without shrill notes.’ ‘I’ve discovered various places where they live.’ ‘Fairies are nature spirits.’ ‘Some change form and grow or shrink as they wish.’*

§497A) Peru. *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 1980s; 0-10; in woodland; alone; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; angry; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘The following experience happened to my friend Z in 1987 in the province of ***, a rural undeveloped Amazonian community in the region of San Martin located in northern Peru. The experience was told in 1999. ‘When I was seven, everyday about 3 P.M., my younger sister X and I would accompany my mom to her *chacra* (farming grounds) within the dense vegetation of the rainforest to feed our animals. We had ducks, chickens, turkeys, and hogs. Every day, while my mom worked, X and I would play around and climb trees and pick their fruits. One day, I found myself alone up in a mango tree. Once I got bored, I decided to climb down, and that’s when saw my sister X behind a banana plant. I could only see her from behind; she was naked and had long blonde hair down to her butt crack. ‘What was my little sister doing naked?’ I thought. I hadn’t even realized X didn’t have blond hair. I got closer and pulled her hair, and then I laughed as I quickly hid behind another banana plant. That’s when I noticed that she wasn’t my sister. I wanted to see her face to know whether it was a boy or a girl, and ask him what was she or he doing in my mom’s farm, but every time I tried to look she would turn away from me. Then I saw him – hideous with an old man’s face. I laughed because he was very ugly, and then he got angry and grumbled. He was small and had rotten teeth. I then noticed he had no feet. He was floating, like a ghost. I quickly turned around at the shock, but when I turned back he wasn’t there anymore. I looked for him because I wanted to ask him about his feet but didn’t find him.’ Z

* ‘Soy investigador de hadas desde hace 7 años las conozco se donde habitan y tengo más de 5000 fotografías de ellas....’ ‘Si muchas cosas de los cuentos y películas existen.’ ‘Armónicos y rítmicos coros, y sin estridencias.’ ‘He descubierto varios lugares donde habitan.’ [Fairies are] espíritus de la naturaleza’. [A]lgunas cambian de forma o crecen o se reducen a voluta.’

told me that her sister X would always get terrorized by some kind of ghost that she would call a fairy: ‘Every time, she would wake up crying and complain that someone was pinching her, and of course, no one was. One time, she woke up, and immediately stood up in a bench and flapped her arms as if wanting to fly. The most terrifying event happened when the *duende* [generic Spanish term for fairy-being] actually tried to take X. She was crying a lot, saying someone was taking her. It looked as if someone was pulling her hands and hair, but we didn’t see anything. My little sister described the *duende* as an old man.’ ‘In another encounter during the same year, Z narrated: ‘I was roaming through the jungle. It was a path that I had taken multiple times. I was walking by a small river when I saw a beautiful naked woman sitting on a rock on the river brushing her long blond hair. There was something non-human about her. I didn’t let her see me for fear of being kidnapped. I think she was singing to herself, but suddenly she turn around and saw me. She knew I was there and I think she either jumped in the river or disappeared while I blinked, because she wasn’t there the next second’.

§498A) Peru (Toledo). *Male (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; alone; 12 pm-3 PM; one to two minutes; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘I have a thirty-year old friend who tells how, when he was twelve or thirteen years of age, in 1999-2000 he saw in *** in Peru, something from the other side, what is known as a *duende*. He described it as a creature that was about fifty or sixty centimeters tall, with a hat, a wrinkled face and with a not particularly thick beard. This creature, my friend told me, he saw on the patio of his house when he was coming back from school between about 1300 and 1400. My friend remained intrigued by the experience. His sister who was smaller than him and who is now twenty three claimed to have seen the *duende* some days later. My friend says that when he thought about warning others that there was an intruder the *duende* disappeared. Many years later, while commenting on this case, people told my friend that there is a type of *duende* in Peru that lives around the fig trees: this was interesting as there was a fig tree in the patio. My friend is trustworthy and does not lie.’ ‘The witness subsequently learned that fig trees attract supernatural

beings and the place had a great fig tree.’ ‘He rapidly decided that he had seen a *duende* as the creature has a small stature, was human-like and well shaped. In his village there are, what is more, lots of stories about these beings.’ ‘It was very possibly some type of *duende* from a fig tree, possibly a Muqui, which is the Peruvian *duende* of this type.’*

