

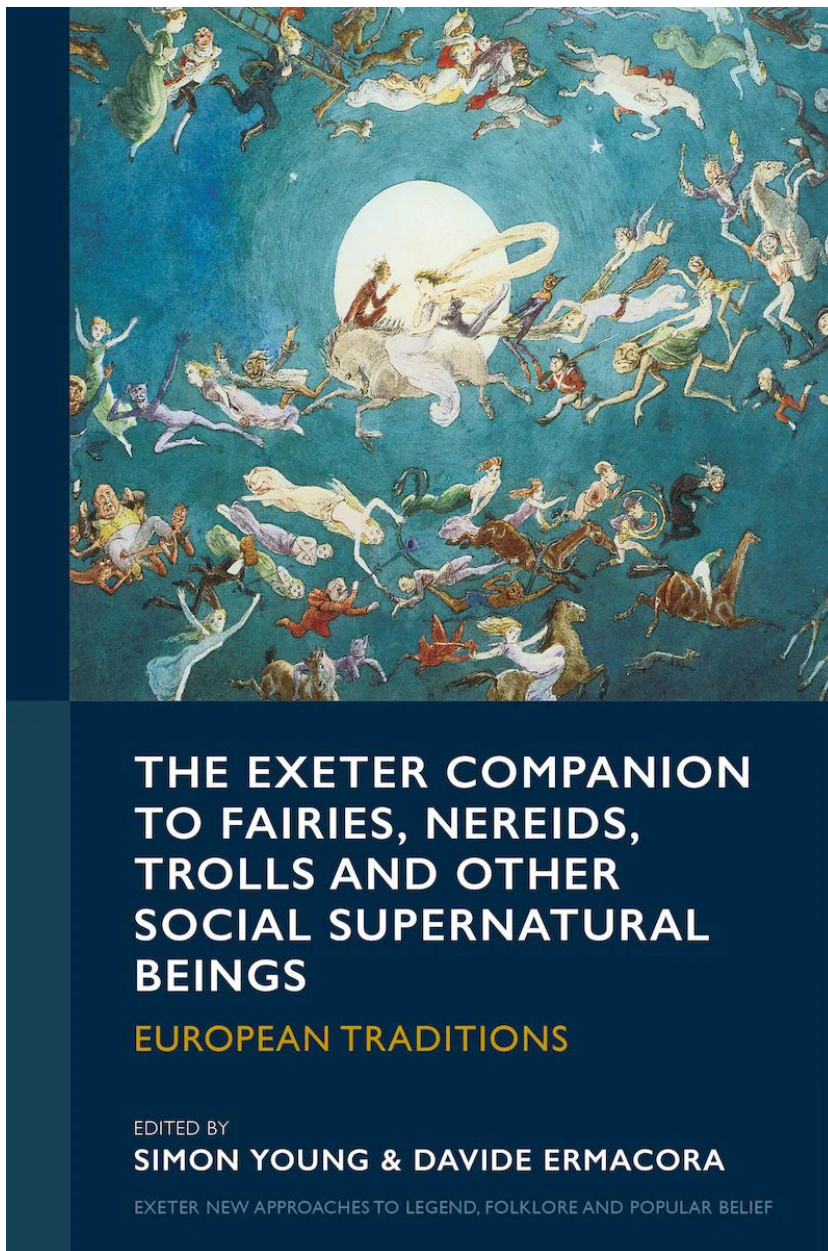


*Fairy Census 2: 2017-
2023* (ed) Simon Young

Dedicated to the memory of Walter Evans Wentz (1878-1965)

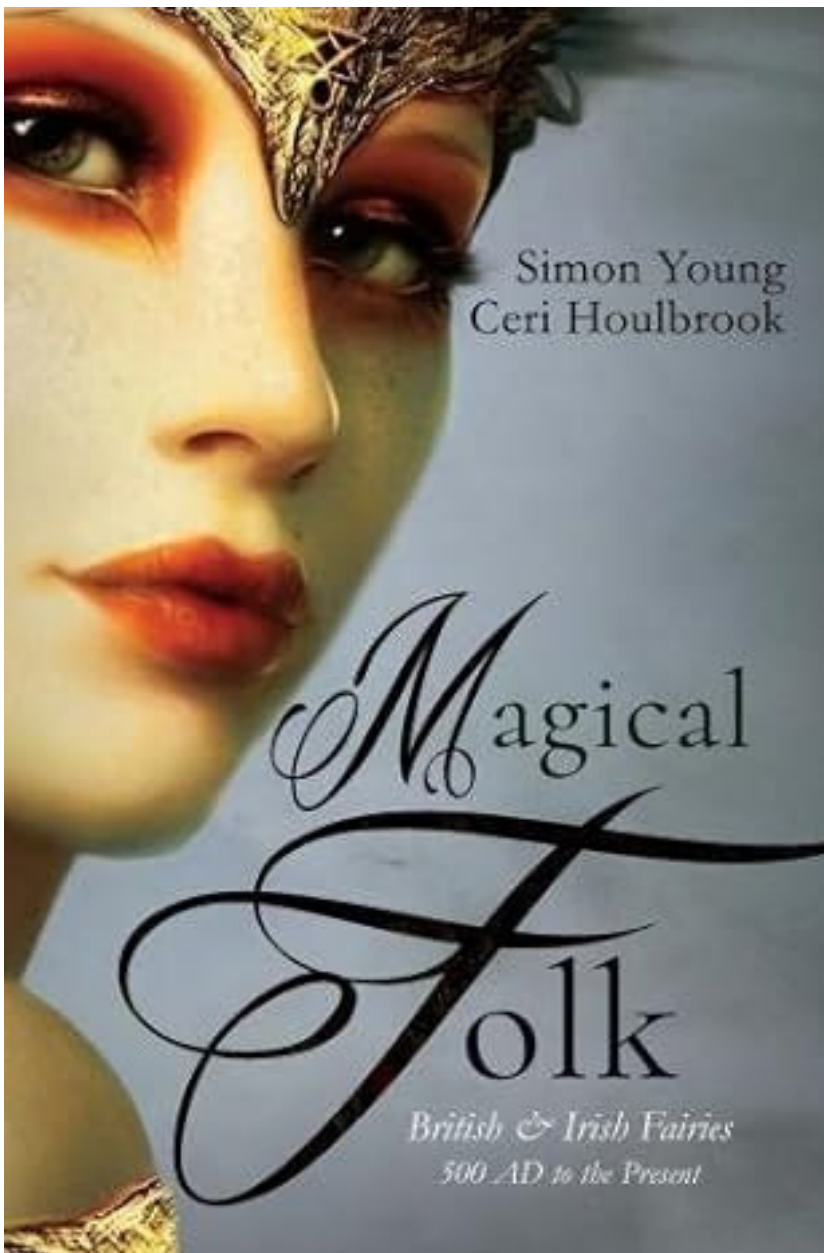
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Notice of a New Fairy Book



Simon Young and Davide Ermacora, 'Introducing the Social Supernatural'; John Carey, 'Ireland: The Tribes of the Gods and the People of the Hills'; Stephen Miller, 'The Isle of Man: "They Call Them the Good People"'; Jeremy Harte, 'England: Small Fairies are Beautiful Fairies'; Matthias Egeler, 'Iceland: The Elves of Strandir'; Tommy Kuusela, 'Scandinavia: My Neighbour the Troll'; Willem de Blécourt, 'The Netherlands: Witte Wieven and Other White Apparitions'; José Manuel Pedrosa, 'Iberia: Moors, Gentiles and Encantadas'; Andrea Maraschi, 'France: Human-like Societies and Spaces among the Fées'; Janin Pisarek and Florian Schaefer, 'German-Speaking Europe: Moosweiblein, Wichtel and Nixen'; Éva Pócs, 'Hungarians: Heavenly and Earthly Fairy Societies'; Dorian Jurić, 'Western Balkans: "A Vila like a Vila"'; Tommaso Braccini, 'Greece (and Italy): the Nereids, "Those from Outside"'; Francis Young and Saulė Kubiliūtė, 'The Balts: Laumės and Laimės'; Natalie Kononenko, 'Ukraine: Courtship Rituals and Legends of the Bohyni'.

Notice of an Old Fairy Book



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.

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Introduction to *Fairy* *Census 2*

What is *Fairy Census 2*?

Some five hundred fairy experiences follow in these pages, and over 200,000 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. *Fairy Census 1* was 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. *Fairy Census 2* celebrates the arrival of another fairy monograph *The Exeter Companion To Fairies, Nereids, Trolls And Other Social Supernatural Beings European Traditions* (edited Simon Young and Davide Ermacora). This will be published in the summer of 2024 by Exeter University Press.

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, 2020s.

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 upstairs); 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 a few 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: several respondents did not give permission so these were removed. I deleted several ‘joke’ replies, though one, involving a fishing vessel from the Faeroes, made me laugh out loud. I deleted entries in which not enough information is 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 ever. 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 on a phone 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 half a dozen 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! I am, instead, utterly convinced that several accounts concerning fairies in the New Forest in Hampshire were deliberately faked. I've included these in an appendix for *Fairy Census 2*.

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 do you do with the information?

I write academic and 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).¹ I also hope, by releasing these accounts free of charge on the internet (there are now a thousand experiences), 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?

¹ For publications (available online) 'Children Who See Fairies', *Journal of Religious Experience* 4 (2018), 81-98; and 'When did fairies get wings?', *The Paranormal and Popular Culture*, (ed.) John W. Morehead and Darryl Catherine (London: Routledge, 2019), 253-274.

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 in *Fairy Census 2* were recorded between Dec 2017 and August 2023. At a later date I will produce a third *Fairy Census* on the same model (and perhaps a fourth and a fifth...).

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 published: specify if you don't want material shared.

How can I read the *Fairy Census*?

The *Fairy Census* is released in three formats. First, it is available for money from Pwca Books as three physical paperback volumes for each *Fairy Census* (the easiest source here is Amazon, though for big orders I can send them personally); second it is available as a free pdf file online (check Simon Young's Academia page and the *Fairy Census* page); third, *Fairy Census 1* and *2* (minus the A, B and C answers) have been united into a single Excel file that can also be freely taken online (again check Simon Young's Academia page and the *Fairy Census* page).

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](mailto:fairyinvestigationsociety@gmail.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 edited a collection of essays on British and Irish Fairies, *Magical Folk: British and Irish Fairies, 500 AD to the Present* (Gibson Square 2017) and, now, Simon Young and Davide Ermacora are bringing out *The Exeter Companion To Fairies, Nereids, Trolls And Other Social Supernatural Beings European Traditions* (published summer 2024).

Any changes from the first *Fairy Census*?

I've struggled to keep things as uniform as possible. However, I did make one significant change. In many cases people gave fairy accounts from their holidays. Of eleven Irish experiences recorded here, five were actually the experiences of visitors to the island! Is a fairy experience of, say, a British tourist in France, British, French or neither? The answer will depend on the researcher and your views of fairies. I should have found some way to express this in *Fairy Census 1*. It is too late to change the rubric now so, in *Fairy Census 2*, I made editorial interventions with comments like '[American national]'.

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? (It isn't any longer...) 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 for the *Fairy Census* project the precious advice and help of Chris Woodyard, Janet Bord, Thomas Bullard, Cristiano Cosentino, Mike Dash, Kate Hare, Patrick Harpur, Jo Hickey Hall, Carl Langendoen, James McClenon, John Moriarty, Bob Rickard, Heather Robbins, Neil Rushton, Malcolm Smith, Michael Swords and Cecily 'the Scary Fairy Godmother'.

Mauro Renna gave his characteristically efficient and timely technical assistance.

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

England, Ireland, Man, Scotland, Wales

§501) England. *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; threatening; 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, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I was walking through the woods at dusk with my father when I heard a sort of crunching, static sound like a more aggressive, corrupted form of the fairy bells of old and a sound that I had heard many times in the last few years, often paired with some sort of fae-attributed experience. We were walking onto a track through the forest when we turned right towards a heathland. I heard the sound, and I turned around to see a dim lamp post throwing jaundiced light over a strange, blurry, disfigured, thin, tall thing, like something out of a horror movie. It just stood there in the centre of the road and watched. Turning back ahead, I swiftly left the forest and got back to our car to speed home.’ ‘Tall, dark, thin, featureless.’ ‘Like the music of my nightmares, distorted and spine chilling and full of anger and despair.’ Why fairies? ‘Because I have had other connected experience and others have that are more distinctly fae related and these have all connected clearly. It feels like these otherworldly in between creatures are trying to tell me something.’ Fairies ‘are the spirits of the wild, of nature, of history and inhabit the in between spaces. They are essential to our existence.’

§502A) England. *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; passing acquaintance; 1990s; 11-20; Inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); on their own; time not reported; duration not reported; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘The description was of seeing small red and blue fairy creatures dancing around. The witness said she saw them often, that they could be seen almost anywhere at any time, and they mostly ignored humans, but would disappear if loudly spoken about.’ ‘It’s entirely possible the person was making it up to sound more interesting, but she seemed genuine.’ ‘She described the creatures as fairies, small people with wings.’

§503A) England (Berkshire). *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 2020s; 11-20; inside a private house; on their own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous, 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.* ‘So it all started last week when my friend (a sort of quirky, spiritual type) was obsessively cleaning the bathroom of their messy house. They had been carefully clearing, spraying etc. the surfaces in the bathroom for about half an hour when a dark shape flitted through their peripheral vision. Instantly worried, they texted me panickily complaining of a ghost who was ‘going to kill them’ (although I’m sure that was just an overreaction). This repeated several times as they saw the dark, almost invisible thing pacing the corridor outside. They tried to record it for me but failed to catch the thing clearly on camera and so tried to continue cleaning despite the threat that they felt from this creature. In not too long it proceeded to knock over a washing basket. Not knowing much about ghosts and apparitions but, being well versed in faerie lore, I suggested

that my friend should turn their top inside out and see if the thing stops annoying them. At first, they were confused but they did it and to my amazement it worked, and they reported everything ‘feeling calm now’.

§504) England (Buckinghamshire). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; on a country road; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘Walking in June 2019 at around 5.30 am near the grounds of *** School in Buckinghamshire, I was crossing a small bridge and stopped to look in a small pool of water for any wildlife. At the edge of the pool, I saw what I initially believed to be a small bird jumping on some stones near the water’s edge, as I watched it get closer, I put my distance glasses on to have a closer look and I was absolutely astonished to see what I believe was a small fairy-like creature with delicate looking wings. I stood frozen to the spot in utter amazement as the small creature seemed to dance around the water’s edge, the creature’s wings appeared transparent, and the main body appeared to be a very light and beautifully green colour. The creature danced around for three or four minutes, before another similar creature appeared to dart down from a nearby tree at which point, they both took off together. The creature made no sound throughout apart from when they took off and I heard a tiny screeching sound which sounded like some speaking in a very high-pitched voice saying what sounded like the word ‘king’.’ ‘Transparent wings with a beautiful light and very bright green body.’ ‘The experience continues to resonate with me some five months afterwards.’ ‘Absolutely fairy experience: I now believe.’

§505B) England (Cambridgeshire). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; can’t remember duration; interested; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘The experiences are only caught on camera. There are many varied nature spirits which appear for my camera day and night. It’s far more unbelievable than I can say.’ ‘The fairies are so varied it’s hard to explain, but they would be a cross between animals and humans.’ ‘No music or sounds.’ ‘I have them on my camera images, which show up very clearly and because I take continuous shots, four to eight shots in a few seconds. It’s very difficult to argue with. Transparent energies which can morph into beings, and that they are behind a veil which our vision cannot grasp yet.’ ‘I am of the understanding that certain parts of ancient tales may need updating.’ ‘I am an amateur ufologist who searches the skies regularly.’

§506) England (Cambridgeshire). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional 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 was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘When I was about eleven, my best friend (let’s just call her Sarah) and I were obsessed with

fairies and gnomes. We had these little gnome figurines that we would talk to constantly and we often played games about going to fairyland. One day, I went to Sarah's house for a sleepover. We decided to make fairy traps (which was a common thing we did), to see if we could catch one. I will point out though that the traps were harmless and usually just consisted of an old shoe box filled with shiny items and a bed. (We wanted them to fall asleep and stay there until morning). I actually have a video of us making fairy traps on my other YouTube channel (which is called ***). Anyway, we made the trap as usual, and we left it in her bedroom. We kept the window slightly open so that they could fly in. Then she came with me to her guest bedroom because we didn't want to sleep in separate rooms. We chatted for a while and talked about how cool it would be to catch or at least see a fairy. Around half an hour later, when we were almost drifting off to sleep, we 'woke up' to hear what I can only describe as jingling bells. They sounded like the type that you would hear on Santa's sleigh. We both turned to each other and gasped in excitement at the thought of a fairy being nearby. I am two years older than her. So in my head I was thinking that it could just be someone carrying something that had a bell on it. But when I peered outside, no one was there. After a few minutes, the noises stopped and along with my joy, I couldn't help but feel a little creeped out. Just when we thought that it was over, we both saw darting lights outside the window. They were in the colours of green, orange, red, blue and gold. Sarah and I watched them in silence for a while, mesmerised. After that, the jingling sounds started again (louder this time) along with the flashing lights that looked like bright, glowing orbs, before finally all the activity stopped. In the morning, a fairy wasn't in the trap, but a few things looked like they have been knocked over. I am fourteen years old now and Sarah is twelve. We don't see each other much anymore as we go to different schools, and she has new friends. I miss her terribly. I doubt she still believes in fairies, but I do, and I often think about that magical night, where for a few minutes, we both saw what seemed to be fairies.' 'They looked like brightly coloured orbs that changed size sometimes. They were always smaller than my hand and the colours varied e.g. blue, red, yellow, green etc.' 'They were jingling bell noises (a bit like Santa's sleigh) and they sometimes changed in volume from quiet to fairly loud.' Fairies are 'small elemental beings that live in another realm and are often in nature.'

§507) England (Cheshire). *Male; 2000s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; busy; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'I was in a calm and relaxed state'; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It was a really pleasant late summer's day, sunny but not too hot or humid, my wife and I decided to drive to *** Park, Greater Manchester, to take a walk and have a coffee in a nice setting. The water park has a building and facilities and good parking, but is surrounded by farmed fields, easy paths, a few clusters of trees and to one side the Mersey. Away from the water activities it's a very tranquil setting, with interesting bird life. We were walking along a slightly elevated path

between two fields which were cultivated with well-developed cereal crops. The water park was well behind us and to the fore open countryside (in a semi-rural setting). At ninety degrees to the main path, much lesser paths occasionally cut through the crop. At one such lesser path, walking out of the crop but in parallel with myself, at a distance of about ten metres, was a Fairy. He was more purposeful than myself, crossed the minor path and went back into the crop and out of sight. Though I saw him from the corner of my eye, my impression was clear. He was about two to three foot tall, tanned and weathered, balding, aged about sixty (to my impression), [with] a serious aspect and dressed as a Victorian farmer might be, in a dark brown jacket, waistcoat, short boots and trousers gathered at the knee.' 'Not as I expected a Fairy to be at all, later reading suggested he might be an Earth Elemental.' 'Like a three-foot-tall Victorian farmer.' 'I think it was an Earth Elemental.' 'A different class of being close to our world, but not of it. I think there are many different types.' 'Years later I met the Queen of the Fairies in a dream and paid homage to her. She showed me the house on the sea front which I was to live at (I had never been there) and a glimpse of the Fairy activity on the Promenade (which was bonkers).'

§508) England (Cheshire). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own*; 3 am-6 am; 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.* 'My back garden has CCTV and lighting facing out towards the garden which will light up if somebody is outside, and on top of one of my bins, my spotlight lit up a figure smaller than a foot tall, it reflected my garden light so we couldn't see any details, just the full, shining silhouette of this figure. It was there for a moment and then just flew off. I don't remember how it flew away. I just remember being stunned at what I was looking at. I don't and still don't know whether I even believe in what I saw. So it's quite a bizarre experience to remember. My father also saw it with me, as did my younger brother and possibly my mother. My dad replayed the footage he had caught that night to me on TV, but sadly he must have taped over the recording since, as we tried looking for it again not long ago but couldn't find it anywhere.' 'A bright, reflective silhouette of a 'typical' fairy.' 'I have never heard of anybody saying anything around my area about fairies. My family has lived in the same house for generations as well.' 'It looked identical to what a typical 'fairy' would look like.' What in your opinion are fairies? 'I don't have one, I didn't believe in them but have since taken more notice of forum posts depicting others experiences since having mine.'

§509) England (Cornwall). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; 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, 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 winter of 1999 I was staying at a friend's in the village of *** near *** Moor. I awoke in the night. It was after midnight around 3 am and I heard what sounded like an angelic choir singing. It

sounded very distant. I got up to investigate, walked around the house trying to work out where the sound was coming from and could find no explanation. It wasn't coming from anything in the house that I could discern. It sounded like it was coming from [the] nearby moor. The night was very clear and still, no wind or rain. What choir would be out at that time of the morning on the moor in the cold and pitch-black dark? It was also other-worldly sounding. The singing continued on, and I went back to bed unable to come up with any earthly explanation. There are so many stone circles, cairns and standing stones on *** Moor, a very ancient and sacred landscape. I didn't know about faerie music at the time, I was more into angels, I now wonder if it was the fae that I was hearing out on the moor that night.' 'High pitched, like an angelic choir singing, very beautiful and ethereal, many harmonies.' 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? 'At the time I was interested in angels so I thought it was angelic. It's only in retrospect knowing more about fairies and local fairy folklore that I think it was fae.' Fairies are 'nature spirits who are part of the natural world'. 'The experience took me by surprise and I have since had other unexplained auditory experiences.'

§510) England (Cornwall). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I [Canadian national] was a few days into a *** tour of England, staying at an inn in Tintagel, having visited the Castle and Merlin's Cave. That night, my roommate and I were not sleeping well due to colds. Neither of us had slept since the tour started. I often have shamanic experiences when I don't get enough sleep, and this night I had a vision where I released some past experiences. Then I had a visit from a Fairy, full on vision – just the head view, a face with leaves around it, kind of wild looking (definitely not Tinkerbell). I did not know this was a Fairy until after the tour. I had a reading from a trance channeler who went back in time to view my experience. He told me these fairies are the guardians of Avalon.' 'I saw a face with leaves where hair would be; this being seemed wild, as if an animal in nature. Perhaps it was a felt sense, or the expression of the face and eyes.'

§511) England (Cornwall). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; 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.* 'We [Mexican and Belgian nationals] saw golden yellow orbs in Tintagel.' 'Golden light orbs.' 'Little bells or chimes and laughter.' 'Another woman shared the experience.' Why fairies? 'Laughing, golden orbs, chimes, playfulness.' What are fairies? 'Light beings connected to nature.'

§512A) England (Cumbria). *Female (third person); I lost touch with the witness; passing acquaintance; 1980s; 21-30; on a country road; on their own; 6 am-9 am; duration not reported; fairy mood not reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.*

‘A friend of my sister was staying in a farmhouse bed and breakfast in the countryside in Cumbria. One day she woke up early and went for a walk down a track because it was such a nice morning. She came across a small man sitting on a farm gate; she got the impression he was just enjoying the morning too. I don’t remember the description she gave except [that he was] one to two feet tall. He became aware of her after a few seconds when he jumped down off the gate and ran off. She was an experienced hill walker, used to the countryside, and always struck me as down to earth and not prone to flights of fancy.’

§513) England (Derbyshire). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; curious; no supernatural frequency reported; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘I was walking through the woodlands on *** Grounds with my family and at one point they had all walked ahead to look at something while I stood alone waiting for them. I watched them for a bit then, bored, I turned around and saw what looked like a tiny human, of about two inches in length, fly in front of me. It stopped when it reached my eye level and turned to look at me, before flying off again. It was completely white and glowed slightly and at the time, being a lover of Tinkerbell, I thought that was who I had seen. I have been back to the same place multiple times but have never had an experience like that again. At the time I told many people about the fairy I had seen but most people dismissed my sighting thinking it was my imagination. Even I sometimes doubt myself, but I’m trying to stay hopeful and am doing my own research into fairies to see if others have had similar experiences to me.’ ‘Small, completely white, wearing some sort of dress which was also white.’

§514) England (Derbyshire). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden; on my own [‘four hens and four ducks scattered everywhere when fairy appeared’]; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I’m in my garden sitting on [the] floor letting ducks and hens out onto [the] lawn. A large very old tree trunk is at the centre of the garden. I was thinking of nothing at all, but looked up as all the ducks and hens [were] scattering alarmed away from [the] tree trunk area. I saw a small (say fifteen centimetres tall) [man?] that was dressed in black with a tall hat with arms in the air. I just froze in disbelief and then after say ten seconds or so the fairy with no wings that I noticed walked over the top of the tree trunk stub and disappeared. I unfroze and quickly walked over to the area and searched everywhere but found nothing at all.’ ‘It was a very small figure in a human-like form.’ ‘Small dark figure, six inches high of a typical human form I guess with wearing tall hat. Did not

notice wings. It sound crazy doesn't it but I do see it and so did the ducks and hens.' 'Don't know [about fairies]. I assume they just exist and can become visible for a short while and then vanish as mine did.'

§515) England (Devon). *Male; 1990s; 0-10; on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was a child (I think I was ten) in the back seat of the car on a family holiday. We were in Devon and we were driving down a country road in the day time. My father, driving the car, pulled over on the narrow country lane to let someone pass and as we stopped for a few seconds I looked out the window and saw what looked like a tiny woman in a dress floating near the roadside hedge. I kept telling myself that it was a flower, and it did look a lot like a fuchsia. But as I stared for several seconds it was [became the] face [of] a small woman in a tiny red dress, hovering. Then the car moved, and I kept quiet, and I didn't even mention it to my parents who were in the car. I have never seen anything like it before or since... I am a very rational and sceptical person, and I was even as a child, so I have tried to tell myself it was a flower or an insect many times. But the fact remains that it clearly was not either of those things. It was a tiny woman in a dress. I have no way to explain it, and I even feel a bit silly writing it down as I have never told anyone.' 'A small woman in a tiny red dress, almost flower shaped. About the size of an adult's little finger. I don't remember seeing wings specifically, but they were hovering.' 'I really don't know' what fairies are. Why was this a fairy? 'I suppose because the creature looked like a tiny woman in a red dress hovering... to my knowledge that is quite a normal description on a fairy, and I don't know of any other name that people would call that.'

§516C) England (Devon). 'It was a drizzly evening in October of 2000 when, together with three friends I set out to visit ***, a Bronze Age stone circle on Dartmoor, Devon. We decided to visit on the spur of the moment and had not planned going to the circle before that day. The bad weather didn't bother us and we set out for the moors in the early evening. None of us had visited *** before and only had a vague notion of where it was. The circle actually has a rather rough car park close to it, but we didn't know that at the time as we had only decided to visit on the drop of a hat with almost zero research We arrived on Dartmoor, parked up and walked in the general direction of the circle. If I recall correctly, one of us had a map. We did have torches and boots but no waterproofs. We went tramping across Dartmoor in the drizzle. It was still light but the skies were overcast and dusk was creeping up. We entered a field enclosed by a dry-stone wall, *via* a metal gate. There were a few sheep in the field. We began to cross the field to get to the gate on the other side. The field was not a large one but we could not seem to find the gate. It

was not yet dark and we didn't need to use the torches. We stumbled around the field for what seemed like ages going round and round in circles. At times it felt like wading through treacle, a sort of heavy feeling on the limbs. Suddenly we noticed it had turned dark, seemingly instantly. I remember my leather jacket being soaked. We all wondered how it got so dark so fast. Then, beside the dry-stone wall there appeared a circle of lights, standing vertically and putting me in mind of a tiny Ferris wheel. The circle was about five feet across. It consisted of points of bluish-white lights, each about the size of a grape. I pointed it out and asked the others if they could see it. They all said that they could. It was visible for about ten seconds before 'winking out'. As we all stood gaping the lights re-appeared in a different configuration. This time the lights seemed to form the crude outline of a person. Again, it was about five feet high. It stood still with its arms and legs together. The head seemed to lack a neck and sat directly on the shoulders. If you imagine the logo used on public toilets to denote the men's but with the head sunken down, you will get an approximation of the shape. Once more we all saw it and once more it was there for around ten seconds before winking out again. At this point I knew something was very wrong and that something very strange was happening. I recalled the legends of travellers being 'pixy led' on the moors and that to break the spell you needed to turn your coat inside out. I said to the others 'Everybody stop. Take your coats off, turn them inside out and put them back on again.' This is an utterly crazy thing to say to anybody and I was fully expecting them to ask me what the bloody hell I was going on about. But the strange thing is that nobody questioned me. They all just did as I asked. We all turned our coats and there, right in front of us was the gate! We walked through it to find that the *** circle was right next to the field. There were a number of people there. They had lit a fire, and some were playing instruments but we had not seen the fire or heard the instruments whilst in the field. Another weird thing was that none of us talked about it afterwards. We just walked over to the circle, stayed a while then drove home without discussing what had occurred. I told my housemate about it when I got home but that was it. There seemed to have been some missing time involved. Somebody looking at this with a modern viewpoint would doubtless class it as an 'alien' encounter or possible abduction, but to me it just seemed like a meeting with something of the fay. I have visited Dartmoor countless times since and never encountered anything even slightly [similar]. I had another encounter with odd light phenomena in Central Tasmania in 2017, but this had a totally different feel to it.²

§517) England (Devon). *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; mischievous, curious; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'It was June 2016. I was with my mum walking through a lovely

² I was given permission to include this by the author. The account was first published in the *Fairy Investigation Society Newsletter* 18.

moorland garden on ***moor which only opens every summer, during May to July, for charity. Mum and I had been looking around the gardens and we were on the way back to the cafe. We were in good spirits as we had just been laughing at an unflattering photo that she had taken of me. We were walking along the footpath. To the left side of the path is lawn backed by bushes and a stream runs through towards a large pond. We were walking past a large log on the lawn to our left. As we walked by, I clearly saw, out of the corner of my eye, a little person dressed in brown with brown skin perched on the end of the log. He was sat with his knees up and arms wrapped around his knees. Looking sideways to me and my mum. To me he felt mischievous and curious. It was a flash of a few seconds. I exclaimed to my mum 'Oh, there's a pixie!' And she replied 'Yes, a pixie'. We were very matter of fact about it and carried on walking and talking. When I looked more closely at the log, I saw that the place where the pixie had been sitting was the stump of a branch, sticking out from the log. I felt very excited by this experience. Mum was diagnosed with cancer about six months after this, in the early part of 2017. So I feel that perhaps we had this experience because she was in a liminal place with her health. I've often reminded my mum of this, but recently her memory has faded. However, the other day when I asked her: 'Do you remember when we saw a pixie?' She replied 'Yes, we saw a pixie'. 'Brown skin, brown clothing, brown pointed cap. Short trousers and long-sleeved top. Mischievous expression, grinning, dark eyes, twelve inches or so high.' Why a fairy experience? 'It's because that's what I feel it was and it looked like it was a nature spirit – same colours as nature.' Fairies 'are nature spirits and part of nature'. 'This was a very special experience and a turning point in my life and my mum's.'

§518) England (Devon). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, aloof, wise; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'I had a hangover from the night before'; 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.* 'For several years I had experienced the same dream. In the middle of the night, fast asleep in my bed, I would be rudely awoken by a furious wind raging over me. At times it was like a swarm of angry bees, other times like a powerful jet engine, but each time it was wholly terrifying. Each time I felt as though I were awake, in that I knew that I was in my bedroom and my critical faculties were online. What was most upsetting was that I'd be unable to move. Figuring it was a type of dream, I always tried to goad myself to awaken, without much success – I just had to endure the wind. Since this event was happening fairly regularly, about four times a year, and since it was so disturbing, I attempted to research it. My endeavours led me to believe I was suffering from sleep paralysis, although I could find no references to such a wind in any of the books I consulted. Time went by. As someone who likes to pass their time with a good book, and with an interest in history, I was browsing books on a popular online

retailer and came across Emma Wilby's book, *Cunning Folk and Familiar Spirits*. It's a very well researched book and highly recommended, but what I read inside was of immense interest to me, for in it she mentions the phenomenon of the fairy whirlwinds. There are several fairy tales in which an ordinary mortal is transported to the otherworld *via* a sudden whirl of wind. Sure enough, it happened again. I'd awoken in the middle of the night by a hot blast of wind. This time, instead of fighting against it, I just kind of relaxed. And a good thing too, for what happened next was the most remarkable experience of my life, and I've led a very remarkable life. And though the experience was a dream, it was of the very lucid type of dream, the type that makes the ordinary world seem dull. I was wide awake in a fully realised 'virtual reality.' What happened is this: the wind picked me up and I was swept feet first through the window. I now found myself flying over a most amazing city, from which emanated a beautiful music that, as I wrote down later, was like a radiant kind of soul music. The city, which was in the sky floating on a cloud, extended as far as my eyes could see. There were towers, spires and domes, each constructed of stone of various hues. The city was not static but seemed to be in a constant state of movement. Great tenements floated past each other. The city felt as though it were alive. Eventually, I alighted amid a verdant landscape, a rock that was floating among the clouds. From this vantage point I could see various buildings serenely floating by me. The wonderful music, as loud and clear as if I had headphones on, continued. A little later on, I found myself in a darkened room. I'm not sure how I ended up there. There was a wardrobe from which a scuffling noise emanated. I opened it up and found a small stone statue, which came alive the moment I touched it, which certainly gave me the creeps. The creature was about knee height, it had a wizened head that reminded me of a native American chieftain, although the gender of it was unknown. Its skin was greyish-green. I remember clearly that it had some form of ritual scarification on its face, three curved lines were cut into each cheek. Overall, there was a sense that s/he was tremendously ancient. As I wrote down immediately after, my immediate reaction was 'Aha, here is a brownie,' since s/he was resident in a cupboard. At once I seemed to know the creature's name, but having later read of the taboo of sharing fairy names, it shall have to remain a secret, for although I was an atheist before, I am no longer! My companion took me by the hand in the way a child would, and together we sat on the bed. S/he was talking to me, but I couldn't understand a word of it. The language was all garbled, high-pitched and whispery. But I was able to discern a single word 'goal.' The meaning of this was made clear, for in the next moment we were playing a game similar to basketball but played with a teddy bear. I took a shot, and the teddy went through the hoop, and I immediately woke up. People will say 'ah, it was just a dream,' and that may be, but it was no ordinary dream, for throughout the experience I had the sense that I was awake, and the visions were rendered onto my eyes in the most sublime detail. Since waking life is basically a series of moving images and sensations, why should I dismiss this experience as a mere dream when those images and sensations were so utterly

sublime? I've since read that many witches reported that they'd been lying in their beds when they were taken away to fairyland. I can now understand their predicament. The experience was so convincingly real that to this day I'm certain I had been taken away to Fairyland.' 'Grey/greenish skin. Hooked nose. Ritual scarification on cheeks.' 'A sublime kind of soul music.' 'The fairy whirlwind, the music, the city, the brownie were all in the experience.' What are fairies? 'no idea'. 'This experience utterly changed the way I conceive of the world.'

§519) England (Devon). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; mischievous, joyful, aloof; no supernatural experience frequency reported; 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 [American national] was sleeping at *** hostel. I was on my own after a weekend attending mythologist *** Myth school. Everyone else had left that morning and I stayed two more days the only other human around was the hostel owner *** who stayed in a separate building with his dogs. After a day of hiking the moors and time spent doing a powerful ancestor ceremony in the oak grove behind the hostel I finally settled in for the evening. I was in bed sleeping when I woke from a dream to see a large many-being trooping fairy group circling the room on their way through. There were at least fifty beings of all kinds strange and amazing and [in various] sizes, including a male fairy that rolled himself in what seemed like an ancient wagon wheel. He rolled it right up my spine and then they all disappeared through the walls and continued outside. I have experienced these types of trooping fairies before. Years past.' 'Some beautiful and larger than human size, some hideous and animal like, some small, some large, some female, some male, some unknown.' Fairy music? 'Haunting riotous and wild.' 'Unknown if that exact place has any significance but certainly *** moor has much fairy folklore.' I felt great gratitude and honor that they showed themselves to me.'

§520) England (Devon). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; can't remember the time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I was walking down steps from near where I live, through [a] wooded area, into town and saw what I believe was a fairy leant against a tree.' 'We just looked at each other.' 'Small adult sized with long hair and handmade looking clothes.' Fairies are 'beings that, normally, wisely keep themselves away from us humans'.

§521) England (Devon). *Female; 2020s; 51-60; in a garden; on my own; can't remember the time; one to two minutes; friendly, caring and serious; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; no special experience reported.* 'Earlier in the year when I was visiting a hospice gardens, in Devon, just wishing to soak up the memory of my beloved late partner, I was sitting on the bench in the Scented Garden all alone when something extraordinary happened. I was surrounded by beautiful roses in full bloom, their

scent carrying on the light breeze, feeling at one with my wonderful surroundings, when I noticed the tiniest being in front of me, suspended in the air. It was a female energy, as tiny and as luminescent as a teardrop. Extended from her were delicate, luminescent threads that were attaching themselves to my knees as I sat there. Just a couple of threads extended to each knee, making physical contact with me. I sat very still and blinked a couple of times to make sure I wasn't just seeing things, but she was still there. So, I extended my hand towards her and thanked her for coming to me. I welcomed her and said that she would be safe with me if she would like to come upon my hand. She just stared at me with disproportionately large eyes radiating out from her tiny form but kept her distance. She was minute, delicate, luminescent, and beautiful. I knew that what I was experiencing at that moment was something very special, unique, and magical. Her head and face were in the shape of a teardrop very crystal clear and mother of pearl like colours with great big dark eyes, very striking against its iridescence. She had a very serious expression. The little being was iridescent, like a tear drop, with luminescent threads... just everything like crystal. Hope that all makes sense. It was very tiny overall. I was reassuring her verbally that I could see her and that I was deeply thankful for her visit to me at this time. She stared back at me, pulsing energy through her luminescent threads as if she was transmitting some of her powers through to me. There was the sound of a gardener nearby, and she instantly retracted her threads, and was gone. I continued to sit there for a few minutes to process what had just happened to me. Was it my imagination? Had what had just happened been something to do with my grief and sorrow and my mental anguish? On my return home I contacted a colleague who is a specialist on all things Sidhe (spelt S I D H E, another name for the faeries) who felt that my encounter was an Earth spirit wishing to make contact. I then made contact with a spiritual mentor who expressed her belief that it was a shamanic earth elemental protecting me at that moment with a protective guard. Whatever and whomever she was, I am grateful for her presence at that time and will never forget her connection with me.³ 'My sense is that this is a garden where many people wander in a liminal state because they are either dying or have family members that are dying. Perhaps this state makes the world of faerie more easily accessible?' 'She calls it a small being, though 'fairy' was the only thing she could equate it to.' 'The little being was iridescent, like a tear drop, with luminescent threads. Very white, big, but proportionate, just everything like crystal. Hope that all makes sense. It was very tiny overall.'

§522A) England (Devon). *Female (third person); witness still in touch; podcast guest; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on their own; time not reported; one to two minutes; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'Witness says she was three years old. She

³ This is written in the first person in the third person account. This seems to be because this was based on a recorded message. Note the 'She calls it...' afterwards and the spelling of sidhe. I have, therefore, changed the rubric to that for first-hand experiences.

was in the hallway of her home and saw a troop of pixies or gnomes marching around the picture rails. There were hundreds of them marching like soldiers. They were dressed in 'typical' fairy outfits of red and green with hats. She was so overcome with the sight that she fainted. Witness says that the house was also haunted by a lady dressed in green. Witness would spend many hours in her garden as a child and intuitively knew what plants were. She remembers eating wild watercress and her parents being surprised that their daughter knew what it was by name.'

§523) England (Dorset). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; on a country road; with two people, one shared my experience, one did not; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; 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, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was driving with my dad and a friend along a country road, [when] a fully black figure with fluttering wings and a small figure [body? i.e. not two beings] flew in front of the front window. It lingered for a few seconds, as if it was staring, then fluttered off. It looked just like the typical fairy incarnation, but it was like a shadow, fully blacked out. My dad was very confused, but knew what it was. My friend in the backseat did not see/share the experience. It has stayed with me for years.' 'Smallish, size of a large hand. Blacked out figure.' 'The tinkering and fluttering of wings'. 'Near the New Forest, well known for magical lore and sightings.' 'Had such a strange feeling of certainty, clarity, vivid memory. Even my Dad did, and he was not a believer before.' What in your opinion are fairies? 'I would like to learn more, I am fascinated.'

§524) England (Dorset). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous; never or almost never have 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.* 'I saw a fairy for a split second in the kitchen in my flat. It was hovering over the bin!' 'Small, ethereal, fast.' 'My flat was next to *** Gardens.' 'It looked like a fairy, and small things had been getting moved in my flat where I lived alone prior to this event.' Fairies are 'nature spirits, which move too quickly to be seen on the visible spectrum.'

§525) England (Dorset). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; 'on the farm, near a barn'; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; 'time moved differently'; curious 'and transactional'; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were very sad, 'I had just been looking at an area of bright light/high contrast'; 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.* 'It was sunset, and the sun was coming down. The sunset was spectacular. I was up the farm 'doing the jobs' (feeding the birds, checking the enclosures, driving birds in and shutting them up for the night) on my own. I would have been nine, ten, eleven – that sort of age. Late primary. I was unhappy, which wasn't unusual. The sunset

looked like a bright world hanging in the sky and I looked at it and wished for escape. And instead of looking away I carried on looking until a bright light came from the sky and turned into a sort of elaborate hot air balloon full of tall, elegant, bejewelled beings with peacock blue skin and shimmering golden hair. I was a well-read child, I'd read my Nesbit and Farjeon, so I knew exactly the risks I was taking when I spoke to them, went into their ship, and read a book they gave me, and ate their food, and I didn't care. At the same time I had an awareness, like a shadow, of myself standing still in the field as the sun went down. The quality of the experience was not like a daydream, more like a really loud noise, coming from somewhere else, that drowned out everything else. There was music, but it was like a single chord playing continuously. I remember being offered some sort of choice, suggesting they came in response to my original wish, of a single, proper escape, or the ability to escape whenever I wanted, but always having to come back. I took the second choice, and although they said they had given me something – the ability to escape – it felt more like something had been taken from me. I was returned to the field *via* a pretty rope ladder, and the craft flew back into the last threads of the sunset, becoming a light, then nothing. I did see/hear/feel other things as I grew up, and even as an adult, but nothing with the absolute elaborate beauty, grandeur and narrative compulsion of this experience. I felt the compulsion both to share the story and to keep it a secret so I wrote up a slightly elaborated version for a free writing exercise at school. While I was writing it the same sense of harmonious compulsion came over me and I was unable to stop writing until the end of the story, writing through my break and part of another lesson.' 'Tall, slender. Hair shades of gold, clothing long robes in dense bright colours with an iridescent sheen, scattered with pearly jewels, small gems and sparkle. Very, very beautiful. Peacock blue skin, with an iridescent sheen to it. They kept their expressions quite muted, and spoke without moving their eyes. They looked amused/alooof/interested/speculative. They moved with a sort of painful grace.' 'A single glorious chord playing really loudly and continuously, which made it hard to think, and kept you focussed on the experience. The memory of that noise itself is weirdly compelling.' 'People spoke of strange things happening in the village certainly – the field I was in was called *** Field and was a bit weird.' 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? 'Good question. Later, in my teens, when I read the right books (!) I noticed the similarity of my experience to alien abduction accounts. But I think it is essentially a Fairy experience. It happens in response to a wish. It involves a transaction. The experience is one of joyful compulsion. It is marked with music, beauty and wonder. It answers a need.' What are fairies? 'I genuinely don't know.' 'I think that part of what came out of my experience was the ability to believe/experience something, and at the same time not believe/experience it. I think this was both important to me developmentally, and helped me manage things in my life and about my own sensory experience which might otherwise have been much more difficult.'

§526) England (Dorset). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘As a young teenager I was sat in bed one evening reading Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*. I was wide awake. I would usually read for hours before going to sleep. There is a legend about *The Tempest*, it is said that when it is read, fairies will appear. I was thinking about this, and scoffing to myself about what a load of rubbish it was, and theorising that it was a probably just a publicity device dreamed up by Shakey to promote his play, when I very suddenly felt as though someone or something was looking over my left shoulder, I turned my head very quickly and instinctively in time to see a burst of sparkly, twinkling lights, quite small, about the size of my hand, just behind and above my shoulder. It was sort of like the sparkles given out by a bonfire night sparkler, but the strange thing was it was as though the firework or light was imploding, rather than exploding in the normal way of things. Then there was nothing. I got the strongest sense that the ‘fairy’ had been caught out and vanished just in time. I went back to reading my book. The memory is as clear to me now as it was over twenty years ago.’ ‘An imploding flash of sparkly light’ Could it have been some other supernatural being? ‘It was a heck of a coincidence that I was reading a play that had a myth attached to it that says fairies appear when it’s read and the next second, I see something that basically looks like Tinkerbell caught in the act of vanishing. I can’t think of it as anything else but fairy-like!’ Fairies are ‘inter-dimensional beings with a strong sense of mischief’. ‘In that particular house the whole family (two adults and four teenagers /children) had continually and regularly experienced bizarre and at times disturbing activity, e.g. rapping on the first floor bedroom windows at night, apparitions, poltergeist activity, voices. Once I woke up because I’d been disturbed by a host of voices chatting and laughing, it was as though I’d woken in the middle of a dinner party. In the living room I once looked in the mirror and saw my face change into several other people and then I vanished completely. I turned and looked behind me, when I looked back I still couldn’t see myself in the mirror for several seconds). Something about the place was ‘otherworldly’ I suppose.’

§527B) England (Co Durham). *Male; 1980s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; friendly, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘Initially [the fairies looked like] ‘presences’ then resolved into ‘nature spirit’ characters.’ ‘I’ve had regular fairy encounters often repeated ones at the same locations.’ What are fairies? ‘I ‘feel’ that they are ‘symbolic’ of people in our own population.’ ‘I don’t ‘believe’ in fairies in the same way that I don’t believe in sandwiches. They are both entirely consistent when encountered under the same circumstances.’

§528) England (Essex). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state*

reported; no special experience reported. ‘I walked through my bedroom door (which was up against the left wall that ran about three feet and then there was a bay window facing out onto the street at the front of the house) I saw a little person run the length of the wall, jump up onto the bay windowsill, run halfway along it and then just disappear into thin air. It shocked me and I ran downstairs to tell my nan about what I’d just witnessed. The memory is a bit sketchy because I was only about five or six and it happened very fast. They wore a pointy hat. That’s all I remember about how they looked.’ ‘Wore a hat. Wasn’t long-haired.’ Why a fairy? ‘Because of the height. It wasn’t a fairy because it didn’t have wings, but it was a pixie, an elf or something similar.’ ‘I’ve seen the term ‘fairies’ used as an umbrella term to describe things from fairies, to pixies, to elves, to gnomes etc’

§529A) England (Essex). *Male (third person); witness is dead; family; 1950s; 21-30; inside a private house; no company reported; no time reported; no duration reported; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My late father had this experience. He was a very down-to-earth, taciturn shop-fitter, and only confessed his experience to my mother years later, who, in turn, told me after his death. He was in our home, occupied with something mundane, when he saw something, he described to my mother as a fairly archetypal fairy, nonchalantly climbing around in the velvet curtain in the family sitting room. He apparently watched this apparition for long enough to be absolutely sure that it wasn’t any kind of insect or trick of the light, but had human form, wings, and a ‘bored expression’. He then rapidly left the room and didn’t feel able to talk about this sighting for some twenty years. By all accounts he tried very hard to forget it, and never had any other similar encounter. It intrigues me greatly to this day.’ ‘This is entirely third-hand, but my late father’s character was such that I cannot but take the account seriously. He was absolutely truthful, and rarely spoke unless he had something to say. He was open-minded about phenomena, having acquaintance with the Spiritualist church, and had had minor experiences; this experience seemingly affected him greatly, and he would not discuss it after his initial ‘confession’ to my mother. He was sure that what he saw was a fairy.’ ‘Human in form, with wings, unclothed.’

§530) England (Gloucestershire). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc); 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; 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 tiny man about eighteen inches tall. He was wearing a brown suit and hat and had a round face [and was] smiling. It was near an ancient meadow.’ ‘I also see ghosts and UFOs so I guess I’m pretty in tune with the weird and wonderful.’

§531) England (Hampshire). *Male; 1970s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; ‘I think [the fairy was as] surprised as I was’; never or almost never has*

supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'I was a boy at a boarding school. There was a school outing but because I experienced motion sickness I didn't have to participate. We used to build dens or camps and I had visited the one our gang had made. Walking back through the trees I saw a small person. Blue jacket, reddish trousers with a sword to its side, about three inches tall. I recall a hat. It was beside a tree hovering in the air. We regarded each other then it darted behind the tree. I followed but it had disappeared. I often visited this place to see if it would return to no avail. I told no one. It bore no resemblance to the gangly fairies in the books I had seen. He was stocky and compact. I have never forgotten this sighting.' 'Blue jacket, reddish trees [trousers, see above], hat, sword in scabbard on the right side.' 'I saw a three-inch being. I may have been twelve years old, but I know what I saw. He was clothed and had a sword in a scabbard. He looked as surprised as I was. He had wings. I have never seen the like since and I have looked! The being I saw did not conform to fairy images I had previously seen in story books.' 'It's just stayed with me for the last fifty years. I'm a professional middle-class person. A pilot. To a certain extent it's coloured my entire life. I keep an open mind. But I've never seen the like again and I've looked.'

§532) England (Hampshire). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in woodland, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; terrible; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My friend (male) and I were sitting at the edge of a field on the outskirts of our village, chatting. It was evening, fairly dark. We could see across the field to a footpath which connected our village to another hamlet a couple of miles away. We both saw movement amongst the scrubby trees lining the footpath. I felt pure terror come over me as I realised that what was walking along the footpath towards our village was no dog walker but as tall as the trees on either side of the path! We both saw it quite plainly – a black figure with very long arms, slightly stooped at the shoulder. It turned towards us, and even from that distance we saw that its eyes were red. I don't know how we could see it so clearly from across a field, but we did. Its presence felt so malevolent – we looked at each other once, as if to confirm that we both could see this monster – and then we ran down the lane to our separate homes as fast as I ever ran in my life. Even as an adult, I do not walk on that path after dark. Perhaps what I saw was not a fairy, but it certainly wasn't something I could categorise as anything else but simply 'monster'. 'It had nothing human about it which for me would mark it as a ghost. It didn't seem like a spirit but a very tangible, physical thing. Unlike an alien it was not out of place in the Hampshire countryside but it belonged there – if anything, we were intruding on its privacy.' 'Eighteen to twenty feet tall, a humanoid figure, dark as shadow but solid. Arms reaching to its knees, stooped at the shoulder. Red eyes.' Fairies are 'A very old race of beings, part of the land'.

§533A) England (Hampshire). *Female (third person); witness is still in touch; friend; 2010s; 51-60; country road; on their own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness was tired and hadn't slept for a long time.* 'The manager of the shop I was working in a couple of years ago was driving between *** and her home in *** late one night when she saw, in her words, 'what I can only describe as a goblin' in the headlights, running across the road and into the hedge.'

§534A) England (Hampshire). *Male (third person); witness is still in touch; 'podcast guest'; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); company; time; less than a minute; mischievous, 'possibly guarding its territory or letting witness know it was there'; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'Witness says he was sat in his car on some wild land that he owned. It was nighttime and dark. Suddenly there was a loud knock on the car and the witness saw a tall, gangly-limbed, shadowy being with a pointy head (a hat?) which appeared in front of the car and disappeared into the bushes.' 'Shadowy form, tall and thin with long limbs and pointy head.' 'The witness has ancestral connections with the land and was experiencing a legal battle to hold onto his land at the time to save it from a 'greedy land developer.'" 'He had a connection with the land and had seen ghosts, this was different from his ghost sightings.'

§535) England (Hertfordshire). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'couldn't sleep as wasn't sleepy'; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was about six years old, in my bed which would have been about 8 pm as that was my bedtime. It was midsummer time (around my birthday) and very light outside. I couldn't sleep because it was so bright. I was watching the window, not really thinking of anything when a small periscope raised up from behind the window and from the top hole little tiny fairies flew out. They were all women. I cannot remember what they looked like or what they wore I just remember being overcome with how beautiful they were. They were all riding tiny peacocks and they flew around the window. It felt very natural and joyful. I looked up to the ceiling and more tiny little people (male and female, I think) were riding on carousel horses around the ceiling light, bobbing up and down in a carousel motion. It was the most joyous feeling, I felt filled with golden light and joy. I looked away to see if there was anything else and when I looked back, they were all gone. I tried but was never able to see them again.' 'It was just what it was. I knew in [my] bones they were fairies. There was no doubt in my mind'. 'My father saw fairies as a child as well, and I wonder if it runs in my family. I also saw a fairy in the same house my father grew up in. His experience was very different to mine.'

§536) England (Hertfordshire). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water, in a city, inside a private house; 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; unusually vivid memories of the*

experience. ‘I had just moved into a ground floor flat in *** and was going through the process of doing some decoration. I had moved in about six weeks before and on the Saturday [I] was planning to pull up the old bedroom carpet and underlay and then lay some laminate flooring down the next day. All that proceeded as planned. Part of the carpet was damp. The flat did have damp issues and also I learned later that a [stream] runs underground below the house. That night I did go out, [had] two pints of old speckled hen so certainly not drunk but need to mention this in the spirit of full disclosure. I got home about ten pm, read for a bit and went to bed. I was woken up several hours later (I think about two am) by someone tapping me on the shoulder. I was awake, and there was a gnome, grey beard and pointy red hat tapping me. He was about three-foot tall, and the hat was another nine to ten inches, chattering to me in what was clearly a language but I couldn’t make it out. He looked cross and was there for a good minute or two before fading. The experience never repeated and all I can think is somehow clearing the carpet upset his home. Nowadays I would have made amends to him, but [I] didn’t know to do that at the time. It certainly wasn’t a dream and where it came from is still a mystery to me.’ ‘Literally a classic description of a gnome with red hat and beard.’ What are fairies? ‘Phenomena to explore.’

§537) England (Kent). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.*

‘Several weekends ago in Kent in England I went into my garden to give it the last mow of the year. It had been a wet few weeks after a busy summer, so it was going to be quite a task. My eight-year-old son was in the garden with me, whilst my wife and daughter were in our allotment picking pumpkins and squash. The mowing went a bit slowly at first and I turned because my son was asking about the bee’s nest in our summer house that had stopped me taking the mower out for a few months so as not to disturb them, when I was suddenly surrounded by flying bodies. At first with bees uppermost in my mind I was about to duck and run when I realised what was happening. I called to my son and the two of us stood transfixed as tiny (and I mean proper tiny) winged people flew about us, catching the late autumn sun. My son eventually asked: ‘Are they faeries, Daddy?’ ‘I’m guessing so, son, but different from the ones of my youth.’ I saw many small folk as a child and went actively looking in my teens (I’m Irish by parentage so I see nothing strange in this). My twelve-year-old daughter and wife entered the garden, wheelbarrow full of vegetables. My son called to his sister to come see and she ran down, but the small host was definitely thinning. She, however, squealed at what she saw and called to my wife to come see. My son said they’re gone now and went indoors as my wife walked down to stand beside us (she believed it to be a game I could see it in her face). But as she stood with a happy smile on her face. She clearly saw one. I saw her expression change and she gasped:

‘Oh my god what was that? It looked like a...’ (She never said the word but I could see it in her eyes). My daughter danced happily in the garden for a bit singing ‘we’ve got fairies’, whilst my wife just looked at me stunned and asked again what it was. I smiled and said: ‘It’s exactly what you want it to be. It’s your world my girl.’ She went off smiling followed by my daughter and I finished mowing the lawn, alone in the garden.’ ‘Tiny, very thin bodies, delicate legs and arms, very pale possibly translucent. Two dark eyes on round head.’ What are fairies? ‘They just are living things, natural’.

§538) England (Kent). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a city [‘small town’, ‘on the road by church’]; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘It was evening in winter. I was walking the dog. It was really cold and crisp. The type of dry winter air, not damp. Frost had started to form. I had let the dog off the lead, and he had trotted on ahead up the drive to the house. I had the sudden feeling of being rushed at very fast. Someone at my right shoulder and pushing past me. As he went past me, he turned to look at me, almost snarled and then was gone. He was thin, and about five foot five inches, long-limbed. He was dressed in early Victorian dress, with a crooked stove pipe hat, a check muffler, and [a] tatty jacket with checked trousers and boots. But what I remember most is his face, which was long and angular. He was aged, with white hair and sharp features. He had long, long fingers, long nails, a long nose, bright eyes. But it wasn’t a kind face. It was pinched and while not evil it definitely wasn’t kind. It didn’t feel like a haunting, but more like an encounter with the fae or something very elemental.’ ‘It felt elemental and ancient. It was definitely of this world.’

§539) England (Kent). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful, calming, reassuring; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was ten and was out walking our dogs with my mum. We walked the same route along country lanes and up to a very old bluebell wood. For some reason we took a different path through the woods and came to a clearing where a man was sitting all in green, with a green hat, playing a pipe or a flute. He had a dog at his feet. Our dogs ran up and were very excitable, trying to jump up and play with his dog, but neither he nor his dog reacted. My mum tried to hurry me past and I think [she] was worried about a lone man in the woods as it’s quite rural. But I was absolutely sure it was safe. It felt so calm and peaceful, and I have a really vivid memory of him. He seemed to be the size of an adult man but was light and slender and so still. He continued playing as we walked past, not looking at us or our dogs, and we heard the music carry on until we left the woods. We didn’t speak about it until we got home and when we did, we both straight away felt he was a fairy or a wood spirit. I walk in those woods a lot and have never seen him again but always feel very peaceful and calm there. It’s definitely a fairy wood.’ ‘A man, slight in build, dressed in green with a green hat. Playing a flute or pipe.’ ‘A

tune, soft but happy. Gentle.’ ‘I just knew [he was a fairy]. He fitted in with the woods.’ What are fairies? ‘Nature spirits perhaps.’ ‘It was so vivid, and my mum and I still have the same recollection. It just felt like an overwhelmingly positive experience, I felt privileged to see him and was sure it wasn’t accidental. He didn’t acknowledge us but I’m sure he knew we were walking past.’

§540) England (Kent). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; on or near water, inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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 in the shower and had a white shower curtain pulled across. I was just having a wash, when I saw with both eyes, face on the silhouette of a fairy through the white curtain. It fluttered and then disappeared. Normally when I see faeries they don’t tend to come to me in the form of a fairy-tale kind of fairy (the Tink kind, you know) but this one was pretty clear and reminded me of the fairies in the film *Fairytale: A True Story*. It was a beautiful and magical experience and the first of many.’ ‘Just the silhouette. It looked like the ones you see in films.’ ‘This was in my mother’s home. We have had many paranormal experiences there and the fae are not uncommon in the house.’ ‘I saw the faerie and I had just started out in my journey to communicating with them. I’d been leaving them offerings.’ Fairies ‘are secretive but very powerful. If you get close enough you may lose yourself. However, if you stay grounded you’ll be able to stay true to yourself and your human experience. They’re magical and I have now been communicating with them for about nine years.’

§541) England (Kent). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; 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.* ‘As a child I often stayed the night on the weekends at my Nan’s house and she would look after us kids after school until our parents finished work. I enjoyed spending time with her, watching old movies, doing crossword puzzles, baking and I especially loved helping her in the garden. Tending the flower beds, watering the plants, digging up potatoes and picking runner beans were some of my favorite allocated jobs to help out. It was always a magical space full of flowers and plants of all kinds and it was a home to lots of insects and birds. The garden wasn’t a huge space, but it felt big and was always full of light, colour and life somehow, no matter the season. Myself, younger brother and cousins spent a lot of time playing there. We even had a club house in the shed, so it was full of fun, laughter and memories. I used to enjoy being out there alone as well, just taking in the sights, smells and I would watch/talk to the insects and birds, in my own world. Hours would go by and I’d only be snapped out of my garden daydream when my Nan called me in for dinner or if it was getting cold or dark. My Nan always had a couple of those reclining sun loungers with cushioned seats in the garden during the summer months. My brother, cousins and I liked to sit on them when we were really small

and recline up and down really fast and pretend it was like a ride. We would laugh so loudly playing this until we were told to stop as we'd surely break them. One day when I was about eleven years of age, I was sitting alone in the garden on one of these chairs, enjoying the not long past midday sun. I distinctly remember the garden looked so full of light, and the scent of the flowers was heady and sweet. Butterflies and bumblebees were going about their business, and I remember I was filled with such a sense of pure peace and a lightheaded joy or happiness. I remember closing my eyes, but I know I wasn't asleep as I could still hear my Nan in the kitchen through the open kitchen door and the bees buzzing about me. I'm not sure how much time passed with me sitting in this state, but eventually I opened my eyes, and I was drawn to go inside. I got up feeling almost dreamy with happiness and peace. I went through the open patio doors and went to sit on the sofa in the living room. I still don't know why but I sat facing slightly left, looking towards the open patio doors out to the garden. My Nan was still in the kitchen which was just the next room, and I could still hear her pottering about as the door joining the living room and kitchen was open, but I sat silently looking out to the garden. Again, I'm not sure how much time passed but eventually my eye was drawn slightly right of the open patio doors by movement. Suddenly I saw a shadow but solid figure of a male, what I feel best to describe now as a Pixie. Although I could only see him as a shadow figure. He seemed solid and detailed. I saw his outline as clear as day including clothes and limbs even his fingers as he reached for grip as he moved. He had typical pixie pointy/curl-toed shoes and a hat which looked like an upturned bluebell type flower due to the shape and petal points/curls along the rim. He also had these same petal shape points/curls around his neck and wrists which appeared to be like a collar and cuffs. He had no wings but stood about eight to ten inches or so in height, he was of slim build and seemed young or at least youthful. He came in through the open doors with a jump almost floating or gliding in midair in slow motion for a second or so before he then swung down at some speed under the small folding table. This table was just to the right of the open patio doors against the wall and was folded down at the time, so I was clearly able to see him swing under the table and climb over all the folded slats and legs before disappearing out of sight. I watched in amazement, but I wasn't shocked or afraid. I sat quietly for some time again as reality slowly sank in then I calmly got up to go and tell my Nan I'd just seen a fairy. My Nan said: 'Oh, aren't you a lucky girl'. She didn't seem surprised or bothered at all by what I went on to describe I'd seen and just carried on listening while still pottering around in the kitchen. I do come from a family of Irish descent so the fae have always been present in some way and I've always had a strong affinity for them. This was only made stronger after this experience and to this day I get a sense for fairy places. This experience will always stay with me and is as clear in my mind today some twenty odd years later as the day it happened, and I have no doubts it always will. I have no doubts about what I experienced that day. Also remember that feeling of peace, joy and happiness when I recall this event although I've never experienced

the exact same feeling since.’ ‘Almost typical pixie like. Makes me think of the M.C. Barker flower fairies.’ ‘I was sat alone in my Nan’s back garden, but my Nan was just in the kitchen with the backdoor open so not far away from me at all. I could hear her pottering about, but we didn’t talk through my experience.’ ‘I was connected to the place and had happy memories there. I enjoyed caring for the life there. I feel I was sharing with the energy of the place and the plants etc there’. ‘I feel that you have to be in a zen or energetic state at times for a fairy experience to happen. Maybe they can see or sense a person’s heart/soul/energy and can then appear. Those who can still see we are part of nature and never lose that kind youthful joy for life and childlike wonder for the natural world may be more prone to connecting and seeing.’ Fairies are ‘guardians of nature or like the spirit essence of the natural world’.

§542) England (Kent). *Male; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; ‘one other person, with whom I never discussed it’; can’t remember the time; two to ten minutes; ‘mischievous, joyful, there was a definite sense of threat’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘As a child, about five or six, I would occasionally be left with our next-door neighbour, an elderly woman who lived alone. One day I have the memory that I took a toy with me into her house (a plastic dog). Once in the hallway, I saw a large dog, a brown Labrador, sitting and looking from side to side as if alarmed, while a group of ten or so small figures danced around it in a circle. They appeared to be gnome-like, about six inches tall, and were laughing as they danced. It seemed they had trapped the dog in the circle somehow and were teasing it. I was frightened of them, but they led me from the hallway into the living room, where my memory becomes vague, although I know they took my toy and threw it to the dog, which bit a chunk out of it. The elderly lady then took me home. I did describe this to my mother, who said I must have been dreaming, but I asked her how my plastic dog had become damaged. It did indeed have a chunk bitten out of it and she couldn’t explain that. I would also have chalked this up to a dream were it not for the actual damage to my toy.’ ‘Classic gnomes, with red coats and hats and white beards. Height was about six inches.’ ‘There was one other experience many years later where I saw a similarly-sized female figure pirouetting and darting behind a (switched off) television in our house (the one adjacent to where I had the main experience). But that I could much more easily attribute to hypnopompia.’ Fairies are ‘possibly some sort of creature which lives in an unseen world alongside our own and can dip in and out of it.’ ‘I’m not totally sure what it was, but it had a distinct atmosphere about it, unlike any other supernatural experience I’ve had.’

§543) England (Kent). *Male; 2020s; 51-60; on a country road; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; no supernatural frequency reported; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘It was actually my friend who took a photo of toadstools and only after when looking at the photo did I see a fairy standing on a tree stem.’ What are fairies? ‘Possibly spirits of people who believe.’ ‘Well, it could possibly be a trick of the eye with the lines in the tree etc. But

I am convinced it's not.'

§544A) England (Kent). *Female (third person); I am still in touch with the witness; family; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on their own; time not reported; duration not reported; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'My Mum was a little girl. She was unwell and in bed resting. She said (and still does to this day) that she saw several fairies 'dancing' around the curtains in her bedroom. She said they were coloured all brightly, sort of like the glass on a Tiffany style lamp.' 'Brightly coloured. Iridescent.'

§545) England (Kent). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, protective; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Myself and a friend, we were aged around fourteen at the time, went for a walk one summer's day as we often did. It was the summer holidays, so we had all the time in the world. We packed a drink, sandwich, water for my dog Ralph and set off. We had no mobile phones then, so we were always sure to be home before it got dark. We walked and talked about everything and nothing, as teenagers do. The route we walked we had trodden many times before without issue and we knew exactly where we were and where we were heading. Our path took us across fields with horses, down narrow hidden public foot paths lined with bushes, alongside a stream. It was quiet and the birds were singing and bugs buzzing about. All of a sudden we realized we were no longer on our path and in a place we had never seen before. An old house stood to the left of us, but we were within an apple orchard, beehives dotted around the left-hand side of the house. A dirt path went in between the trees to the right of the house so we decided to follow on. The place had a strange feeling, not scary just out of place perhaps and old. It was silent and it also, in hindsight, seemed to be autumn there but it was midsummer. We didn't realize this until afterwards. We carried onwards down the path through the orchard, after a few moments of confusion as to where we were. We didn't see anyone as we walked through the orchard. The path seemed to go on a long while until we suddenly appeared to step out into a shaded open woodland glade covered in bluebells. It was shaded yet the sun shone through the trees. It was beautiful and peaceful. It really made us gasp as it was so amazing. The air was warm and the scent of the flowers was strong. There was a really tiny, abandoned chapel building to our left and then just bluebells as far as we could see. We were captivated and decided to find a spot to sit so we could have a drink and eat our picnic. After maybe ten to fifteen minutes, we suddenly became aware of music playing somewhere in the distance: far away yet close at the same time. It was some kind of flute, almost like medieval minstrel-type music. At least that's the closest I've come to describing it. We stopped talking, both looking across the glade in the direction it was coming from and just watched/listened in silence. Even my dog Ralph was aware as he stared in the same direction frozen to the spot. Suddenly it seemed to get louder and closer as a great gust of wind blew right in our faces and all around us. The music seemed to be in the wind. It was an unnatural wind. It was a still, calm

summer's day. We felt almost surrounded as if being pushed. We both let out a scream and Ralph began to bark. We were terrified and no longer welcome. We grabbed our belongings and ran as fast as we could. The wind and strange music billowing after us still. We ran back through the orchard, past the house and back on to the public footpath. My dog Ralph barked as we ran. Once we knew where we were and could stop to discuss our experience, we both thought we'd stepped into some other time or place and we both said we thought it was Fairies – a time slip into their world. Until the wind chased us away, we were happy, peaceful and relaxed, even though it was strange. The wind and music did scare us though, but it was as if we had overstayed our welcome or had happened to be in a place we shouldn't have been by chance. We tried multiple times to try and find the house in the orchard with the beehives and the woodland glade again, but we never could, no matter which end of the footpath we came from. Where we had been that day just didn't exist. Myself and my friend have never forgotten what happened that day. I can still remember each and every detail. Although we didn't see any physical beings, we just knew it was the Fae, almost like we could see them and feel them but with our inner eyes. My dog Ralph absolutely saw them though as he reacted so strongly. It was an amazing experience that I shall treasure as long as I live. Even though it was a bit scary they didn't hurt us. It was more of a 'right-girls-you-shouldn't-be-here' feeling.' 'Bells, flute and drum. Medieval-type sound.' Why fairy? 'It was the place in nature we were and just an inner knowing.' Fairies are 'spirits of nature and place.' 'Feel lucky to have had this experience.'

§546) England (Lancashire). *Female; 2020s; 51-60; in woodland; 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; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'Simulacrum in the hedge. This is how I always see them. You have to be in the right vibe to see.' 'Bit like a large gruffalo but no teeth'. Experience in 'my garden, yes I talk to them.' Fairies 'work with the elements'. 'I know them all [different supernatural beings], as I do galactic Akashic reading'.

547C) England (Lancashire). 'My father was born in *** in 1937 (now deceased) and often told us of The Time He Saw The Boggart. It's possible he wrote it down in his memoirs but unfortunately I can't access this right now. He was larking about on the moor with some friends – I guess they were all somewhere between nine and thirteen. They were confronted by what he described as a small man about three- or four-feet high, dressed in old-fashioned clothes. They all immediately and simultaneously fled in terror, vaulting high hedges in their path, until they were too exhausted to run any further. Decades later he still believed this to have been a boggart and was quite serious in his recollection of it, like he could still remember how scared they all were by the encounter. Naturally, the rest of us in the family think of it as an amusing tale of our ancestral homeland (our family moved to *** in 1984). He did have a few good ghost stories in his repertoire...'⁴

⁴ Received by email with permission to publish.

§548A) England (Lancashire). *Female (third person); witness is in touch; podcast guest; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house, in a garden; with one other person who did not share the experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; no supernatural experience frequency reported; no special state reported.* ‘Witness was three or four years old. She used to go to one of the flower borders in the garden to talk with the fairies and her male gnome friend. The gnome used to come and have tea with her every evening. Witness’s mother would set a place at the table for the gnome. Witness remembers him often coming to dinner and his favourite meal was egg and chips.’ ‘Witness has gone on to have other fairy experiences and reconnect with her gnome friend as an adult since moving to a new home surrounded by nature.’ ‘Like a typical gnome dressed in tunic and trousers and a hat. Witness didn’t mention colours. I created a psychic drawing of the gnome for her which she said was good likeness. A brown beard and hair, green clothing.’

§549) England (Lancashire). *Female; 2020s; 31-40; on a country road; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) [respondent states cycling was that repetitive task]; no special state reported.* ‘October 13 2020 6.55 AM I was cycling to work out of the village where I live on the cyclepath which is next to a field on one side and with a grass verge beside the road on the other. The path had some damp and slightly frosty leaf litter. I had been admiring the moon and the silhouetted trees before the start of the path. As I joined the cycle path, which is quite uphill, I saw movement in front of me and slightly to the right. It was a flitting movement and initially I thought I’d disturbed a small bird. I didn’t stop but focussed on the movement as I passed and instead of flying off upwards, the movement sort of flitted/jumped towards the grass verge. My second thought was wondering if it could have been a grasshopper by its movement, but as I tried to focus on it, I thought it didn’t appear to be a recognisable insect. The shape did not seem fully formed to get a clear image – it was maybe four inches high, very slender, sort of wispy almost like a more solid version of mist, but it was definitely not mist. It had ether-like quality. I heard the kind of noise you might associate with a jinny spinner when they bang against a light, but it didn’t move in the way a jinny spinner would and it was bigger, whiter and moved more sprightly than they do. As soon as my eyes began to focus in on its movements, as it reached the grass verge it completely vanished. I didn’t see it land and there was no movement in the grass of anything settling and no further movements. It wasn’t until after that my thoughts pondered ‘I am not sure what that was’. The whole event probably lasted less than five seconds.’ ‘Undefined wispy, ether-like, about four inches high but very, very slender. Couldn’t focus in on it to see any details – a bit like a wispy spark moving/flitting away.’ ‘It’s about one kilometre away from a fairy well. Not heard of this exact spot having a history.’ ‘It was small and sprightly. It

didn't evoke any fear or awe in me. It wasn't typical of reports of alien sightings.' Fairies are 'entities that interact with mundane reality from time to time and sometimes circumstances mean humans can experience their presence. I think they exist in a way humans can't understand due to our limited nature of physics and time. They can be indifferent to us, good or bad.' 'I do leave offerings at our local fairy well from time to time, but for no other reason than for being respectful to the spirits of place. I don't hope to get anything from it in fact I don't expect to see or receive anything as a result of this.'

§550) England (Lancashire). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; 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.* 'I was around twelve years old. [I] had been ill all week with flu. [I] woke up and watched many of them flying around the room.' 'Beautiful.... Sparkly'. 'Wing fluttering sound.' What are fairies? 'Hallucinations.'

§551) England (Lancashire). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'On a family walk, something flew very close to my face. I only saw it for a second, but it looked like a tiny person with wings. It did not look like a butterfly or similar. It was gone before I could say or do anything. Over forty years ago but recall it still!' 'Tiny person with wings. Too quick for detail!' Why a fairy? 'Looked like one!'

§552) England (Lancashire). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; 'scared or even embarrassed'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I lived alone at the time, in a cottage in a rural area, although I am a commuter most of my neighbours work in farming. This was very late at night and in heavy rain and I had gone outside to get wood for the fire from the wood store. My wood store is a lean-to adjoining my shed. I heard a noise coming from inside the shed. I didn't pay any attention as I am used to animals poking round my garden at night. On hearing a louder noise I feared burglars and went to investigate. On reaching the front of the shed I saw the door was off its catch. I went inside and, as I did, something brushed past me. I turned round and saw a figure which was child-sized (two- or three-years-old) but was proportioned and moved as an adult would, run to the bottom of the garden and jump the fence with a hurdling motion. It ran onto farmland and disappeared from view. It appeared to be wearing dark, baggy clothes. That was it, it didn't cause any damage and to my knowledge it has never been back.' 'Infant size'. 'This was a humanoid figure, child size but NOT a child. The figure had substance and needed to jump not walk through things.' 'I don't believe that even if an alien life form exists that they have

the technology to travel the distances required to visit Earth and if they did, why would they just look in my tool shed.' What are fairies? 'I don't know but some kind of sentient beings'. 'I saw what I saw. I wasn't dreaming or hallucinating and I can't find any other rational explanation. I have never had any kind of supernatural experience and simply don't believe in ghosts.'

§553) England (Lancashire). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* What happened? 'I'd rather not say' Fairy was 'not seen'. 'A loud whisper was heard and also the sound of writing with a pencil.' A fairy is a 'magical being of spiritual nature'.

§554) England (Lancashire). *Female; 2020s; 61-70; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; 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.* 'My security lights in the back garden have been going on and off for weeks. We have the app on our phones to let us know if anyone is on our property while we are away. So around quarter past seven in the evening the lights were going off while I was watching TV and getting on my nerves as no one was ever in the garden. This was in December 2020 cold and dark. So I went into the garden and saw what looked like a firefly as we don't get these in here. The ring-tone on the phone kept going off as though someone was in the garden. So we looked at the playback on the CCTV and I can't explain or understand what we have living here. On film it looks like a bright light moving very fast trying to get into my window from the roof (where the cameras are). Then as clear as anything I knew it looked like a fairy but I am a sceptic so I was thinking of any answer to what it was. It kept flying round then came back towards the camera after flying all over my garden. So I kept snapping for a photo of a clear picture and after a while I caught the most realistic picture of a fairy. It's amazing and I have seen it quite a few times lately and the lights continue to go on and off (as the phone's ring). This can happen at any time day or night. The photos I have are unbelievable and I still don't know if I believe it. But I have proof that a fairy is here. I am writing this to you to see if you can tell me what it means or if fairies do exist. I live in a normal house in *** UK with no trees or water, so I have no explanation for what I am seeing. You are welcome to see the footage I have and photos.' 'She looked like a fairy from a book, even her wings looked like those of a hummingbird.' What are fairies? 'mythical creatures'.

§555) England (Leicestershire). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; can't remember the time; one to two minutes; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I have seen them all my life. This looked like part tree but moved and danced round.' 'Looked bit

like green man but with a body'. Sound 'like bells ringing.' Fairies are 'earth angels' 'They are all the elements'.

§556C) England (Lincolnshire). 'My mum saw little men dressed in khaki jumping over each other and gambolling on the window ledge in my bedroom. It was the morning after I had been born.' 'Small men wearing khaki coloured clothing.' 'It was on a bedroom window ledge!' 'Twenty-three years later she had a close aerial UFO encounter along with me'. Fairies are 'otherworldly creatures perhaps'. 'After seeing the fairies my mum later saw a UFO along with me. I saw another [fairy?] sixteen years after that at a place that nearby had a strong fairy reputation.'⁵

§557A) England (Lincolnshire). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1930s; 0-10; setting not reported; company not reported; time not reported; duration not reported; mood not reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; special state reported.* 'My mother told me when I was around four or five that she had seen fairies. I wasn't sure whether to believe her or not and she became a little irritated with me when I asked her again after what seemed to me a decent interval if she had indeed seen them. She insisted that she had, but I don't remember her giving me any details or indeed my asking for any.'

§558) England (Lincolnshire). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I believe I was about eight years old. For some unknown reason myself and my sister (who is approximately four years older than me) were sleeping in our parents' bed (our parents were not in the bed, just me and my sister). I remember waking up and looking over to the tallboy in the corner of my parent's bedroom near the window. There were several pixie- and fairy-like small beings climbing up to the top of the tallboy. I would guess each was no taller than nine inches to twelve inches tall. The fairies were glowing with a white light which illuminated the pixies so I could see them. I was neither afraid nor puzzled, I just remember thinking they were there to look after us. I wasn't dreaming I am sure as I remember too that I must look away quickly or else they will go away so I pulled the covers over my head.' 'As you would expect, small feminine creatures with wings and the pixies [were] male.' 'I do believe that it was a tinkling sound that woke me up.' 'Definitely fairy' as opposed to other kind of supernatural experience. Fairies 'exist not just in our imagination'. 'I definitely saw fairies and pixies.'

⁵ This came from the questionnaire, but it cannot be used in that format because it is in the third person. For the record, though, I include the rubric here. *Female; 1940s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own* 'my mum had the experience, she was on her own'; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; playful and only concerned with one another; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'she had just given birth to her daughter the day before'; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.*

§559) England (Liverpool). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; excited; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I must have been four or five, my parents had separated for a while and my mum and I had gone back to live in my grandparents' house, which was a weird house anyway, but that's a separate story. My mum and I were sharing one of the front bedrooms. For some reason there were no curtains up in that room. I awoke one night and from where I was lying in bed, I could see the sky, which I remember had a really deep red cast to it. There were lots of clouds and it must have been pretty windy out because the clouds were scudding across the sky pretty quickly. I remember lying there watching that for a minute or two and listening to my mum murmur in her sleep. When suddenly, I became aware of a small figure stood on the windowsill. He must have been about twelve inches tall and was totally transparent, all I could see was a glowing golden outline. He appeared to be dressed in a traditional little elf-style hat, a jacket (even his patch pocket on the front of his jacket was outlined), trousers and little shoes with turned-up toes. But all of this was just highlighted in a glowing golden outline. He seemed unaware that I had awoken, but he was running up and down the length of the windowsill, looking out of the window as though he were looking for someone or something. He kept putting his hand up as though to shield his eyes from the light. He seemed quite excited. I remember lying there utterly spellbound, but desperate for my mum to see him as well. But I was very certain that if he knew I was awake, he'd disappear, so I tried to whisper calling for my mum to wake up, which of course she didn't, so I gave up after a couple of attempts and just watched him. I assume I fell back to sleep afterwards. I know I wasn't dreaming (which is what people tell me I must have been if ever I tell them about my encounter) but I'm convinced that I saw him. I'm also rather desperate to read all of your other sightings as I've wanted to find another sighting like mine ever since.' What are fairies? 'Elementals.' 'I'd love to see one again as an adult, although I don't think they're something to be messed with generally'.

§560) England (London). *Male; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6pm-9pm; ten minutes to an hour*; 'impartial'; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I shared the back bedroom of 125 *** Road with my grandfather. His bed was in the centre of the room and my bed was against the outside wall offering me a view of the sky in the gap between the curtain and the window. I hadn't yet been asleep, and grandfather was in his bed. The sky was a deep blue, turning darker with the dusk, completely cloudless except for a tiny round cloud in the far distance and coming from the North, yes coming for it was getting bigger as it was heading directly towards me. What's more, I could then see another such cloud far behind it and yet another behind that, a string of small round clouds

heading towards me spread-out in line. As they came closer, I could see they were being ridden as one rides a horse, by men of around fourteen inches tall, with black hair and full black beards, wearing pointed conical metal helmets. In their left hands they carried round shields and in their right hand they each held a trident. By now the first one had reached the top of my window which was open, and he pushed against the gap as if trying to gain entry. This was enough for me, so I got into bed with grandad ensuring he was between me and the window. Now next to me, against the inner bedroom wall was a single gentleman's wardrobe. I saw that this was now draped in a patterned material and the four riders were stationed on each top corner standing to attention, behind the pelmets as if on guard. Then the wardrobe door opened to reveal a Fairy girl of around three feet in height with long straight black hair, pale white skin and wearing a garment of pure white light. She was staring directly at me with an expressionless face. As if all this wasn't enough, suddenly, what I have always described as a 'cobweb of energy' appeared in the far corner of the room and the fairy with her escorts disappeared. I describe the apparition as a cobweb of energy due to its round shape and the position it occupied in the corner between the walls and the ceiling. It was comprised of circular bands of multi-coloured light that could be seen when it was dark but didn't emit light. It looked rather like a special effect from *Star Trek*, but this occurred before such was filmed. When I awoke the following morning, it was still there. When I came home from school and was sent to my room, it was still there; day and night for two weeks it remained. My mother can still remember me pointing to what appeared to her to be an empty space and asking, 'what's that?' She of course could see nothing and dismissed it with the closed mind of adults by telling me how she had seen things when she had been delirious with pneumonia. But I wasn't sick. I had just returned from a normal day at school.' 'Duration: humanoid visitors [disappeared] within thirty minutes, an object of energy remained for a further two weeks, visible night and day.' 'The guards riding the small clouds were around fourteen inches high, they had jet black hair and full beards, they wore silver-grey Armour, (breastplate), conical pointed helmets, carried tridents in one hand, a round shield in the other. The Fairy they were guarding was around three feet tall, female, with long straight black hair, pale white skin, her white dress appeared to be made of light. The entity that caused the fae to disappear was two dimensional, around two- or three-feet diameter, circular bands of multi-coloured light, visible in the daytime, and at night but without casting light.' 'They looked like fairies. I have read books about them in later life and consider I fulfilled some of their requirements to be taken, though I considered none of this at the time as I was only five. I was unbaptised, I was unwanted, this occurred shortly before my parents put me in a Children's home. I do consider the 'cobweb of energy' to be an angel sent to protect me from the fae, which is why it remained for a couple of weeks afterwards and why it didn't manifest a human form.' 'I have two opinions [on fairies], one is the Christian opinion that they are fallen angels intending to deceive, now taking on the form of Aliens. The other opinion is that God made

other lesser spirit beings to tend to nature, but that they were not supposed to interact with us.²⁶

§561) England (London). *Female; 1980s; 31-40; on a bus; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; 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 sitting on a bus looking out of the window. Between Hammersmith and Kensington in London, there is a little park/open space. The bus was stuck in traffic, light was good, and there, sitting on the stone step, was a tiny gnome, with a little red hat, dressed in green looking at me! He was a dear little thing, probably about eight to twelve inches tall. Our eyes held and he was full of good humour. The bus pulled away and when I looked back he'd gone. I've gone that same route many times since but alas have not seen him since.' 'A classic gnome: scarlet hat, green roughly-hewn jerkin and trousers. Tough little boots.' 'I've seen a ghost and it was not like that at all. The ghost experience was chilling, to the marrow. The gnome was cheerful and benign. If anything, he brightened up the day!' Fairies are 'Many things. Spirits of the land, memories of a race that had to go underground.' 'I was a music journalist for years but finally found the courage to write about my first love the supernatural. My book *** about the rebirth of Pan has just been published. Nothing is a coincidence.'

§562B) England (London). *Male; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; 'various' in terms of duration; friendly, mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I bought this house twenty years ago, and my first impression when I walked in was that the house was smiling at me. It wasn't an old house (1930s) and came with a fair-sized garden with bluebell wood, brambles and hawthorn bushes. I'm not a great gardener and worked abroad regularly at the time. While I never saw anything the house had a few peculiar features. Doorknobs would never stay attached. Regardless of what I did they always came off in a matter of days. The electrics seemed wonky, burning through lightbulbs at an astounding pace. One evening all the lightbulbs in the house blew. Sometimes you could feel a presence watching you or hear movement upstairs. However, the house was always a

²⁶ The respondent submitted this report twice. In the early parts the submission was identical but some of the additional comments were slightly different and are worth including here. 'The accompanying Guards were male, with jet black full long hair and beards, around fourteen inches tall, they wore metal conical helmets and carried round shields and tridents. The Fairy they were guarding was around three feet tall, she looked like a pre-teen girl, she had straight long black hair, her skin was very white, her clothing looked as if to be made of light. My memory does not recall if she had visible wings.' 'It was in my bedroom, never happened there, or to me, before or since.' 'The entities involved took the appearance that matches the form of Fairies.' What are fairies? 'Now I have two opinions, one is that they are not on the side of God, that they are now more prone to take on the guise of aliens in order to mislead. The other notion, and the one I would prefer were true, is that they are lesser spirits created by God with the purpose of tending his physical creation and the life that dwells upon it.'

happy place. My experience is as follows. I was working abroad at the time, and whenever it was time to leave my wallet, passport and/or house keys would vanish, only to turn up in plain sight when I asked 'them' to return them. This happened so often it became an in-joke amongst me and my family. This went on for maybe six to eight years. Eventually, I had the garden cleared and the insides of the house remodelled. My stuff stopped vanishing, the house became just a house with no special feeling of smiling, and the other impressions stopped as well. The house is just a house now, and I haven't felt anything or had items disappear for a few years now (since 2011). Those I've mentioned this to have suggested I had house fairies, brownies specifically, and that my garden might have had a population since driven off by the clearance. I sort of miss them. They brought friendly chaos to the environment.' Why fairies? 'The pranking nature of the experience.' 'A couple of mediums claimed my house was haunted.'