§499) South Africa. *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘While cleaning my rabbit’s pen, suddenly two green fairies appeared near a tree, one was hovering waiting for the second one and then they flew off. A medium told me they came to heal me as I was distraught about my one rabbit who had meningitis!’ ‘Green bodies, wings like a firefly, appeared naked, body length more or less ten cm.’ ‘Yes other people have seen similar [in the area].’ ‘I have apparently connection to the Elemental and Divic realms.’ ‘[Fairies are] nature spirits part of angelic realm.’ ‘Proof that they exist following this episode I took a photo of a white fairy!’

§500) South America. *Male; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Purple light.’ ‘The sound produced images.’ ‘[Fairies are] interuniversal beings.’ ‘Innocence is something they can give back. They protect their chosen. People can be portals to their realm. The green fae can make you mad.’

* ‘Tengo un amigo de 30 años que aproximadamente cuando él contaba con 12-13 años, en el año 1999-2000 vio en *** (Perú) ya que él es de allí, lo que él reconoce como un duende. Lo describe como una criatura de unos 50-60 centímetros, con un sombrero, cara arrugada, y barba no muy espesa. Esta criatura, según cuenta mi amigo ***, la vio en el patio de su casa, justo cuando entró a ésta al llegar del colegio, serían aproximadamente las 13:00-14:00 horas. Mi amigo siempre quedó intrigado por este asunto y su hermana, más pequeña que él, de 23 años en la actualidad, afirmó haber visto a este duende días después. Según mi amigo, cuando intentó avisar a más gente ya que pensaba que la criatura era un intruso, este ser desapareció. Años después, comentando este caso, le dijeron a mi amigo que hay un tipo de duendes en Perú que suelen habitar cerca de las higueras, coincidía además que en el lugar del avistamiento, en aquel patio, había una higuera. Mi amigo es de confianza y sé que no miente.’ ‘El testigo se enteró después que las higueras atraían al estos seres y el lugar del avistamiento contaba con una gran higuera.’ ‘Él rápidamente asoció el caso a un duende ya que la criatura contaba con muy pequeño tamaño y era antropomorfo y bien proporcionado. En su país además, abundan las historias de este tipo.’ ‘Algún tipo de duende relacionado con las higueras, posiblemente un Muqui que es un duende de esas características de Perú.’

Appendix: The Questionnaire

Note that this survey is anonymous and no personal data will be shared outside the bounds of the project. In the case of publication of answers, personal details will be changed to guarantee anonymity.

Each survey is for one fairy experience: if you have had several you are asked to choose the most interesting and memorable.

Are you male or female?

- Male
- Female

What is your nationality/ethnicity?

How old are you?

- 0-10
- 11-20
- 21-30
- 31-40
- 41-50
- 51-60
- 61-70
- 71-80

- 81-90
- 91 plus

How old were you approximately when you had the fairy experience?

- 0-10
- 11-20
- 21-30
- 31-40
- 41-50
- 51-60
- 61-70
- 71-80
- 81-90
- 91 plus

When approximately did the fairy experience take place?

- Prior to 1920
- 1920s
- 1930s
- 1940s

- ● 1950s
- ● 1960s
- ● 1970s
- ● 1980s
- ● 1990s
- ● 2000-2010
- ● 2011-Present

Where in the world did the fairy experience take place?

- ● Africa
- ● Asia
- ● Australasia
- ● Europe
- ● North America
- ● South America

In what region did the fairy experience take place?

e.g. Cheshire (England)

At approximately what time of the day or night did the fairy experience take place?

- ● Midnight-3 AM

- 3-6 AM
- 6-9 AM
- 9-Midday
- Midday-3 PM
- 3-6 PM
- 6-9 PM
- 9 PM-Midnight
- I can't remember

In what setting did the fairy experience take place?

(Note multiple answers are possible)

- On or near water
- In woodland
- In open land (fields etc)
- On a country road
- In a city
- Inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)
- Inside a private house
- In a garden

- I can't remember
- Other:

Were you on your own or with others?

- On my own
- With one other person who shared my experience
- With one other person who did not share my experience
- With several other people, some of whom shared my experience
- With several other people, none of whom shared my experience
- I can't remember
- Other:

Approximately how long did the experience last?