§563) England (London). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; angry; never or almost never have supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was in my brother's bedroom and my mum had briefly left the room. The little man came up from the floor. He was angry and I wanted him to go away. He looked old and wizened.' 'Like a gnome. I think he was dressed in brown and green. His face was reddish.' 'He looked like a gnome and was so small'. 'I have never forgotten this experience and wish I could remember what he said to me.' Fairies are 'nature spirits'.

§564) England (Norfolk). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; no supernatural frequency reported; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I had taken a few grams of magic mushrooms shortly before and was beginning to feel a bit energetic and loosened up mentally. But I was far from 'tripping' at that point. I had gone into my back garden, admittedly to see if any UFOs showed up. My backyard is very small and enclosed, and there was no breeze. It was evening, but with outdoor lighting so fair visibility. I was sitting about two metres from a raised plant bed against the fence. I noticed the purposeful movement of what seemed to be a small animal (four to six inches) emerging at a moderate pace from the undergrowth to the front of the bed. As I moved closer, keeping my eyes on it, I saw that the animal was actually a young plant, which by that point had stopped moving. When I got to where my face was a few inches away, I found myself frozen in what I can only describe as a trance, for perhaps one to two minutes. The space I was staring into took on an odd, unnaturally angular appearance during this episode. The plant continued to grow through the summer and never walked again to my knowledge.' 'A small walking plant.' 'I am certain I was not high enough to hallucinate this, and never had a hallucination like this before or since on mushrooms.' Fairies? 'Not sure. Maybe manifestations of

something that exist just outside of our reality.’ ‘This occurred during a period of a couple of months where several of my family members had anomalous experiences’.

§565B) England (Norfolk). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; two to ten minutes; happy, sad and the last one was scary; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘My first one was when I was five. I woke up to what felt like someone plaiting my hair. I knew this wasn’t possible as my bed headboard was right against the wall. It was dark so I knew it was very early in the morning. I felt really relaxed and calm. Not scared in any way. I also needed the toilet, and I can remember not wanting to go as I knew it would stop. In the end I had to go and when I got back into bed it had gone. My second one I was seven. I was lying in bed. It was morning, daylight. I was the only one awake. My bedroom door was open, and I could see into the living room. I was just lying there staring, when I saw something walk past the gap in the door. It was about two feet tall, had dark leathery looking skin, pointy features. It looked like it had [a] fur-shawl type thing on. I think that was all it was wearing. No other clothes or shoes. I remember it looked worn out, kind of sad. It never looked my way. As soon as it was past the door. I got out and looked in the living room. There wasn’t anything there. It was like it walked through the sofa and wall. I don’t remember feeling scared. Only puzzled [as] to where it had gone. My third I was about nine. Also in the same bedroom, same house. I woke up and saw two men staring at me. They were tall and in old-style suits. They looked greyish like they were made of dusty light. They never did anything only stared. I remember being scared and I hid under my covers not daring to look. I lay like that for what felt like ages. Not daring to look. I must have gone to sleep, because the next thing it was morning. The reason I’ve told you about all three is I like to think that Fae, aliens, ghosts etc are all from the same dimension [and] are kind of all the same things.’ ‘In the woods I have heard pipes, but in the experiences I told you of there were no sounds.’ ‘It was a bungalow. That had a very weird feeling about it. All the time I lived there it felt like you were being watched. Not in a malicious way though. Just off.’ Fairies are ‘something very old, that has changed over time. Like for example once it was Demons, then Fairies now Aliens. Maybe they all come from the same place, just beyond the veil.’

§566) England (Northumberland). *Female; 1970s; 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 just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was about twelve, staying in a room with my same aged cousin at my aunt’s house in Northumberland. Although the lights were off the room was lit by the streetlight directly outside the bedroom. My cousin had gone to sleep, and I turned over to do the same, when something caught my eye. It was a small creature dressed as an old-fashioned soldier in a scarlet uniform. He was walking in front of the heater, which had a red light on it, with a tiny musket on his shoulder.

He literally marched backwards and forwards in front of the heater, lit up each time he walked in front of the light although still visible away from it. I knew immediately I was seeing a fairy. I remember sharing my experience a few weeks later when I was back at school in London and my fellow pupils laughing me out of the classroom. I never mentioned it again. But I know it happened.' 'It's hard to talk about these things as people immediately laugh you down.' 'I believe in nature spirits.' Why a fairy? 'The size. We tend to think nowadays of fairies as small. Now you've said it, it could just as easily have been an angel. I just assumed it was a fairy.'

§567) England (Northumberland). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; can't remember duration; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'Fairy Experience. I was around six or seven years old and one night while lying in bed I saw a ring of small beings in the air above my head. There were around seven or eight of them and they were in a circle above my head, and I'd say they were around five or six inches tall. They were all quite different from each other, male and female, and some were dressed in flowing items. They didn't look solid, and looked faintly there. It was a happy encounter; they all seemed so cheerful and excited and it was clear they were there to visit me. I feel like we communicated although I do not remember how or what was shared, only that it was positive, and I felt blessed that they should visit me. The next day on my way to school, I stopped at the sweet shop and bought a bag of Swizzel's Rainbow Drops for the fairies. The drops were made out of puffed rice and they were a variety of pastel rainbow colours. There was a rainbow on the pack and I felt sure the fairies would be thrilled. That evening I snuck the sweets up to bed and soon after the fairies appeared again. I got the sweets out and was handing them to the fairies one by one. Unfortunately, the fairies seemed unable to receive them and when I held the sweet close to them, my fingers and the sweet would go straight through the fairies. I was disappointed but it was as though I somehow knew the fairies were very pleased with this gift so I was glad. I don't remember how many more times they visited me, but it might have only been a couple of times more. I will never forget that special experience.' 'Small, youthful, bright beings - like they were made from flowers and nature.' Fairies are 'nature spirits, elementals, beings who inhabit this world alongside us but we are generally moving too fast to see them, or are not calm enough to attune.'

§568) England (Northumberland). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; joyful; regular 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; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was between seven to nine years old, and I was lying in bed. I had trouble sleeping as a child so while I was fully awake, I was tired. There was a streetlight right outside my bedroom window and the drawn curtains were very thin and unlined. I had a very deep windowsill, basically a filled-in bay window. I was lying

in bed with the lights out but, due to the streetlight outside, the room was not dark but filled with the sickly orange glow typical of a residential light back then. I was trying to go to sleep, but my eyes were open, and I was looking towards the window. I clearly saw two shadows cast on the curtains of a pair of pixies and they were dancing across my windowsill from right to left. I think they were holding hands and they were sort of skipping and twirling their way across. As they got to the far end of the windowsill, they disappeared. I was certain they were pixies because they looked exactly like that – not sure of the exact defining features just that they looked like a ‘typical’ pixie from books etc. I can’t remember if I got up to look behind the curtain, but I wasn’t scared. I remember feeling very lucky and happy that I’d got to experience something so amazing. I also felt a sense of relief that life was just as magical as I hoped it to be, and that the boring monotony of daily life was not as all-encompassing as it felt.’ ‘Typical pixies.’ ‘What I saw was clearly two pixies. I’ve seen ghosts and have always felt fear in those situations. There was no fear at all in this experience. It was magical!’ ‘I loved the Flower Fairies as a child, but don’t really think about fairies at all as an adult. I’m open-minded and have had two experiences of fairies but I’m not sure what they are and if they truly exist.’

§569C) England (Northumberland). ‘I appear to have fairies in my house. Last year I moved into a two-hundred-year-old farm cottage in Northumberland. I love it. But soon after I got settled in I started to notice things had moved when I had not moved them. I put it down to draughts or the cat as no one else lives with me. The cat was more than usually skittish, having mad ten minutes when she would jump and chase things I could not see. A couple times she leapt a foot in the air from a deep sleep which she never did before. A fluffy toy llama in particular kept moving around. I never saw the cat take an interest in it, but it was often several feet from where I had left it. On one occasion I had let the cat out the front and gone out the back myself and when I came back in the llama was standing up on the rug ten feet away from where I left it. A few days later I came down to discover that a stained-glass roundel had been taken off the window and was laid neatly on the sill, four feet down, completely undamaged and with the chain taut as though it was still hanging. The sucker hook was laid equally neatly at the other end of the sill. I discussed these strange happenings with a neighbour who said she gets similar and often loses things only for them to turn up later exactly where she already looked. She has four kids, mind. Could have something to do with it! I asked another older neighbour. She looked at me like I was daft and said ‘why, it is the fairies of course! What do you think I have all the bells and wind chimes and little lights for? You have to keep them happy, or they play mischief’. She asked what I had done that might have upset them. I said I had hung a new iron poker up at the fireplace but then I remembered that I had got rid of a stone plinth thing from a nineteen-seventies feature fireplace effort. Inside it had been several single children’s shoes and a few bits of toys. Only from the seventies but could they have been put there to lay the fairies? Anyway, now I ask

the fairies before I change things and I share things with them. There have been fewer strange happenings and the cat is much more settled. But a couple of months ago I had a night when I could not get warm in bed. I thought I must be ill. But then I saw bright green orbs hanging in the air in the bedroom. I got up to investigate. Nothing. But they came again after I turned the light off again. I also saw tiny green lights floating about in the back field a few nights later. I don't think we have fireflies in the UK. We have a very fluctuating electricity supply, and no one can quite work out why. And just a couple of weeks ago I unlocked the door and came in and there was an Amazon parcel for me in the kitchen. No one else has a key for my house except my son who is in the military at the other end of the country. None of the neighbours know anything about it and we don't get a regular delivery person so I cannot ask them. This week I forgot to blow a candle out when I went to bed. When I came down in the morning the candle was still alight but hardly burned down at all. Ten hours later. It was in the inglenook which I do associate particularly as their place. On the night when I had the green orbs, I strongly felt that I could have seen the fairies if I dared but I did not dare and kept my eyes tight shut! I would be interested what you think of all of this. I am not scared but a little wary.' 'There are a few updates to add to this. Nothing dramatic except what turned out to be their grand finale. I woke up from a dream about fire, sweating, to find that the electric blanket was full on. It was still dark about 4 am. There is no way it can turn itself on, and then I noticed a strange noise and it was the fan in the bathroom. The fan heater: it's one of those with the pull cord there's no other way of turning it on, and it was blasting. I went downstairs to see if anything else had come on that shouldn't have but there wasn't anything, and when I came back up the electric blanket on the other side of the bed was now full on, and it's plugged in completely a different socket on the other side of the room so impossible for it to have turned itself on! I got rather concerned that they were starting to play with the electrics, but fortunately that was it, and as I say it was valedictory in hindsight. I feel they are still around, but they're quiet. I acknowledge them every day and include them in plans. I mentioned the family next door with the four kids I do wonder how much they've got to do with it because when I first moved in there was a lot of discord and distress in the family with a teenage daughter who did not want to be here as they had moved from elsewhere Where she had friends and could get the bus to go and see people to a country cottage, where she knew no one and with a man she doesn't care for as her mother's new partner. But as she has grown up and settled, they have all settled down This and some of our phenomena, I know would fit with classic poltergeist stories. Next door's phenomena have ceased as well.'

§570) England (Notts). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; mischievous, aloof, melancholy; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling*

⁷ Received in two emails with permission to publish.

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 the night with moonlight shining through a gap in my curtains. Then into the light stepped a white-haired woman all dressed in white. She had a nimbus of white light around her and wore a pearl crown or tiara. She then put her hand on my shoulder and her touch was very cold. I was lying in bed at the time in a state of shock not believing what I was seeing. I then blinked and she was gone. I was visited by her again in 1987 whilst on holiday in ***, Scotland. This time I was given a message. ‘Scathach will come to you.’ Scathach I have since learned was a Celtic queen of Alba. I have been visited by her one more time since then in my home in ***, Nottingham, just before the birth of my son. The first visitation triggered at least fifty more visitations of many kinds of creatures, all on the borders of sleep over the last thirty-four years. These ranged from men dressed in black cloak and top hat (***, Derbyshire, 1996), black dogs (***, Nottingham 1997), Corpses (***, Nottingham 2000), hybrid human animal combinations, (***, Gwynedd multiple times since 2016) red mists (***, Nottingham 2012, 2014, and 2015) and old ladies (***, Nottingham 2020). Once whilst doing my PhD, (I lived in the *** area of Nottingham at that time) I awoke to see an old lady all dressed in black standing in my bed. I am a professor of *** in *** now and my logical mind asks where do these originate. The experiences have however been extremely frightening, involve all of the senses and vary greatly in what I see.’ ‘White lady of noble bearing’; ‘Voice was melodious’; ‘A strong history [in the area] of fairylore hyter sprites.’ ‘The white lady had a very fey appearance and was very regal.’ ‘Spirits or energies of place which can be perceived in certain states of mind.’ ‘The world is much more complicated than we believe.’

§571) England (Notts). *Female; 2020s; 31-40; on or near water, inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; ‘initial instance 15-30 min, further instances seconds’; 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.* ‘This is very long so please bear with me!! A few months ago I started seeing owl symbolism everywhere. In dreams, shops, scrolling Facebook, in books, advertisements, everywhere were pictures of owls. Then one night at work (my jobs are cemetery assistant, running paranormal investigations for groups and running tours of an old cemetery and the catacombs below. This particular instance was during my ‘ghost job’) I went outside alone to get some air and on the fence was an actual owl watching me. We looked at each other for a while and I recorded it and showed some friends the footage, who noticed that around the owl wind was blowing as the surrounding foliage was moving wildly. This was a very hot, dry night during the recent heat wave, which is why I was

outside, so no reason for the wind to be blowing like it was in the footage. Someone else then came outside and the owl flew away, towards the moon. I did some reading and divination on the experience and without going into that in huge detail, it led me to a part of Sherwood Forest where I often go to collect items for magick, balms, blends etc. I have been going to that particular wood since I was a child but this time I couldn't get there! I kept getting turned around and even when I used my Sat Nav it took me somewhere else entirely. So I decided to go to a different wood, also one I've been going to since childhood. I'd done a lot of reading before going, and had a small incantation/phrase that I said when entering the woods that was to do with Gwyn Ap Nudd. This is a wood frequented by dog walkers but there was nobody there at all. I'd brought with me a small bottle of wine, milk, honey, cakes and a blend that I made from carefully chosen flowers, herbs and items that I'd collected from woods previously. I was walking trying to get a feel for where I should place these and at one point, I looked to me left and saw a clearing in the forest that looked 'different' for want of a better word. It was lit up, gold and green, and looked tranquil and inviting. When I tried to get there however the way through was *via* an arch created by the branches of two trees intertwining. I stepped up to pass through and noticed that the arch was fully crisscrossed with spiderwebs, with spiders sat in the middles of them. Spiders are my biggest phobia, so my initial thought was: 'Is this a test? Should I just break them and go through?' But then I thought that would be destroying something made by the creatures of the woods and would be extremely disrespectful. I stood there for around fifteen to twenty minutes trying to decide what to do, during which time two brown butterflies danced around each other and went behind the arch and then sat on a branch on the other side. I looked at the clearing from the way they went around, and it just looked 'normal', so decided not to go that way. I moved into a different part of the wood and found a log that felt right to leave my offerings. A couple of nights later I went to my local canal in the early hours of the morning, which I do pretty regularly as I like the feel of the place. I sat with my feet in the water for a long time like I usually do and traced a symbol for Queen Mab in the water a few times that I had seen in a book a couple of days before. When I got up to leave, I had the distinct feeling that something was behind me but the words 'Like Orpheus' suddenly popped into my head, so I thought, okay, so I guess I shouldn't look back. I walked back up the hill from the canal to the main road, desperate to look back as I could feel a presence there, and when I got to the top a fox appeared in front of me. It looked as surprised as I was, looking left and right as though it had been dropped there unexpectedly. I tried to follow it, but it had disappeared. On my way home there is no real way I can think of to describe the experience. I could feel and hear everything. Not from the mundane – a bicycle went past, and I couldn't hear that, same with a car, but I could hear a mouse in the

undergrowth, I had to touch all of the flowers and trees on the way home, it was as if I'd taken a drug which was absolutely not the case. The night after that I saw something in my room out of the corner of my eye. When I tried to focus on it, it had gone. It was about twenty to thirty centimetres tall, brown and looked as if it was covered wooden feathers. I've seen it again twice since, again for milliseconds and I can never look directly at it. A hairclip I lost ages ago appeared next to my foot a few days ago and before that, a bracelet I do not own and would never have bought was on the desk I use every day when I went into my workroom in the morning. I've heard my name called quietly a couple of times, keep feeling a light pressure on my bed at night, like gentle footsteps, and have twice heard a sort of chittering noise in my room when I'm trying to sleep. Nothing about any of this feels threatening. I've been leaving cinnamon milk out for a few nights now. Weirdly since all of this the owl symbolism has vanished and been replaced with crows. Sorry I realise all of this sounds hugely unhinged, but it feels really good to write it all down! I've done a lot of divination since and it all seems to be leading back to the wood where I left the items, but I haven't had the chance to go back yet.' 'A chittering noise, squeaks and my name being said, but heard in my head and not my ears.' 'Brown, around twenty to thirty centimetres tall, covered in what looked like wooden feathers.' Fairies are 'ancient folk that have always been here but exist behind a veil that is rarely opened'. 'In my jobs I experience 'ghost' activity regularly, but this felt completely different. More tangible, encompassed more senses, no fear at all.'

§572) England (Oxfordshire). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland, in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was feeling very clear and at peace, very present'; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I had been teaching meditation to a group of people in a lovely ancient place with a very special and large garden where many ley lines converged/crossed. During a break I had gone to sit under some trees I felt drawn to. I had a lovely peaceful and private meditation on my own. When I came back into that present moment and opened my eyes, I clearly saw a very physical Fae presence. A young female, childlike, around four feet high, with wings, and with a beautiful smiling face. She was peeping at me from behind one of the trees. [She was] no more than five feet away from where I sat on a grassy bank. The experience felt perfectly natural and very, very real. She looked solid, I could have reached out and touched her.' 'She showed herself in a classical fairy Presence/way, though much more physical. I'd imagined them as being more delicate somehow.' 'And again, she was very real and seemed physical, solid somehow. Until she vanished completely!' 'I believe them to be an ancient and varied race of beings who live alongside us yet not in the same frequencies.'

§573) England (Oxfordshire). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; angry, solemn; 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.* ‘This happened when I was seven or eight years old. It took me a while to remember this memory, but when it did all of my strange feelings and uneasiness about faeries suddenly made sense. I was given a book about faeries for my birthday. It was a little book, with a ‘faerie wand’ and ‘faerie dust’. Needless to say, I was obsessed with my new present. I was even more ecstatic when a few weeks later, the faerie circle appeared in my garden. A whole ring of small, white mushrooms popped out of the grass, seemingly overnight. The timing was uncanny, and somehow I knew the faeries had brought it here to me. I was absolutely over the moon. I never felt so lucky in all of my little life. I wanted to make a good first impression, so I read in my book. There was a little song you could sing and walk around the faerie circle to get the faeries to come out and play. So, I began to sing the song in my book... I tried, I tried, over and over again. I sang this song, hoping that at any moment a fairy would appear and make all of my dreams come true. My poor neighbours! But just as expected no faeries arrived. I was quite disappointed, but I kept on trying, thinking that maybe it wasn’t the right day for them to come out, or perhaps it wasn’t the right time of day. And so I kept trying, but nothing. Now, I should mention that I have a twin brother, a twin brother, who made a habit of messing with me at every opportunity he could. (Don’t worry, he is a very nice person, but he was very naughty when he was a child.) He thought it was a fun game to tease me about things that were very important to me. So when he noticed my fascination and love for that faerie circle, he decided that he would put his foot in it. And he quite literally did. As I was reading my book by the faerie circle, he called out my name, told me to watch what he was going to do, and he began kicking down the mushrooms of the faerie circle. I screamed and cried, and begged him to stop, but he kept kicking them one at a time. I tried to pull him off, but he was too strong for me. I even tried standing in the way of the mushrooms so that he would kick me instead. It was only after a few moments of me crying and screaming that our mother came out, and finally pulled my brother indoors for a time out. Unfortunately, the damage had been done. About two thirds of the faerie circle was completely destroyed. I was distraught. I remember that huge lump in my throat and how it hurt to cry that hard. In my absolute devastation, and not thinking clearly, I thought it be best finish the job that he had done. I kicked the last of the mushrooms down, absolutely hysterical, screaming in frustration as I did. I can still hear my thoughts; why couldn’t my brother let me have anything nice? After the deed was done, my mother came back to console me and I was carried inside and I stayed indoors for the rest of the day. It must have been some days, perhaps weeks before the event arrived. I was outside in the garden, on my own. I was just playing with my princess and barbie dolls, not even thinking about the faeries or the faerie circle. It was then that I had a funny feeling wash over

me. That feeling in the pit of your stomach when you know you're being watched. As I turned around, three small faeries were hovering just an arm's width away. My initial reaction was complete shock at what I was seeing, and what these things looked like. They are so cartoonish? It was almost like looking at three living troll dolls (the old versions of them). But their features were more angular, sharper. And their wings were moving so quickly that I couldn't make out their shape, only that they appeared like bee wings. Their skin was a darker brown, weather-beaten like a farmer's tan. Their eyes were huge and very dark too. They were all wearing similar outfits; a tall, pointed brown hat like that of a gnome, an open waistcoat, dark brown shorts and shoes that looked like what the dwarves wear in the Disney's *Snow White* and the seven dwarves' film. It looked like they had emerged from the Earth itself, like if you were to dig a potato from the ground and it was stained with dirt. There were not the pretty tiny lady faeries who were dainty, dressed in flower petals and glittery pink sparkles... These three faeries were the complete opposite. My brain cannot fathom that any very good be a male, let alone something dirty and mean looking [sic!]. From left to right, the first faerie was the smallest; stout, round, with a grouchy expression. He looked incredibly angry at me. The second one in the middle was the tallest and thinnest. He had a weary, nervous expression about him. And the third one to the right looked the most in proportion feature wise, he looked at me solemnly, as though he didn't want to be there. Now, I can't remember exactly word for word what they said to me, I think I was so in shock that I wasn't exactly listening anyway. But I remember the first faerie being incredibly enraged with me, shouting at how could I have done such a thing, to destroy a faerie circle? The second one backed up everything he said, although in a much more timid way. This went on for a little while before I explained that my brother had been the one to destroy it and that I did try and stop him. But the first faerie remarked that I have been the one to finish the job, and that my crime was far worse than what my brother did. I began to apologise and say that I was sorry, but my cries fell on deaf ears. The first two faeries didn't want to hear it. They kept berating me until the third faerie finally spoke up. The third faerie sighed and confronted me about why they were here. He said that they had been told to retrieve me and bring me back to their home to receive my punishment. At that moment, I started crying again, becoming hysterical at the thought of being punished for something that I had done in the heat of the moment, and that I was truly regretful about. When I started crying louder, that's when the faeries tried to shush me. The third faerie spoke to the other two in a hushed tone which I couldn't hear because I was trying to stop crying. I don't know why but I have the feeling it was something about fate? Or something about there was no reason to punish me? I don't remember. When they finished speaking to one another, the third faerie told me that they weren't going to take me back to their home. They weren't going to punish me. But they would never return and no faerie circle would ever grow in the garden again. After that, they left without me. I can't recall how they left. If it was through the faeries circle or if they just disappeared. But

as soon as they were gone, I screamed for my mother, and ran back towards the house. I tried to explain to her what I had seen. But I knew that I couldn't describe what had happened. Even I didn't understand what happened. Years after this event, I had forgotten about it until I discovered Brian Froud's work in my late teens. When I opened his *Good Faeries/Bad Faeries* book, I was completely stunned to see the closest images I had seen to my garden faeries. The one with the most striking resemblance is the one in the artwork called 'The Primrose Faery'. The faery in question is standing on the left of the Primrose Faery. That's when I remembered and this long-forgotten memory washed over me. (Suddenly and somehow, it made sense to me why they had not punished me. I had a very bad childhood, every stage of my education I was bullied and abused in every way possible: verbally, physically, racially, sexually etc. I don't believe it was the faeries' doing, I think they just knew it was going to happen.) Even now, almost twenty years after the event, no mushroom circle has ever grown in my family home's garden again. But I love the faeries. I still do and I always will. Even when I doubt their existence in my rational mind, that memory hits me and I cannot deny what I saw that day. Who I talked to that day. I have seen a few glimpses of faeries after that, but only for a moment, to the point where I can doubt if I ever saw anything. I'm not afraid of them. There is a balance they have to maintain, a balance we cannot understand. I learnt the hard way to respect them, but I am grateful to them for showing me the delicate balance of nature. I've never told anyone about this and I doubt anyone in my family remembers the incident. But I do, and I will hold my faith in the faeries forever.' 'I love [fairies] but they are to be absolutely respected.' 'I knew instantly it was a faerie, even though it was nothing like I had imagined. It just was.'

§574) England (Oxfordshire). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; two to ten minutes; frightened; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.*

'Walking down a country track between the *** and *** I heard a whistling/humming noise from the hedge row bottoms. I was with a party of four others who were all walking ahead. It was summertime and the morning, around seven AM. I could hear the humming as I walked, but it stopped when I stopped. I took several dives into the thicket to see what was making the noise, but only caught a glimpse of things scurrying away. The final attempt revealed a humanoid creature about the size of a man's hand. It was on all fours looking back at me. Its head was similar to a mouse's. Its body the shape of a toad. But it had a very human look about it; not least because it was wearing a pair of tweed trousers and braces. It was frozen to the spot. I exclaimed. It shrieked and then bolted off into the scrub. I called it a gnome for a long time. My friends neither heard the humming/whistle, nor did they see or believe what I had seen.' 'Small animistic mouse/toad humanoid.' 'A humming and whistling at the same time.' 'It was a material/solid form.' 'Faery for

me covers 'the other', the broad spectrum of energetic beings that live in parallel to the human world.'

§575) England (Somerset). *Male; 1970s; 11-20; in open lands (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; no duration given; no fairy mood given; 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 was bunking off from school and sitting in a field boarded by woods. I knew these fields like the back of my hand. I had a sketchpad and was busy drawing. Looking up into what should have been a sloping, open field, it was now full of very small apple trees, a strange mist around the trees and me. I got spooked and scrambled back up the field to the main road and went home a bit shaken up. Returning the following Saturday with friends I'd told this experience to, the field was as it always was, just a field. No sign of the orchard. What I hadn't told my friends about was the strange compulsion I had experienced, wanting to eat the apples from these trees, and the faint music I heard. I believe I had been in a faery orchard and God knows what might have happened had I eaten any of the fruit.' 'Twinkle-like music and flute and strings.' 'I think this experience opened something up within me and has made it easier for me to have this type of experience.'

§576B) England (Somerset). *Female; 2020s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Seelie court circled me after I called them on the Tor. Also saw tiny blue lights darting around my friend. I have a pic of the faery in my garden in Essex during a summer solstice ritual. Again, in Glastonbury they came into the tent. Three of them.' 'Glastonbury ones ugly. Essex serene.' 'Bells and calling in a sweet voice.' 'I called them in Glastonbury. And Essex the ritual.' Fairies are 'nature spirits'.

§577) England (Somerset). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; 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 were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you were very sad; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was severely distressed, suffering from anxiety and nightmares. I could not sleep. I had fallen asleep and woke up. I was half awake. I heard music coming from a hill and there was the sound of water. The music got louder and louder. It was medieval type music. A huge thin man appeared, and he wanted to take me into the hill so I could get away from my suffering. He said come with me now and take your leave of this suffering place. I didn't go with him as I was afraid. Then he left. Then all the fairies came out of the flowers and fairies came out of the birds and they flew around for a while and then they vanished. The fairies told me as they left that the black birds the crows were the

guardians of the fairies.’ ‘Children’s playground, noise high pitched with a fairy medieval style drums.’ ‘They had wings and crowns’.

§578) England (Somerset). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on a country road; 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; 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.* ‘I was just leaving Glastonbury on a lovely summer day we had had a lovely weekend at the Glastonbury symposium in the town hall. I turned onto the road and there in front of me was a creature. Looked like a little man made of twigs. I saw it but didn’t stop the car or anything, no time and then he was gone! But he was imprinted on my mind. My partner was in the passenger seat but didn’t see anything. A few months later I was in Scotland, being driven to a beach near Port *** and he appeared again in front of the car. I don’t know if it was a fairy. Felt in my heart it was a wood sprite!’

§579) England (Somerset). *Male; 1980s; 0-10; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; 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 clouded memories of the experience.* ‘Walking home from primary school – aged about eight to nine – along a fairly secluded thin lane with trees up either side. Near the entrance was a clearing – before the concreted path started and a small stream (dry in summer) starts from a spring. For a few weeks my friend and I encountered small – classic elf-type creatures playing in a circle clearing about two by two metres. There was a gypsy-type caravan – and a sense that they were just stopping by. They didn’t interact with us – but you felt they knew they were being watched – and approved it. We saw this maybe two to three times. I told my parents – they refused to believe and found it all hilarious (as I would now if one of my kids reported the same). To be honest, it all felt so unreal that I now doubt it was real. Has my childish imagination crystallised a false memory? I am no longer in contact with the friend to check their memory – although we never really spoke about it – so cannot get confirmation from that route.’ ‘Like a tiny elf. Pointy ears, Human proportions, happy expressions, multicoloured clothing, about six inches tall.’ What are fairies? ‘Imagination and memory misfiring to manufacture a folk memory that has credence due to its familiarity.’

§580) England (Somerset). *Female; 1980s; 21-30; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; regular 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, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘I was working as a shepherd. I’d gone up to a remote

part of the farm to check on some of the sheep. It was morning. I went up as far as I could by tractor, but the last field was bounded by a drove road. I left the tractor, and walked into the field, when fog came down suddenly. I walked carefully back to the stile, and sat on the wall for a bit, wondering whether to wait or go back. I suddenly saw a small, old man walking towards me on the drove road. It was popular with walkers, but not usually on a winter's morning mid-week. And he didn't look dressed right for a walker? He was quite small, the size of a child. He grinned at me and paused. I'll swear he asked me if I knew where I was. I said 'yes', and then he seemed to ask if I knew WHEN I was. He passed by me with a laugh, but after a few moments, I realised that I couldn't really 'remember' what he wore, how he looked, what he sounded like, or where he went. He'd sort of drifted into the fog. I felt odd about it. When I finally got back down to the farm, I had to explain why I'd been gone more than two hours, on a job that usually took less than one. I explained about the fog, and my excuse was accepted with a mutter. I told my grandmother about the odd encounter: she was a wise old woman. She said that I'd nearly been 'piskie-led'. This wasn't the first encounter I'd had, as I'd seen things as a child, which all but my grandmother called nonsense. It has been my only visual encounter as an adult, although I've had audible encounters.' 'Seemed to be an old man. I have the impression of country dress: wool type trews, jacket, hat, neutral browns and greens. But the encounter was followed by a puzzling 'fading of memory''. 'I've since discovered that the place was well known in local folklore for being close to a gateway for fairy folk.'. 'On an ancient drove road, bounded by fields and woodland'. 'The presence of fog. The appearance of the Piskie. The lack of fear or malice. He was very much of the land, as was I. Doesn't get more bucolic than a lone shepherd in a remote field, watching sheep. We were part of the same place, rooted.' 'It was partly my experience that caused me to begin research into local folklore.'

§581) England (South-West). 2000s; 11-20; *in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; excited; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Visiting a family friend who was the custodian for a large stately home, I had gone out for a walk in the woods. While I was out, I heard a dog barking and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. I couldn't work out why I was so unnerved until I remembered that my family and I were the only people other than the custodian who were on the lands at this time. These were private woods. The only dogs around were back at the cottage. I started hearing more and more dogs, and I bolted back the way I came. Everything looked unnaturally bright, and I could hear dogs barking really close to me, even though I couldn't see anything.' 'I kind of saw motion that didn't look natural, but no figures.' 'Dogs barking, footsteps.' 'I felt really sure that the hunting dogs I was hearing were part of the woods. They weren't just in the woods. They were a part of them.' Fairies are 'nature spirits.'

§582) England (Staffordshire). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; malevolent; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'Late summer 2009 in a place called *** reservoir valley in Staffordshire. I walked my dog here on a regular basis, but on this occasion left my dog at home because she would get in the way of my labours picking Boletus mushrooms that I had found the previous day. The reservoir has [a] path that encircles it and is about one and a half miles around the perimeter. There are three distinctive landmarks to look out for at the site, a nineteenth century warder's tower, an eighteenth-century bridge and on the west side of the reservoir, a car park. The weather was fine and bright. It was a very warm day but the woodland surrounding the water gave welcome shade. I entered the grounds of the reservoir *via* the small gate on the east side and started my way toward the area where I had seen the mushrooms. I passed two of the landmarks I've mentioned, I crossed the bridge and walked past the warder's tower which was elevated to my right. This took about ten minutes to reach this spot. I walked on for a further three hundred yards and saw in the middle of the path a weasel, probably twenty yards in front of me. I stopped and watched it for a few seconds. It was then joined by another weasel. The two weasels were romping about as I watched them, completely unaware of my presence. They then scampered up to the right where there is a wooded bank. I followed them up the bank but could not see them, so I came back down the bank and made again for the mushrooms. On reaching the path I noticed a distinct change in both light and temperature. I looked at the sky above the water and it had become very overcast and looked like a thunderstorm might appear, typical of late August. The temperature dropped significantly, and the wind had picked up considerably. I took it that a storm was approaching so I turned around to make my way back as I didn't want to be around the water during a thunderstorm. I made my way back but after about ten minutes [I] started to feel that something was amiss. I hadn't seen the warders tower or the bridge. At first I put this down to being occupied with the weasel situation, and must have walked further than I anticipated so I pressed on but it was soon clear to me that I must have become disorientated and gone the wrong way. So, I turned around and set off back to where I had just come from. I had been walking a good twenty minutes and had no sighting of the landmarks I spoken of and I suddenly started to feel anxious. It then occurred to me that I hadn't seen any other people, dog walkers, people fishing or joggers, usually a common sight here. The wind was blowing gusts and my anxiety levels were rising. Then I started to hear laughing, faint laughter, becoming quite deep and resonant fading in and out. I then started to have a stern word with myself and made a plan to just keep walking. After all, the path is only about one and a half miles around I would soon either find the carpark or gate. I walked and walked, my anxiety building to the point of tears. I hadn't seen [a] soul and I checked my mobile phone as there was no signal (but that was always the case being in a valley). I was becoming thirsty, my legs wobbly, the whole affair lasted at

least three hours and I was getting nowhere, again hearing laughter seemingly on the wind. No matter which way I went I could not find my way out or sight of any landmarks and my anxiety turned to fear. The whole place was becoming increasingly unfamiliar. It was still stormy, and I was hearing laughter I could not place. I decided to sit down and try to rationalise what was going on, intermittently hearing the laughter. I then just said out loud ‘I just want to get home’ somewhat defeatedly. I noticed the sun break through on the water and the wind subsided. I decided to try again and within ten minutes came upon the warder’s tower. With overwhelming relief I broke into a run to get out of that place.’ ‘I explained the experience to somebody who then told me I had a fairy encounter even though I didn’t see a person or goblin-type creature. They told me It was a spell to make me lost and that the fairies were laughing at me, the same person also said I was lucky?’ Fairies are ‘something other than us but I could not even guess what they are.’

§583) England (Staffordshire). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘The incident happened in the mid-nineties, probably 1996 when I would have been twenty-one years old. I was working as a mechanic in a garage in *** and I worked Saturdays and I had one weekday off on a rota. As my friends were all at work on weekdays I struggled to think of things to do on my day off and I started going for bicycle rides over Cannock Chase in Staffordshire. I lived near to *** train station on the Birmingham-Rugely line and I’d found the easiest way to do it was to just hop on the train to *** on the edge of the Chase with my mountain bike and backpack and start exploring from there. I would take a packed lunch and an Ordnance Survey map and an orienteering compass and try and find somewhere I hadn’t been before. On this occasion I was cycling into the Chase on Brindley Heath Road heading towards the Marquis Drive Visitor Centre from which there were several marked trails across the Chase that I hadn’t fully explored but the Pye Green BT Tower to my West had caught my eye and I started looking for a path through the trees to my left that might lead towards it so I could get a better look. I soon spotted what appeared to be an unmarked gravel trail heading in the approximate direction of the tower and turned off the road to investigate. It was early summer, and the weather was mild but dull and overcast. I had caught the first train after 9:30 AM to avoid squeezing my bike in amongst commuters and to take advantage of off-peak rail fares. The train journey took a little over ten minutes and I was about ten to fifteen minutes by bicycle from the train station so I’m guessing it was about 10 AM. Unlike weekends or school holidays the Chase was very quiet. There was nobody about when I started down the trail through the trees. I quickly passed through the trees and found myself in a meadow with many wildflowers. I was quite surprised as it looked like an excellent

picnic spot, and I thought I knew most of the good picnic spots from being brought to the Chase with my family as a child. As far as I knew that area should have been scrubland amongst the trees with bracken and bramble and the like. I was also puzzled that I couldn't see the Pye Green Tower or any other landmarks. The trail led up a gentle hill and I was struggling a little to cycle on the gravel. The meadow was very pleasant, and I wasn't in any hurry, so I decided to walk my bike to the top of the hill and see if I could see the tower and get my bearings from there. I hadn't travelled far when I noticed a low structure at the side of the trail. There was a large flat rectangular slab of what appeared to be weathered concrete. It appeared that it was once the roof of some open sided structure that was now mostly buried. It was covered with lichen and moss and partially overgrown with small flowers that had purchase to grow and creeping plants. There was a gap of two to three feet between the ground of the meadow and the 'roof' of the structure. The structure was mysterious but didn't strike me as extraordinary – I'd come across various decaying WW2 era structures while exploring the Chase such as anti-aircraft gun emplacements and I assumed this was another one of those. For some reason I still can't explain I decided to crawl through it. I could easily have walked past it or around it or even over it but for some reason it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to crawl under the flat 'roof' pushing my bike ahead of me. I emerged only a few seconds later but everything was very different. I was in the same meadow but there was bright sunshine without a cloud in the sky. It was a lot hotter and there even seemed to be a heat haze in the air. It had seemed deathly quiet between leaving the road and crawling under the structure, but now the air seemed alive with the sounds of birds and crickets. I looked around and the gravel trail I'd been following was nowhere to be seen. The structure I'd emerged from now seemed to be a dry stone archway of ancient construction. The tree line that I'd emerged into the meadow from had now gone and in their place was a stream. On the other side of that stream was a pasture that was a such a vibrant green that it looked like it had been drawn by a child. There was a stone bridge across the stream and sitting halfway across that stone bridge was a small girl. The girl appeared to be a little less than three feet high. She was of youthful appearance, but her proportions were those of a young adult. She was not a child, she simply seemed to be scaled down somehow. She had bright red curly hair with flowers in it. She seemed very pleasant and welcoming. I cannot recollect what she was wearing. These days I am an artist rather than a mechanic and I specialise in portraiture, but I could not draw the girl. I can remember how her expression made me feel but none of her facial features or construction. It was as if she was an idea beamed into my head rather than something I actually saw through my eyes. It is very hard to explain. I do not recall being alarmed by all of this. I do not recall thinking anything at all. I started to walk towards the bridge and the girl in the same way that I had simply decided to crawl under the structure. The next thing I know a border collie was running around me barking fit to burst and it was again a dull and overcast day and I was somewhere

else. I was on a path through trees walking towards a lake surrounded by forest. Where there had been a stone bridge there was a short wooden jetty in poor repair. I briefly glimpsed the small girl sitting on the jetty but looked somewhat different – she had black eyes and her hair was darker and straight and had no flowers. She was now visibly wearing a crude shapeless dress or smock. It didn't cover her arms which suddenly seemed very thin. Her facial features seemed more visible somehow but also unnatural, it made it hard to judge but she appeared to be smirking. The dog was not aggressive but extremely agitated – it did not seem to be specifically aware of the girl. A couple that had been walking the dog quickly came running over. They were very apologetic and said they did not know what had gotten into the dog. I was now feeling very shaken and wanted to get away as quickly as possible. I'm not really sure what I mumbled at them before hopping on my bike and rapidly cycling away up the path the couple had walked down. I'm sure they thought I was quite mad. I looked back once and did not see the girl after seeing the couple. She was not visible on the jetty or anywhere else. I had a terrible feeling of dread and just wanted to get away. I did not know where I was. I simply cycled as quickly as possible up the path the couple had come from in the hope it would lead me closer to civilization. Within a few minutes I arrived at a road with traffic and felt extremely glad. I decided to try and work out where I was and took out my map and compass. My compass appeared to have lost all magnetic properties and never worked again. I could not see any landmarks, only trees. From my previous trips to Cannock Chase, I suspected I was in Birches Valley area but did not know what direction I was facing. My watch was working and said it was 10:10 AM, but the light seemed wrong and it felt much later. I picked a direction and started cycling and soon came to a road junction that I recognised and knew I was near the Birches Valley Forest Centre. I was heading deeper into the forest, which wasn't at the time what I wanted to be doing, but at least I knew where I was. It would have meant that the lake I'd found myself at was one of the Fair Oak fishing pools about one and a half miles North-East of where I believed I had crawled under the structure and the opposite side of Brindley Heath Road and the Marquis Drive Visitor Centre. I have no idea how I had travelled between those two locations. I enjoy outdoor activities and have hiked and camped around the Scottish Highlands and islands without getting lost and I don't understand how I could have become so disorientated in a relatively small area, relatively well known to me, in what felt like such a short space of time. I turned around and started cycling back towards Hednesford. I was very scared and strangely grateful whenever I could hear a car on the road. If I'd had a mobile phone back then I'd have just called a friend or even a taxi. When I arrived back at Hednesford train station my watch said it was a little before eleven am. The station clock said it was a little after six pm. I tried my sandwiches while waiting for the train, but they tasted spoiled and made me feel nauseous. I threw them away. I got sausage and chips from the chip shop after arriving back in Bloxwich and those tasted fine. I was very upset by the experience and struggled to sleep that night. I went for a walk to the nearby

twenty-four-hour petrol station at three am just to talk to somebody. I have no idea what actually happened. Clearly the most sensible explanation is that I fell off my bike and banged my head and spent the day strolling aimlessly in a confused daze, however I do remain convinced without being able to logically explain why that the 'girl' was an objectively real entity of some sort and that I was in grave danger. I cannot say if the entity was malicious or malevolent or how I came to interact with it. But I cannot shake the feeling that I meant no more to it than a mouse would to a cat. I also believe that it was in its own place and that I had somehow intruded into its domain. In the decades since a lot has happened to me that I have had to come to terms with including the deaths of people close to me. I have strangely never been able to come to terms with my feelings surrounding that day and still become very emotional when I think of it. I was crying while writing this. I have had no other similar experiences.' 'A female of little less than three feet high but of adult proportions. Other features changed during the experience.' 'The fairy made no sounds.' 'I've heard about various strange events in the area but not fairies.' Why fairy? 'It was encountered in woodland, and it felt very much that it was in its own place rather than some kind of a visitor. I don't know exactly what it was, but fairy seems closest.' Fairies are... 'My best guess is natives of some sort of place that exists alongside ours.'