- Less than a minute
- One to two minutes
- Two to ten minutes
- Ten minutes to an hour
- Many hours
- Other:

What were the light conditions?

(Try and remember the degree of dark or sunlight, the cloud cover etc)

- Full light
- Shaded or partial light
- Quite dark
- Very dark or pitch black
- I can't remember

Please describe your fairy experience in as much detail as possible.

(If your answer is long you might find it useful to cut and paste from Word)

What sex were the fairy/fairies?

- Male fairy or fairies
- Female fairy or fairies
- Mixed group
- Sex uncertain
- No fairy was seen

How big were the fairy/fairies?

- Hand size or smaller
- Baby size

- Infant size
- Adult size
- Bigger than human
- Size changed through the experience
- No fairy was seen

If the fairies tried to communicate with you how did they do so?

- They did not try
- With their voices
- With gestures and expressions
- Telepathically
- Other:

Which senses were engaged in the experience?

(Note multiple answers are possible)

- Sight (the fairy was seen)
- Smell (the fairy was smelt)
- Touch (the fairy touched or was touched by you)
- Hearing (the fairy was heard)
- None of these

What, if anything, was the character/mood of the fairy or fairies?

(Note multiple answers possible)

- Friendly
- Mischievous
- Angry
- Joyful
- Aloof
- Erotic
- None of these
- Other:

If seen what did the fairy/fairies look like?

If you heard fairy music or sounds how would you describe these?

Do you know if the place of the experience had a reputation for fairies? And if so did you know this prior to your experience?

If you saw the fairies would you say they were physical? Could they have been touched?

- Yes
- No
- Not Sure

- I didn't see a fairy

Do you think that a complete stranger walking into your experience would have had the same experience as you?

- Yes
- No
- Not sure

Did you believe in fairies prior to the experience?

- Yes
- No
- Not Sure

Do you believe in fairies now?

- Yes
- No
- Not Sure

Did you notice any of these phenomena?

(Multiple answers possible)

- Loss of sense of time
- Profound silence before the experience
- Hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience

- A sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you
- Unusually vivid memories of the experience
- Unusually clouded memories of the experience
- A sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life
- A sudden warmth before the experience
- A sudden chill before the experience
- None of these

To what spiritual or religious tradition do you belong (if any)?

What level education do you have?

- School
- University degree
- Masters or doctorate
- None of the above

How often do you have supernatural experiences?

- Never or almost never
- Occasionally
- Regularly

If you occasionally or regularly have supernatural experiences do these, at times, involve fairies?

- I don't occasionally or regularly have supernatural experiences
- No, they never involve fairies
- Yes, they often involve fairies
- They always involve fairies

When you had your experience were any of the following true?

(Note multiple answers are possible)

- You were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries)
- You had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep
- You were tired and hadn't slept for a long time
- You had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug
- You had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running up stairs)
- You were very sad
- You were extremely happy
- None of these
- Other:

Which if any of the following sentences describe you well?

(Note multiple answers are possible)

- You often lose track of time
- You can close your eyes and imagine your next-door neighbour vividly
- Smells evoke powerful emotions for you
- You have clear memories of early childhood
- You easily cry while watching a sad movie
- You often fantasise
- You can drive from x to y and, afterwards, not remember the journey
- None of these

How many books have you read about fairies?

(Fairy book might include fiction or non-fiction)

- Never read a fairy book
- One or two
- Three to ten
- More than ten

Do you have problems with your hearing or eyesight?

(Note multiple answers are possible)

- Nearsighted
- Farsighted

- Hard of hearing
- Tinnitus
- Glaucoma
- Cataract
- None of these
- Other:

Why do you think your experience was a fairy experience, as opposed to a ghost or an alien or an angel or some other type of anomalous experience?

What in your opinion are fairies?

Do you have any other comments or thoughts?

Would you object to leaving an email address for follow-up questions?

Note that this email will not be shared and it will never be published. Also please write here if you have any pictures or photographs relevant to the experience, which you are willing to share.

Finally, do you give permission for the information to be used (anonymously) for scholarly purposes?

(Without this permission your answers cannot be included in the survey)

- Yes
- No