§584) England (Suffolk). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly, aloof, inquisitive; 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.* 'My experience took place on a summer's afternoon in the yard of a medieval church near *** in Suffolk. I often visit churches and other old and interesting historic places, these days I enjoy exploring country roads by bicycle. But at the time I must have been nineteen and only driving for about eighteen months, so everything was done by car. It was late afternoon or early evening but still full daylight. I had stopped to have a look around an old church and had already been inside. After leaving I decided to walk around the outside of the building to take in the architecture and look for any unusual decoration. When I had got to the back of the church, I noticed there was a large iron 'sanctuary handle' on the locked back door. I had walked up and taken hold of the handle to study the metal work when I felt the sensation of someone watching me. When I turned around to my surprise there was someone watching me from the other side of the chest high hedge, fifteen or so feet away, that formed the boundary of the churchyard. I think I half spoke a greeting and looked right into their eyes. The eyes were big and a deep blue without white or pupil, but I could tell they were looking into mine. It had a thin face that tapered to a very narrow jaw and small chin. Its nose was fine, and its lips were small and thin. And it had long straight light brown hair. The eyes and the dimensions of the face were strange and inhuman but not unpleasant. I remember it smiled slightly and I got the impression that it was feminine. We maintained eye contact for several

long seconds until I couldn't hold the stare any longer and had to blink. In the moment it took me to blink it fled, and as my eyes opened, I caught the motion of it ducking down behind the hedge. I was overcome with the urge to know, to understand, to experience and I rushed to the hedge and looked over to see where it had gone. On the other side was an empty field with nowhere to hide, about a hundred yards away flanking the field on the left was a large house and about half that distance away on the right was a small wood. But the watcher had disappeared. I thought to myself how odd the experience was and began to feel uncomfortable, so I went back around the church to my car at not much less than a run and drove away. I've gone over the experience in my mind countless times since then and have come to the conclusion that, as I was looking up slightly at it and its head was well clear of the hedge it must have been a little taller than my own five foot ten. But I have no memory of whether it was dressed or naked, just the impression that it was tall and thin. I remember that as [I?] held the gaze of those eyes, her face seemed to take up my entire view, so that in my memory she seems closer to me than I know she must have been.' 'It seemed at one with that peaceful place, not of the church but of the field and the wood.' Fairies are 'spirits of the natural world or perhaps the animals and people of another realm of existence alongside our own.' 'I met a woman who described to me her experience of what she called an elf. Her description matched the being I met almost exactly.'

§585) England (Surrey). *Male; 1990s; 31-40; in a city; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; angry; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'Walking dogs in a park opposite railway line. Path would be darker than the rest. Dogs would not walk as usual and the feeling of oppression. We would turn around and go back the other way. Next day all would be fine. Happened six or seven times.' What in your opinion are fairies? 'Not sure elemental beings.' 'Was talking to guy from Peru about my tattoos on my leg (fairy tattoos) and he said he used to see them often in his village.'

§586) England (Surrey). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; 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.* 'My youngest son aged, approximately twenty at the time of my first encounter, was home from university for the holidays. He had a camp bed (cot bed) in my bedroom as the spare rooms were not functional at that time. It was around 1.25 AM when I woke, although I don't know what roused me. I sat up partially and was drawn to look across the room at my son's bed. It took a moment for my eyes to become accustomed to what I was seeing and to make sure I was seeing what I thought I was! There were five slim figures, possibly around twelve to fifteen inches tall, completely grey in colour, their hands joined up in the air and they appeared to be dancing

around in a circle. Although they were in human form, the bodies and the limbs seemed very long and thin. Other than that, there were no distinguishing facial features that I could make out. It was almost as though they were paper cut-outs. There was no sound, just the dancing movement and jiggling up and down as they went around. This wasn't the first odd thing I'd seen in our house, so I wasn't particularly perturbed other than to think how cheeky they were. I must have fallen straight back to sleep because, at 1.55 AM, I was awoken again by my son cursing at something I could no longer see. His exact words were 'Get off my f*** bed and leave me alone!' I didn't say anything to him at that time, partly because I was completely shocked that we had both experienced these little creatures within a short space of time. The next day I casually mentioned it to my son, and he simply replied, 'It was the fairies, mum, they won't leave me alone.' I discovered that day that he'd been having fairy problems for the whole time I had lived in the house. They even followed him to another town where his girlfriend lived. My son had never told his girlfriend about fairies, but she asked him one morning if he had felt tiny feet on the bed the previous night. When my son and I spoke in detail he told me that they celebrated whenever he was back from university. Following that incident, I did a fair bit of research and spoke to a lady who seemed to be quite an expert in fairy matters. Together we discovered an area in my back garden that she said was a fairy dell. The lady herself was reluctant to go into the space but I was curious. I discovered that if I stepped into it, outside sounds seemed to become muffled, as though I had put earplugs in. When I took a step back (out), the sounds became normal again. I personally never witnessed any fairies after that day, although I did periodically step in and out of the enchanted area just to see if it was still there.' 'Around twelve to fifteen inches tall with spindly legs and long bodies, completely grey in colour.' What are fairies? 'I really don't know.' 'It was an experience I will never forget, mainly because of my son's reaction twenty or so minutes after I had the experience.'

§587) England (Surrey). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I saw something moving along through the leaves very fast. About fifteen to twenty feet away. When it stopped it looked like a wooden clothes peg, about three- to four-inches high. It moved again, very fast, covering a distance of about ten feet. I was in fairly open woodland, early autumn. There were only dry leaves on the ground. This was in a modern village. I used to live in the countryside, so I know what pheasants, stoats, rats etc look like. This wasn't something I'd seen before.' 'An upright wooden clothes peg, about two to three inches tall'. 'The leaves rustled as it sped through them.' Why fairies? 'I don't believe in extra-terrestrials, and I believe that most ghosts are not spirits but sort of recordings.' Fairies are 'folk memories of pre-Celtic race(s).'

§588) England (Surrey). *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland, on a country road; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; 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 marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience. ‘I myself actually had an encounter with a fairy-type creature of the small, diminutive type. It was on the twenty-seventh of December 2019 between 5.30 and 6.00 pm. It was extremely dark and cold outside and most of the streets were empty due to the Christmas celebrations going on. I’d just left my workplace and left home which required me to walk home in the dark. I was heading up a hill that had only two lamps at the top around a dried-up embankment where I saw the creature trying to climb up and struggle. I didn’t know what to make of it at the time and brushed it aside as me jumping to conclusions. I’m of Irish descent so I’m very familiar of the stories so I muttered out ‘Go Fuck yourself, Fairy’, jokingly. Not a second passed until I heard what sounded like a Christmas Cracker and a loud ringing clap go off right at the back of my head which made me stumble forwards, I was really caught by surprise at that point, quickly looked over my shoulder (I saw nothing and didn’t want to see anything either) and began running up the hill towards my house. The thing from memory was wearing a Phrygian cap (similar to the French depictions of Fairies, I’m in the South East of England so potentially the regional style fits), which rose upwards like a cone. I couldn’t tell what colour clothing he was wearing but it was either brown or greenish and no taller than a foot or two.’ Why a fairy? ‘Because visually it exactly fitted the looks of a Fairy and it did not seem ‘out of this world’ or beyond any spiritual plane.’ ‘I believe that [fairies] are the Aos Sí/Sidhe beings that aren’t of this world but potentially of another plane, though I do believe that they are extremely relative [related] to Humanity; specifically the Northern people of Europe.’

§589) England (Surrey). *Male; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘As a child I always played in the nearby woods alone. On this one occasion which I remember to this day I suddenly entered a part of the woods which I had never seen before. There before [me?] were all many different types of creatures/people have a what [I] can only describe as a musical party with food and drink placed around which seem to be neither on the floor nor on tables. I can remember being transfixed by this event for what [I] thought of as mere minutes. [It] was at least an hour of my time because I remember turning and running back home which was only a short distance from the woods to tell my mother. She accepted I had seen it and never said it was or wasn’t real. In returning to the woods, I could never find the place again.’ ‘Some were like normal people some seemed like children others like old people, and some were like humanoid animals and others were something I could not express.’ ‘The music was the first thing I heard it was the sound of pipes and drums and stringed instruments.’ Did the place have a reputation for fairies? ‘I had never [heard] of any’. ‘Definitely fae’. ‘I tend [to] wonder what their opinion of us is.’

§590B) England (Surrey). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; 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 had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running upstairs), you were very sad; 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 sudden chill before the experience.* ‘When I was about thirteen, I kept leaving little treats in a woodland by my house on my walks through the woods. (Bits of sequins, some chocolates and sweets etc.) When one day, I started getting little gifts in return (a tea light, bits of ribbons, polished rocks, bones etc) I never touched them as the sight of them always made me feel uneasy (I don’t know why: I was fairly young). But then overtime odd things would happen around my home that were unexplainable: shadows that didn’t make sense, objects moving, food missing and unexplainable sounds and movements. I began dreaming of the fae (but not the traditional cute little humanoid ones but scary chilling ones). Then on my walks through woodlands I would feel like I was being watched closely, and from the corner of my eye I would see movements, but when I turned there was nothing there. When I told grownups about it, they got quite concerned and I was shipped off to a therapist who diagnosed me with paranoia, FPP and BPD and prescribed medication (which I’ve been on ever since) to ‘help’. Since being on the medication I haven’t seen a thing, but I still feel at times as if there is something watching and waiting, sometimes standing so close to me I can feel its breath on my face or neck and again sometimes (if I’m particularly distraught for example) I get a flicker of something in my peripheral vision.’ ‘Dark hairless creatures with long skinny limbs, I would describe the creatures I saw as goblins maybe.’ ‘I never got a reading on the fae but in their presence I would feel crippling fear, dread, uneasiness.’ Fairy music? ‘Eerie’. ‘When in the woods I would almost be in a trance, moving through the wilderness and path.’ Why fairies? ‘I don’t know, I just feel like it is.’ ‘A race of magical beings’. ‘I think one of the fae saved me from a fatal attack recently, since then they’ve become more active around me again.’

§591) England (Sussex). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; ‘churchyard’; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘A dark ring of grass with fairies running from side to side playing or dancing’. ‘About an inch tall, a transparent white colour.’

§592) England (Sussex). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; concerned, worried; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep [‘I had a terrible dream the night before of a spirit attacking me when I awoke I nearly had a panic attack’]; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I woke up in the night with a start and looked over and saw my partner on his elbow staring at me. It took me awhile to fully wake up and when I did my partner changed

and I saw he was still sleeping and that a boy was sitting on him. He had very blonde almost white hair that was very curly and he wore a brown pointy hat and a waistcoat, and I just knew he had blue eyes. He was looking straight at me and he really wanted to say something but it wouldn't come out when I realised what was going on I sat up and he disappeared straight away. We have had a lot of childlike pranks happen in the house. Being tickled, my hair has been pulled, feet being slapped and hearing giggling.' 'Boy looked about six years old with blonde curly hair, blue eyes wearing a brown pouty hat and a waistcoat, very pretty but otherworldly. 'The green where we live used to have fairy rings appear every year.' 'I have seen a ghost before, and this was different. The first thing that came to my mind was Pixie.' Fairies are 'Other beings that have been around for thousands of years'.

§593) England (Sussex). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; aloof; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'On falling asleep in bed, I heard the sound of glass bottles clinking beside me, before finding myself in the bathroom looking at my reflection in the mirror morph into the face of a young man. I then had an out of body experience where I was floated around on the landing outside the bathroom before being suspended above the staircase, where I looked down to see a small lady in a gothic blue dress whose face was blurred, like looking through frosted glass. Once I realised she was my master and was dangling me about as if on strings, I found myself wide awake in bed, but felt compelled to close my eyes where a film played out, which was about the boy I had seen in the mirror living a life in the twenty-second century. The short version of this was that my family (who refused to believe that I wasn't their son, but actually asleep in bed in the twenty-first century) were running a mine nearby on behalf of the 'Bankers' who now controlled everything and everyone. At the end we were all taken out to be shot for some unspecified crime. I was fully awake through the film and could pause it by opening my eyes at any time. Eventually I just fell asleep as it was late, and I had to be up for work in the morning. The event was life changing in that for the next two years I went on a manic book-reading phase about all subjects esoteric and historical, which led to me writing a book in poetic narrative which I finished just this weekend, after four tortuous years. The motive was to make sense of this and other paranormal experiences through my life, but although I'm pleased with the end result, I have to say that I am none the wiser...' 'At the beginning of the film, I was in a field where I saw Laburnum blooms and other yellow flowers in an emerald green grass field whose colours were so vibrant I remember thinking 'my God, Huxley was right!'" 'Four-foot tall, gothic blue dress extending outward at the ends, face obscured.' Fairies are 'intelligent beings living parallel to us'. 'They need us to do something important, for us as well as them, but their motives are always obscure.'

§594) England (Sussex). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually*

vivid memories of the experience. 'I was about four-years old. We lived in the basement flat of a regency building in H____. My parents were caretakers. The building was the Church of England Diocese offices. It had been owned previously by a doctor. I was in the small scullery which overlooked the courtyard garden at the back of the building. I had always known the faeries but this one day with the window open to the courtyard garden two small people, no wings, came in through the window and sat with me while I was playing with plasticine clay. My mum was working somewhere outside the room. These two little people were dressed in colours that you cannot even imagine. They sat with me and watched me, and we did speak to each other. But I can't remember now what we said. They stayed with me and remained in my life for a couple of years. I even carried them to school in my bag and left the bag open on the windowsill of the classroom for them. My teacher understood as did other people around me. My mum refused to believe me. The house itself was full of ghosts and I was always seeing things and was scared a lot of the time, but the faeries never scared me. They were beautiful. They loved the overgrown garden. We moved when I was seven to a new house, and I stopped telling people that I could see them. These two little people never showed themselves again. I still feel them around me today and I live in Wales now on a beautiful smallholding surrounded by a magical ancient woodland and although I haven't seen them, I can feel them here and it [is] why we bought this property.' 'Small colourful people. Child-like but not in proportion to children.' Fairies are 'elemental beings'.

§595) England (Sussex). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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 a row of swans and they had crowns on their head. It was a misty day and there seemed to be a pink mist. The swans came out from a bend in a moat and swam towards me with a pink mist. There were glittering crowns on their heads. I went to get my camera and the pink mist vanished and the swans' crowns had vanished. I felt very sad that the swans went back to normal.' 'Fairies are guardians of thin places and protectors of nature'.

§596A) England (Sussex). *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; on their own; time not reported; many hours; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'Witness describes playing in her parents' garden as a child on her own for many hours with the fairies. She described going down some steps in the garden which she felt was a doorway to the fairies. After going down the steps she describes seeing a river of light and that's where she would meet and play with the fairies.' 'Small, made of coloured light.' 'Witness works as a natural healer now.' 'She had a strong connection with nature at that age and felt these were fairies connected with the plants and trees in her garden.'

§597) England (Tyne and Wear). *Male; 1980s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-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.* 'I had taken photographs and asked fairy folks to appear. Semi-solid fairy 'entities' showed themselves and most people could see them on the pictures verified as genuine by Dr *** of the ASSAP.' 'Only [seen fairies] on photos – some traditionally elfin some gnomes plus diaphanous but none winged.' 'Fair field' on old maps.' 'I was seeking fairies.' 'Hallucinations with a reality.' 'Hallucinations, but neurology doesn't really know what they are!'

§598) England (West Midlands). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; threatening; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I'm not sure this was a fairy but after reading your article in *Fortean Times*, I noticed similarities. Can I stress that I have good dream memory/recall and do not actively or intentionally astral travel. My experience was vivid and frightening, a complete one-off experience of this kind. My husband and I started to watch a film, but I wasn't interested and went up to bed where I nodded off. I slept on the side furthest from the door. I became aware of looking down at myself from the ceiling over the door, standing at my side of the bed was a tall male figure (in form, no details). He glowed with a white/silvery light which only illuminated himself not the room. I then found myself sitting bolt upright in bed absolutely terrified. I scrambled over the bed and was halfway downstairs before I stopped. It was a threatening experience. No way was I going back so I went downstairs to talk to my husband on the pretence of not being able to sleep. Eventually I gathered myself together and did go back to bed and slept perfectly well. My husband said to me the following morning that he could tell I was upset but assumed the reason was a nightmare that I didn't wish to share. I still believe there was someone or a being in the room and its intentions were not good.' 'Tall adult male, illuminated with a white/silvery glow. No characteristics or clothing.' 'I have had several ghostly encounters, and this did not feel like those. My initial thoughts were an alien but after having read other people's experiences a fairy visit seems a possibility.' What are fairies? 'Unsure.' 'Man as a species has lost or forgotten abilities and knowledge that our forefathers took for granted. Science will, I believe, explain certain anomalies but we have much to learn and (re)discover.'

§599A) England (West Midlands). *Male (third person); lost touch with witness; passing acquaintance; 1970s; 11-20; caves*; with several other people, some of whom shared the experience; time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'I was visiting a friend of a friend whom I had had contact with on about three occasions. On one visit, whilst discussing some old limestone caverns known locally as the *** we had visited near his house, he went on to describe an experience he had had with three or four friends during his childhood. He described (quite matter-of-factly) how when out one day with some boys he knew over the ***,

they saw in front. If one of the cave entrances what he described as little men or dwarf-like people. I recall myself and my friend asking him what happened during his encounter. He said that he and his mates threw stones at them, and they [the little men?] left. I remember him as being an average down to earth working-class person who didn't appear to harbour any interest in the 'supernatural or paranormal' and had no particular belief in such anomalies. This and the fact that he told the tale so matter-of-factly has made the account stick in my mind all these years. (The account was revealed to us in the early 1990s).'

§600) England (West Midlands). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a city*, 'edge of wasteland'; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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 parked up to make a call and have a cigarette. I saw two fairies sort of drifting around some fireweed. I watched them for what seemed like a couple of minutes before they flitted off. I saw them regularly as a child, but it became less as I got older. This was eight years ago. I am a hereditary witch and contact and work with fairies a lot, but although I sense them and they can cause mischief in my house, I can no longer see them. Humanoid, fairly opaque at times, shining.' Why fairies? 'Appearance, feeling, activity, family knowledge of fairies.' What are fairies? 'Mmm... good question. I think nature spirits.' 'I think fairies might be related to the Native American belief that everything in nature has its own energy and that energy sometimes manifests and is personified by us.'

§601A) England (Warwickshire). *Female (third person); witness is dead; family; 1930s; 61-70; 'on a farm, in the dairy'; on their own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; no supernatural experience frequency reported; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* 'My great grandmother lived on a farm. Her husband was bailiff for it. My dad says that she would sometimes come back into the farmhouse moaning about the butter not churning and that the dairy fairy was up to her usual tricks. Her attitude was more of resigned annoyance rather than fear.'

§602A) England (Wiltshire). *Female (third person); witness still in touch; friend; 2020s; 9 pm-12 am; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared the experience; no time reported; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness was tired and hadn't slept for a long time.* 'The sun was setting, and my friend and her mum were sitting outside their car on a country road beside Stonehenge. It was the summer solstice, and the sun was just setting. Looking up the hill to the stones, she and her mum saw a giant hare as tall as the stones. Scared, she scrambled into the car, but when she looked back it was gone.'

§603) England (Wiltshire). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.*

‘This happened in ***, on March 10, 2019. I [American tourist] was staying at the *** Bed and Breakfast just outside the town/stone circle. My room overlooked a field and the back garden, and there was a tree outside my window. As it was early March and still cold and windy, there were no leaves on the trees, and no bugs outside. I was sleeping in my room and woke up at 11:11 PM (this was verified from a text message I sent to someone about the incident that evening). I looked out the window and saw two lights, one blue/white, one red/orange. At first, I thought I was just seeing lights from a plane crossing the sky, as it was a clear night, but then I realized that these lights were just staggering around, meandering, within the branches of the tree. I grabbed my phone to take a photo or video, but it was too dark, and my phone was an old Samsung that could not be adapted to night video, and I couldn’t turn off the flash. I got up and sat at the desk near the window watching them for a long time – over an hour. During this time, I looked for every explanation. I checked the reflection of the fire alarm light. I looked around for other sources. I didn’t physically go outside as it was too cold and windy. I eventually went to sleep, but every night I saw these lights, and on the third night I was there, one of them got close to the window, and it seemed to look at me with orange eyes that were like fiery saucers. Then it continued its meandering. The next morning, I was at breakfast, and was talking to the couple in the next room, who had arrived recently from North Carolina. The woman said to me, ‘Did you see the fairies in that tree outside last night?’ So, I wasn’t the only one who saw them. The owners said they had never seen anything in that tree, but it is likely they would not have been able to see them from their house that was next to the Bed and Breakfast.’ ‘One looked like a blue/white light, the other like a red/orange light, and this one seemed to have eyes like fiery saucers when it finally looked at me.’ ‘*** generally, has a reputation for strange phenomena, which I did know beforehand, but I’d mainly heard of UFO-type experiences.’ Why a fairy? ‘Because it felt elemental – like this was something connected to the land. Ghosts generally appear for a period of time, or at a certain time, and disappear – or are heard at certain times. Angels are not connected to the land, and they did not match the description of an alien.’ ‘Elemental spirits – earth, air, fire, or water. They are always here. But are likely in another dimension.’ ‘My Ph.D. is on ***, and I’ve taught Mythology for years. My previous take on fairies was that they very likely existed, but I wasn’t really sure if they were a psychological phenomenon connected to transitional experiences, or something real. I’ve had subsequent experiences in Ireland involving ‘time slips’ and ‘stray sods’, and I have no doubt they are real at this point.’

§604) England (Wiltshire). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I went to visit a woodland guardian tree, in a woodland that I used to visit as much as possible. I had

just finished my visit to the tree, made respectful acknowledgements and turned to go down a muddy track towards the exit of the woodland when I saw a solitary fairy. I wasn't expecting to see a fairy and when I did, I had to do a double take. I was in awe. This little being was walking alongside the muddy gully on the same track as me. Just under the sweet chestnut tree. The fairy was translucent but was visible to the naked eye. I stopped, looked at the fairy and thanked it for being. Then the fairy disappeared. It seemed to stay within the boundary of the sweet chestnut tree. I was on cloud-nine for a long while. I did revisit the woods again, but I never [again] saw the fairy in my naked eye.' 'It was transparent one second. More visible in the next second. The Fairy had a lilac colour. It was like a transparent camouflage, but you could see the muddy side of the path through the Fairy being.' 'As a toddler I had Fairy companions but did not know what they were! It was many years later I realised there was a world of Faery.' 'It was an experience that I would view as a gift and an honour'. 'Fairies are invaluable nature spirits.'

§605) England (Wiltshire). *Female; 1970s; 21-30; in woodland ('at the edge of woodland'); with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'My husband and I [American tourists] were on our honeymoon visiting Thomas Hardy country. It was the first two weeks of September 1971. On this day we were just driving around, saw a sign for *** Castle and drove up to a ruin. There was a stonemason banging away at the walls, fixing them I suppose? I took a ton of photos of the stone stairways with the blue sky behind. A lovely afternoon. There was a bench in the shade at the edge of a wood and we walked over to have a seat. I thought I saw an animal move quickly from under the bench to the forest. We rested on the bench for a while enjoying the view and the quiet: the mason must have taken a break! Time to go. As we walked to the car I glanced back at the bench and saw two small people about the height of the bench seat, peeking out from behind the bench. One had on a red hat, the other a red scarf or vest. They were friendly and smiled broadly, almost laughing. I whispered to my husband that there were fairies at the bench behind and to carefully look. He did not see them, but he started laughing and said he was oddly overcome with joy or happiness. When I looked back, they were waving and laughing and then suddenly they were gone.' 'One seemed to be male [and] wore a red hat. The other I think was female and had on a red scarf or vest.' 'It was England. If you're going to see a fairy that's the place to be!' Fairies are 'earth-based nature spirits.'

§606) England (Wiltshire). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; 'Neolithic Long Barrow'; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was meditating but very much awake, so, I was in a very relaxed state of consciousness'; 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.* 'In

the summer of 1996 I was meditating in the end chamber of *** Long Barrow (a Neolithic barrow, excavated in the 1950s and now open to the public). The light of the day was fading and after about ten minutes of meditation a figure appeared at the entrance to the chamber. It was about a foot high and appeared as a gnarled humanoid, dressed in archaic clothes. It walked towards me until it was about four feet away. I could tell it was male. It stared at me for maybe twenty seconds before backing off and disappearing in to one of the barrow's side chambers. The whole experience lasted about one minute. After about another minute I checked out the side chambers and outside the barrow but there was nothing to be seen.' 'The faerie looked very much like one of Brian Froud's representations – small, gnarled and not quite human. I was well aware of Froud's work before the experience and have often wondered whether that predisposed me to see this type of entity.' 'There was no audial during the experience. In fact, there was an absolute silence.' 'As with many Prehistoric sites, *** does have several faerie encounter anecdotes attached to it. But I was unaware of this at the time of the experience.' 'The entity fitted firmly into the pantheon of folkloric faerie-types.' Fairies are 'elements of human collective consciousness, which are able to interact with us when certain conditions are met'.

§607) England (Wiltshire). *Male; 2010s; 71-80; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was sad and wistful'; 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.* 'About two weeks after I had read *Enchantment of the Faerie Realm* by Ted Andrews I was stood next to a bush in a Public Garden. Thinking about how I would organize and grow a garden if I had one. Every leaf on the bush started shaking although there was definitely no wind and none of the twigs nor leaves on the other shrubs moved. It lasted for a good few seconds, say about ten seconds. Long enough for me to realize what was happening.' 'Spirit messages have always come to me through a medium. I had just read and become very interested in the book *Enchantment of the Faerie Realm* by Ted Andrews.' Fairies are 'real existences living alongside humans'.

§608) England (Wiltshire). *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'I was walking down a hill. I saw a little creature/thing. I don't know what it was. I think it was about twenty-seven centimetres tall. I only saw the silhouette which looked human, but not. We looked at each other from a distance. It only lasted for a handful of seconds. It just casually walked away, back into the wood. For an instant I thought it was a cat. I decided to go and investigate. But when I got to the spot it was gone. It just looked human. I couldn't see any colour due to the light (dusk).' 'Small black inking humans.' Fairies are 'mystical creatures with magical power'.

§609) England (Wiltshire). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was sitting with my friend in her living room having a cup of tea and a chat. All of a sudden, I had an overwhelming feeling that I had to go into her garden. Something was in the garden that I just had to see. It was a very strong feeling. This happened to me a couple of times when I was there. It seemed too strange to get up and walk out, so with great regret I didn't. But I learnt some years later, that a couple of friends of hers picked up on fairy energy in the garden. Apparently, there was a lot of fairy energy.' 'I feel it was a fairy experience because I felt I was being 'told' to look at 'something' outside, there was 'something' that I felt I could locate on her patio. Something exciting.' 'It didn't feel like a ghost, or alien or angel.' Fairies are 'nature spirits, other dimensional beings.'

§610) England (Worcestershire). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience*; 3 pm-6 pm; no duration given; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) ('walking the dog'); profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Walking dog with wife through a plantation of silver birch, mainly trees to our left, to our right a steep bank leading to a metal fence running the length of an industrial site on the edge of a common. My wife said 'what th' hell's that.' I hear rustling. Look up to see IT run across the path eight feet ahead of us. It was late autumn the light was fading so it was a silhouette. A humanoid figure of about four to five feet maximum. Thin body, thin limbs, large head with what looked like bushy hair. It ran down the bank. We felt absolute fear and ran swearing. We both saw it together. She saw it coming through the trees. I saw it as it crossed the path.' 'The sound of something running through undergrowth'. 'Four to five feet, thin body and limbs, large head, with bushy wild hair, dusk so was silhouette.' 'Both myself and my wife are not prone to lying and admire honesty. We saw it together without a doubt and do not talk openly about it unless we really know and trust the person as we know there would be ridicule'. 'It looked more like a creature from fairy legend than anything else'. Fairies are 'either nature spirits or beings from another dimension'.

§611) England (Worcestershire). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; 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; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'When I was about six years old, I awoke to see a tiny nun floating near my bed, in the kneeling prayer position. This isn't exactly a classic fairy sighting, but the nun was very small. I perceived it to be roughly the size of a child's doll. I wouldn't normally have considered sending this in as a fairy sighting, but Dr Young's recent interview on the channel *Hare in the*

Hawthorn caused me to reconsider. This occurred in the county of Worcestershire, probably in 1996. At the time, I thought of it as a ghost, while my father, being a fundamentalist Christian, thought it was a demon.' 'I don't [think a fairy], but I heard Dr Young say in an interview that he was interested in encounters that happen to children in their beds and this experience is close enough to be of interest I would imagine.' Fairies are 'as plausible as any other paranormal phenomenon'.

§612) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3pm; less than a minute; friendly; regular 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 communicate with faeries, but up till this point had never physically seen one. We were at *** Falls walk and stopped for lunch by the river with my husband and two kids. I was eating my sandwiches daydreaming and looked at the trees and saw a daddy-long-legged type creature almost hovering in front of me. But it didn't have daddy-long-legs legs they were more physical and human-like. The wings were more dragonfly type, and it was brown in colour. It was the way it hovered and its shape, I knew it was a sylph or a tree fairy. The next second, I looked away and it had gone.' 'Like a long daddy-long-legs but with a physical type body'. 'Possibly at the edge of the walk. Nearby were some wooden carved mushrooms.' 'I've seen ghosts, and this was nothing like that'. Fairies are 'a race that lives alongside us on a slightly different vibration/dimension'. Fairies are 'beings that are part of the land on which they live, unseen by us, largely, because we aren't rooted in the land. Beings that occupy a slightly different dimension.'

§613A) England (Yorkshire). *Male (third person); in touch with the witness*; friend; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared the experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'At a house party, on Halloween. The party went out into the garden for a Pagan ceremony (light-hearted) and noticed a blue fairy with the appearance of a tiny, naked, winged boy. He was hovering in the thick trees and shrubs, playfully. At least six sober adults witnessed it, and some took photos. It was about nine to ten pm. On one of the photos the fairy is quite clear. He appears around four inches in height, and although blurred due to movements he is clearly not any type of insect. There were other paranormal beings shown in the photos, not relevant to the census. The only reason the story and photos are not public is because the members of the group work in education, the justice system and other public offices. They are afraid of the repercussions that might follow from various angles.' 'Tiny, youthful, blue skinned male with wings and a mop of hair.' 'Light humming similar to insects, eerie giggles.' 'The house is Victorian and haunted, also near several Norse, Celtic and Roman sites.' 'He's educated in British folklore so assumed it was a fairy.' 'I believe him completely, and all his witnesses are credible, educated people.'

§614) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 2020s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; no duration given; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running upstairs); you were very sad, 'I was extremely stressed due to being insulted a lot'; 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, a sudden chill before the experience.*

'The night I experienced purified amazement. Date: sometime in July 2020. Time: after midnight. Place: ***, Yorkshire, England. After a day that seemed to run on the theme of detachment in respect of my mental awareness, I was running a bath whilst playing meditation music to try and de-stress. It had been an incredibly stressful day; and it could have been said that awareness of true 'reality' (on Earth, at least) had left me some hours previous, my general living situation being the contributing factor. During states in the past when likened to the one I have just mentioned, the more frequently they happened enabled me to build some awareness of what energy I was starting to, for want of a better phrase 'tune in to', at these particularly stressful moments. Many times, in my life I have questioned the possibility of other beings, likening them to ghosts or souls from another realm. This happened since I was a small child and having apparent imaginary friends (which I do not remember). What I do remember is seeing. There seemed to be an energy in the house that seemed ambiguous, and the bathroom in particular was where I felt it the strongest. I have always seen lights to some extent, floating around the room, being aware somehow that it wasn't something common within the general human population. Slight movements of light in the bathroom at night were the first things that got my attention, almost floating in a cluster sometimes around the room, or human figure like, only appearing as a small child-like outline for the body. They could also appear as overly tall compared to the general adult, with their head reaching the ceiling, or growing as I scanned up the silhouette from the floor. Another thing I noticed were certain products on the shelves being moved, only slightly. The light switch I have is one that hangs down on a chord, and you have to pull it to turn the light on. This seemed to defy the laws of gravity on several occasions, with the string being turned into an almost 'u'-shaped; with nothing physical doing this that I could see. I was always in a state of dissociation to some extent when this was happening. It made me question the truth I had placed on what I saw, in regards to needing glasses or just simply, pure delusion. All of this seemed to be leading to what I am about to describe, and I hope when reading this, you will take it with the same amount of sincerity as you would if you were to be told this by your oldest and most trusted friend. I speak from my heart. I was laid in the bath with my partner shouting in the background from the bedroom. I had locked the door [and] so tried to drown out the sound. I went into some sort of dissociation and was beginning to get subtle images appearing in my vision once I had started to divert my attention to the imagination so to speak, which generally signified more lights appearing around the room, either in quantity or them becoming brighter. My attention was drawn to the corner of the room near the door frame. There was a crack in the plaster; around one inch in diameter at the bottom on the skirting board, but it got missed by the paintbrush due to the frame covering it. From what I can describe it seemed to be a cluster of light

coming from that area, small in measure but quick in growth. What I mean by quick is that the image was formed quicker than I could distinguish, like blinking your eye and the world shows something different than before in just one second. There seemed to be what appeared as several individuals dancing around each other, intermingling as if air was flowing through them, making the bodies connect slightly. I noticed one individual who stood out to me, with long blond hair and an almost cartoon face. I assumed female when considering the gender, but I am not quite sure. It seems to change in opinion every time I question this. I got the impression they were dancing through an air I was not in tune with. However, there was a clear strength to this and I felt drawn to the gold and red within the detail of their fluidity. After a while, a different type of image formed at the front of the dance. This being was clearly of a different physical form to what seemed to be humans behind him but smaller. I felt like it was male, and his eyes looked directly at me. They looked like they were surrounded by black makeup in a smiling flick design; almost gothic in style with being so black in this area of the face. However, the Tudor period springs to mind for some reason when I gave this more thought. The clothes were ballooned almost at the sleeves and at the knees of the trousers. He had black boots on and was dancing in an Irish 'River dance' fashion, only moving his legs and having his arms behind his back so I couldn't see his hands. He was different to the human-type image I saw before he appeared; they were half his size and he stood at around two feet in height from the estimation of the three-foot bath height. I feel he was aware of their presence, and they could have been surrounding him in a cloud like way, floating. I did not feel like I was being invited to dance, but he had a smile on his face all the way through, never taking his eyes off of me. I must add that the smile was of a mischievous one and I felt like he had an arrogance about him that was quite alluring. I complemented the dance and his smile got wider. I liked that. I felt drawn to an energy I was aware of I couldn't touch physically. I feel I should state I do not know why I cannot explain my knowledge of this, but I know I am certain of knowing it. This carried on for a while, but I do not know the exact time and I loved the entire experience. I aim to continue my search for the mysterious ones. They went away when there was a knock on the bathroom door, and I haven't seen them since. There have been lights in the night, however.' 'I had been reading about them for several weeks due to feeling aware of their presence in nature. I think they were The Fae because of their size and the first beings dancing in a circle. I was wondering whether the elementals in the woodland areas I regularly visited were the only type of being that could represent The Fae as I had only become aware of these at the time and I felt certain in their existence. I hoped eventually a more human-like physical form existed, but I was unsure if I would ever see anything.' What are fairies? 'Several possibilities. I contemplated this as my interest grew and couldn't seem to work out if there was a difference in Elves and Fae. But I think the term could be a general reference for many types of energies and forms.' 'I continue to work on searching for these enigmas and believe they live in my home and in the walls outside where the brickwork is changing. Bricks that are smooth and have no indentations in are appearing with carvings in them almost. They look like windows, numbers and what look like Fae to me. Their eyes move at times, I think. I also believe this has

heightened since I welcomed them into my garden and speak to them through rhyme. I see lights in response sometimes, but I am yet to hear any words. I have heard the piano play when I asked them if they knew my heart song. I am so grateful for being able to share this.' 'I believe to have had another experience with the fae. My first time was in the bathroom and this recent event was also there, too. This time, I was laid in the bath and noticed two small figures around half the size of my hand (could have been smaller, now I think) and they seemed to be dancing on the toilet seat, in some sort of ice-skating movement and ballet type style, yet both at the same time. The clothes were not something I could identify as anything but white, yet there seemed to be a difference in gender presentation. The woman had a dress on that I could see when the other individual lifted her up into the air. More figures appeared from nowhere on the side of the bath I was laid in, whilst watching the dancing. They were two tiny men on horses, but one horse seemed to be alone, and one jumped off the side of the bath. I found this amusing and then the next man jumped off with the horse too and appeared to enjoy this. The last horse jumped onto the floor then got onto the toilet seat with the dancers. I then got disturbed by someone trying to get into the bathroom.'

§615) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc), on a country road*; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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.* 'I was driving home from a business trip. I live in a very rural part of North Yorkshire. I was driving over moorland when my car stalled and stopped. Everything cut out. In the distance I could see what looked like lanterns approaching me. They got closer and closer and suddenly it became as light as day. A faery procession came into view with the king and queen on black horses. Their manes swept the ground. Behind them came a long line of faeries, some playing instruments. Once they had passed me my ignition cut in and my car came back to life.' 'They varied, those at the front of the line were quite beautiful but those at the back were more soberly dressed and their features were not so well defined.' 'Hypnotic, pipes and flutes were prominent. Old fashioned music.' 'I live in the Yorkshire Dales, designated a place of outstanding beauty. Rolling hills and moors. So yes, it could easily be associated with faeries but I had never heard of any recent or confirmed sightings.' 'I have seen many spirits, in fact I was part of a church deliverance team. But I had never experienced faeries before.' What are fairies? 'I honestly don't know. But I do know what I saw.' 'What I experienced was real, they were not the figment of my imagination. They paid no attention to me whatsoever. I know that they were very real because my car died on me. I was a little afraid as they came closer and locked my car doors. They passed in their own time and only after they had passed did my car start up again. I was shaking and so drove very slowly on home.'

§616) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood recorded; 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, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience. ‘I had a dream that the *beansidhe* [banshee] was calling for my father (he worked away) and when I awoke, I saw a beautiful blue lady standing by the curtains in my mother’s bedroom where I had fallen asleep. I tried to wake her [mother], but the visitor went back through the curtains and disappeared. I saw her, or one like her again, after visiting a graveyard. This happened at my friend’s house just after dusk in November 2019 and her cats were very skittish and scared. She (the Faery) communicated with me in what can only be described as telepathy. I left her offerings by a tree, but my friend became afraid and shouted for her to leave. There was a bang on [the] front door. I felt as if my friend offended her and asked her forgiveness. I hope she isn’t still upset.’ ‘A lady with pale blue skin and dark hair.’ ‘Buzzing’. ‘I believe the first was the Bean-Sidhe. I’m not a completely naive person, not in that way and always like to analyse things that happen to me. The second time I saw/felt her I had just come back from a graveyard and sang an old folk song at my ex-partner’s mother’s grave. She had the sight too, I believe... Just hope she didn’t send the Bean-Sidhe because my voice was terrible!’ What are fairies? ‘I’m undecided... Just that they exist and I’ve always felt them.’

§617) England (Yorkshire). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in woodland; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; 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.* ‘I was looking for spirits in the grounds of *** Hall, Bradford where I have seen many.’ ‘I saw a slight movement and upon activating my camera light I saw a fairy that looked to be waving or holding her hand high. I immediately took the photo which shows the fairy just as I saw her.’ ‘She was wearing a long white dress.’ ‘The fairy was so tiny. Since this sighting I have seen many others and can mostly tell the difference [from ghosts].’

§618A) England (Yorkshire). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1950s; 11-20; in a garden; on their own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My mother was twelve years old living in ***, West Yorkshire. She was walking down the *** Park Rd on a summer afternoon, when she heard movement in a garden she was passing. She looked over the low boundary wall and through a gap in the bushes to see a small man about two feet high. She said he was dressed in brown, sack cloth type material, baggy trousers and [a] coat with thick belt, a slightly pointed cap and he was bearded. He didn’t look very happy about being seen and she was frightened at his strange size and appearance, and she ran away. She said he looked ‘like a story book gnome’ and found the experience unnerving.’ ‘My mother was slightly embarrassed to tell the story as many people would question the sanity of the witness, or at least, their reliability in some way. She would talk to me about it if I asked but wouldn’t have brought it up to a stranger.’

§619C) England (Yorkshire). ‘I came across your podcast this morning so thought I would give it a listen whilst cleaning my kitchen (because why do anything else on my day off!) I actually stopped in my tracks when I heard the description of these

creatures [Welsh fairies]. I live in South Yorkshire... However, when I was fifteen, I had moved into a bungalow with my parents. It was old and in desperate need of refurb. (They always bought the worst house in a good area). The back door of this property had an old wooden frame with two glass panels, one at the top half the other at the bottom, both mottled like bathroom windows. One evening on walking into the kitchen to put my dinner plate away I saw what I can only describe as a small person, the height of a child but with adult proportions pushing on the glass back door. All obvious features were indistinguishable due to the mottling. However, I would say the skin tone was almost orange. I knew for a fact this wasn't a random human being! This event too was not accompanied by any sound.... Even its clothing rubbing against the mottling did not make any sound. I lived in a sleepy village, the back door opened onto an enclosed back garden. It was all very strange. It frightened me and I very quickly vacated the kitchen which was followed by years of being ridiculed. My sister still laughs to this day saying I saw little green men (it wasn't little or green!). However, your podcast stopped me in my tracks and took me back to that summer evening in 1998. I have always had an interest in the paranormal, but not once did I think I may have had a run in with a fairy!"⁸

§620) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'Flying fairies. One landed on my hand.' Fairies are 'small people'.

§621A) England (Yorkshire). *Female (third person); witness is dead; family; 1960s; 61-70; in a garden; on their own; time not reported; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'My grandmother was very fey. She had The Sight and could see and interact with 'them over there'. My grandparents lived rurally in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Apart from their immediate neighbours their house was in a quite isolated location. It was an old house, one of the lodges to a large stately home. One day she was looking out of the window, when it started to rain. Her next-door neighbour had left their washing out on the washing-line and my grandmother could see an old lady folding it up and taking it indoors. Later when her neighbour returned, they came round to thank my grandmother for taking in the washing. But she [grandmother] said no, it hadn't been her and that it had been their house guest, for that is who she'd supposed this other person to have been. But strangely, there was nobody else staying there. Her neighbours had no idea of whom the old lady could have been. And yet there was the washing all neatly folded and dry, inside their house.' 'My grandmother didn't relate it as a faery experience. This is my interpretation of it. She used to see ghosts quite a lot, but this seemed to fall into a different category to me.'

§622) England (Yorkshire). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; 'on a crag'; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; 'unwelcoming'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'My brother and I went up

⁸ Received by email, permission granted to publish.

*** Crag near ***, North Yorkshire one summer evening, leaving his old motorbike at the bottom and walking up. We had been sitting about chatting for a while, watching the evening slowly turn to night when we noticed a little man sat on a log quite near us. He looked like a very small (maybe only two feet tall) man of middle years, with a biggish nose and chin, a little beard and a peculiar hat. The hat was like a skullcap with a fat edging around it. He was sitting with his feet on the ground, his backside on the log, sort of stooped over, smoking a rollup. He had his head bent down at first, but after a little while [he] looked one way then the other. He didn't look at us. I remember my brother and I exchanging glances. Honestly, the little man gave us a fright, and we both slowly backed up, trying to ignore him, and headed off quickly for his bike and cleared off home. We discussed the little man on a few occasions, both agreeing he didn't seem happy my brother and I were there. I was about twenty at the time, my brother eighteen or nineteen in the late 1990s.' 'A little bony tiny man appeared – we didn't see him arrive – near where we were sat, wearing odd clothes.' Fairies are 'entities of a place'.

§623) Ireland (County Carlow). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; surprised; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I [US national] was living with friends at the time in ***, Ireland at *** House. I would go for walks every morning and would take a very specific route around the property (down the drive, through the woods, over a fence, then into the fields). I'd started following this route because when I took it exactly right, the fields would feel magical and be hushed and covered in soft mist no matter the weather. If I took a different route going straight for the fields, there'd be no magic – just empty fields filled with noise from surrounding roads and the sheep farm nearby. One morning, I took the normal route, climbed over the fence, into the field covered in mist that was thicker than normal, and as I walked across the field, suddenly, about three feet in front of me, a tiny person, about eighteen inches high, jumped up off the ground and took off into the mist. It happened so fast, I'm not even sure what it looked like beyond a tiny skinny human with very white skin wearing a green tunic. I got the impression it was male, but I don't know why I thought that. I felt frightened, not haunted-house terrified, but shocked and bewildered. I checked the ground where the being had jumped up and the field grass was pressed down in an oval shape. Then I turned and ran back to the house. I didn't go out for walks again for a few weeks and then I started staying on the opposite side of the property or in the woods. I think because I knew that if I accepted what I'd seen as real, then my whole concept of the world would have to shift. I tried to bring it up with the property gardener one day, mentioning that I thought I'd seen something strange in the far field, and he shushed me 'Shh, shhh. We don't speak of the Little People, yeah? We don't speak of the Little Men.' And that was it.' 'About eighteen inches tall, humanoid, tiny and skinny, very pale skin.' 'The meaning of the house I was living in, ***, is Fort of the Fairies, so possibly someone had seen fairies there at some point in its history, but they didn't tell me about it.' Why fairies? 'Because of how the being looked. It looked very Earth-ish and blended in – I think

if it hadn't moved, I would have stepped on it. I think a ghost would be incorporeal, an angel would be like bright light, and an alien would be very bizarre or super-tech looking.' Fairies are 'elemental spirits of the Earth.'

§624) Ireland (Co. Clare). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in open land (fields etc)*; 'with two people, one of whom saw the fairy but didn't believe it was a fairy'; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood recorded; 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); no special experience recorded.* 'I'll just describe the Irish fairy here⁹ – hiking deep in the Burren – on our way to one of the many holy wells present there. We [American nationals] entered a stretch of luscious green environment (much of the Burren is gray and rocky and scrabbles) with old moss-covered rocks and trees and all sorts of plants growing everywhere. On a scramble up a stretch of inclined rocks on the trail, a little humanoid creature with wings about two to two and quarter inches long, fluttered into my view for a couple of seconds.' 'I could have easily mistaken it for a large insect like a dragonfly if it had not come directly into view for a moment. I noticed its body was not segmented or really insect like at all. It had a humanoid shape with little legs and arms and a clearly delineated neck and head. Very delicate looking. Dark in color with some possible iridescence. Not sure about that because it was so fast, but I was left with a sense of a subtle variety of color over a darkish figure.' What are fairies? 'Trans-dimensional beings.'

§625) Ireland (Co Down). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; totally relaxed and 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.* 'It was a summer's day in 2016, I was sat in my garden relaxing (I should add I'd been through a traumatic experience a few years before and feel like it adjusted my 'ariels' as it were). I dabble in witchcraft and have been interested in faery lore for a while and had been leaving offerings by the pond in the garden. It was one of the rare times I had no technology with me whilst I was sat there (I believe this may be significant, unable to take a photo). As I was enjoying the sunshine and totally relaxed all of a sudden in front of my eyes about one to two metres away, something materialised in front of me. There was no obvious flight path into my vision that it took, it just appeared out of thin air. My brain did that thing where it tried to make sense of what I was seeing, so I ran through the options; is it a bird? Not like any bird I've ever seen. Is it an insect? It was the size of my hand, so I ruled that out. As I began looking more closely, I noticed a pair of tiny feet dangling off the bottom of the body. 'It's a flipping faery' came into my head and I sat frozen, watching it hover in front of me. After a short time that felt like ages, it flew off over the roof. I burst into tears as the whole thing was very overwhelming. It appeared as a typical Victorian era faerie, a very small humanoid with wings. It was all brown in colour. The thing is, I know that faeries typically look a lot different from this

⁹ The author also included allusions to an American experience: 'a fairy named Layla visits my physical mediumship circle'. To allow focus I've concentrated on the Irish experience.

sanitised version I saw but maybe it was presenting itself in an image I'd understand? I don't know, but that's what I saw.' 'Small, all brown in colour with double wings.' 'I know Ireland has lots of connection to faeries but wasn't sure about the particular area I was in.' Why a fairy? 'It was just such a 'typical' looking faery'. Fairies are 'Ancient race that exist in a parallel dimension to us but can slip between worlds. I think they've also had enough of our wanton destruction of Earth.'

§626A) Ireland (County Fermanagh). *Male (third person); witness is dead; family; 1930s; 31-40; in woodland; on their own; no time reported; no duration reported; no fairy mood; never or almost never has supernatural experience; no special state reported.* 'My great grandfather was walking home through the woods when he came across the 'wee folk'. They were going about their business as though he weren't there. He was a healer in his time so maybe they sensed that and knew he wasn't a threat? My Granny always said he was tee-total and would never have lied to her.'

§627) Ireland (Co. Galway). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; 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, 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 [Czech/German/Norwegian national] was at a small end of tour together with a Celtic band from the US. We were all playing and singing mostly original songs. This little old man walked into this private party, apparently drunk, and stood next to me. He knew and sang EVERY song that we were singing, having no knowledge of the small ren-fest band or songs. He kept looking over at me mischievously. I felt in my heart like it was the king of the fairies, come to party with is.' 'Like a little old drunk man.' 'It was traditional Celtic music. He had a good singing voice.' 'It was a hotel in Galway, Ireland.' 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? 'Because he knew every word of every original song, and nobody had ever seen him before.' It was an unannounced private party. How would he have known?' Fairies are 'beings from another dimension'.

§628) Ireland (Co. Galway). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 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.* 'We [Canadian tourists] were visiting Ireland with a new friend, one who practices fairy magic. We had found an ancient ring of stones said to have fairy activity. My husband waited in the car. A skeptic, I was sitting on a boulder just outside the ring, waiting for my friend, who had stepped down the slope to make her offering to the fae. I felt it embarrassing, somewhat fake, that she was talking to the air. She was approximately fifty feet from me. I was in a neutral state of mind, looking at the hawthorn. A white winged person flew into the hawthorn branches.' 'Opaque. White wings and body, fluttering.' 'I saw what I saw – a textbook fairy.'

Before that moment I had not believed fairies to be small beings with fluttery wings.' Fairies are 'either beings from a parallel reality OR imagination'. 'What I saw leads me to believe that the fae are not here to grant our wishes or play tricks on humans. Fae are like air. They... exist.'

§629) Ireland (Co. Kildare). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; 'on a suburban road'; 'with one other person who cannot confirm any recollection of the experience'; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug ('I had had a glass of wine, I remember not being inebriated relative to the other person present for the experience'); loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It was close to midnight, likely during a weeknight. I and a friend were waiting for the last bus from Maynooth to Celbridge. My friend has no recollection of what I will now detail. My mother, who subsequently collected both of us (when the last bus failed to show, a common occurrence with that service at the time) can recall both of us detailing the event to her in the car, but not the details of the event. The bus stop was on a slope. It was half a roundabout where the bus route would terminate then start anew by completing the half circuit. Behind the bus stop was a wall, a hedgerow/shrubbery and then a slope down towards a field, canal and rail station. The road was illuminated by orange streetlights on either side of the road. I remember staring at the streetlights that were opposite the bus stop (on the hill, opposite ***). I thought I saw a thin gossamer spider thread connecting streetlamps opposite one another on either side of the road, then thinking that couldn't be right because that was a hell of a distance for a spider thread to connect. As I focused on the filament that was connecting the streetlights the thread narrowed in width/length and got thicker in girth, so it started to resemble this orange golden rectangular thing. The rectangular golden thing then started to hover over us, this is the point where I remember my friend becoming startled asking me what that thing was. This is also the point in my memory where I realised something was legitimately happening. I recall the golden orange thing landing behind the wall that the bus stop was on, and I can remember being able to put my hands into this golden gossamer stuff that was sort of spread out in the shrubbery behind the bus stop. My recollection of the memory is that the golden blob hovered away in a manner similar to how it arrived. But I don't know how to square the memory of being able to immerse my hands in golden gossamer with the gossamer then reforming and departing in that fashion. I've had this memory for a while and had assumed that maybe it was angel hair. I encountered your survey on the *DailyGrail*, and the account of fairies quoted therein made me consider that maybe this anomalous experience I had exists within a broader category of phenomena. I haven't had an experience such as this before or since. I'd be greatly interested in understanding the golden coalescence category of fairy phenomena. How can I keep in touch with this/will you publish something on this aspect?' 'I highly doubt [the place] had a reputation for fairies'. 'If I have an opinion it's probably related to whichever ontology that Grant Morrison used to account for how fairies/spirits manifest to humans. I would also be comfortable considering these events as informative as to what the nature of consciousness and perception is.' 'They/golden blob of light landed next to me and I was able to put my

hands into the golden blob of gossamer. I didn't register this experience as a fairy/group of fairies – so I didn't anthropomorphise the encounter'. 'Up until I heard about this survey, I had bracketed this an anomalous experience'.

§630) Ireland (Leinster). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in open land (fields etc)*; with several other people who shared my experience*; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'While crossing a gate, a 'thunder'-like noise was heard coming from the top of the wall to which the gate was attached. The noise was like stone dragged along stone, or something very strong being torn or ruptured – the sound was coming from an identifiable place outside oneself, but very unlike ordinary sounds, with a much greater effect on ones' 'interiority'. Two friends present ran when they heard it, myself unable to move (maybe from shock?), except perhaps my eyes: I could look and see my friends run back away from the gate when the noise was heard, and could look in the other direction beyond the gate, but didn't see anything there (or on the wall above, maybe seven foot high, where the noise came from). Thought I saw something that looked like little stones or pebbles 'flung' through the air from beyond the wall, but they didn't hit the ground on our side, seemed to vanish before they reached the ground. After some moments I was able to move again – I had been completely unable to move my arms, torso or feet for between perhaps six and ten seconds from the point we first heard the rumbling noise. One friend claimed he saw a small figure on the other side of the gate, about two-feet high, not sure whether I believe this.' 'Friend claimed the figure he saw was between one and two feet high with an abnormally large head 'teardrop-shaped' as he put it. This visual component was not part of my own experience, and I am doubtful of its veracity as he only added this to his account when we spoke about the whole experience in the following days, at which point the talk about what happened was being joked about by us. When it happened, both friends present were extremely afraid, and tried to run away, and immediately afterwards would not talk about it but just said 'get out of here'. Their fear was very real at the time, and it was only after we had left the area that we spoke about it. But both would not allow me to go over in any detail what had happened but seemed to be trying to push the experience away. Only in the days following was it really spoken about, and then in a jokey kind of way, still some uneasiness.' 'I don't necessarily think it a 'fairy' experience, but it is possible to be seen as perhaps related to those type of experiences.' 'Believe in fairies because of the matter-of-fact way they were (and to some extent still are) accepted by ordinary people and experienced here, something that was consistently experienced regardless of explanations/beliefs in the same way that unusual experiences cluster around family deaths and similar. Personally dubious of all 'wicca', 'new-age'-type faeriana, and think a lot of experiences that describe that sort of thing [represent] deliberate fantasising on the part of those who give those accounts.'

§631) Ireland (Co Limerick). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland, country road* ['on the side of N18 or M20']; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; 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. 'I am from Michigan, United States and in July 2009, I took a senior trip with ten classmates to Ireland. Our flight landed at the Shannon Airport July 14th, around 7am after a nonstop flight from New York. We all boarded the tour bus to drive to our first stop in Killarney and while I'm not sure the exact route we took, we probably took N21 to M20. I sat in the window seat next to one of my classmates, who fell asleep. I was not tired because I slept enough on the plane and I was too excited to sleep. I was looking out the window and taking in the new sights and scenery. We made it out of the more urban areas and into more countryside with some patches of woods. This is where I saw in what I would describe as an embankment/drainage ditch, two small men, about two feet tall standing facing each other, with greenish brown worn clothes. One was digging and another was holding a burlap type sack. The one on the right looked at me, but I don't know if he actually saw me. His face could be described as wizened, almost like it was shrunken, but not elderly. I only glimpsed them since we were moving pretty fast, but it felt like time slowed down for a moment. I never told anyone else on the trip, but no one else on the tour bus mentioned seeing them. I truly believe I saw faeries that day and I felt changed by the experience. I don't know if it's related but immediately after this experience, I noticed animals liked me more. We arrived at a farm about thirty to forty minutes after my experience and animals, sheep, horses, goats, flocked to me. My friends told me I was magic. Prior to visiting Ireland, animals never paid me much attention even though I loved them. Over ten years later, I have good luck with animals, even those who don't care for people.' 'The beings I saw had a particular look that is often ascribed to faeries.' 'Two foot tall men, wizened face on at least one of them, wearing greenish brown worn clothes.' 'I love them. The more capricious the better. I'm surprised I ever saw any and I don't expect I will again.'

§632) Ireland (Co. Louth). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; country road; with one other person who shared experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; 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.* Driving with my stepdaughter (twenty-three) just after midnight on a summer night on a country road. Full moon was out, and it was very bright. I remarked how bright it was to my stepdaughter and we were looking up at the moon. Turned back to the road and in front of us, at a dip in the road, beside a gate, was a white shape. It was about four foot tall and in the middle of our traffic lane. It was brighter than the moon and it looked as if there was light emanating from it. It never changed shape, so I know it wasn't mist or fog. My car drove through it. But I didn't panic, the only emotion I felt was sadness. Asked me stepdaughter five times if she saw what I saw and she confirmed she did and it was the freakiest thing she ever saw.'

§633) Ireland (Co Wexford). *Female; 1980s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* Reclining, resting after family left, in an eight-hundred-

year-old cottage. Closed eyes and saw three brownie looking beings with dark brown saucer eyes. Looked into their eyes and since I am already fey, experienced their world briefly. As their essence did not regard human law, I was frightened, so left the house. We as a family had had weeks of being terribly sleepy while in [the] house.’ ‘Toddler size, three bunched together against wall, green clothing with caps, large brown eyes.’ ‘I am clairvoyant, so I know the differences [between fairy vision and other types]. Grew up seeing and hearing the dead. Have had lot of otherworldly experiences but only one direct vision of elementals.’ Fairies are ‘elemental’.

§634) Isle of Man. *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; nosey; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience.* ‘I [British national] lived on the Isle of Man for about ten years. It has a rich history of faerie folk but I was not looking for them when it happened. On the isle there is a woodland area called Glen *** and me and my partner at the time used to go walking there every Sunday morning because the whole place felt like a church, so we used Sunday mornings as religious time where we would wonder about the marvel of a nature being so beautiful it is almost holy. We had just got out of the car and walked approximately one hundred metres into the glen and I was looking around me to take in the peace and tranquillity when in the corner of my vision I saw something that obviously I wasn’t prepared for, the head and shoulders of a small person (approximately one and a half meters) poking out from behind a tree. I then focused on it and was amazed to find it didn’t disappear or wasn’t pareidolia, there definitely was a small man observing us about thirty meters down the path. I kept my eyes on it and asked my partner if she could see him. She said she couldn’t and then was looking around the area when her face paled. ‘I can now’, she said and we both watched a little man watching us from behind a tree. Then things got a little weird (!) because I never moved my eyes from him whilst I walked towards the tree and he was still there and then I was at the tree and he wasn’t and I can’t reconcile when he had gone. My mind seemed to see him all the way to his tree, but when I got there there was no trace of anything but Glen ***. Both me and my partner shared details of the man and they were identical, but she couldn’t tell me when he had gone either. Every time we visited Glen Helen after that we looked out for our faerie, but we never saw him again, but always acknowledged their presence before going on our walk with a quick ‘hello’ at the tree we saw him at.’ ‘A small man, only saw head and shoulders and he was wearing attire there, a reddish colour garment.’ Fairies are ‘an older race of beings before humans’.

§635) Scotland (Aberdeenshire). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); on my own [‘I was out walking with my little dog’]; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; friendly; 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 looked up and saw a bright ball of light. It moved like a little bird flying and the bright white ball just faded away as it moved away.’ ‘A bright white ball of light (brighter than the brightest star in the sky).’ ‘In the past few months, I have seen flashes of white light at night in my garden,

while out walking the dog and one night when we had a powercut I saw three flashes of light in my bedroom, my husband even saw one of them. I'm not totally sure they are fairies, but I feel they are.' Fairies are 'little souls that live in the countryside and they look after the wildlife and countryside'. 'When I was five years old I had a bad time where I was bullied by my teacher at school and during this time I was visited nearly every night by a little person who lived in the pond at the back of my house. I remember telling my friend about her and to this day I still remember her name.'

§636) Scotland (Angus). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was pushing my wheelbarrow across the horse's paddock when a movement up at the big trees caught my eye. I turned to see a very tall ethereal being (with wings) all dressed in green leaning against the tree. I could sense him think 'what is the human doing today' so I kept my head down and kept walking! His size was alarming.' 'Humanoid, clothed but with wings and I swear he was filing his nails.' 'Heard his voice telepathically inside my head.'

§637) Scotland (Argyll). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time.* 'While at work as a gardener on an estate, I went to speak to my colleague who was a short distance away clearing undergrowth with a strimmer and wearing ear protectors. As I approached him, I noticed a small twig-like man about two feet tall, perched behind a mound of moss, watching my colleague from the opposite direction. It looked like he was spying on my colleague, and he was unaware that I could see him. My colleague was also unaware of being watched. After what felt like five minutes of me quietly watching this creature, he finally noticed me and ran away. He was surprised when he saw me and looked shocked that I could see him. The overall impression I got from him as I watched was that he was unhappy. We were clearing this area and disturbing the undergrowth. I then approached my colleague and told him what I'd seen. He hadn't noticed anything but was intrigued by what I told him.' 'Twig-like small man.' 'Looked like a nature spirit'. Fairies are 'nature spirits'.

§638) Scotland (Ayrshire). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was walking along a well-used path through woodland with a friend near *** in Scotland. It was winter. Bright sunshine but very cold. We both heard a noise – a high pitched squeak – and looked around to see where it came from. There were some large stones – the path was an old railway line, disused for many years and turned into a woodland walk. A being jumped out from behind one of the stones as if we had startled it then ran off. I know my friend heard the noise as he looked round at the same time as me, but he denied seeing anything. What I saw was a small being about two feet tall. The being appeared male,

dressed in plain black clothes and shoes, and was wearing a tall black hat. It had a large, pointed nose and white skin with black eyes – it looked straight at me and appeared annoyed that it had been disturbed. Dressed all in black with very white skin.’ ‘It felt like it was’, a fairy. Fairies are ‘entities from another dimension’.

§639) Scotland (Dumbartonshire). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; frightened; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad, ‘ritual/ meditation’; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘My then husband and I were walking back from the side of Loch Lomond at *** back to the centre of ***. It was about three in the afternoon in the summer, and it was a lovely sunny day. The path back is quite broad and lined with high trees on either side. As we were walking along both my husband and I suddenly saw a black figure with wings fly from a tree across the path to a tree on the other side. It looked like a black silhouette against the sky, but it was not a bird or a bat as it was completely human shaped. I just looked at my husband and said, ‘did you see that?’, and he agreed with me that it was a faery. I don’t know who got more of a fright, us or it when it realised that we had seen it. From the distance that we were away I guess it would have been about two feet in height.’ ‘I have had several encounters with the fae and have fae friends. I don’t see them, but I can speak with them.’ ‘Human black silhouette with wings.’

§640) Scotland (Edinburgh). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc), in a city (‘on a hill in a city’); with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running upstairs), you were extremely happy; 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.* ‘A telepathic friend had a dream about the Brownies of Edinburgh wanting to meet me, near a ruin on a hill. I found out where this was from the description and went with my partner to walk up this hill. I was told not to take my phone or put it in flight mode as it pollutes the other realm. I am an experienced hill walker and always, always know exactly where the summit of any given hill is. Being a geek this is important to me, so I check hill-bagging.co.uk to be sure of this info. As we approached the summit of this smaller hill, the next thing I knew, we were suddenly facing in the other direction looking at the main summit of the larger hill nearby, not the summit of the hill we were walking towards and very close to. I stood very disorientated, confused and checked the time. Only a few minutes had gone by. I know I had not summited the first hill, as I had no recollection of standing triumphantly at the top as I always do. I have since learned from my friend, who sadly passed away several years ago, that we were glamourised by the little people, which I believe to be one hundred percent true based on events that happened to me in childhood, the few months before and since this missing time event.’ What are fairies? ‘Another group of many different types of beings, original inhabitants of planet earth.’

§641) Scotland (Fife). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people,*

none of whom shared my experience; can't remember the time; two to ten minutes; 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. 'Dancing at the foot of the bed, still there when I hid and looked again.' 'A noise woke me to look.' 'I saw lots of small people shapes, in shadows'. [In a subsequent email] 'I was six to seven years old, then I was made aware by my dad it was odd and discouraged. I once saw one dancing at night – scared me as I had a fear in the dark. I remember hiding under the covers and checking she was still there. She was till eventually I watched and fell asleep. She had an aura which made her visible. Daytime they were quite transparent – only clear in the shade. Not really clear in bright patches of light. They were usually in groups, except the dancing one!'

§642) Scotland (Glasgow). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional 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 sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* '***, Glasgow 1998. It was late afternoon in the city. After many weeks of intense work, I was completely relaxing in my third-floor tenement flat in Glasgow. From my lounge I could look out across the city roofs and observe the sky. On this particular day, as it moved towards dusk, the sky was like a spectacular Turner painting: incredible colors and cloud formations which constantly changed with the wind. Gazing at this natural 'show' I became deeply relaxed and unencumbered by any worries. I must have been observing this for well over half an hour when I noticed that, across the other high rooftops nearby, bobbed a little round cloud, growing ever nearer to my building. The cloud drifted and settled directly outside my window and was then, suddenly in the centre of my room...! I observed as the cloud swirled in an incredibly dynamic and purposeful way and there before me was, instead, a small man (about fourteen inches) with huge wings (two to two and half times the length of his body which I can at best liken to being like dragonfly wings) and a beard with ginger curls (so large that they appeared to defy gravity). He hovered in the middle of the space, holding on to an apparatus, something like a parachute, which appeared to be helping him to remain in position. His form seemed to be made from constantly moving, vibrating light and he was every color of the clouds and sky on that evening. It was at this point I blinked and found I could no longer see him... My body jolted to at this point also, as you do when you have a dream of falling, and it seemed later/darker than it had before I blinked...' 'My understanding now is that [fairies] are distinct beings, not one and the same being which appears in different guises to suit the observer. Having since researched what I saw, I believe him to have been an 'air sylph'. Why an air sylph chose to come to me that day I still don't know!' 'In my opinion fairies are beings who exist on another 'layer' of reality to us whom are made from a lighter, more mutable substance than ourselves.' 'If you choose to make this story public, I would prefer that I be given credit'.¹⁰

¹⁰ We keep accounts anonymous, but as there is an explicit request here we record that this was written by Fiona Alexander.

§643) Scotland (Glasgow). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland, in a city; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; no fairy behaviour reported; 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 leaving work at the uni and walking down the quieter east side when, from a large concrete wall on the left what initially looked like maybe a leaf kind of hovered from left to right at about one foot off the ground and fairly fast into the bushes/trees on the right! I would describe it as a small tornado of light, reminded me of Taz from the cartoons as I got a glance at it before it vanished. I ran over to the fence and looked down a grassy verge sloping down to a road and the light tornado had vanished when it should have still been visible at the speed it was going, plus it had nothing to hide behind beyond the fence looking down to the road, with river beyond.' 'A spinning tornado of light as it entered or left our realm.' Fairies are 'a group of original inhabitants of our planet made up of multiple creatures.'

§644) Scotland (Glasgow). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; frightened; 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.* 'I loved trees as a child and had become curious about the holes I often saw in the bark of the tree where it meets the earth. I was taking a walk with my father and was looking at one of these holes. My father was taking photographs of the forest a little way off. I saw something move in the hole and was afraid it might be an animal and that it might bite me. I had been bitten by a guinea pig the week before and still wore a plaster on my finger. A small, human-like creature emerged from the hole, moving very cautiously and watching me the whole time. I was so amazed I could not breathe. I looked towards where my father stood with his back to me and back to the fairy. It was gone.' 'A female of little less than three feet high but of adult proportions. Other features changed during the experience.' 'I was not sure what I saw. I often wondered if I had an hallucination. Now, as a grown up, I am convinced I saw a living creature that appeared to have human characteristics albeit slightly odd ones. I believe it must have been a fairy.' Fairies are 'a different species'.

§645) Scotland (Inverness-shire). *Male; 1970s; 11-20; in open land; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof, erotic, 'earth-oriented'; 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, 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 [American national] was asleep and then awoke and looked out the window, or dreamt I looked out the window and saw circling tiny lights like candles (but greeny/blue/gold/red), circling one way then shifting to go the other way, then entwining, both going opposite directions. You could see the dark shadows of stones in a circle, but barely, more like an impression/feeling there were stones there. Then a central flame leapt up and, I could see the stones in relief and then flickery/shadowy shapes, almost as if in a spotty 'tintype movie, silhouettes of dancing 'beings'. The interesting thing is I knew

nothing about the house or the history of the house I was staying at or anything about the land around it. In fact, I only stopped by to say 'Hello' and be on my way. With Highland hospitality, I was invited to spend a few nights. Tossing my bag in the bedroom, I did not even look out that same window in the daylight and did not know what was out there. Only days later did the host press and wiggled out of me what I saw or dreamt I saw. He (**** of ***, *** Chief of Clan ***) said I was 'not the first.' 'Later on, I learned that I was not the first to see things at the *** Stones.' 'Murmuring in rhythm'. 'Some places have something that is attached to the area...'

§646) Scotland (Lothian). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was lying in bed and was awoken by movement in my bedroom. Turning my head, approximately thirty centimetres in front of my face hovered a small, about five centimetres high, fairy. Clearly very feminine, she wore a skirt shaped like an inverted tulip, and had fern leaves for a top, and long wavy brown hair and a smiling face. She flew in a triangular pattern, pausing momentarily at each point.' 'She clearly looked like a fairies. Maybe a flower fairy.' 'I believe they exist on a different frequency than we humans normally exist.'

§647) Scotland (Perthshire). *Male; 1990s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'This account might better be explained by the possible second sight that I believe my wife, Frances (one 's' her father got it wrong registering her birth), named after her grandmother possesses. Scots family tales of fortune-telling and the like are common, albeit there is more scepticism in recent times. Frances owned a small crystal ball that belonged to her maternal grandmother, Francess Denham (née Ludlow). She informed me that her grandmother Francess would act as a fortune-teller (I don't know if there was a charge for this service?), reading tea leaves and using her crystal ball. Frances' mother, Violet Malloy (née Denham) told her that this 'fortune-teller' was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. There is a belief in Scotland that such a person has second sight. I was highly sceptical of the whole thing and was not buying into any of it. During the early years of our marriage Frances mentioned on very few occasions events/things that were going to happen, and generally shortly after did in fact occur. I was still sceptical and set out to prove that her grandmother Francess was not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. I have a strong interest in genealogy, so this was likely to be a simple matter of proving that there were not fourteen girls born to meet the criteria. I was possibly/probably wrong! I discovered seven daughters, followed by six daughters, however I may have missed one who perhaps was an infant death, or maybe not recorded (variety of reasons e.g. illegitimate). I was now beginning to believe in Frances' powers. We lived in East Kilbride, and I was a keen hillwalker which meant usually about a two-hour drive to

the hills and the same back. I had hankered over the country life, kind of Lord of the Manor illusions, and began looking for a house in the country much closer to the hills. This exercise went on for about two years (with no predictions from Frances about anything) and finally found the ‘perfect’ house ‘***’, just outside Aberfoyle on the shore of Loch Ard, in a spectacular location. I put an unsuccessful offer in for the house, and Frances said ‘you’ll get that house’, to which I replied ‘what makes you think that?’. She responded: ‘I don’t know why, I just know that you will’. I had now fallen in love with the area and looked at a few more houses over the next year or so, and a friend who lived there informed me that the family who bought *** were having a hard time and might sell the house. I contacted the owners and in due course the sold me ***. By co-incidence I had recently printed a book *The Enchantment of the Trossachs* for the author, Louis Stott who lived in Aberfoyle. In discussions with him I told him that I thought the whole thing was a load of nonsense. He was adamant that there was credibility to the story. The book centres on the Rev. Robert Kirk being trapped in fairyland. Shortly after settling into *** (it took around six months to renovate the house, or at least half of it), whilst sitting in the drawing room (yes it was one of the types of house!), either looking at the view or watching television I sensed something passing to my left. I did not see anything, just sensed it and thought it might be a reflection and dismissed it. This happened on numerous occasions, and I finally mentioned to Frances ‘Have you ever sensed a presence in the room?’. She immediately replied ‘You mean the Fairies? Yes, I’ve seen them’. I explained that I have never seen anything, but strangely if asked to describe this apparition, I would say they are about eighteen inches high and travel about two to three feet above the ground and nearly always across the bay window area of the house. Don’t ask me to explain how I envisaged this without seeing anything, I don’t have an explanation, but Frances confirmed that was similar to what she sees, although she has seen them travel up the room and then across the bay window. I had never sensed that until one night, to use an expression used by Glaswegians it was like ‘Argyle Street on a Saturday’ in other words there was a great deal of activity. We both sensed it and for the first time I sensed them moving up the room, however the most astounding thing that happened was that we had two cats, that were not allowed in the drawing room. However, for some unknown reason we had allowed them into the room and the both sat on the windowsill (not the bay window) and their heads followed this apparition and when the ‘Fairies?’ crossed over the bay window area both cats leapt off the windowsill and run up the curtain at the bay window! Neither cat had ever climbed any furniture or soft furnishing anywhere in the house before. At this point I contacted Louis Stott to apologise about not believing in fairies. Louis dismissed my theory that there were fairies present in my house. He reminded me that millions of years ago the earth split pretty much exactly between Aberfoyle and Loch Ard and there are magnetic forces still active today and that is a more likely explanation. I genuinely believe there was/is a presence in that house. What are fairies? ‘Apparitions’.¹¹

¹¹ This was a rather unusual report. The author finished the survey but sent the experience under separate cover as an email in 2017. This report was subsequently published in the *Fairy Investigation Society Newsletter* 7 (2018), hence it is not anonymous.

§648) Scotland (Renfrewshire). *Male; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; with mother who saw reaction of cat but did not see what I saw; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; no fairy behaviour 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; no special experience reported.*

'Certainly, the first happened before I can remember it at about two to three years old when my Mum was sitting with me in bed. Here's what I put on a forum about it previously plus my Mum's actual recollection as detailed as she can remember (this was about thirty-four years ago!). I've never seen a 'ghost', apart from when I was about two and according to my Mum who was tucking me into bed the cat freaked and bolted under the dresser while arching its back and hissing, I then pipe up 'Mummy, Mummy who's the cowboy man with his guns?' pointing across the room. My Mum turned and saw nothing and the hairs on the back of her neck stood up and she got a total chill. I have no memory of this whatsoever unfortunately, but it definitely happened as Mum was always fond of telling it because it was so unusual. Here's her recollection: [Mum] You were sitting up in bed. I was sitting back with you. I was fully dressed. You'd had a cough for a couple of nights and it tired you out. I think it was broad daylight. Cat one was asleep on the bottom of the bed. She lifted her head and looked towards the dressing table, to our left. You were sitting up and you said, 'Oh look mummy, look at that man over there. He's (dressed like?) a cowboy and he's got real bullets in his gun.' I looked where you were looking. Cat one got off the bed, warily, like she didn't like what she saw. She went out the bedroom door. I saw Cat two coming nonchalantly in the bedroom door. She looked at us, looked towards the dressing table, stopped like she got a fright and turned and went straight back out the door again.' 'When I said to you that I couldn't see anybody, you said, 'Oh yes you can', I remember you'd just started saying that. I wasn't kidding. I couldn't see anything. You, Cat one and Cat two obviously could see him. Afterwards, I kept wondering who it could have been. Maybe one of your grandfathers, wanting to play with you and cheer you up, is what I'd thought at the time.' [Me] As to the early encounter I've e-mailed my Mum to ask her to recall everything she can about the incident so I can record it, since I was about two or three I don't remember it but Mum always told me this story. A cowboy man with guns though? Sounds like this was my only frame of reference at that time since a very early memory I have is playing cowboys and Indians and having a small metal die cast Indian, cowboy and horse. This puzzle has been with me my whole life and I'm now finally making headway with it! Cheers!! (A very knowledgeable friend adds: 'Understand the way the mind pattern-matches. The cowboy was the BEST MATCH it could make to a symbol, based on the sensory and intuitive data being received. So think back to the attributes you give to a cowboy, then check the book on Faeries to see what the best match might be.') What are fairies? 'A large group of beings under one umbrella, the original inhabitants of our planet.'

§649) Scotland (Stirling). *Female; 1940s; 0-10; inside a private house; 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; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was in my bedroom when the fairy ran across a chest of drawers in front of the window.' 'I was a small

child when this happened, but it is one of my most vivid memories.’ ‘It was small, wearing tight-fitting top and long leggings or pants. It had hair on the head, neither long nor short’. ‘I just knew it was a fairy’. Fairies are ‘nature spirits’.

§650) Wales. *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; many hours; friendly joyful; regular supernatural experiences; extremely happy; 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, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘We both saw the beautiful fairy along with others around her, hovering above me during a healing session, the beautiful beings healed my heart chakra. I had my eyes closed and open, the lady doing the session saw the same beings and we chatted about it afterwards, this was one of my more profound experiences with Fae, there have been many since early childhood.’ ‘I would love to share more of the details of this particular experience as it was the first time they had healed me with droplets of light.’ Fairies are ‘beings from another dimension’.

§651) Wales. *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ‘briefly but on several different occasions’; friendly, 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.* ‘I was at the bottom of my paternal grandparents’ garden where there was a small walled in area containing a lot of climbing flowers. This was a garden that I visited throughout my childhood and always referred to it as ‘the fairy garden’ with my father. The fairies appeared only very briefly in my peripheral vision, throughout the flowers. I learned to believe they were figments of my imagination, but I do not truly think they were.’ ‘Most like the Flower Fairy images.’ [The place] ‘did, [have a fairy reputation] although I did not know this before my experience.’ ‘I’m sure a lot of young girls would love to see fairies and I don’t know if I did but it really feels like I did.’

§652) Wales. *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water; on my own; 6 am-9 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, ‘at first I think they were suspicious’; 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 [an Australian national] was visiting Wales and staying at a place called Fairy Hill. While waiting for friends to come and take me sight-seeing I walked the grounds and found myself stepping down deeply into a section of forest. The light was softer here and I felt drawn in. It was beautiful and green with dappled light through the many trees. There was a natural mossy stone bridge across a small stream to a wider section of water. I stood on the bank and looked at the water and noticed movement, and to me there was like small unseen swimmers near the edge where I stood. This movement of water immediately shifted away from me and across the pond or stream, and I watched it go, unchanged in dynamics to the other side. It was as though these unseen swimmers didn’t want to be near me. I felt then that I was intruding and had the notion that perhaps (and possibly based on the name of the place) I had unwittingly stepped into a fairy realm of some sort. It was a little

unsettling because I was so deep into this place that to turn and run didn't seem wise. I decided to show I was not there to intrude and that I hadn't meant to do so, and I bowed slightly (even though this felt odd) to show I was humbled and respectful of whatever nature spirits were present. Some sunlight started to poke through into the trees directly over my head and felt it would be okay to take a few photos. I heard strange sounds I couldn't quite ping [? place]. It was as though someone was walking through the landscape on the other side of the water, and I waited, expecting to see a person, but nobody was there. As I went to walk away the tree over my head seemed to shake and leaves were rained down over where I had just been standing. I turned and watched the leaves coming down, some landing over my shoulders. I was not at all offended. I slowly left the area, coming back across the little bridge to stop to give another small bow and quiet thanks for allowing me to be there. I don't know what compelled me to do that. I think perhaps it was because I had found myself in a place, I didn't think I should be. Later, I thought it was an unusual event and tried to reconcile my thoughts about these strange feelings and notions (asking myself why on earth I felt I needed to bow). Later that night I decided to look through my photos, as was usually the case during my trip, and with a great deal of surprise I discovered one photo contained the image of a small being dressed in green, with boots, a hat, and standing on one of the mossy rocks near the water's edge. I was so astounded by this image that I had trouble sleeping and felt as though fairies were on my window ledge. It seems silly but I didn't dare tell them not to enter my room, because I had invaded their area. I didn't invite them either. Even though they didn't seem unfriendly, I thought it best to close my window. I showed this photo to friends, and surprisingly it was males who could easily see the image of the fairy on the rock and were able to point out the features. Women had more trouble, although some were very definite and found the image without me pointing it out, and some couldn't see the image at all even if I resorted to pointing it out. I couldn't understand how they couldn't see it. I still have the photo and I still see the image. After I returned to Australia, I realised that my backyard, which is quite leafy, seemed filled with fairies, or little lights that were everywhere, especially in the early morning just before light. I thought it was my imagination and try as I might to get my head back into proper order, I couldn't stop seeing things in my yard. I didn't know if I'd brought them home with me (in my bag, ha ha) or if I was now seeing them. I didn't actually see fairies, but I started to see the occasional one in the leaves or the flowers, or at least they seemed part of the flora, which in a way felt more like an explanation and by use of my imagination. My world had suddenly become a different looking place. I have since taken a photo of another fairy that is quite astounding. 'This fairy is easily seen by many people (very few can't quite make it out). Again, I didn't know at the time I was taking such a photo. I had bought a new camera and was taking photography lessons (to know how to use it off the automatic setting) and was taking photos around my yard. I took one of my maple tree. I don't even know how I discovered the fairy in the photo because she's quite small, but she's very present. In the same photo, some time later, I discovered what looks like a small fox, and I didn't know until I looked it up that there are such things as tree foxes. Now when I look at this photo, all I see is the fairy and the fox.' 'In the photo the fairy is in green,

wearing boots, and has a small hat'. 'I can't describe all that I heard. There were water sounds, like a group swimming.' 'The name of the place was Fairy Hill. I thought it was quaint and I wonder if this set my mind into such an experience, or at least made me more aware. However, I never expected to have some sort of fairy experience.' 'I have the photos to go with the experience. The experience on its own was natural, nice, and personal. It was not something I would have relayed to anyone except for the photo and of course everyone wants to know the story surrounding it.' 'I have no idea [about fairies]. But I have come to consider there is a realm, or dimension beyond our natural senses that is very real. 'The whole fairy phenomena for me started during my trip to the UK. And I'm surprised that since coming home to Australia that it has continued, but only when I take time out to be in nature and away from wi-fi, electronics, and have my head out of my i-phone or laptop. When I stand in my garden or in other natural settings, I tend to have that sense of the fairies or nature sprites around me. I don't think they want to be bothered, but they don't seem opposed to me.'

§653) Wales. *Female; 2020s; 31-40; in a city* ('on the edge of the centre of town'); with one person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; 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 marked a turning point in your life.* 'Fairy music that no one else could hear. It sounded distant, yet ever since, every now and again I get an unbelievable urge and longing to go with them, even if I don't hear the music, it gets worse every time I hear it.' Fairy is 'a term for a lot of different 'otherworld' beings.' 'There is a house nearby with a mound named 'fairy mount'. But I believe it's a Viking burial mound'. The music was 'like a melody in the distance that I cannot put together in words.'

§654) Wales. *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time.* 'My dad and I hiked up a large mountain near our house and on the way down it got dark, and we walked off the path. I noticed something that I thought was a tree stump, but black in the distance. We climbed up onto what we thought was a path then saw in the distance, about thirty feet away, a dark figure advancing towards us. I didn't get too nervous at first until I realized that we could not identify whether it was a creature or not. We were very isolated and in a place that one would not normally walk. We heard crunching noises of twigs and leaves as the figure got closer, now around twenty feet away, and I had an overwhelming sense that it had feminine energy; not that I could see its face. My dad immediately turned around and started marching into the really dark part of the wood. I struggled to keep up with him. When we got home, we spoke about it and he said he had an urge to walk that way and he also heard a humming tune coming from the figure. A few hours later and I am still feeling strange about it.' 'Black hooded creature'. 'Humming'. 'It felt very close to nature'. Fairies are 'manifestations of energy.'

§655) Wales (Flintshire). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; many hours; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; 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.* ‘Feeling very calm and relaxed in the home of a friend, a little anxious as always before a psychedelic session. It’s the first time I have visited them, so everything is new, but I am generally in a very good and positive head-space. Dinner is eaten and wine is drunk, and the atmosphere is very good. People present. There is me and my friend A (who I have met a few times only but have had a fairly long online relationship with), and his partner B, who I have met for the first time today. A has been an extremely experienced psychonaut for decades, and I trust him greatly. Another couple, C and D, who are known to all present, appear later on at the peak of the trip, but purely on the astral level. Setting: a Friday night in early October, 2015. A detached bungalow in the deep British countryside. The lounge where most of the session takes place is decorated with many ‘niknaks’ from around the world: spiritual statues of Buddha, Pan, fauns and satyrs, decorated skulls, brass animals and pixie horse brasses, original and reproduction paintings (some very surreal). The place has an extremely Celtic or Pagan vibe. The lighting is very low and almost entirely made up of candles placed around the room. Nag Champa incense burns. During the come up the music is mostly the Stone Roses and Black Grape, good vibes and good grooves! As the drug really begins to take effect, a series of ‘mash up’ CDs is put on (lots of different parts of many well-known dance music and electronic tracks mixed cleverly together). As the intensity increases I ask for something a bit less full-on and more mellow, and from then on it’s mostly Psych Folk and Psychedelic Rock that is played, with stand-out tracks and albums from Traffic, The Incredible String Band, Van Morrison, Dr. Strangely Strange, Kevin Ayers and David Crosby. Intention: I have wanted to try another high dose ‘breakthrough’ MDMA session for many years, but the substance has just not been available to me. I’ve also wanted to be able to take psychedelics with an experienced person, not so much to ‘guide’ me, as just to be there when I trip so that I can fully let go into the experience. For the last fifteen years or so I have mostly taken psychedelics alone, in bed, in darkness, with headphones on. I feel like I have exhausted that setting, and want to try something new. I have also been sticking to fairly low doses for the most part. I wanted to feel safe enough to be able to take a higher dose. As far as self-analysis or spiritual seeking went, I had nothing in particular that I wanted to unearth or work on. Dose. Dinner had been consumed approximately thirty minutes before taking the first capsule. One gel cap containing around two hundred and fifty mgs of MDMA and a hundred mcgs of 1P-LSD was swallowed with wine. About two hours later when it had been established that I was OK with this, another ‘booster dose’ gel cap of around two hundred and fifty mgs of MDMA and two hundred mcgs of 1P-LSD was taken. Coming up: For the first couple of hours it felt mostly like an MDMA come up, but not too strong. It was slightly trippy, and I was enjoying the company and the music a lot. The MDMA came on first, making me feel warm, secure, happy and relaxed (it’s hard to have a hard time on MDMA!), which set the tone for the 1P as it came on. It’s a

wonderfully clever way to avoid the paranoia that sometimes accompanies an acid or 1P trip, I think. Black Grape was very funky, and the conversation flowed freely and easily. Next the mash-up CDs came on and they were also a lot of fun, especially spotting all the dance tunes that I hadn't heard for years. I had a bit of a walk and dance about the room, the laser light show projection was a lot of fun. At some point around two hours after dropping, we dropped another capsule. I felt very secure and not really 'out of it' in any way. Fully in control and very much enjoying the experience. Main experience. After this, things started to get a little strange. I can't put my finger on exactly when it happened, but the experience started to gain in intensity, and I had to sit down and just watch things unfold. Around this time, A told me later, I started to go quite quiet and became much less communicative. I think A could see I was having an intense time and asked me if I'd like the music changed. I said yes, I wanted something a bit more mellow. The 'mash up' music was very frenetic, and it had begun to sound almost demonic in some way. It was like I could hear the voice of a 'nature demon' in the music (and especially the vocals) in places, and that the energy level was being raised to a very high state. It was like Mendes, Pan, or Baphomet, a very powerful nature spirit, was immanentizing right there and then, through the music, and into the room. It wasn't so much scary, (throughout the whole trip there was a very Pan like presence, but it was nature's Pan, fun, frolicking, mischievous, musical Pan, that was guiding me on the journey) as just very, very real, visceral and intense. I started to wonder if A was a Pagan and imagined that perhaps he was the head of some mystical, ancient, Celtic, Pagan, hereditary witch cult, that was involved in ancestor and animal worship. Perhaps he was the embodiment of the Pan like figure. At least that's how it seemed to me. Whilst this could be seen to be a paranoid delusion, it didn't feel like one, and as I say in general it didn't feel scary, although I believed it to be 'true' at the time. It was when the music changed from the mash-ups to the Psych Folk that things really began to shift though. The music married perfectly with the very magickal, Pagan trip that had now begun to unfurl. It was at about this time that I became completely drawn to and absorbed by a ram or sheep's skull that hung on the wall over the fireplace. I was told later that it was a Tibetan Bon Po fetish used by shamans but didn't know this at the time. The skull had four horns and was covered by metal plates which had been affixed to it, showing teeth and jewelled eyes etc., some of its real teeth were also showing at the front. In the candlelight and the reflections of the other brass objects nearby, and in my mind state, looking at it from a few meters away, it looked to be made of something like shimmering, liquid, rose gold. At one point the words in the music started to appear from the ram's mouth, and it began to communicate with me *via* the music. It came alive. It was a momentous occasion, and I felt very privileged to be witnessing it. I was whisked away from my everyday reality into an ancient Celtic village where families would gather around their 'hearth shrine' altars, to worship their ancestors which would then impart important knowledge of their tribe's rituals, history and traditions. I realised I was standing holding hands with other people (my 'Fey' family?), and we were all witnessing the great event together. It felt like I had been transported to the world of Faery. Things got a little scary as the Ram entity kept speaking, manifesting its essence, and slowly, the rest of

its body began to emerge out of the wall. Its skeleton was dressed in rags in places. I could now not only see its head, but the rest of its skeleton too, and it felt like it was mostly a feminine entity, like a very old, wise and slightly scary lady, although it had masculine aspects too, and so I'd have to say it was hermaphroditic. From here on I was completely torn away from normal reality, for what I guess was about three hours. It's extremely difficult to piece together what I actually perceived, and in which order. A would occasionally 'check in' on me, and it would suddenly be a huge physical and mental shock to realise that I actually had a real body in a real world, and that it wasn't all just some kind of an extremely bizarre vision or dream. I remember mentally and physically starting, when A would ask if I was OK. I think it's probably the highest I have ever been, apart from the time I smoked NN-DMT many years previously, but the short acting DMT flash was nothing compared to the prolonged intensity of this. Here are a few of the other visions that I had, but it's very difficult to remember them clearly or put them in any specific order. There was a part where I was aware of a couple of acquaintances, who I know to be very experienced magick workers. In the vision they embodied part human and part animal spirit bodies. They weren't like Satyrs or Fauns, with animal parts and human body parts joined together, but more like a perfect genetic amalgamation of the two species. It seemed they were cat or rabbit or fox like in some way, with definite mammalian characteristics. They were guiding children around this strange village festival. They were friendly entities, like sprites, that were caring for and looking after everyone. C was relaxed and friendly, laughing and joking with the children. D was flitting around like a mad thing (flying like a fairy), also happy and laughing, and together they both appeared to be weaving a good and positive reality for everyone else, to make things flow more smoothly. I could even see the weave as a series of horizontal red and green bars at times (like the Welsh flag?); there would be a blockage somewhere, and D would flit to the blockage and remove it, letting the energy flow though freely again, like some crazed version of Tetris, where clearing a line meant clearing some kind of emotional or spiritual blockage, and winning meant the free flow of energy. There were more of the animal entities around, many of them young children, all living in a magickal village (perhaps in Cornwall? Certainly, a very Celtic feeling place) and I felt like I had entered their magickal world fully. Everyone was mischievous, chilled out, laid back, and having a lot of fun. It seemed that later I became transfixed by the Ram's head entity again, only this time there were many more of them in different people's cottages, and they had somewhat changed their appearance. Every household had one, and they were the dead tribal elders come back to advise the tribe. They were a little scary, and I wasn't completely sure that I trusted them. They now lived high up in the 'triangular' corner of rooms, not above the hearth, and looked more like some bizarre mix of octopoid Cthulhu like entities, with thick spider's legs, or large ornate outdoor streetlamps in a Victorian iron rail style. They were not very animated, they could only move a bit, but they had lights inside their heads that seemed to speak of conscious intelligence and possible wisdom. They were about one to two meters high and a meter wide. They definitely had a less benevolent mien than the ram entity had had previously. I found them very bizarre, but they were totally real to me at the time. They seemed to be calling meetings and having arguments with similar such

entities in other parts of the village. There seemed to be a lot of jealousy and some other negative emotion, perhaps anger or frustration. This must have been around peak time. Of the whole trip, the number one intense experience was hearing the Incredible String Band's track 'Invocation' from their album, *U*. It was utterly transfiguring, alien, elven, elemental, Pagan, and nature-spirit like in its effect, intensity and voice. I will never be able to hear it again without remembering the realm I existed in on first hearing it (for this was indeed my first time to hear it). As I was peaking when it was playing, it is very difficult for me to be able to say exactly what part of the trip hearing this track occurred with, but it was somewhere around this part. Throughout the whole trip I was sure I was living thousands of years ago in Cornwall, or another Celtic society, with very basic houses and villages. At a later part of the trip, I could feel that the intelligence level of the people in my reverie suddenly seemed very low, like they didn't have many of the parts of consciousness that we have today, like they operated very much more on the 'animal' survival level, something akin to Leary's first circuit of consciousness. Visually I could now watch them, and they appeared flat and two dimensional to me. I could see them, but they looked like black sketches on a white page. They would shuffle about slowly and not really be aware of what they were doing, like Shades. Sometimes they would come from their houses into the field, and not know why they had come, and then shuffle back again. At other times they would get stuck 'on the page' and slowly disappear there, with no apparent reason or purpose, almost decaying as with the seasons and the years of time, into dust, as I watched them. Coming down: I slowly started to return to reality, my ego completely shattered, no longer sure of what was real. I started to focus more on the music and that helped me to get a fix on things again. I spent a wonderful thirty minutes or so listening to Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks*. I had a bit of a chat with A, although I couldn't tell him about any of the strange things that had occurred until the next day. We decided bed was in order, I am guessing some nine hours or so after first taking the substances. Sleep was fitful and I kept waking up and not being able to go back to sleep again, still heavily tripping. I finally got up around 1:30 PM the next day, and we spent the whole day chilling out and trying to integrate the experience. It should also be noted that it was only the next day that I realised that there was a letter/card in red behind the Ram's head above the fire place, and that that letter had been given to A and B on the occasion of their hand-fastening by C and D. Lilly's Cosmic Coincidence Control Centre at work yet again... Afterglow: I am writing most of this three to five days later and I am still feeling the effect slightly, both physically and mentally. An extremely powerful experience, and generally a very positive one, although some parts were so weird and overwhelming that they became a bit scary. I've spent the last few days researching the Faery and pixie/pisky traditions of Celtic Britain, and modern/Traditional Cornish magical practice/Witchcraft, and I am sure that this 'map' of reality is the best way for me to explain what happened to me that night. I fully entered the other side, the Faery Realm, after an almost violent 'Sundering of the Veil' between this world and the next. The combination of Set, Setting and Dosage was probably the most powerful and profound one I have ever had, for which I thanked my host greatly. Conclusion: A truly powerful, awe inspiring, and wonderful experience that I

had been wanting to have for a long, long time. Not something that I'd want to repeat often, but I am very glad to have visited there! Some of the experiences, memories, or 'ghosts' of the otherworld that it has left behind will stay with me forever. A's Notes: My host thought it might be nice to write a few words too, here is what he had to say: 'What do you do when you find one of the 'others'? Someone you barely know but with whom you share many psychedelic research interests, musical tastes and views about the shimmering strangeness we laughingly call 'reality'? Easy, you invite him for a weekend of interesting conversation and the possibility of a shared psychedelic experience. But was a full-blown trip with someone I hardly knew and hadn't tripped with before even a good idea? Over plan any psychedelic experience and you can be frozen by the dead hand of expectation. Under-plan and at best it becomes a wasted opportunity, at worst it invites crawling chaos to attend each micro-second of every timeless and eternal moment. A quandary, to which my internal parrot squawked 'Set and setting boys, set and setting'. I knew *** had the mind set for such an event, a powerful psychedelic experience, and I was confident we had the setting; an environment designed for tripping the light fantastic, adorned with artefacts each with its own distinct resonance, placed, layered and lit to create a sensorium of visual wonder and all underpinned by the magic music machine's crystalline sound system. Sacraments were thus duly taken and away we went. The induction phase went smoothly and a second, higher dose, was taken after about two hours. I could see that *** was having a very intense, but not difficult time, although I had no idea of the content of the experience. Other than checking in with some light conversation, the proffering of smoke, liquid and melon, as well as a short excursion to the garden to test motive power and will I was content to let ***'s mind roam free, albeit slightly anxiously as I was a tad concerned where 'he' had gone. I could see, as we approached the 'peak' that he was intensely focussed on the hearth 'altar' and its various decorated animal skulls, carvings, stones and other curiosities so we changed the music from EDM to psychedelic classics I was sure *** hadn't heard before. 'Invocation', by the Incredible String Band, the ultimate aural touchstone for the serious tripper of a Pagan persuasion was played and the rest is the stuff of ***'s described experience. Being able to facilitate a profound experience of this sort is a rare and wonderful thing and I was proud to be a part of it and to have made a good friend in a very short space of time!

§656) Wales (Glamorganshire). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; curious and possibly concerned; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* '1993-1995 I was living in *** at university studying an art degree. One night, I went clubbing with friends, I took ecstasy. It was the first and last time I took it. I felt incredibly thirsty and couldn't drink enough water. When I went home to bed, I had lots of glasses of water next to my bed, feeling really dehydrated. I had a rubber plant beside my bed. One of the times I woke up for water, I looked over to my plant and there was a little being sat on one of the leaves, it looked curious, observing me, but I wonder now

whether it was also concerned about me. It was like a 'typical' elf, this is in retrospect as I knew very little about fairies at the time. My only reference to that point was possibly the Cicely Mary Barker flower fairies. I sensed it was a male and it didn't look like a typical, pretty flower fairy. He was sat on the leaf, next to the stem of the plant, peering out of the shadows. I felt he was looking after the plant and perhaps looking out for me too. He had brown skin, green or brown clothing (couldn't really tell colours as it was dark, with only a little bit of light coming in through the curtains). Dark eyes, curious expression. This was all in seconds, though felt like longer. I didn't feel scared or threatened, it felt 'normal'. I was feeling so rubbish and needing to sleep that I just turned over and went back to sleep. I didn't tell anyone about this at the time and its only now that I realise this was a special experience.' 'Brown skin, dark hair and eyes, green or brown clothing, 'rough' clothing – a bit ragged. Looked curious, possibly surprised I could see him, He was sat on one of the leaves of the rubber plant looking out of the shadows at me.' 'I identified it as a fairy experience because it felt like that.' Fairies are 'nature spirits who are part of the natural world.' 'This was a long time ago, but it's an experience that has stuck in my mind. Also, after university, when I returned home, I began drawing fairies all the time and that eventually became my main form of art.'

§657) Wales (Gwent). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; 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 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 the early hours to see a small woman in a very short cloth dress (above her knees) sitting cross legged on my TV table. She had very long thick very wavy hair and was slowly switching it back and forth as she watched me sleeping. When I awoke, I just stared at her for a good five minutes and she watched me as I stared at her. She didn't mind at all that I could see her. She was bathed in an ethereal light and as she swung her hair, I could see something move very lightly from behind her back as if she was stretching out her wings. That is the first time I have seen her but there have been two other encounters with others.' 'She was twelve inches tall with a short cloth dress. Very long wavy thick hair. Her feet were bare.' 'Very light tinkling bells.' 'Ghosts are very, very different.' Fairies 'are real'. 'My father saw a tiny man back in the early sixties. He wore a tiny green outfit and swung on a chain in my grandmother's parlour. As soon as he saw my father, he moved as quick as lightning, leaving the chain to swing. My father said he was about three- to four-inches tall. This happened in broad daylight as my father came home from work.'

§658) Wales (Pembrokeshire). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; divining a sacred flow of energy; no special experience recorded.* 'I wrote about it on my blog: About a fortnight later, I returned with a friend, who is a medium – but that's another incident.' 'Tall, thin, silver-white bob hairstyle, long yellow patterned dress and red shawl.' 'Experiences with fairy, ghosts, aliens etc and can tell the difference easily.' What are fairies? 'No

one thing and there are many 'species'. I've had experiences with fairy and elves. Some present as human-like but in reality their form is very different.' 'I am used to some people ignoring me when I speak of my encounters but sometimes I have had company, when these things happen and often too, have evidence. I don't know why this is, and don't care really. I'm just doing my best to show that life is infinitely more varied and fascinating than some would have us believe.' [The author kindly gave me permission to reproduce this experience from his blog.] 'Y Ddraig and Ffraed are local spirits. 'It was warm, a tiny breeze, butterflies flitted through the rampant hedges, songbirds accompanied the bees' kazoos and I was picking my way through tangles of prolific brambles and nettles on my way to rendezvous with Y Ddraig again. I knew where She'd be, at the crossroads of paths where I'd left Her weeks previously. She'd made off across a verdant pasture to the other side of a hump in the land – I'd have liked to have gone with Her but I needed to gain permission from the landholder first. Instead I had tracked Her remotely to a hawthorn in a fairy hill embankment by an ancient llan. There'd once stood, possibly for thousands of years, a tiny village here; its gorgeous fragrant roses that once decorated walls and gardens, rambling now through the May... Ffraed took me south-west across the field and along woods bordering an infant river to skirt the hump and then west to loop in a damp area at the bottom of the field, before heading eastwards. Several yards later, she turned south to cross a fence and climb a slope. I'd felt underwater, now we were surfacing. Over the slope wheeled Kria, the buzzard. She was letting me know that I'd soon be coming upon something extraordinary. Not far into the field Y Ddraig began to weave tightly. In a straight line of 11 paces, She made 15 curves. After the 15th, She moved south-westwards for almost 2 yards and coiled once. Then Ffraed straightened up, like a rifle barrel, no weaving at all (uniquely so, so far), for 62 paces. I looked up, along the line, and there, in the distance, was a hilltop cairn, in the east. From the end of this stretch to the beginning of Her tight woven line, when She entered this field, is 70 paces. Where it was possible to see, each point lined up with hilltops and clefts in both directions. Where Y Ddraig ended her straight run there was, in ancient times, a small rectangular hut. Open at its north end it was made of wattle and daub and had a wood and rushes roof. Its purpose was for a star-watchers' shelter. Ffraed wove out of what was once the open end and curved sharply to head south and up the steep-ish slope. Weaving for a few yards She then looped noticeably, the breeze picked up and my rods juddered. It felt like more than the wind causing this, so I went back 10 yards and retraced the path. Again the rods juddered, this time there was no gust...immediately I sensed this was a grave site....and here began a conversation... Spectacularly watched over by the Sanctuary, it was the last resting place of a lady called Eirwen, who was a healer and herbalist. She had lived in a cottage close by with her three brothers who had passed away before her. I asked her how to spell her name but she could not read or write, so didn't know. I asked her what era she lived in, she didn't know that either. She had heard of the Normans and the Flemish, but their invasion had been long ago. She knew nothing of Oliver Cromwell or that civil war. I asked her if she was well known in the area. She said she was. Were you, are you, religious? She said no. It didn't feel like she had any bitterness towards religion it was more like she didn't care for it,

didn't want anything to do with it. She loved nature and helping people. Eirwen was buried outside the churchyard when she passed away. I asked her if this saddened her. It didn't... just the way things were, she said... and she loved being here. Her name means 'White snow'. Before I departed, she told me that she had been expecting me. I asked her if she knows of the goddess, Ffraed. She does, very well, and she said that Ffraed is very special to her. I told her that I would return one day soon. She was happy to hear that. Such a beautiful soul. I said goodbye for now and continued up the hill with Y Ddraig to the field wall and traced along it till the Dragon slipped through and into the fairy hill. Here I stood still and asked for leave to enter. 'Not at this time', was the clear response. I respected that. Already knowing where Y Ddraig exited this place I made my way down the slope, out of the field, and back on to the track. As I was passing the point where I'd left Ffraed crossing the wall into the fairy hill, underneath a hawthorn tree, the figure of a tall, slim, silvery-white haired woman shimmered briefly, manifested quickly, and then vanished. She was dressed in a red cape or shawl and a long yellow dress with a pattern on it...and she was waving farewell to me. It was Eirwen! Walking back to my car after this uplifting spirited meeting with Eirwen I felt ecstatic.¹²

§659C) Wales (Powys). 'I remember sleeping on the floor in your [brother's] room. And I had woken up and I saw the leprechaun standing on a shelf. It looked like it was looking at something on the shelf. I looked up at it to get a better look and he looked at me then disappeared. Then I put my head back down on the pillow and looked up again and he was back. He was sitting down on the shelf cross-legged looking at me smiling. He then jumped up really high, landed on the shelf and started dancing. I remember smiling at him and he smiled back, lifted his finger to his lips in a 'shhh' way, then disappeared. That's the last time I saw him. It was like he was putting on a show. He was really small maybe six inches. He had black pointy shoes on, green knee-length trousers and a green jacket with a waist coat and white shirt. He didn't have a beard but had red hair. He had a green hat on. Everything he was wearing looked well worn. Not bright green more forest green. That's what I can remember... It looked like he was looking for something in your room when I first saw him. [He] was very happy. But didn't speak or make any noise.'¹³

§660A) Wales (Powys). *Female (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1930s; 11-20; in woodland, on a country road; with several other people, some of whom shared the experience; no time reported; two to ten minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'My grandmother was playing with around eight other children near an old house on the edge of ***. They all saw a gnome dressed as a busy bee with a trilby hat on scowling at them sitting high up in the tree. They all witnessed it and ran away scared. She told me the story until her dying day and described the gnome clear as day each time. The strange thing is my cousin as a child saw fairies playing out her window regularly in the very same woods as the window overlooks the same patch of trees.'

¹² <https://thesongofffraed.org/2021/05/22/white-snow/>

¹³ I was sent this account by email, the sister *via* her brother gave permission to publish. The brother wrote: 'Powys, it was about 1998 or thereabouts, so [sister] was nine years old at the time.'

‘Busy bee with a trilby hat with a human-like face believed it was some kind of gnome.’

§661A) Wales (Swansea). *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; ‘mother’s friend’; 2000s; 41-50; on or near water, on a country road; on their own; time not reported; one to two minutes; mischievous, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; the witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* ‘This woman my mother knows who my mother says would be the last person to believe in anything paranormal a few years ago was walking her dog quite near to a normal valley road and suddenly looked down [and?] the green grass turned into a fairy-looking leprechaun-type thing and said to her for a few seconds ‘I know you seen me then’ and disappeared again! My mother knows the woman and says not the type to make this up! Especially on a normal dog walk!’ ‘Looked like a leprechaun and morphed from the green grass and back again.’

The United States

§662) US. *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; over many years; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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.* “The first time I saw a faerie I was four years old. Our whole backyard was a wooded hillside and right in the middle of the woods, not too far in, there was a little clearing with some may flowers, mushrooms and some little trees with twisted vines. This one vine hung down like a swing so I would sit in it and swing. One evening I was up there with a few toys and a tea set, and I saw a little creature come out from behind the tree. She didn’t look like what fairies looked like on TV. I didn’t even know it was a faerie until I got older. Well, anyway, she stood there, and I thought she was so cute she pointed to a little silver spoon I had, and I said you can have it. She ran over and took it and went behind the tree. I ran after her, but she was gone. My mother was yelling for me to come in for supper, so I cleaned up my things and went in. I told everyone who would listen about the creature in the woods, but they just went along with it like I was making it up. But I couldn’t get her out of my mind so the next morning right after breakfast I took some food that was left over and anything I thought the girl in the woods would like, put it all in my little bag and back up to the woods I went. I put out all the stuff I brought to her and after a bit she peeked out from around the tree and I said: ‘don’t be scared, I will not hurt or trap you’. She walked out and grabbed the food and ran away again. I sat there for what seemed like for ever before she came back out when she did this time she spoke. ‘What is your name?’ I said, ‘Amy’. She said that is beautiful. I said what is your name. She said I don’t have one. I ask would you like one. She said ‘yes that would be good’. ‘Well, I like the name Twig’. She said ‘yes that’s a fine name’ so for about three more years I would go up and leave things for her. Then one summer afternoon she said we won’t be able to see each other again. In my tears I said ‘why?’. She said we each have to grow on our own. I told her I loved her, and she said farewell and she went behind the trees and from past experiences I knew I wasn’t going to see where she went so through my child tears I went home. My mother asked what was wrong. I told her Twig was gone and went to my room. Later that night my dad came home and said we were moving, and I said I didn’t want to go but parents always win so we moved. To this day I think she knew that I was going to have to move so she was gracious enough to tell me bye before my parents just took me away.’ ‘She had twigs for hair that stood straight up her eyes were big and mossy green, her skin was a bit pale. She had clothes on made out of a grass like stuff.’ ‘I feel [fairies] at homes. I always know they are there.’ Fairies ‘are real and just like people many shapes and colors.’ ‘I have had ghost experiences and other supernatural things happen and nothing is like the feeling of being in the presence of a fae.’

§663) US. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; regular supernatural state; no special state reported; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* “This happened in November 2019. I was sitting in my kitchen get ready to go out and do my nightly chores. I was sitting alone playing a word game on my phone, when I could hear like what sounded like bug wings

coming to from the right of me. Before I could look up it had a hold of my face. I was in disbelief of this strange human/bug like creature that had a hold of my nose. She then began to stab the side of my nose: what felt like bee stings on the side of my nose. Like a hornet would do. I was starting to struggle I could hear her struggle to keep hold by fluttering her wings that were perfectly collapsed up against her back. She had one little hand holding onto my nose and stabbing with the other. She was quick and precise. She then took off just as quick as she appeared darting through my kitchen as I watched her fly away, I could see her yellow aura chasing behind her. She turned to go out the front door and a foot away from the front door she disappeared.' Fairies are 'magical creatures.'

§664) US. *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous, angry, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were very sad; loss of sense of time, profound silence before 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.* 'I am unsure if this was a kidnapping attempt or if I dreamed this. So, my dad took me out in my stroller. And he would call it my Cadillac or mini car. He would always take me on walks, and we would always take the right road. Today we took the left. And two people a man and woman came up. My dad said they had on Victorian outfits, and had no skin color to them. Their eyes were different. As the woman would talk and admire me, the man would say the word 'Baby', over and over until the woman tried to unlock my stroller buckle. My dad held onto it and me as tight as he could. Then our neighbors saw him. And it looked like he got into a fight. Next thing I knew he canceled the walk to the park and sat on the sidewalk of our driveway with me. Still in the stroller and our neighbors comforting us. I remember this now. When I got older I always believed I was adopted and had blonde hair and blue eyes. When I lived my entire life with my real mom who doesn't have those: but dark hair and eyes. Most of the drawings I did of the 'adopted' family were thrown or burned by my grandma or mom's mom.' 'Both were in Victorian style clothes. The man in a suit and the lady in a dress. Almost like Downton Abbey. And they had no skin or hair color.' 'I would say close to alien and fae. Maybe at the same time.' 'What in your opinion are fairies? 'I am cautious as I don't want to be taken or my own baby taken from me. Either by relatives, in laws, or friends.'

§665) US. *Male; 1980s; 11-20; in a city; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'On a dead-end city street/alley that was wide open, and not between buildings, near a defunct train rail.' 'Small, somewhere around the size of a hummingbird or a parakeet. It glowed with a blight white light. Due to the combination of how far away from it I was – several feet – its small size, and the bright glow, I could not make out any features other than the facts that it had a humanoid body with wings attached to the back of its shoulders.' 'There were no sounds associated with the faerie.' 'I frequented this area; it was less than a block from my house where I lived for eighteen years. In all the time I lived there, this was

the only faerie I saw there. I never heard of anyone else having a sighting.’ ‘I have had multiple faerie sightings/encounters, as well as multiple sightings/encounters of ghosts. I firmly believe that they are two different, separate types of phenomena. As far as I am aware, as I have never had an encounter with an alien being. And, being Wiccan, I am loath to have anything whatsoever to do with anything that I might label as an ‘angel’. The being that I saw, and the beings that I continue to see, do not give me that ‘vibe’.

§666B) US. *Male; 2010s; 61-70; on or near water; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; ‘continuous’; friendly, mischievous, aloof, erotic; no answer given; 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, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I am friendly with the environment around me. It is very rural. I walk through the trees with a river running aside. Opposite to the river is a field of roughly two acres. I often breathe through a favorite tree (a large, old Cottonwood tree). I will not make the frequent claim of sanity, or non-intoxication. As far as I am aware, neither is pertinent. I was ‘breathing the air from up high’ when I felt something come through the tree and into me. I felt happy, light, and somewhat euphoric. The being was playful and somewhat too sensual for my comfort. The strangest, and, to me, unbelievable, or extraordinary part about her is her imperceptible nature. I can only feel her presence. She can touch me. It is very light. I can feel her, ever so slightly, as I feel an aura. I have almost begged for more contact, but I am apparently not equipped at this point. In light of the fact that she arrived *via* tree, I have assumed she is a Wood, or Mountain Nymph, but I do not know. The thing is, she is with me. There are other spirits here. I call them Good Spirits. I have no idea of what they are in terms of Earth Spirits or Elves, they don’t mind being called Faeries. Once again, I feel them through body sensations (piloerection, rushes of emotion). These Spirits saved me during a time of great despair. Even though I don’t know anything about such entities, I have sworn my loyalty to them. I have made clear however, while all are welcome in this place where my home is, evil is not ever welcome and I do not have that intent, ever. I do not pretend to understand any of this. I am no expert. I worked in mental health as a professional and I never had such a notion presented to me. As far as understanding all this, I have been told (by a voiceless thought) ‘be patient and have faith’. That is the extent of it. She is always with me now, and ‘They’ are always there for me. I never thought of life as magic, and certainly not as wonderful as it is now. I am just as sure a captive of the Faerie World as Robert Kirk. (I have researched this to address my never-ending confusion). But I am a willing captive and would not leave. My companion, I will not write her name, I think is with me, and a part of me, till I join the world of the unseen upon leaving the human life. (I am in no rush). As unseemly as this is, I cherish it. I would like to add that I have been married over forty-one years. My relationship with my spouse and children is very good. They have been told next to nothing about these things. I do not want to risk their comfort in regard to my mental health. I did not despair, when the Good Spirits lifted me, over family issues, but rather in relationship to physical illness and its treatment.’ ‘I have heard music, I assumed it was auditory pareidolia’.

§667) US. *Male; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘My sister and I accidentally ended up on a fairy road when walking on paths in the public park. I was nineteen at the time and she was thirteen. We were accompanied by her dog. After about fifteen minutes walking we got lost and she used her GPS on her phone to find we were miles away from where we had started. In the path behind us the sunlight shimmered oddly, but no forms were distinct. I apologised aloud for having used their path and gave an offering of the cool rocks and leaves I had picked up along the way, and my sister and I walked back the way we came. It took longer, more like twenty minutes, but we returned to the park after having been gone less than an hour. I have never encountered that path again, though I have visited the park many times since.’ Fairies are ‘flesh and blood entities with the abilities to hide thoroughly and bend spacetime.’ ‘My supernatural experiences occasionally involve fairies (for instance, mushroom rings appearing), but it isn’t common. Usually, I just get a sense of otherness that could be fairies but could be other entities.’

§668C) US. ‘I am rather old now and have been engaged with fairy beings as long as I can remember, generally in a positive, admiring, and respectful manner which has always been returned. They have been helpful, and I am grateful. My earliest memories of fairy beings are when I was still in my crib and several of the light-hearted sort used to line up along the walls, shine rather like little yellow birthday candles, and sit swinging their feet and watching me curiously. They were neither young nor old, neither adults nor children. I somehow knew without being told not to talk about them. It seemed to me that older and busier people could have seen them if they liked but chose to ignore them, particularly if they were the sort of hurried people who enjoyed creating drama and conflict. Our elderly Boston Bull Terrier had more sense and got on well with them, in fact there were several elf-like beings, floor dwellers, who used to sneak titbits to him and stroke his ears. We were fortunate enough to have brownie helpers. My father told me stories about them while being careful not to cause offense by addressing them directly. I tried to learn by example. Although encouraged in my beliefs by my father and his family (who were from Renfrewshire in Scotland) I had my troubles because of the fairy beings too. My allowance was taken away when it was discovered I was leaving the coins for the fairies. I had a number of ‘invisible playmates’ and whenever my mother heard more than one voice in the playroom she used to come and stare at me with disapproval and end the game. And I was very frightened at first by the Bean Sidhes who came to me when family died, I do not know why but I didn’t need to be told what they were or what was happening. To my ears their wailing sounded like the

howling of dogs or on several occasions the calls of a hawk and I quickly lost my fear. They still come to me now.¹⁴

§669) US. *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in a city, in a garden*; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly, matter of fact; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, just hanging out; 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.* ‘Just let my dog out, standing by the door. It came in the door from the left and hovered right next to my left ear for a second, then went out the way it came in and went right with extreme speed and precision. Its wings made a low humming sound. It was not a dragonfly or a bird. Flying away, it looked like a bright silver light.’ ‘It hovered with a classic wing-beating sound.’ Fairies are ‘an ancient earth race’. ‘It could have been a sylph.’

§670) US. *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; mysterious; 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.* ‘One night I was in bed sleeping. In the middle of my sleep maybe one to three in the morning, I began to hear music playing. Not like radio music or anything electronic. But live music. At first, I thought I was dreaming. But I opened my eyes and the music still played. I couldn’t identify what instruments were playing (I play a few) or the direction they were coming from. But I lived on a very quiet street and the music wasn’t coming from any source outside or inside that I could pinpoint. It was very unlikely to be a neighbor at that hour in that quiet and conservative neighborhood. It seemed to move, change direction. I sat bolt upright, with my eyes still closed and mumbled. ‘That won’t work. I’m awake.’ I lay back down to sleep. Then I realized the music had stopped. I laughed. Why had I said that? I pondered for a bit. But not for long. I fell asleep again. I believe it was Them either having a party or trying to lure my sleeping self away. Maybe to never return.’ Music? ‘Beautiful, enticing, uncanny.’ ‘There had been previous experiences in the house.’ ‘It is mostly just a feeling [that it is a fairy]. The quality of the experience feels like something They would get up to. And I have had experiences with other types of being. This wasn’t like an angel or ghost.’ What is a fairy? ‘A very broad designation for nonhuman beings that share certain qualities: nature spirits, house spirits ancient ancestral spirits that have become less human and wilder over time.’

§671) US. *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; 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.* ‘Large, brilliant balls of bright lights

¹⁴ Received by email.

flooding into our location in a haunted forest. Also, same balls of light appearing on my land and at the back of friend's home by the large pond.' 'I had no idea but knew the place was haunted – depending on the experiencer good or not so pleasant things might happen but in general always a very enjoyable experience for myself and friend – one goes with no expectations.' 'I was in the forest and believe that the fairies all have a collective consciousness and show pleasure in different ways, for example, if you help in some small way to protect the forest, they will do something spectacular for you such as make objects fly through the air as a sign of approval – or show off their abilities by making one leaf dance and swirl before your very eyes – on a windless day whilst all around you the leaves remain motionless.' Fairies are 'supernatural beings – part of God's creation'.

§672) US (Alabama). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in the garden [It was a big yard with trees and flower bushes and a forest on the edge, there was a road nearby, not too busy but cars did go down it]; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; 'the experience warped time a bit... maybe thirty minutes?'; mischievous, 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.* 'I was playing by myself outside when I heard music. It sounded like a flute or clarinet. The music was otherworldly and made me want to dance. I loved it! I loved it so much I wanted to go to the person playing the music to thank them for playing. But I couldn't find them. I would walk in the direction I thought I heard it in and suddenly it'd be behind me. I'd turn around and head off again, only for the music to come from the left side. I wandered around my yard, both front and back for a while looking for the source of the music. Eventually I got tired and gave up. I sprawled on the ground and nodded off while listening to the beautiful tune.' 'Otherworldly. I just can't put my finger on it. It sounded like a wind instrument at the very least, but it didn't sound like one I'd ever heard.' 'I know about being pixy led and that fairies love music, so I feel it matches pretty well.' What are fairies? 'They aren't angels, demons, or nature spirits. They're their own category, although I guess there could be overlap. I think fairies are beings that primarily exist in the otherworld but have the ability to come here. I also think sometimes here and the otherworld overlap, leading to interactions between fairies and humans. They're morally gray or amoral I guess, since they just don't fall under our human rules of society. They can be helpful, play tricks, or be downright mean. I think there are certain ways to interact with fairies to stay safe (be polite, don't say 'thank you', be careful about food and drink offered, etc).'

§673) US (Alabama). *Female; 2020s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, curious; occasional supernatural experience; no special state reported; loss of sense of time.* 'We were working on grounding and healing techniques for the earth because I felt that a part of my grandparents' land had an air of sadness to it. After grounding and attempting what I was there to do once, I saw something move in the background, behind my friend,

much too tall to be a human, and only moved between two trees before disappearing. I very strongly believe this to be a druid. As I'm turning around to move back down the path we came, I see something about half as tall as an average human duck behind a tree before also disappearing. I'm not quite sure what type of Faery this would be, other than a nature Fae of some type. This was only after trying to heal the land, and I asked my friend what I saw for confirmation, and she nodded, saying they were all very curious. Not of me, considering I've lived there most of my life, but of her.' 'One was much taller than the average human, possibly about twice the size, and lanky, with long strides, and the other was much shorter, maybe two and a half feet at best. I wasn't able to see them clearly, unfortunately.' 'My grandparents' land (ten acres of land with a hill, a creek, and two ponds).' 'I was under the assumption that [the land] had fairies. I've felt their presence around me my entire life, and it was always strongest here.' 'We were specifically talking about the Fae and hoping they'd help with the health of the land. Not to mention that the land I was on has had a Faery presence for a long time.' 'I don't believe they're bad, just different. My understanding of the Fae is that they're as varied of beings as humans. We're all the same, in a sense, but we all have different thoughts and feelings regarding certain things. Generally, though, I don't think that they're bad or evil. The ones that I've felt are almost always either friendly, indifferent, or mischievous.' 'After the experience, I had to ground myself again thanks to the excitement, and I lost track of any time, or any thought. I felt like I became part of the earth for a moment in time before my friend helped me come back to my senses.'

§674) US (Alabama). *Female; 2020s; 31-40; in a garden, in my backyard; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; happy; 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 sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'It happened when I was just getting into bed. I heard music and talking. When I listened more closely. The music and talking vanished. It was so cool it was midnight then. During the summer. I still hear the music too but different parts of the outside of my house. In a way I wanted to make friends. But it was truly magical, and I will never forget it.' 'Happy like a big celebration!' 'Moved in the house six years ago.' 'I'm all about fantasy. I think fairies are cool [and I] could learn something. Also, I love unicorns.'

§675) US (Alabama). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; many hours; friendly; 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.* 'I was taking pictures of my backyard and could see many fairies in the trees. They were busy doing some kind of work among themselves but aware of my presence. Afterwards I realized I had captured them in my photos which I still have. There was one in particular, dressed in green, wearing a hat, and kneeling sideways on a branch. He was quite large for me to see his form. I've been seeing them ever since

then and everywhere and [have been] able to photo them.’ ‘Human shape creatures and some look like people, some look like small dragons.’ ‘I don’t hear them.’ ‘Some are so small, and colorful. Because I can see in the spirit, I see the ones that light up in another realm. I didn’t know they were fairies until I saw a show about the shining ones. Some have wings and some just stand, some communicate with each other. These appear to be in caves somewhere. I thought I was crazy until I was able to photo them.’ ‘Some are good, and some are bad. They can cause things to happen.’ ‘I would love to share my experience.’

§676) US (Arizona). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; observant, studying; 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.* ‘I was between the ages of six and ten years old. I was in bed trying to go to sleep. Lying on my left side, I looked at the crumpled blanket over my right hip. Sitting on top of it, studying me, was what I would describe as a small (eight to ten inches tall) old (gray hair and beard) man. He wasn’t threatening, he was just observing me. As he started to rise and move away from me, I hid my face under my blanket. When I was brave enough to come out again, he was gone. My bedroom lights were out, but my eyes were dilated enough to see some of my room with the hall light coming from underneath the door. I don’t remember feeling his weight or movement. As far as how he was dressed, it was more like a leprechaun than a fairy.’ ‘An old man with white hair and beard. It was dark so his clothes and hat looked gray. The hat was pointed, but soft and flopped over to one side. His clothes looked old fashioned, maybe eighteenth-century or older. No coat or jacket.’ Fairies are: ‘beings that share our world, beyond our conscious minds.’

§677) US (Arizona). *Male; 2020s; 41-50; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; friendly, joyful, playful; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I should preface that my third eye had been recently opened and I had been seeing energy in the air like static and auras of people and trees. One night I was in bed with my partner in the dark; he was sleeping next to me. I had been seeing these little balls of energy flying around my apartment for several weeks not knowing what they were. The snowy static that is energy is concentrated into this ball. And I noticed that in the center of the ball was what looked to me at first like a flutter or heartbeat of sorts. I watched as one in particular landed beside me to my left on my nightstand. Beyond it was my humidifier which had a small green light on it to indicate it being on. As the ball of energy and the green light behind it aligned, I could clearly make out the outline of a tiny body; head, arms, legs and, yes, wings. Being new to seeing things I actually said out loud ‘I think I’m fucking seeing a fairy’. I went to my spiritual Guru in *** (Psychic, Medium,

Shaman) and asked her. 'Are fairies real?' She smiled and said 'yes' and that many things of myth and legend exist now in other dimensions like Dragon, Mermaid, Unicorn, Phoenix and Fairy. Since that day four years ago I see them every day. Mostly at night in my bedroom. I was told by another Psychic that I used to be a planet and that these fairies used to live on me and that my energy is home to them, and they love being around me. I only see things and feel things so I haven't gotten as close with my fairy friends as I would like because I don't hear them talking to me. Although occasionally I will hear jingle bells like the Christmas ones and that is them. My fairies show me moving animation story lines mostly from my past lives. If my eyes are open these scenes will play out on the wall. If my eyes are shut a little movie screen behind my eyelids will play them. Instead of black and white they use red and white. And the second psychic I mentioned said they are red fairies so that made sense to me. They have showed me themselves dancing in circles inside another ring of them dancing in circles in the opposite direction. And I have seen them ball room dance when [there are] just two of them. They love to swing as well so I often see them on a swing in mid-air. And I also have a cat in spirit form that is connected to me and have seen a fairy riding on his back as the cat flies around the room. They also help me to heal people. I am a massage therapist, and I will see them on the client working on them/healing them. They have this little instrument like a horn, and they hold the skinny end and out of the other end is energy which looks white to me. I think it is love or Universal Life force energy and they use it to heal. Some clients will have them just covered and I wonder if they needed more healing or if they themselves have very strong fairy energy. I have to say that I am delighted that they exist even if they are in a different dimension. I have always been drawn to them and had watched many movies about them. I have never seen them in physical form, only the energy form. I never see faces or clothes just an energy outline of the body. Thank you for reading my story. As you know you can't tell this to too many people.' 'Third eye had been open for a month or so and also was seeing angels, auras, and energy in the air.' 'See through balls of energy made of white static with the fluttering of wings in the center. Occasionally but not often I can make out the outline of a body and wings in the balls of energy.' 'Jingle Bells like the Christmas ones.' 'Now they follow me everywhere I go.' 'It was a tiny ball of energy and within the energy ball I could see a head and body, arms, legs and wings.' 'Other dimensional beings that are able to interact with us and our world. I think they can be healers or aid healers in their healing practice. I think they do take care of Mother Earth, all plant life and all animal life.' 'I was told that fairies work on our bodies to get our bodies ready for the different seasons. I'm not sure what that means, lol.'

§678) US (Arkansas). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I saw a large, what I believed to be an insect, flying object in my shaded garden so I began to 'stalk' it with varying degrees of success. It

seemed to be about five or six inches in length with large wings. I thought at first that it was a large praying mantis, but as I moved slowly toward it I realized that it wasn't a mantis, but rather, a humanoid figure with two sets of wings, a head and a set of arms and legs. I must have startled it because it flew right at me. Frankly, I was scared and ran away as quickly as I could. It had shiny, bluish wings and black arms and legs. It definitely had arms and legs, but it didn't have six legs or antennas. I've never been so scared or filled with awe in my life.' 'It looked like a winged, little person.' 'I only heard a hum of wings.' 'This was in my backyard garden (flower and hedge).' 'It looked like a fairy.' 'I believe fairies are either physical beings or visitors from another dimension or reality.' 'This was a wonderful, but scary, life-changing event.'

§679) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a city*; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were very sad; no special experience reported.* 'I was driving home from the animal hospital with my dog and stopped at the light on the access road for the highway. There was a green area with trees to my left. I saw the fairy fly past my windshield and do a little flip. It made a noise that sounded like 'wahoo' and it was a male voice. The fairy was small and really bright white/yellow. I wasn't able to make out any features because it moved so quickly.' 'Tiny human with wings. So bright I couldn't make out the features.' What are fairies? 'I have no idea'.

§680B) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly, inquisitive, frightened; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special experience reported.* 'I've had two similar experiences. One was about a month ago, the other about three years ago. Both experiences were under the exact same conditions: in bed, listening to guided meditations by a lady named ***. Both occurred after I had fallen asleep listening, but something awoke me. I opened my eyes and saw transparent beings, about two feet tall. I awoke startled and terrified. But it seemed like I scared them too! The first time, I was in bed, at the edge of the mattress. I awoke because I sensed something in my 'space'. One was reaching up and trying to touch my shoulder. The most recent experience was I was listening to that same meditation, but on my phone, next to my pillow. I awoke this time with one on my bed next to my pillow! The light on my phone turned on because something woke up my phone. There were others at the side of my bed. The one right next to me at my pillow moved onto my nightstand and disappeared. I was so startled! My heart was pounding, but it definitely seemed like we scared each other! I think that meditation is a portal. I think somehow, I appeared to them unexpectedly, like they appeared to me. It feels like they were scared yet inquisitive. When I awoke, we both scared each other. I started leaving treats for them whenever I listen to that meditation before sleeping. BTW, I've always had 'paranormal' or whatever experiences all my life, so this doesn't surprise me. As a small child, I knew there were fairies and I'd see frightening neon goblins in my room when I was sick. I hope my experience helps.' 'Like a dwarf. Small but

sturdy and thick. Kind of cute.’ ‘The meditation had a reputation. The beginning of it mentions that spirit beings can appear.’ ‘They looked like dwarfs and I surprised them. They thought I was sleeping but they woke me up. I ‘felt’ them. They seemed surprised that I appeared to them or that they found me.’ What are fairies? ‘They are real, and like humans in that there are all types of races and personalities.’ ‘It feels good to have you, someone who I can tell this to and who believes in this.’

§681) US (California). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 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, you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; no special experience reported.* ‘In August 1958 (I was seven and a half years old) my family (from ***, Nebraska) visited my paternal grandmother in ***, California. I was sleeping on the couch in the living room by myself one night and rather uneasy because it was an unfamiliar place, and I was all alone (the rest of the family occupied the two bedrooms). I don’t know what time it was, but it was fairly late and very dark. Suddenly I saw a strange light on the wall across from the couch. It was a fluorescent/neon-colored zig-zag of purple/yellow-ish light (think it was horizontal but cannot swear to it). It only lasted a few seconds. I must have cried out (I don’t remember doing so) but my father (I think) came into the living room and asked if I was alright. I told him about the light, but it was gone by then. Next morning the adults said I must have been awakened by a slight earthquake although I did not feel any movement when I saw the light. Earthquakes are certainly well-known in that part of the country though.’ ‘Was tired (from the trip and the excitement) and also a bit anxious because there was some family stress going on (my mother did not get along with my paternal grandmother).’ ‘I certainly don’t believe I saw a fairy, but did I see an earthquake light? I really don’t know. Everyone who was with me that night is now dead so there is no one to discuss it with. Coincidentally, we came to ***, Nevada (or was it ***, Nevada?) on our trip home and learned that an earthquake had shortly preceded our arrival there.’ ‘This was before car air-conditioning was common and before the Interstate was built so it was a long, hot trip both ways, but we sure saw a lot of beautiful, unspoiled sights that are unavailable now since the West got ‘loved to death’ by too many people.’ ‘I don’t think it was a fairy experience, just an odd light that may – or may not – have been visible for a few seconds.’ ‘Personally, since I have never experienced a fairy, I am a non-believer.’ ‘I experienced seeing a similar light briefly one other time in my childhood, this time outdoors in our front yard in ***, Nebraska. My father was with me, and it was apparent that he did not see it. So, was there a light or was it some visual aberration in my juvenile eyes? Who knows?’

§682B) US (California). *Male; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful, aloof, 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 [‘stronger following meditations’]; 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. “The bedroom was dark but filter light from the parking lot entered through the half open window blinds. The orbs swirled about as I sat in the middle of the mattress with sheets wrapped around my lower half, I extended my right arm and stretched my hand out all in one grabbing motion. I was quick to draw my hand back with nothing in it but my clutched fingers. At this point, I knew that I was wide-awake and not sleeping. A mixture of emotions rushed into my consciousness, disbelief and amazement turned to childlike giddiness. Still rotating, the sphere disappeared into an invisible vortex and my thoughts began to compete for attention. Each thought raced through my psyche confusing me with more questions than answers and the adrenaline rushed through my veins. Was this a solitary being, was this a travel vessel of sorts and were there many living beings inside? Who or whatever this was showed intelligence. It knew enough to play with me and somehow was aware that I was going to make a grab for it. I flip-flopped on the mattress and had a difficult time trying to get back to sleep. As dawn drew near, I wriggled into a reclining position. I would sit, and lay down again, laughing and living in the moment full of childhood like elation. An unknown intention existed in this stranger I had just met but there was an underlying friendliness and playfulness in the electricity that arced between its core and mine. I tried to be respectful because I knew I had been outsmarted. In turn I felt this energy revealed in the fact that it had gotten the upper hand. Gaining some composure, I knew that I had acted in bad faith by grabbing at the sphere. I was sure that if ever another opportunity presented itself, I would handle it differently and with much more respect. Now going to work and acting as though the world was the same old dull place was difficult for the next two weeks. Nightly, the images were manifesting as spheres and characters from coloring books and television cartoon shows. I was reborn and I was that wide-eyed child receiving my first birthday cake from my grandmother, and knowing that the whole cake was mine, mine, mine. I was eager for the sun to be dowsed by the brown waters of the bay on the western horizon. As the red shadows of dusk became the shimmering shadows of night, I was once again living in exuberance and ready for anything. My life had changed forever, and I had accepted this no matter how temporary, as my new reality. During these encounters the room and all the furniture remained intact and just the fact that I questioned the episodes in real time was enough for me to respect the soundness of my inner self. Dozens of days turned to nights then and one night, around midnight, I sat directly in the center of the crumpled sheets. I found myself in the immediate company of hundreds of floating orbs that were doing wonderful impressions of soap bubbles. They glinted and glided and for a moment, it was as though I was in the middle of someone’s bubble bath, but I was not getting wet. The bubbles continued to appear from nowhere and by the tens of hundreds migrated throughout the room in the coming light of dawn. They appeared in all different shapes and sizes

anywhere from a U.S. fifty cent piece to that of sweet green peas. They had no descriptive color, but they lit up the room, and to this day, I am not sure if they were glowing or if I was. As the froth swirled about me in a playful way, I extended my hand in an unhurried motion towards the bubbles nearest to me. Several translucent quarter sized bubbles moved at the same speed in the opposite direction but at least they didn't vanish. At the first sign of their retreat, I was quick to pause and react in kind. At a snail's pace I retracted my outstretched hand in an effort not to scare them. As I drew my hand back, two of the larger bubbles floated with equal speed in the same direction of my outstretched fingers that I pulled backwards. Deep within my eardrums, I could hear my heart pounding. I was afraid I would do something wrong but somehow, I also sensed that at this moment they knew my intentions were peaceful. To my surprise and validating my 'lying eyes' the two bubbles docked themselves against the tips of my middle and index fingers. With this gesture on their behalf, I instinctively understood that something great was about to happen. This was a sign of acceptance and perhaps friendship and more intelligence. Elation, euphoria, jubilation – I find that I am not capable of describing this moment. Somewhere in my mind, I was sure that I had made the acquaintance with something unknown to the rest of Humankind. I was in the presence of another intelligent life form! I was on my back with my eyelids shuttering and half-asleep when another energy sphere about the size of a hardball meant to last nine innings, appeared from the shadows. I knew by instinct alone that it was near and that these moments were mine and for me alone. Although I was confident that I had been living a new existence I kept verifying that I was awake during each of these occurrences. I did this by raising my right hand, palm up and with this action; I confirmed that I was in control of my sense of being, time, and place. I offered my palm as a landing zone for the approaching sphere. 'Are you real?' I asked aloud. I asked again through my thoughts for confirmation from the object that it was true to my waking existence. No sooner had this thought cleared my mind than in an instant I felt a slight breeze brushing my left cheek below my eye and tickling my lower lash. I felt the energy increasing in the space nearest my face as the small sphere rotated within my vision and right below my eye socket, first to my right and back to my left. This object had confirmed its existence in relationship to my face and it was communicating with me through telepathy. Energy rippled through my flesh and my body quaked with an energy resembling none other I have ever known. I was positive the force was delivered with the purist of intentions. Moving again the orb passed by my ear and I heard a soft whirring sound that solicited goose bumps to rise on top of my clammy skin. I smiled and giggled aloud with the realization that this was an intelligent, living being, and it was responding in kind to my thoughts. Over the next few days, never-ending activity continued in the dark of night and during the soft exchange of the gray shadows of first light to dawning. The bubbles continued to move about in these gray shadows waiting to pounce on me as a kitten would from an undisclosed location. I felt as though this was playtime and all of us and we were enjoying the night-by-night game

of hide and seek. During this time, I tried to use telepathic and voice to communicate, and had with great success with for both.’ ‘Two-dimensional, coloring book outlines as orbs and winged Faeries’. ‘Buzzing and fluttering of wings.’ ‘I asked them, later was able to see them in energy bodies.’ ‘Evolution of spirituality and love in its purest form, unconditional.’ ‘I have experienced many different Faeries from September of 2002 until today. I wished today I would have kept my mouth shut to the general public.’

§683) US (California). *Female; 1970s; 11-20; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was walking with my friend on a path in *** Gardens. I saw a small person/elf in a green elf outfit with a pointy hat walking along the trees on the hillside. Perhaps it was someone dressed as an elf, or perhaps a real elf? He appeared quite small. I asked my friend if she had seen him, and she said ‘yes’.’ ‘Seems unlikely that [fairies] exist.’

§684) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a city, inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; joyful, sad; 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, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘One evening, I had just come home from work at around 9:45 PM. My mother was in the kitchen, and she had served me a glass of red wine. I sat down on the couch and sipped my wine until it was about half empty. My mother was still in the kitchen, but I had gotten up to go use the restroom. If I remember correctly, I did take my wine with me. As I stepped into my bathroom and turned on the light, all space around me had expanded. My vision felt softer, and sound had receded into a vacuum. As this shift of energy was happening, the light and colors in one part of my bathroom had manipulated into a form and then into a full-on figure. This figure was that of a small humanoid. I could tell right away it was not human. It looked like a small gnome of sorts, only without the hat and beard. This creature was about three feet in height. It was wearing shorts, pointy shoes, and a collared shirt/vest with earthy colors. There was a small patch of blonde hair on its head, and it had ‘abnormally’ big droopy eyes with a long pointy nose and a big smiling mouth with spaced teeth. The arms and legs on this creature were long and lanky; however, its belly was big and plump. As I stood there staring at it in shock, I was too surprised to make a sound. The creature smiled big at me, but once it saw my flabbergasted face, it began to frown a big frown. It even looked like it was about to cry. I reached my hand [out] to tell it not [to] cry, but once I did, it had disappeared altogether. The portal like energy had left me and I came back to my reality. I must attest that my wine had not been laced with any drug or hallucinogen. My mother would never do that to me. Moreover, I had not even gotten through my entire glass of wine when I had this life-changing experience. After the encounter

with the humanoid creature, I began to research history and lore of fae beings. I eventually came to the conclusion that the little creature I saw in my bathroom could have been an earth elemental, brownie, or a type of house gnome. A part of me is reluctant to see these beings again, especially when the sun goes down. However, another part of me yearns to see another fae creature again. To be able to step into their world, even for a moment, is a magickal privilege that should not be taken for granted.' 'Three feet in height with lanky limbs, a big belly, abnormally big droopy eyes with a long pointy nose, big mouth, a small patch of blonde hair, and wrinkly.' 'It was physical, vivid, detailed, and had resembled stories I had heard of fae and gnomes.' Fairies are 'beings that live in a parallel or overlapping world from ours. They have abilities that exceed those of humans.' 'I have had other faery encounters when there was no alcohol or substances involved.'

§685B) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; can't remember time; many hours; 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, 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 wasn't a singular experience but a series of experiences that lasted about a week, not regular or consistent in any way. I had been reading the *Missing 411* book series by David Paulides and many of the missing persons stories kept reminding me of old Celtic fairy tales my dad used to read to me as a kid. People going missing while berry picking for example, the missing time, taking shoes off, etc. Also, the Icelandic huldufolk and rock connection came to mind too. When the thought of fairies first popped up in my mind, I wanted to push it away. I enjoy concepts of the mysterious, but fairies seemed a little too absurd. But the thought kept popping up, and I remembered a time when I was around eleven years old when a friend and myself saw an orb of light floating above the trees in the back woods where I grew up. With this seemingly crazy pondering of fairies possibly being real, I decided to do a little bit of research. I figured that if something like the fae actually existed, then there'd be accounts of similar beings all over the world. So, I started looking into legends of other cultures, and reading accounts from other people. While doing this, I brought up what I was reading to some friends who live out of state. The first weird thing that happened was when my keys went missing for three hours. I live in a small room that I lock every time I go out so I knew that my keys couldn't have been far. I systematically ended up taking almost everything out of my room in an attempt to find the keys. I felt like I was going crazy. After lamenting to a friend over the phone for a bit I said that I'd look in my garbage can one more time and hung up. Right after doing this, I looked up and the keys were suddenly right in front of the trashcan, where I know I had looked multiple times. The next incident was a sound I heard. It sounded like a gulp right by my door as I was getting ready for bed. I heard it again right above me right after I turned out the lights. I slept with my light on that night. The oddest thing that occurred was after I decided to

experiment with leaving gifts. I placed a kumquat and a chocolate on my nightstand and went out for the day. When I came home to my locked house and locked bedroom, I found a fine-grained white sand all over my nightstand, bed, and floor. I checked it under a magnifying glass to make sure it was sand, I even taste tested it wondering if it were salt or not. I can think of no logical way the sand could have gotten there. Other things happened too. Things would get moved, drawers would be opened, lights would turn on and off by themselves and once when I had some friends over a bag moved on its own across the room. This all kept up for about a week until I asked whatever it was that was messing with me to leave me alone.' 'I only heard a gulp. The gulp didn't sound normal or completely human.' Why fairies? 'Simply because I had been researching fairies at the time. Otherwise, I would have thought it was something else. There was also a clear trickster-like feel to the experiences. I felt like I was being toyed with.' Fairies are 'some sort of inter-dimensional being'. 'I've since had more experiences since that first week. The most notable was hearing footsteps and running on my roof at around three am. Whatever I was hearing sounded small, like the size of a toddler, and was for sure bipedal. I listened to it for well over a minute before getting the courage to go outside and check, only to find nothing.'

§686) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I was hiking up some foothills of Mount *** alone. I was heading straight to the main mountain. It was between eleven and midnight. It was dark, but the moon was full, so I didn't use a light source. I had been hiking for about thirty minutes or so when I came into a clearing. As I was moving along, I became aware of many flying things flying all around me. A flutter past my right ear, then one past my left. Though it was a bright full moon, I could not see what these things were, I could only see dark figures as they passed. There were so many of them that I had to stop to figure out what was going on. They kept fluttering past my ears. Were these bats? When I stopped to study these things, they began to dart at my face. I could barely make out dark figures flying straight at my face, before they would dart off to the side, just a few inches away from my face. I heard others flying to the sides past my ears. They looked bat sized. I audibly said, 'Hello Bats!' But I was thinking, 'Why were they behaving this way? Why weren't they flying high above and catching bugs like normal? I've never seen bats behave this way. Not even in a cave full of them.' I watched them more intently to see if I could make out any shapes. Then I finally saw something. A wing, maybe four inches long, but I saw the moonlight reflect off of it and shine through it. It looked insect like. 'Umm, these aren't bats', I thought. Are these fairies? I was not afraid, and felt no danger, but I have a healthy respect for fairies. I am aware of stories like the one rumored about Robert Kirk, the author of the book: *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies*, was killed by fairies to prevent him from publishing his book. So, I

decided to announce myself. I said, 'Hello Fairies?' I stated that my intentions were peaceful, and that I was happy to say hello if they wished to. I held my arms out in case any of them wanted to land, and actually say 'hello'. I held them out for a few minutes. As I stayed in this clearing they stayed with me, flying all about me. But I was on another mission, so I began to move along. I felt that they stayed with me though, as I hiked another ten to fifteen minutes, flying distantly, maybe about ten to twenty feet away. At some point, I decided to stop and meditate. Soon I heard a noise that startled me, so I felt that I should head back to my car. As I said, I felt that they had stayed with me, but when I came back to that same clearing, they began to fly around me like before. As I left the clearing, and as I headed down the foothills, I felt that they stayed with me. Every once in a while, I heard one flutter past me, or I saw one fly past me. I actually felt comfort in this. They stayed with me until I got close to where people were camping. None of them ever touched me. I didn't know what to think about this experience, because I feel so cautious about them. So, the following day, I talked to someone that I felt had a connection with this area about my encounter. She felt that I had encountered fairies and they were having fun with me. So, I like to think that I had some fun with them too.' 'I had seen a light high on Mt Shasta and a Medium had channeled the inhabitants of Telos, a city under the mountain. They invited us to come see them.' 'I could only make out small shadowy figures flying about me in the moonlight. I did distinguish insect like wings.' 'I heard fluttering as they flew past me.' 'I asked someone who said fairies were there. I did not know this prior [to going]'. Fairies are 'people or creatures from an unknown realm that can intersect with ours'.

§687) US (California). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a private house; with one other person who did not share 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.* 'I lost my tooth when I was around five and was expecting to see fairies that night. It was around ten and I stayed awake as my mother fell asleep. We shared the same bed. Suddenly a transparent fairy was waving at me through my window. She had a star wand. I remember. And then two more came, then the whole window was full. They all looked different. Then they were coming into my room. They were on the floor near my bed, and two or three chose to look at me from above. I didn't move or say anything. I just stared. All I could see was their outline. And it wasn't white. It was transparent and glimmering. They didn't speak. I then fell asleep. My father believed me, my mother didn't. But I know what I saw. I never had imaginary friends or hallucinations. I was wide awake.' Fairies 'because they looked like fairies or little elves.'

§688) US (California). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; 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. ‘Small points of light resembling campfire sparks appeared and began to ‘dance’ before our eyes. First slow, then faster. One darted from one end of the room to the other and appeared to ‘jump’ from within a mirror on the wall and landed in a spotted plant across the room, causing the plant to shake. The whole thing lasted probably one to two minutes but would often repeat for many years afterward whenever my partner and I began talking about anything outside of the ordinary.’ ‘The beings seemed playful, and I just had a sense of knowing that they were fairies.’ Fairies ‘are beings of the hidden spiritual side of nature.’ ‘This experience led me to pursue training and initiation in the Faery/Feri tradition of American Witchcraft.’

§689) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, aloof; 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.* ‘I have a pair of tweezers that go missing a lot. I keep them in the top drawer of my dresser, which is pretty messy, so I can usually find them with a bit of rummaging, but this time was different. The night before I had put the tweezers in a small box so I could find them easier, but the next morning they were gone. I hadn’t touched them since placing them in the box. I looked for them a bit, but eventually I just gave up. Later that day (about three o’clock, I think), I was painting my nails on the floor of my bedroom. My window was cracked open, and I was sitting in the sunlight. After I had finished my first coat of nail polish, I went up on my bed and watched some videos on my laptop. About twenty minutes later my nails were dry so I got up to paint another coat, and to my great surprise my tweezers were lying right in front of me. They were right where I was sitting, they couldn’t have been there before as I would have sat on them! Everything felt sparkly, in an eerie sort of way. As soon as I saw the tweezers, I just sort of knew it was some sort of fairy. I asked both my pendulum and tarot cards if it was the fae and they both said ‘yes’.’ ‘It could have been a ghost of some sort, as that was around the time, I started having other paranormal experiences, but this time felt different. Most of my ghost encounters have left me feeling uncomfortable and restless, whereas this made me feel safer and more magical, like I said, sparkly.’ What are fairies? ‘I don’t think I know enough to fully formulate an opinion. But from my (very limited) experience, they seem to do more good than bad though, one should still be very careful and respectful when working with them.’

§690) US (California). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘I was walking through *** National Monument and I saw a Satyr come and go behind a tree. I turned to my family, but they were all facing the other way and would not have believed me.’ ‘Like a Greek Satyr’. Fairies

‘are complex individuals like anyone else and have their own goals. Treat with respect.’

§691) US (California). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 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; no special experience reported.* ‘I was a teenager. I woke up in the middle of the night and the door to my bedroom was open although I never went to bed without closing and locking it. The light in the hall was on which was also unusual. Standing in the doorway was a strange little man. He was shorter than the doorknob, about three feet tall. He was oddly proportioned with a large head and nose, messy hair and he had a bulgy appearance overall. He did not resemble a person with dwarfism, his features were too exaggerated to be human and I never once thought of him as being so. My room being dark and the light in the hall being on he was entirely backlit and appeared as a silhouette. He would move from time to time, he would shift his position or scratch himself. I stared at him for several minutes, rubbing my eyes and pinching myself, thinking I may be having a vivid dream, but my impression was that I was quite awake. I was aware in the moment that this could have, perhaps even should have been frightening but I had no fear of him whatsoever. I was then and am still extremely curious about him. My impression was that he was simply watching me watching him. He seemed aware that I could see him but neither of us said anything or attempted to interact with the other. It was like seeing a wild animal up close, I didn’t want to do anything to frighten him away. I had a good long look and then decided the only thing to do was to go back to sleep. I closed my eyes and fell asleep knowing he was still there watching me but again, I felt no fear or discomfort. I admit this could have been an unusually vivid dream, but I do not believe it was, my recollection is of being wide awake. I have thought of him since and am still very curious about him, particularly as the region I grew up in does not have a strong tradition of fairy sightings (at least as far as I am aware.)’ ‘A lumpish little man about three feet tall, large head and nose, potbelly. Strangely proportioned, may have been wearing large, cuffed boots.’ ‘I have had several strange experiences; all were unique and rather hard for me to classify. I heard about this survey and this experience immediately came to mind. Both during the encounter and now I thought of him as being a funny little man like a dwarf, but different from any I have read about in fiction.’ ‘Sometimes very strange things happen.’

§692C) US (California). ‘In the summer of 2012 I took my family to the redwood forest in California where we camped in a tent. At about two or three in the morning I heard a woman screaming at regular intervals as it came closer. When it was in about the fifty-yard distance I could hear at the end of each scream what sounded like a beeping of a bird like a finch. The height at which the sound came from seem to be eight to ten feet. It then approached my tent and sniffed at which point my small Maltese dog growled at it. It then proceeded to leave and scream and beep until it got further away, I could no longer hear the beeping sound only the scream.

During the past seven years I have listen to all sorts of noises and nothing has sounded like it. I ran across a YouTube video where the guy claims to have seen not a big foot but like a hairy ape man and the scream he described was similar if not the same as the one I had encountered. He did not claim a beeping noise but said parrot noise. Incidentally the area where the man had run across the hairy ape is the exact same area. My question is, are there any accounts of some type of fairy being that makes this noise or looks like this being? I heard you talk about native American fairies. I have been camping in this area many times before. Never heard that noise. The next day I went and talked to a park ranger. I asked if there was any animal that made the sound described. She looked at me like I was CRAZY! I am a Retired Marine. I served in the Infantry as a Machine Gunner. Whatever it was seemed to force fear into me. I didn't have a firearm at the time but had a large knife and a can of bear spray. I stood up in the middle of the tent with knife in right hand and bear spray in left. If it was an animal, its mouth was at ten feet in the air. At some point I felt like this thing was flying or should I say floating. I know this sounds bizarre.¹⁵

§693) US (California). *Other; 2010s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I grew up in a California suburb surrounded by open space, and have always loved taking walks around our block. I've also always felt very close with nature, and loved the idea of fairies, as most children do, but had never seen one, although I often felt that I sensed their presence. One day in spring, about 2013, when I was around nine, I stopped beneath an oak tree beside the sidewalk. It was up against a brick wall on the side of a yard where there was a maybe twelve by six-foot patch of tall grass and small flowers. It had always felt magical there, to me. When I crouched down to look at the flowers, I found a figure floating in the grass. It was humanoid and small, maybe only two inches in height, and looked almost like it was made of twigs. It had clear wings, like a dragonfly, and I remember it having some sort of face, though I can't recall it. I just sat on the sidewalk and watched it sort of hopping/dancing between stalks of grass. The weirdest thing was, I didn't feel shocked. I knew it was a fairy, instantly, but there was no panic or even huge rush of excitement (although I certainly felt happy). I just felt honored, almost. And it felt like it belonged there, like I was looking at a bug, squirrel, rabbit, or any creature I'd see in daily life. I never told anyone, as I knew they wouldn't believe me, and only in the last few years have I looked back on this experience and seen how strange it really was.' 'Twig like, dark brown, dragonfly-like wings'. 'It looked like a fairy, a humanoid with wings, and it felt very natural and of the earth.'

§694B) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; 'once witnessed with my brother'; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, aloof, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, hair*

¹⁵ Received by email with permission to publish.

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. “The first one I saw happen while I was around sixteen. My brother was fourteen. I saw this tall man standing in my mother’s kitchen and decided to watch because it didn’t feel threatening. It was over six feet tall and wearing plain brown robes of rough woven cloth. It had long white hair. My brother then started calling it by my stepfather’s name, but we were supposed to be the only two people in the house. It disappeared in a blink before I could say a word. My brother will not talk about it with me anymore, since he’s had children, out of fear for their safety. Since then, I’ve had regular visits that last no more than a few fleeting moments by two smaller guests. The next first began coming to me after I dropped out of college and moved back into my mother’s. I was approximately twenty-two. I was alone for the weekend and watching TV around three pm the lighting was partial with the curtains being slightly drawn. Out of the corner of my eye I could see a hand creeping out from the hallway and reaching to hold the molding. The head slowly followed. I was unnerved. I instinctively knew not to look directly but I could make out all the features. He had an oblong shaped head that stood no more than thirty-six inches. His smile was extremely wide with crooked slightly yellowed teeth that almost looked sharp because of the way they lay. His eyes were large, and the iris and pupils were indistinguishably dark. He wore rough cloth that was a muddy green. His hat was too small for his head and had a symmetrical fold to the left. His smile could only be described as a sinister mirth. I’ve never been afraid of him, but he gives me the chills. Things started going missing shortly after that. I’ve yelled at him a few times and once he opened all my cupboards in retaliation. He periodically shows up always coinciding with a rash of bad luck or missing objects. I just saw him last week in fact. In my mid-twenties I worked as a gardener and discovered an orange tree being strangled by some vines, so I trimmed them away. The next day while watering I looked up to see this small shapely woman with long hair motioning to me. Her skin was made of tree bark, and she only stood four feet tall. I dropped the hose and started to approach, but in a blink, she gracefully did a pirouette and morphed into the tree bark. When I took a closer look, I discovered that there were vines I had missed. The next one I began seeing when I was twenty-six. I moved in with a new boyfriend and had a fireplace for the first time. He thought I was going crazy when I told him I saw a monkey darting out of it one day. I was pretty worked up because I thought I was losing it. I watched for weeks trying to get a good look until finally I glimpsed the face. I was seeing this little hairy man. It looked like the many depictions I’ve seen of Bigfoot only eleven inches and grey. This little man has been with me in every move since. I’m thirty-three now and I occasionally see him in a

thicket of roses and ferns in my garden. As of late I have been seeing an enormous grasshopper fly past me if I try to search for him. 'There is also always such a terrible smell coming from that corner but never a reason for it.' 'Judging by the way they blink, inter dimensional creatures. Also, on more than one occasion I've notice ripples in the air before I see them. Almost as if there is a gossamer curtain in front of me.' 'I've only heard whispers.' 'There are Native American Myths about these little hair men [in the area]. They call them water babies because they lure you with the cry of a baby and drown you.' 'Yes. I've only ever seen what people describe as shadow people before this. They definitely feel different.' 'I do believe there are many different races [of fairies]. Even though they seem to shape shift. Each one has a distinct feeling from the next.'

§695) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 60-70; inside a private house, in a garden; on my own; can't remember time; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep ['I was pulling weeds in the garden and decided to do some photography with my iPhone']; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'When we first moved to ***, CA I saw two anthropomorphic males. One was middle aged and the other was older. I only saw them for a second or two. They were in our garden. Later the middle aged being was in the doorway to my bedroom but disappeared quickly. This was in 2016 and I have not seen them since. However, now I receive 'communication' with many of the flowers in the garden on how to photograph the 'abodes' of the elementals who reside in the garden although I cannot see them. They seem to communicate telepathically although I am not a telepath although I do a lot of Tibetan Buddhist meditation.' 'The original anthropomorphic beings did not communicate, later the elementals who reside in the garden communicated through the flowers telepathically, so my experience has two types of beings which I refer to as the 'original' beings who were here when we first moved into our home, then a secondary non-visible telepathic communication'. 'I only perceive an abode created within flowers and other plants. I am directed to only photograph certain portions of the flower and then digitally 'paste' them together to create a kaleidoscope type of image. This image is like a perfectly balanced floral 'home'. 'I believe they exist, along with elves, gnomes, sylphs, etc. Although it is possible that these may all be aliens, angels, or other enlightened beings.' Why a fairy? 'Because the communication seemed benevolent, although I suppose that could have been an alien or angel.'

§696) US (California). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; on or near water; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'We were in the mountains for a long weekend, at cabin in the woods near water. Maybe a dozen of us just graduated from high school. It was within three hours of the SF Bay Area, but I don't recall the exact location. We

were swimming in a glacial lake, and upon arrival, everybody noticed a cave on a cliff, that we all agreed we should go explore, if we could figure out how to get up there, and to the edge. The cliff was granite or similar, and flush with the water's edge at one end where it rose up into a mountain slope and forest. As we were swimming, we were discussing our plans to go explore. From in the water, I saw a three- to four-foot tall, almost as round [i.e. diameter] 'somebody' move from perfect camouflage on the cliff wall, right next to the cave's opening, shimmy to the cave opening, cover the opening, and disappear into/as rock again. The cave was no longer visible. There was no cave where a moment before we had all seen the cave. When we got out of the water, no one talked about the cave again, and we all left and went back to the cabin. I chose not to bring it up while at the lake. From the shore, the cave was still invisible. I could see where it should have been, and it was rock wall. No one brought it up until we were back at the cabin with, 'Hey we all forgot to go to the cave!' I knew it was because we weren't welcome in it.' 'It was stout, oblong/round in shape. Very sturdy. Looked just like the rock it inhabited, only visible in body form for a moment.' 'Might call it a gnome or other tribe than faery, but [it] was not alien or ghost. Certainly corporeal.' Fairies are 'spirits or beings that inhabit places as guardians or tenders of the vitality there'. 'I felt very surely that the faery here was either warding us off due to his own ill temper, to keep us from invading his space, or to protect us from the danger or peril involved in the ascent of the cliff. He did not want us there. I'm certain he cast amnesia into the minds of my friends. The four dudes on the trip had been planning how to get to the cliff's cave, as a mission; they were determined. It was exactly when I saw him appear and conceal the cave, that the subject changed, and no one in the group recalled the cave until we were too far to go back.'

§697) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 61-70; 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; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It was a full moon, and I took my six-year-old daughter with me to what I called a fairy garden – a lovely garden in a side yard, exposed to the sidewalk, with miniature model houses and 'fairy' signs and flowers and other plants behind a short (eight-inch) white wood fence. We were very still – it was near midnight – and we saw about three to four bright small red lights that flitted back and forth.' 'Bright tiny red lights that sparkled and flitted about.' 'We went there specifically to see fairies. I knew they would be there on a full moon in that specific garden. No idea why or how I knew this.' Fairies are 'some sort of being that is not human. Perhaps capable of magic. Only appearing to some people nowadays but perhaps if people were more tuned in, they might be visible to all.'

§698) US (California). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house, in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; many hours; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; you were*

undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) [‘usually I had just meditated, or was getting ready to’]; 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. ‘I was creating a garden just for the Faeries as well as for my enjoyment and called for them, promising them they could have use of the garden (home, shelter, etc.) for as long as they wanted and, in return, I would care for it as best I could if they would help me with it. Specifically, it was meant to be for their use and as caretaker I would leave them undisturbed if they wished. If they want to make contact with me, they would initiate it. From that moment on, there was always a presence felt there, plants grew better, quieter, profoundly peaceful, and alive. To say enchanting would be accurate and yet fall short.’ ‘Just at the edge of hearing. Whispers.’ Why a fairy experience ‘Because it makes sense on an intuitive level. I specifically asked for the Sidhe and made it clear they were the only ones welcome, if Angels were present, they were as guardians and were not interactive. I could explain away the experience from a purely scientific stance, but it wouldn’t disprove or prove the experience. Explain/give examples of anomalous and I might have a better idea of what is being asked.’ ‘I believe [fairies] are real, but not what we expect them to be. They seem more spirit in nature, but culture and lore are consistent on them also being flesh and blood. They are part of our unseen world, the invisible framework that supports our ‘reality’.

§699) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; 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.* ‘I am a Spiritualist. I am aware of Spirit generally speaking. On one night, we were having a mediumship class/spirit session. During the session, an elven figure appeared over one of the other participants to work with me. Now, nothing like an ‘Elf’ appearance ever happened before. While our group has very genuine Mediums and we receive messages and visitations from friends, family regularly, and even ‘Angels’ on the odd occasion. Never have we had an Elf. The manifestation appeared over another participant named ‘D**’ to present himself to me and did so as ‘an old friend’ calling me to remember. D**’s appearance changed markedly. She now was showing a completely different face and head profile. Her eyes were slanted and, indeed, it appeared her ears were actually slightly pointed. Frankly, she did not look like an ‘Elf’ as is represented on TV as the eyes were more slanted upward away from the bridge of the nose. The eyes were like large almond shapes (though not too large) going upward from the bridge of the nose so it gave the appearance of having clearly slanted eyes. There was no question we were looking at a human-like figure though the figure was clearly not human. It was then that Mediums within our group

recognized we had an Elf amongst us, and they started relaying its message of 'remember me' and 'we were together at another time'. And he was following me and my progress as an old friend. As the event concluded, it left me with more questions than answers of course. Our sessions are always started with the highest intent and the 'Lord's Prayer' is said in earnest so that we have the highest Christ Light experience at all times in our sessions. We have had many messages come through for many people that resulted in much healing. Never have we had an Elf appearance. I know this is not what one would call a typical Elf appearance. But, in all the years of doing these sessions none of our group have ever had an Elf appear or have ever heard about Elves appearing. Yet, there was no doubt that we did experience the visit of an Elf. Since then, I have been doing research about Elves, fairies, and elementals for my own edification. Most especially about Elves as a way to honor, respect, and even repeat the last visitation that was a few months ago. Recently, I found *Seeing Fairies* by Marjorie Johnson and have added it to my library and am currently studying it.' 'We saw him and knew him to be an Elf/Fairy'. 'I think fairies are spiritual beings that can manifest themselves quite physically when they desire.'

§700) US (California). *Female; 1990s; 51-60; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was putting my three-year old to bed and after I laid her down, right above her crib appeared a number of bright miniature red lights, flitting back and forth. I don't think she remembers them now.' 'I just knew they were fairies somehow. Intuitively and perhaps because of the way they flitted and hovered.' Fairies are 'some sort of being that is neither human nor other animal. Magical perhaps – in that they do not regularly appear to most people or in the day-to-day world.'

§701) US (California). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I saw it flying in a circle like loop on way [sic] and then another through the kitchen window. It was really windy outside after a rainstorm and it moved against the wind. It had an organic movement to it.' 'I want to say if I'm being very objective it was an orb. But it seemed to be emitting the light from a 'creature' in the center. I don't think fairies are small or winged so who knows what it was, but I wanted to include it in the census. It reminds me of Una from *Legend* the way it moved. Also, I went outside and looked around with my niece immediately afterwards to see if there was anything that size or that looked like that in the area in case it was the wind blowing something? But there was nothing.' Fairies are a 'separate humanoid race that has the ability to shapeshift and move in and out of our visual dimension. Maybe they have other

powers. There seem to be a lot of different types disproved by rural communities and natives. I'd go with a folklore tradition over a commercial version.'

§702) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a city; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy emotion reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); no special experience reported.* 'It was a dryad. It protected me against something that my wife and I think was a wight.' 'No faerie was actually seen.' 'I know that faeries are real. I've seen them. I've interacted with them more than once.'

§703) US (California). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful, aloof, 'a serious lightness'; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I was a bit curious'; 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 trying to contact the Vila, just in passing, sitting outside in the shade in the garden. Flash of light, in the mind, and I saw far away, a figure sitting on a stone wall. I inquired about the pronunciation of the word 'Vila', and its origins, and I got a rather quick response back. Heavy E, is all I really got on that one... interesting encounter, one of thousands.' 'Hard to describe, looked like a sentient plant, sort of like the green man, leaves merging into flesh. Ancient part of nature.' 'I think the word fairy is very broad... can refer to old gods, goddesses... [or?] demons. Angels.... Can refer to the realm above humans and below angels as well, those might be more commonly referred to as fairy.' 'I love all things, curious about the tricksters.' 'I hear bells a lot.'

§704) US (California). *Other; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland, inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; curious; 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, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'This is my second encounter with a fairy. This experience happened about three years ago, when I was fifteen. My family rented a cabin in ***, California, during the summer. It was my first time visiting since I was little, and I'd forgotten how beautiful it was. Our cabin was surrounded by the forest, and my brother and I would be staying in a bunkbed next to a large window overlooking the trees. After a long day of driving, walking around town, and drawing on the patio, I fell asleep quickly in the top bunk. In the middle of the night, or maybe early in the morning, I groggily awoke to what I thought was my cat shuffling the blanket at the bottom of the bed and stepping over my feet, forgetting I wasn't at home and none of our pets had come with us on our trip. A few seconds later, when the movement still hadn't stopped, and my half-asleep brain began to remember where I was, I sort of half sat up and turned over to look down at the end

of my bed. It was dark, and really only a silhouette, but the window let a lot of light in so I could see well enough. It was a gnome, about a foot tall, stopped half on top of my legs at the end of the small bed. I could see the arms, the shape of a body and a head and a pointed hat. I wasn't alarmed, I was just kind of like, oh. I understood that he didn't mean me any harm, he was just checking what I was doing in his land/home, so I rolled over and went back to sleep. It didn't feel scary or alarming at all. In the morning, I mentioned it to my brother, but he said he'd slept through the night without any interruption. I've had sleep paralysis a few times in my life and know what that looks/feels like, and that wasn't this. While I could see the real world, like in sleep paralysis, so I know it wasn't just a dream, I could also move, which should rule that out. I've also never had hallucinations before. I'm glad I got to have this interaction, even if it was only a few seconds, especially that I physically FELT movement. It was a wonderful experience.' 'It seemed to be a gnome. It was broad and short, maybe twelve inches tall with a pointed hat that may have been red- it was hard to see. Because it was dark, I could make out few details.'

§705) US (California). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; a few seconds; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was getting ready to open my kitchen cabinet when I saw a strange bug. I looked closer and to my surprise it had a human type face and then it seemed to be pulled backward, and then it vanished. I told my family about the experience, and they laughed at me.' 'Kind of like a cross between a bug and a tiny human.' 'I didn't think [it was a fairy] at the time but I recently came across some new information that made me realized that that is what I saw.' Fairies are 'elemental beings, nature beings'. 'I have started a faerie book club with my family so we can learn more about the faerie realm.'

§706) US (California). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; angry, 'then scared or worried'; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special experience reported.* 'I was five years old. My first five years had been pretty rough. I was born into an unwed mother's home, then put into an orphanage, then into different foster homes. When I was five months old my fifteen-year-old mother married my seventeen-year-old father, as she was pregnant again, and I went to live with them. My father was extremely abusive, and I was both sexually abused and beaten on a regular basis. I watched my mother being beaten and my newborn sister was beaten so badly that she was in *** hospital for twelve months with brain damage. When I was almost three years old, I went to live with my mother's parents. I was still living with them at the time this event happened. We had recently moved from Los Angeles, CA into a new house in ***, CA, away from my mother, who I still had some contact with. I was feeling sad to not be near her. I talked to fairies a lot. I must have seen them in a book or something. I always imagined them to be small, with long flowing dresses and long

flowing hair. I thought they would be kind, gentle and beautiful. One night I made a little bed for them on the windowsill above my bed. I told them that they could sleep there that night if they would like to. I woke the next morning to the sounds of my grandmother in the kitchen, talking to my grandfather, who I could hear in the living room. I was lying on my side and slowly opened my eyes, to what I thought would be a normal sunny morning. What I saw shocked me more than I can even begin to describe! Before me, only six inches from my face were two little fairies. They looked nothing like the fairies in my fantasies. I will describe them. They were both no more than two inches tall. One had short dark hair and was wearing a blue, short dress and one had short blond hair and was wearing a short, pink dress and they both had small, iridescent wings. They were in a very heated argument. They were standing very close to each other and leaning in towards each other, waving their tiny arms all over the place, as they seemed to yell at the top of their lungs, only I could not hear a sound. Their little faces were all contorted in fury! The one in the pink dress was passionately going at it while the other one stopped cold and looked right at me. The one in the pink dress was so heated up she didn't even notice, until the other one shook her by her shoulders and looked at me. Now they were both staring at me, and their cute tiny pixy faces looked as shocked as I'm sure mine looked. They grabbed each other's hands and ran under my covers. I had only one thing in mind, CATCH THEM! So, I sat up and dropped both my hands on my covers thinking I had trapped them. When I threw the covers off ready to grab them and show them to my grandparents there was nothing there. Everyone in my family knows this story. I have grown up telling all my family about it and letting them know that this is true. It really happened! My story has never changed.' 'They were clearly fairies.'

§707A) US (Colorado). *Female (third person); witness is still in touch; family; 2010s; 31-40; in open land (fields etc); on their own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; witness was undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries).* 'My girlfriend was working her ranch when she was headed back to her truck. There's a ditch that's typically filled with water in the summer, but it's empty now. There are a few trees nearby and she saw a four- to five-foot being sitting under the trees. They seemed to be watching the sunset. She got in the truck and drove over. She said the being saw her, got up and ran into the irrigation ditch. She got out and went to the ditch, there was nothing. She described it as a four- to five-feet tall. Blonde hair, kind of long, down to its ear. Ears she said were slightly pointed. Not like an elf you'd think of, but just slightly pointed. It was wearing brown pants and a green shirt. She couldn't remember if it looked old or what.' 'Four- to five-feet tall. Normal proportions, if not a bit lanky. Pointy ears, but not like a typical pop culture fairy.' 'Elf. Brown pants green top.' 'It seemed earthly; it didn't look like an alien. It looked like it came from earth.' 'We didn't discuss this. I have been a fan of paranormal stuff since I was young. I'm German so fae and fairy stuff is in my history and traditions. She is not German. She is Mexican American and not much into the paranormal.'

§708) US (Colorado). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, 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.* 'I was in my car with a friend driving down a country road near a small bridge in the redwoods forest. All of a sudden, a half man-half animal creature with little nubby horns ran in front of the car and trotted in front of us for some distance. When the road got to the small bridge the being ran off of the road and went down under the bridge where we couldn't see him anymore. While he was running in front of the car, we got a really good look at him. We saw him as plain as day. He was amazingly beautiful, and we saw him in amazing detail. His top half was a human body that looked like a well-built young man all the way down to the belly button and then the bottom half was the lower half of a shaggy goat-like being that matched the size of his top half. He had small nubby little horns coming out of his head right at the forehead hair line. He had light colored curly hair that came down to the base of his skull. His face was very pleasant. We felt absolutely no fear while seeing him, only a sense of wonder and excitement. It was one of the happiest events of my life. My friend and I that saw him were not on any form of intoxicants. We were completely clear headed. I feel very blessed to have had this experience!' 'I think that what I saw was a member of the fairy kingdoms.' 'I've had many experiences with the paranormal which have greatly enriched my life. Most have happened in the presence of other people.' 'He looked like a half man half animal.' 'I only heard the sound of his hoofs clomping lightly on the road.'

§709A) US (Colorado). *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; with one other person who shared the experience; no time reported; less than a minute; mischievous, joyful, cheeky, curious; supernatural experience frequency not reported; the witness was extremely happy.* 'It was the 2007-2008 ski season in a ski resort in the Colorado mountains. The witness was living in a basement flat with her partner. She was working as a ski instructor. It had taken her a while to acclimatise to the altitude, but at the time of the experience she says she was fully acclimatised. The witness was making a video of her partner fooling around doing silly things to send home to their family. They were in good spirits, laughing and joking. The house was up in the mountains and the snow was falling outside the window. Beside the window was a wardrobe. The witness says that she stopped recording and re-wound the tape to show her partner. As they watched the film back, to both their surprise they saw a 'creature' popping out from within the wardrobe and looking around the wardrobe door as if to see what was going on. It looked around the wardrobe door at the woman and her partner and then popped back into the wardrobe. Witness describes the creature as being the size of a small child, maybe three feet high. Witness says that the creature felt joyful and curious. Witness says that she felt the creature was warning her, because soon after she fell down the stairs and injured her back and

could no longer ski. She'd had an OBE prior to this experience, when she was being operated on and says that the feeling in that experience, of joy and freedom and cheekiness, was similar to the feeling that emanated from the small being.' 'They weren't sure. They called it a friendly ghost but felt it was more a fairy.'

§710) US (Colorado). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house, in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly, startling but not scary; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy (I'm usually extremely happy so might be none of these); a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'This is the strangest thing that has ever happened to me. I had lived in this house for eight years in ***, but the time had come to move on. I had developed a great appreciation for the two large trees about twenty yards in front of the house. I would hug them and sit by them; talk to them/meditate by them. I loved them so much. I thought of them as an old couple about two hundred years old, one male and one female. I had set in motion everything about moving, selling house and packing. There was a very large window looking out front from living room. I was doing yoga on living room floor and had just finished, was lying, looking up out the window upside down, looking at the big (male) tree. I said out loud to myself 'oh shoot, I forgot to tell the trees I'm leaving' and thought 'I'll have to go visit them and do that today.' In an instant a large number of brown objects came flying directly at me from the tree I was looking at and they all hit the window right above my head. It was a loud clatter. It scared me slightly. It happened so fast I couldn't tell what it was. It reminded me of a cross between birds/butterflies and dry brown leaves. This was in May and the trees were all green. There was no wind and the trees had tiny leaves anyway (not large enough to be the size of birds). I instantly got up and went outside to look around. There was nothing. No birds, no leaves anywhere. Nothing. It was jarring. I instantly thought fairies. I took it as the tree or tree spirits hearing me and saying goodbye. There were no marks on the window. It was loud enough that it could've been a handful of rocks getting thrown/hitting the window. It felt like such a short/fleeting encounter but has left a big impression on me. I'm just so curious! What was that? Will I ever know? I've always looked for fairies out in nature and invited them to show themselves to me, but I don't recall them ever doing so.' 'Leaves/also a swarm of birds, too fast to really know for sure.' Why fairies? 'It just felt like it – nature spirit content.' Fairies are 'nature spirits.'

§711) US (Colorado). *Female; 2000s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* '[I] live in the Colorado wilderness. [I] was sitting around an outdoor fire pit in the ground. [I] was singing to the Universe. Something white started glowing coming toward me. I held out my left hand and the white started shimmering. It landed on my palm. I was still singing and for a few seconds I saw a female fairy then puff gone I sat there stunned knowing in my heart

soul and mind I had seen a real female fairy.’ ‘She floated in the air as a white ball then started shimmering landed in my left palm and I clearly saw her.’ ‘Female, small, about six inches high, translucent wings.’ ‘It was a wonderful awesome experience only wish it would happen again so I could ask questions to her.’ ‘I sing a lot to the universe.’

§712) US (Colorado). *Male; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland, in several dreams in mountains; on my own; 12 am-3 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad, 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 clouded memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I’ve had several [experiences] but I decided to choose one. The majority of my fae experiences happen in dreams, whether I was around the fae or I was one (those are rarer but they do happen occasionally). The first ones that I ever had, though, still sticks with me. I was in my dad’s house. I can’t remember which one. We moved a lot when I was a kid. One was surrounded by the woods, but I can’t tell you if I had one of these dreams there. Now to be perfectly candid, I’ve not had a good childhood. My father was physically abusive, and I don’t remember anything about the experiences except for when I woke up in the morning. I felt as though electricity was coursing through me. These dreams were recurring, and they always were the same. My father would drop me off at a house, which honestly inside was more like a cave. The walls were rock, and a slimy substance dripped from the ceiling. Inside were the same two trolls every time. He’d leave and the three of us would be alone. It’s been so long I can’t remember what we did or talked about. You’d expect a small child to be afraid of them. Most would consider them quite ugly. Even I did after I woke up. But while I was dreaming, they seemed normal. They felt safe. The dream would always end with my father coming back and me begging them to keep me. But every time they’d tell me: ‘No. It’s time to leave’. I’d cry, he would take me away, and I’d wake up. I was moved around five houses when I was really young, and I was only truly safe in one. I was in desperate need of an escape, and as a young child of only four or five, I got one. Since, I’ve had several dreams about the fae, dreams about deep caves and rich forests, dreams of them on my family’s properties. You can imagine my shock when I heard about the crystal city and how I’ve had dreams of that place for years. And outside my bed I’ve always felt a yearning to be in the mountains in my town, I’ve always felt safest in the woods. Although sometimes I’d get an energy that I instinctively knew wasn’t safe for me to be around in which case I’d leave, find a safe place. And since starting witchcraft, I’ve put out offerings to the fae and in return my plants have miraculously lived even after I presumed one dead after an insecticide had a bad reaction. For months I hadn’t watered it, but before I got around to getting rid of it I realized it was alive. In return, lights that had gone out fixed themselves, every time brighter than before. I’ve learned to always be careful around them, out of simple precaution and knowing they are tricksters more often than not. But what’s

been helpful is I've been around them since I was a small child. They've been everywhere in my life for the duration and have offered me a safe place when I've lived in danger.' 'The fairies I've seen throughout my lifetime have been across the board. But in the dream, they were trolls (I think). They were greenish brown with wrinkly skin. Their feet and hands had four fingers. One was stubby, one had claws. One was taller and slimmer, though still very burly. One was shorter and squatter, though still the size of a full-grown man.' 'I think it was a fairy experience because since I've experienced several other kinds of spirits including more of the fae and the fae have a specific feeling to them. The same feeling, I felt all that time ago.' Fairies are 'nature spirits/guardians.' 'I don't know how much stock you take of dreams. I've also had experiences with them in person and I can say the dreams I've had feel just as real and complex as the experiences I've had my whole life.'

§713) US (Colorado). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; can't remember the time; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'Friends were celebrating their engagement at *** Castle, which is a DIY castle made by one guy over many years. Impressive and weird. I was camping behind the castle along with other guests. My boyfriend and I were walking along the path from the castle to the campground, slowly and leisurely. The path bordered a wooded area. It was all so pretty, with the pine forest and the blue sky. I said aloud, 'If fairies exist, this is where they'd live' and my boyfriend agreed. Suddenly we saw movement rushing toward us. It seemed to be obscured by a kind of invisibility shield, sort of like in the movie *The Predator* in which the alien has a cloaking device that makes it invisible but it's still a little blurry so you can detect the being once it moves. So we saw this kind of effect over a small creature, maybe two feet tall. We couldn't make out any features, only the general shape and height. It was rushing at us very fast from about thirty feet inside the wooded area. My boyfriend and I both yelled/screamed because we were startled. As soon as we did, the movement stopped, and we no longer saw the 'predator effect'. We stayed there for a while but couldn't see anything after that.' 'A blurry invisibility cloaking device over a two-foot-tall creature.' 'It is often described as a 'magical' place. But I haven't heard any specific fairy lore.' Fairies are 'ultraterrestrials'. 'My boyfriend and I often saw this kind of cloaking effect. Sometimes we'd see it in the woods, like something was hiding near a tree. I would see it at work in my office, the size of small rodents darting around the floor. I haven't seen it for a while now.'

§714) US (Colorado). *Male; 2010s; 11-20; on or near water; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was going fishing with my brother at a little pond near our house and I looked out on the water and saw something slip behind a

tree on the other side of the lake. It looked like what I would expect a goblin to look like. 'Tiny and sort of hunched over under a tree.' 'I think it was a goblin so that is a type of fairy.'

§715) US (Connecticut). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; 'Probably an hour?'; mischievous, angry; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; 'I was angry/upset'; 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 got lost in the woods on a horse trail in ***, Connecticut. I believe one of the reasons was that they wanted my dog. I have suspected that because of a previous experience with my mother in her mind.' 'It was silent. Unusually silent.' 'Because my mom claimed to have contact with the fairies in her head. After this experience I had mine. And it was an aura sense as well.' Fairies are 'beings that are used to our jobs. We have failed to do God's doing in protecting the land and the inhabitants within. In fact, we are doing the opposite. They are beings that are part of nature and are one with it.' 'I don't know who these beings are. I've never heard of experiences like mine in the Americas.'

§716) US (Connecticut). *Female; 2020s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; 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 sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I live in an area with many foxes. One [I] saw in the summer of 2020. I was going for a walk because isolation had me stirring up and I needed the fresh air. I live in the woods, in a small valley with a river flowing through. I crossed the bridge over this river and went left, past the historic mill, and stopped. I was face-to-face with one of the foxes. She was just standing in the middle of the crossroad, staring at me calmly. After a minute or two of just appreciating her presence, she began trotting off in the direction I was going. I thought I would let her pass before continuing as I didn't want to distress her or any nearby cubs, but after about ten feet she stopped and looked at me again. I decided this was a safe invitation to follow, but I kept my distance and didn't make any sudden movements, and avoided the shadows so she wouldn't think I was lurking. The fox continued to trot-stop-trot, actually passing what my family and I call the Faerie Trail altogether (which is a path through a myrtle-covered bit of woods) and went into a field which is owned by friends of ours. She continued into the field and then into the woods beyond the field to a point I couldn't see, though I heard her barking a bit in that way foxes do when they aren't distressed. I decided to continue the walk and almost immediately startled two white-tailed deer which I hadn't noticed, and they bounded off deeper into the woods on the side of the trail. I stuck to the trail and came to this little den arch which I'd been to before and which

was put there by a different set of neighbors, before my family and I had moved here. The arch seemed fittingly inviting, so I went under it (knowing it was there by human means, I don't think this was a bad decision), and continued into a second field, which has a little pond and a statue garden in it, as well as some crab-apple trees and berry bushes. I was suddenly very happy and went about picking fruits and herbs and fungi which I knew were edible and putting them in my pockets. I also took some twigs which had bloated into round nodes at points for myself. I did not eat anything, because somehow, I just knew that there were Folk about. I explored the field a bit, though I know it well, and found snails, and a juvenile praying mantis. All in all, I spent about two hours in the field though it felt like less time. I then exited the field through a short path to the road and made my way home, pockets full of edible plants. I took these plants and fungi and placed them on a stump in my yard and left them there until they were all gone. The entire time they were out, which was about two months, I did not see any of them go bad or get taken by animals, though the plants were definitely going somewhere.' 'Only midway through the experience did the elated feeling begin'. 'I have experienced ghosts and the experiences were different. Angels don't really have any son [reason?] to reach out to me, and generally I believe aliens have never contacted Earth, much less reached it, though I do believe in them as there is statistically almost no chance that we are 'alone in the universe.' For other experiences, this just didn't match up with anything I'd experienced before.'

§717) US (Connecticut). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, observant; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'In 1999, I was seven years old, playing in the woods with my friend ***. We were standing at each end of a big log in the woods, when I noticed movement in my peripherals. I tried focusing my periphery to catch a detailed look (I see similar movement often when we're in the woods, and always disappears – more like scatters – before I turn to look). My heart skipped a beat when I could make out a group of little people, looking up at me as well. I was frozen in the pose I was playing in, after a few seconds I realized *** had stopped narrating out play, and was frozen in place as well, staring at me but focusing on them. I'm pretty sure they were dressed because it didn't look like they were all naked. I could tell they knew we were aware of them, and they dispersed as *** moved her eyes. We didn't talk about it until we were in her house, we weren't afraid, just confused on our walk home. We wrote out what we saw before talking about it, to see if we saw the same thing. Unfortunately, both our descriptions were so vague, but clothed, less than a foot for sure. One thing we were positive of was to mind our business and to not go searching, which is what our instinct would've usually been.... Duh! We thought we found a colony of little people in the woods! But the fact that our reaction was to quietly leave and not even talk about it until behind closed doors, and still not even

talk out loud but write it.... I don't remember being too frightened, in fact we kind of just accepted it and moved on with a new taste of what this world/universe is capable of. I watched *The Indian in the Cupboard* later in life which reminded me of these little people, but I no longer saw them by then. *** and I would talk about seeing things out of the corner of our eyes but could never figure out what it was. Although, *** was different, her and her dad were huge hippies (tire swing in the kitchen, no TV), and her imagination was so wildly magnificent that it made my mind radiate. I always thought that maybe her narration of our play was so powerful and energetic, that we could manifest and see the same thing. Little people were never playing any parts in either of our imaginations. In fact, when we both confirmed what each other saw, we were kind of in awe that we've never even dreamt of tiny people on this universe.' 'Only a peripheral view, seemed partially clothed for some reason. What sticks out the most is their very bony structure even though they were only about six to seven inches in height. I recall that later in life, when Harry Potter came out, the character Dobby from the neck down reminded me of what I witnessed in the woods.' 'Unsure about the location's reputation, but I didn't consider what we saw to be 'fairies' until much later in life.' 'Many reasons for why I believe these were fairies rather than ghosts, etc; I've had a handful of experiences with ghostly entities, some non-malicious spirits and a couple very malicious. The feelings, emotions, and senses that I felt during those situations, were so strong and 'otherworldly' that there was no question of what I witnessed was a 'ghost'/'inhuman entity.' 'When I was seven and saw these 'tiny people', as I later called them in my diary entry, I recall not feeling much of anything, and that was what I found so odd, I think. It's unusual for a couple of seven-year-olds to be playing in the woods, see these little people a few feet away in our periphery and try pretending we don't see them so they wouldn't run away. I'm sure it was only ten seconds, but it felt like a couple minutes where time stood still and all sounds ceased, while we tried taking in the features of these tiny people we could only see out of the corner of our eyes. Somehow, we were both on the same exact page the whole time, we were pretending to be wild horses, then we both saw them, looked at each other, and continued pretending to play as we were trying to take in everything about what was watching us from the corners of our eyes. Somehow, we both knew not to look straight at them or else they'd vanish, which is exactly what ended up happening, and we both very nonchalantly walked back to her house after that not saying a word. I used to watch Mary Kate and Ashley's investigative show so maybe I got this idea from there, but I do pat my seven-year-old self on the back for having us individually write down what we saw before talking out loud to each other about it. I wanted to be sure what we saw was concrete and not something I had imagined. After sharing what we saw with each other, it was pretty much forgotten about for some reason. I wrote in my diary about it but after that, the situation didn't linger in my mind like when I experienced things with ghostly entities. Actually, it wasn't until my twenties when I started reading through my childhood diaries that I even remembered what happened. After reading my old

entry the images and senses from that day came flooding back.’ ‘At the age of seven, when I saw them, the tooth fairy was my only reference for what a fairy was, and I didn’t believe in that even though I wanted to. So when I saw these woodland creatures I didn’t associate them with the term fairy. There was nothing in my imagination that could have created what these things looked like. I had no TV so books were my only source of imagination.’¹⁶

§718) US (Connecticut). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland, near a country road; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘Most of the times I went out to film (to look for UAPs [unidentified anomalous phenomena]) was between 9.30 pm and 11.30 pm, which is when I would see the most UAP activity. While filming, I sometimes heard small footsteps on the pavement in close proximity to me. Though because I was only looking to film UAPs I didn’t think much of it. Then, on two occasions later on, I heard some voices and chatter (nothing that I could interpret though). I thought perhaps I was being giggled at, if that makes any sense. I had no way of fitting this experience in my worldview/framework, so I wasn’t sure what to make of it at the time. Then, the most impactful experience for me, was when I put myself in a mindset that I was open to see/experience anything. I was given the feeling that I should walk in a certain direction (towards some trees that I live near). One tree in particular, an older tree, I stopped at and kneeled in front of, which seemed the right thing to do intuitively. In front of this tree, it must have been around 11.20 pm, I’m wearing flip flops, kneeling, and being bit by bugs. For a bit, I think to myself, what on earth am I doing, this is ridiculous. Though I get the sense that there is something to be experienced, so I waited. So I am patient, and get the feeling there is more to this tree than what I can see visually. I’m given the feeling that there is a multi-dimensional aspect to the tree, that there is somehow, a glowing purple mesh-like structure. I sense that some beings live here. I then have a feeling that my memories are being reviewed. In particular, one memory of myself as a child, I’m at a state park, camping, and I was using a slingshot to fling a rock at a bird. A clearly regrettable action that I took, these beings recognized that I had done with mal-intent towards nature, and they made it known to me. I apologized profusely as I knew this was something I should not have done. Then, I catch a glimpse out of the right-hand corner of my eye, a being, perhaps two feet tall. I think my initial visceral reaction might have startled it, as when I tried to look directly at it, nothing was there. It was such a brief encounter, that I was unable to glimpse any specific details. I apologize, mentally, for my reaction to seeing the being. Then I hear something climbing up and

¹⁶ This was first published on Reddit and the author kindly also submitted it to the survey.

down the tree, but I see nothing. The most astonishing part happened next, for me. I'm marveling at the beauty of nature, and the complexity of life. Then all of a sudden, I hear metallic, small, footsteps in the tree canopy above me. I was completely in awe, as basically all my notions of reality were challenged. In retrospect, it's as if there is another structure overlaid in a different dimension in conjunction with this old tree. Before I walked away from the tree, I sensed that there were beings around me, while I'm still kneeling, so I motioned (as if to shake their hands). Not sure if in a sense that is right for me to do culturally, but it's what I'm used to doing (to shake hands), so I did it. Then, I thanked them, and walked away.' 'I opened my mind up to any possibilities and followed my sense of intuition. And, I had a positive and optimistic mindset.' 'I think that the UAP/UFO phenomenon is inextricably linked with the Faerie phenomenon.' Fairies are 'interdimensional beings, with a higher level of consciousness. They interact to teach us things and instruct us to take care of the environment.'

§719) US (Connecticut). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I live in a house in a small valley in a relatively rural area of Connecticut. Before my family bought this house we had been renting for a bit, during this period in the spring or summer, my younger sister and I were enjoying the weather on the screened-in porch reading. I don't recall if it was gradual or spontaneous, or if we noticed all at once, but, at some point, we began to hear a piano tune being played. (We own a piano, but we didn't have it yet at this point). The way sound travels in our little valley is quite fascinating so we shrugged it off initially and just sat there enjoying it. We discussed where the music could have been coming from and realized that none of our neighbors had a piano that we knew of, and if it was coming from the road on the other side of the woods, near the top of the valley, we would have heard before. We also noted that neither of us could name the song, and although it sounded familiar, we couldn't recall where from. We got our mother to come to the porch and she agreed that she had no idea where the song was coming from or what song it was. At some points it sounded very far off, and at other points it sounded as if it were right in our backyard, and eventually, some other instrument (I unfortunately can't remember if it was a flute or a harp), joined in from another direction. After about ten minutes, which felt longer, the music just sort of tapered out and we went on with our daily activities. It wasn't until about half an hour later that my sister and I agreed that this music was otherworldly, though my mother was more dismissive, and my father had not heard it, having been in town. I don't know about my sister, but I still maintain this position, but I tend to only tell people I really trust not to judge me, or in anonymous circumstances like these.' 'Very pleasant, like

something you'd hear at a fancy restaurant. Enchanting but not dangerously so. Mostly piano, with another instrument harmonizing towards the end of the experience.' What are fairies? 'I'm still not sure. To me, there is at least one 'Otherworld' where they preside, but they can access both our world and theirs. I think as well that as humans migrated, the areas that Faeries can be found in became more numerous because folklore has power to them and this folklore was now being spread, just as I believe any supernatural being would. I believe Faeries adapt to their environments extremely well yet have a strong connection to the past. Believe that some people (including myself) have Faerie blood, though not through what we'd recognize as etic means; rather I believe that this is bestowed as a gift to those who are extremely respectful of the Folk. Once you have some of their blood, you are, at the least, a cousin of sorts and thus subject to Faerie law when interacting with the Folk, but I still try to follow the human rules because I am unsure how many generations this extends down to and I believe that my closest ancestor with the blood was my great-grandmother on my mother's side, who I believe was granted this blood by a selkie, though I do not know much about this exchange as this is based on family rumor.' 'Although I am very spiritual, I also tend to be skeptical. However, I have had many experiences which I would categorize as 'supernatural'. I do believe there are explanations for these but I'm not sure we have them yet, if we'll ever get them. I prefer not having the full story honestly, because if tomorrow the news were to report that Faeries are real and how to find them, then the magic is gone, and people would want to hunt them for sport and terrible things like that. However, of these various experiences of mine, only two would I categorize with complete certainty as being of the Faeries. They just don't align with anything else I've experienced, and there's an immediate instinct that 'this is what's going on'.' 'Three things: Unusually, both my encounters with the Folk were either neutral or benevolent, despite many of them having difficulty with human concepts of morality. Second, in the encounter I just described, I am unsure the Folk were even aware of our presence, which may explain why they allowed themselves to be heard. Finally, I use the phrase 'changeling' differently than most, as I think the concept of the Folk 'spiriting away' children is a complete affront to both the integrity of the Folk, and an excuse to label women and children as 'freaks'. Instead, I see changeling status as being a gift bestowed by the Folk, in the form of either the blood as I've mentioned, or the Sight, which I am unsure as to whether or not I possess.'

§720) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; ten minutes to an hour; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I had just woken up and was doing my morning prayers in candle light by my altar'; 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. 'I saw a*

little light dancing around me while I was praying, so I took a picture of the light and when I looked at [it] I saw it was a light in a shape of a heart, and saw something else so I gave the picture more light and it shows the fairy is carrying the heart of light. I have my picture in Twitter if you would like to see it. Come and see I still see the little lights before I go to sleep. They are always around me. Very, very small flowing with a heart of light, I have the picture.’ ‘I was in prayer and the music of the Holy Rosary was playing.’ ‘I believe the fairy came to me because I was in prayer with a great love for my heavenly mother.’ Fairies are ‘special, the one I saw was bringing a heart of light while I was praying’ ‘I would like to show that fairies are real, another form of life around us.’

§721) US (Florida). *Female; 2000s; 61-70; in woodland; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; determined; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘I was energized and ready to work on a yard task and finish it’; 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 a few days I had been clearing vines from the far back of my yard right where the woods begin. There’s a clear view of that area from my kitchen window where I was standing before I was going out there to finish the vine clearing. While I was looking, I saw a man walking from the woods. He was slim and short, three to four foot and had black hair, dressed in a dark green tunic with fancy black trim, black pants and boots. He had an air of importance and I watched him for about a minute until he faded away. I decided to hold off doing any more work back there for the day. The next morning, I was at my kitchen window looking at the areas I wanted to finish clearing when I heard a loud crashing sound from the woods. I walked back there and immediately saw a large oak tree had fallen down near my work area. I was stunned and knew that the fairy sighting and the tree were a message to me to end my vine clearing and to perhaps stay away from ‘their’ place. I’ve since noticed in a clearing nearby where no vines grow, a large circle formed and around the circle edge a colorful flower grows.’ ‘He was slim and short, three- to four-foot tall, with black hair and wearing a dark green tunic with fancy gold and black trim, black pants and boots. His face was pleasant and fine looking.’ ‘The place is a part of my land. I’ve always felt that my land is special with its wildlife and special plant life, but I didn’t know of any previous fairy sightings since this is the woods with few people around.’ ‘The visiting fairy was very visible, walking and dressed in detailed clothing. Ghosts, aliens and angels are not in my frame of beliefs nor needs of their sightings.’ ‘I’ve always thought that Fairies are earthy beings that exist in both our dimension and another one we have little proof of yet. Fairies are real beings that enter our lives with a surreal air of mystery and wonder.’ ‘He was walking in a determined manner, like on a mission.’

§722) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; curious, observant, cautious; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep;*

profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience. “There was a period of time where I would hear the soft jingle of a bell and the pattering of tiny feet in my room, even when no pets were present. None of my pets wore bells on their collars nor had tags at the time. The sounds occurred at any given time of day but would pick up more at night. Sometimes I not only heard this strange tiny bell but felt something jump up on the bed only [for me] to find it empty. It was also during this period that I awoke more than once to three small, diminutive beings with black skin. They wore hoods and old-world clothing in dark shades. They were standing on top of my shelf picking through a collection of seashells I had on display. I watched as they carefully shifted the shells, their little faces both delighted and fascinated. I could hear the soft clacking of the scallops as they moved them. Once they took notice of me observing, they faded away into the darkness. A couple other times I would awake to find them sitting in my hanging plants, looking through the leaves curiously. These plants were hung from a hook in my ceiling. They would look down at me, observingly. When they realized I was watching them too, they would disappear in the same way they did when looking through my seashells. Sometimes knocking could be heard in the walls, on windows and on doors only for there to be no one. My father also had observed them in the garden and once right after our house was built. Our house was the first built in our neighborhood. It was once a chunk of woods that had been cleared and developed into what is now our home. We believe that the destruction of the woods may have triggered the strange activity. I believe we upset the natural beings that once inhabited the area. Being half Spaniard, I grew up with the belief in *duendes*. They are a form of fairy in our culture stemming back from the time of our Celtiberian ancestors. There are different forms of *duende* and I believe I may have encountered some form of them. *Duendes* are a domestic form of fairy that can vary in nature from being playful to downright evil. I believe the ones I encountered were possibly benign.’ ‘Black skin, dark clothing in varying shades of blacks/grays. Clothing appeared to be hoods and old world clothing. Pointed shoes.’ ‘Tiny bells.’ ‘My house was built on a piece of land that was wooded. It was cleared right before the house was built.’ ‘The nature of the encounter, their physical appearance and the way they interacted with my environment was more conclusive to a fairy encounter.’ ‘I believe [fairies] are beings that are real and vary in type.’

§723) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘It was maybe 2011 or 2012 at a girl scout camp in the Florida panhandle, camp ***. There is a wooded area nearby nicknamed ‘fairy glen’ that has a fairy statue where girls leave little trinkets. I was an edgy preteen at the time and, for shock value, lightly kicked the fairy statue in the glen. On my way back to camp, pine sap fell in my hair, so

much so that I had pine needles falling and catching in my hair. I did everything to get it out, soaps, oils, anything I could find in the kitchen, elbow grease. Everything I did just kept it as bad as before. A friend of mine suggested it was the statue's doing, so I took a trinket to the statue and gave it with a sincere apology of kicking it earlier. On my way out this time, I touched that part of my hair in an offhanded way and noticed the sap was completely gone.' What is your opinion of fairies? 'Big fan'.

§724) US (Florida). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; can't remember the time; one to two minutes; friendly; 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 vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was studying the Tuath Dé Danann at the time. I was about fourteen to fifteen years old, sitting on my bed in my room. I saw a twinkling ball of light fly in underneath my closed bedroom door, hover around for a short time, then fly underneath my bed.' Fairies are 'spirits of nature.'

§725) US (Florida). *Male; 2000s; 31-40; on a country road; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; surprised; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'Three-foot-tall black creature in the road looked like an ape with huge black bubble eyes.' 'I heard it running away.' 'Others in my state, Florida, have been reported.' 'I think it was a new species of primate.' And fairies? 'I believe.' 'I have studied the supernatural for many years.'

§726) US (Florida). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in a city; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; curious; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special experience reported.* 'I've always had paranormal type experiences but my first one I think that could be a fairy experience is when I was about sixteen. It was dark and possibly quite late. I don't remember. I was reading a book with a bedside table light on and something caught my attention and I looked over at my window and I saw a yellow orb like light and I thought to myself well that's just the reflection from my lamp. So I looked at my book again and looked over to the orb and it was gone. I may have looked at it a couple of times before it disappeared and realized, holy crap, it wasn't the lamp's reflection. I've also recently had a dream about a fairy that could turn into a mist or smoke like material. What made me think more on this dream is that I looked on the internet and saw almost the same thing as in my dream and I hate to say this, but it honestly looked like the angry green fairy from the absinthe fairy depiction. So that really caught my attention seeing as how I've literally never seen the absinthe fairy anywhere and I don't take drugs. Ok, have a great day, lol.' 'One gold and one green.' 'I've always believed in weird things but never gave fairies much thought to be honest.' 'I've had tons of experiences with different supernatural type things and have been with others and also have taken pictures.' Fairies? 'I'm not sure. I do believe in a spirit type realm.' 'I have extremely vivid dreams. I have had premonition type dreams, but I don't buy into that type of stuff

and find it like funny. I think I have seen angels maybe and djinn maybe and I've even came face-to-face with a pack of wolves when I was nine years old. I don't know what any of it means. I've seen orbs and UFO type things and I've been with other people during a lot of experiences, or I'd think I'm totally nuts, lol.'

§727) US (Florida). *Male; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly, aloof, neutral; never or almost never has supernatural experiences [? see below]; 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 was probably around five or six years old. I lived in a very haunted/active home – spirits. Some were negative and bullying. A habit of mine was to get up at night to go into my kitchen to sneak drinks. I remember distinctly these were Gatorade juice boxes. Well, when I went to go and sneak them and grab some, in the kitchen I saw a ring of several bright red spots appear right in front of me in the middle of the air in the kitchen. Although I felt no threat, I was terrified and walked back to my couch where I slept. But trembling and shaking the whole time. I felt as pale as a ghost.' 'It was late at night. I cannot remember if I had woken up, but I wanted to sneak around and get a sugary drink from my kitchen.' 'I was absolutely terrified by the experience, but I don't remember feeling anything negative. In that household I often was terrified by all the spiritual activity, and one entity in particular tormented me as a child.'

§728) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water, in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful, 'beautifully dancing through the air with sparkles'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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.* 'Me and my husband were outside smoking a cigarette. Outside in our backyard. We live in the city, but I have a tropical patch of woods behind my fence. I have NEVER IN MY LIFE believed in fairies! Ever! Did I love them? YES, they are magical and beautiful but never in a MILLION YEARS did I think ANYTHING like this was real!!! Anyways I was standing with my husband. It was dark outside, but we have lights, so it is very lit up. All of a sudden, I saw a moth or so I thought. It was bright. Super shiny gold with sparkles It flew in front of me and my husband, it stayed still, and it OPENED ITS LEGS! I SEEN ITS LEGS! I was in shock! Before I could even speak out loud my husband looked at me and said 'WAS THAT A FAIRY!?!' I KNEW RIGHT THEN MY EYES WERE NOT PLAYING A GAME WITH ME. I thought I was going crazy, so I ran inside to tell my kids. Who all thought I was insane. It bugged me for twenty-four hours until I realized WE HAVE CAMERAS OUTSIDE! GUESS WHAT?!?! I caught her on camera! Sparkles and ALL! I had to have my son save it and I got it on my USB just in case it erased! I honestly feel like I'm going crazy. I was never a believer and now I have to be. They are REAL! And Walt Disney KNEW about them because his creation of Tinkerbell is EXACTLY WHAT I SAW! I HAVE PROOF.' 'She looked like a bright gold light. Very shiny like she was golden, and her wings were almost

metallic. She has glitter or something falling from her.’ ‘I have lived in this house for three years. I do not know of anyone seeing anything like this here.’ ‘I never believed and I’m still in shock to be honest. I’m so glad I was not the only one there.’ ‘This experience has made me feel crazy’.

§729) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; ‘on a roller coaster’; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; scared; regular supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running upstairs); no special experience reported.* ‘It was a few seconds. I heard a high-pitched scream, and there was a fairy right there. Then she disappeared.’ ‘Her hands were covered in dust. She had an Indian dress on her, which was covered in dust too. There was a dent in her stomach. Her left foot was missing.’

§730B) US (Florida). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘I see what I call fairies in the woods when I hike in the morning. I usually see other signs as well. For example, I see lots of a red colored lichen called Baton Rouge Lichen in areas where I see them. On multiple occasions I see them in the air above eye level. They appear as a bright blue lighted spot surrounded by orange or yellow. Sometimes they are a bright purple. I often try to take a picture of them with my iPhone. However, the resulting picture is different than what I ‘see’. I also captured a video of one using my infra-red scope in day mode. Often times when I see them in the woods, they follow me home, and I see them around the house for a few days.’ ‘It was definitely something not physical. It could be some other sort of spirit, but I refer to them as fairies, as that is the closest description I have found.’

§731) US (Florida). *Male; 2020s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ‘not sure, it felt like about thirty minutes but I think it was more like an hour or two’; ‘warm, accepting, kind, wise’; 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 marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I was walking through the woods with one of my friends. She and I are both transgender, and I remember telling her that people like us often experience strange happenings because we too are locked between worlds (in our case, between gendered roles). She is a psychic medium, and I am an eclectic witch. We’ve both had our share of paranormal experiences, but I’ve never actually seen anything with my own eyes. I’ve only felt things: energy and temperature drops. Things like that. This time I saw something. For a little background, I have always believed in faeries. As soon as I became a witch, I began to research the real faeries, and now I’m something of an expert among my friends. I’ve read countless folktales and legends, and I spend a lot of my time researching them for fun. Wherever I live

at the moment, I leave offerings to the Fae, usually sweets and wine, or honey, bread, and milk. I get the feeling it makes them happy. I'd left offerings in these woods before and got the same feeling. I always feel safer in the woods where I leave offerings than anywhere in civilisation. So, we were alone in a clearing, and she was calling to the Fae. I told her I believed this was a prime spot for them, a bit off the trail, and so we went to investigate. I looked up into the air, and I saw a strange shimmer, like the air above a fire wavering in the heat. I blinked and shook my head, but looking around me, I noticed the effect was heightened. Everything seemed etched and detailed, more so than before, and everything had more dimension. Not sure how to describe it exactly, but it was like wearing 3D glasses. As I looked up into the trees, I saw the form of a massive man, with a thorny head. I couldn't see details as it was very dark. But I felt he was made of the tree itself rather than sitting on the canopy. He sat relaxed, as though upon a throne, and I got a very lordly impression right away. I was more awed than afraid, but I was a little scared too. I asked my friend if she saw the figure in the tree. She said she did and was surprised I could. She said there were others in the other trees, and though I saw their silhouettes too, they were fainter. The primary one before me was solid. My friend channeled him, and I spoke to him for a bit through her. He said he was pleased I left offerings, that few bother to do so anymore. I felt warm with his words, and as relaxed as I'd felt all year long. It had been a stressful year for me, a stressful couple of years actually, but this experience left me in utter tranquillity. I felt more at home there than I ever had. When it was finally time to leave, as it was nearing about 4 a.m., and we said goodbye, I was mildly devastated.' 'He looked like part of the tree, as though he was always there but I'd only just noticed. I couldn't see much more than the silhouette though.' They were 'channeled through my friend. She told me what they said, and they spoke with her telepathically'. 'There was a very natural feeling to this being. He belonged in, and to, the woods.' Fairies are 'Elemental beings living in our world as well as a world of their own. They've existed before mankind and will exist after.'

§732) US (Florida). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; curious; regular supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; profound silence before the experience.* 'I had hung a crystal heart and some hibiscus flowers in a half dead tree. When I walked away, I put my phone in the small of my back (in [the] waistline of my pants) and had it recording as I walked away. Some type of creature – I choose to believe it's a fairy – flew out of the trees and brush. It seemed to fly out of the brush, fly back, come out a second time, and then flew off a second time. It seemed to come out of the trees to check me out after I put the heart and flowers in the dying tree. I have a short video and screenshots of the creature.' 'I never knew it was there I was recording because I believe I have a family of Sasquatch living on my property.'

‘Neon green like old neon signs.’ Fairies are ‘supernatural in origin and abilities, possibly also flesh and blood beings.’

§733B) US (Georgia). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; ‘both times outside my house’; ‘once on my own and once with one other person’; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, angry; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘normal on second sighting but very emotional on initial sighting as my daughter went missing’; profound silence before the experience.* First of two separate experiences. Evening at home, my teenage daughter had run away. She was gone for about two to three hours. My neighbor and I stood at the end of my driveway. We are in the mountains and on a curvy road with a brook passing through. There were lightning bugs flying through the trees, but there were also two larger lights that looked more white than yellow. They both originated from the large tree across the street and one of the lights zoomed from the tree to directly in front of me. It hovered about three to four feet from my face and about a foot above my head. I was briefly able to see a face that looked female along with light reddish blonde hair that was cut below the shoulders and choppy. She wore a bright yet dark green dress that was very short. I could not tell what it was made from. I did not see wings at the time but maybe I was too shocked to notice. Her face was distorted but she looked Stern and kind of shook her body at me to follow her. She zoomed away from me for about twenty feet and since I did not follow, she came back and zoomed again far from me. This time I quickly followed. I started at the end of my driveway and ran following her to the left about a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. Her light then faded away in mid-air. At that time a black truck was coming my way and I waved my arms and flagged it down. In the back of the truck lying flat in the back seat was my missing teenage daughter. I never would have found her without the help of that strange being. This was in 2015. The next sighting happened in September 2017. I wrote this one down. I took my dog out to go to the bathroom on a leash at eight p.m. that Tuesday night. It was dark out, but the streetlight was very bright. I’m watching the dog and I see a very bright white light in my peripheral vision appear above my car about four feet above it and as I turn my head up to look at it. It stays lit and swoops down about six inches and then back up toward the roof of my house. It seemed to be between the size of a ping pong ball or golf ball. I’m looking around quickly for lightning bugs but nothing. It’s cold out. About two to three minutes later it appeared again still about eight to nine feet high off the ground at the edge of the roof and it stayed lit up bright white and flew steadily lit toward my front porch about three feet far this time and then the light faded and went out. Note, a huge mushroom came up the next morning in the yard to the left of where I parked my car and there was a half-circle of small mushrooms that encircled the front door where we walk out to go to the cars. That next afternoon the large tree across the street from my driveway where the original fairy got my attention to find my daughter – that tree was being cut down. I was very sad and upset. I quietly spoke out loud that if those were truly fairies, they were welcome to stay in the tree that’s in my yard. I

used to be skeptical but I know what I saw.’ ‘First sighting, she was three-hundred-and-twenty-four feet [i.e. three to four feet?] away from me but her height seemed to be between five to six inches maybe. She had medium length light strawberry blonde reddish hair. It looked choppy. Her clothes looked like a tight-fitting mini dress and the color was a bright but dark green.’ ‘I don’t know [if my house had a reputation] but another strange thing was seen on my property.’ ‘I’m not sure if they both were fairies. The second experience was only the large light, but the first experience looked like the typical ‘fairy’ stereotype except she seemed agitated with me.’ What are fairies? ‘No clue, I would guess beings from a different realm or plane that know how to access our physical existence?’

§734) US (Georgia). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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.* ‘There was a clearing, which was odd because pine forest and all, that we kids all knew as ‘haunted’ in the way kids often know these things. One day, we decided to brave the clearing. It was oddly desolate, all yellowing, dying grass and decaying trees, except for a solitary sunflower-type plant. It was almost as tall as us kids, and the only bright spot in the clearing. So, we touched it. And then ran screaming. I’m still not entirely sure what happened other than noises and an impression. But it stuck. I would walk through the clearing alone sometimes and never saw the lonely sunflower again, though I’d hear something and see something just out of the corner of my eye. Since then, I usually have some sort of house elemental that disappears things from their spots or keeps the dust down when I haven’t had time. And I know when they leave because there’s this sense of loneliness that descends, like when you haven’t heard from good friends in a while.’ ‘Fairies, no; only that it had a reputation for being ‘off.’ Fairies are ‘the elder beings here before us’. ‘I’ve heard a banshee once, at night. It was very unsettling. I thought it might have been wind or snatches of someone’s music, but a neighbor passed away shortly after.’

§735) US (Hawaii). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy (‘toward the end I was terrified’); 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.* ‘Woke up sometime after midnight two nights in a row. I sat up both nights, saw two men about three feet high at the foot of my bed, wearing green and yellow clothing, green overalls I think, with tool belts. They were light skinned, not dark like *menehune* are reported to be. They looked at me but said nothing. Both nights I felt no fear, but also felt I should go straight back to sleep, which I did. Living in Hawaii with three children at the time, was exhausted from trying to put together an overseas move. It was late spring, 1994.’ Fairies are: ‘Mischievous, aggressive humanoids.’

§736) US (Idaho). *Female; 1980s; 31-40; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; curious as to what was happening; occasional supernatural experiences; 'been ill'; profound silence before the experience.* 'I had been very ill and had major surgery. While recovering on the second night I found five to seven little men in the room. They all had similar features, but their clothing did vary. They were serious in their expression and did stay somewhat hidden behind the furniture. When we made eye contact, they would try to 'get out of the way', then when the nurse came in they disappeared.' 'They were built like a dwarf human, but unlike a dwarf human they seemed properly proportioned though stocky in build. They moved very fast.' Why fairies rather than something else supernatural? 'Due to the fact they looked complexly solid, not a wisp or translucent.' What are fairies? 'There are so many layers to life, they are just one of many.' 'Important to be open, even the trees can respond to our thoughts.'

§737) US (North Idaho). *Male; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); 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 resting from tending my garden, in the shade. And I saw movement in the lower tiers of under growth. It was a small human shape about six to eight inches high. It had an almost hazy field around it that made it difficult to see. I have no name for them except extremely odd. [It was] almost like it was pasted together of odd natural bits and bobs to form this shape. I did project my thoughts at it. I projected the feelings of welcome and safety. It startled and I took my gaze off of it and it was gone.' 'It could be an earth elemental, but it [was] six to ten inches tall. All kinds of 'natural' things like vines, roots combined to create the humanoid shape.' What are fairies? 'Don't know but elementals seem related'.

§738) US (Idaho). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in a city, in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; no duration given; friendly, aloof; 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 sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'One day I was listening to this woman on the internet talking about her experiences with Fairies. I was about fourteen at the time seeing this video. About halfway through the video, she began to describe what the fairies in her grandmother's garden appeared to look like. She said before the fairies would trust someone enough to show their trueselves they would first appear to be a ball of light. Just as she described how female fairies would appear to be as a ball of white light, I got a sudden memory. When I was young, I used to go to this preschool/daycare center. I would see this ball of white light going up this old ramp and I would chase it. Every time I would go after it I would always forget about it after I was done chasing it. When I forgot about it wasn't like for example a kid getting distracted by something. It was instant! It was like a snap of someone's fingertips, I would have no memory of

doing it. And that went on for about a week and a part of me wants to say even more. Now during my time at the daycare, we had two breaks to go outside and play. So, after that sudden memory, I began to think deeper about the times I spent there. I remember thinking at one point in time, why I never could remember the morning breaks. (That was the time when I saw the ball of light). I also remember that we had this garden that we all had to take care of. Now being the horrible children that we were we would always stomp our way through it to get to the playground. So, a lot of the plants would look kind of dead. But then they would look fine in a short period of time. Later on, in the video, she also talked about how fairies could help heal plants. So that would describe the odd sudden good health of the plants. (Now a thing to keep in mind is, this was a small daycare they do not have the money to keep replacing the plants and the plants would recover too quickly for it to be natural. Some of the plants were even just dead but would be fine later on.) 'The place has zero reputation with fairies.' Fairies 'are real'.

§739) US (Idaho). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water*; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 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, 'end of day but not too tired, not stressed, in a good frame of mind'; 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.* 'Camping I was alone near campfire. Friend in tent. I finished my book by fire. I felt presences. I looked up and right. A crowd of beings. Some small furry dark, others sasquatchy. All staring. Didn't believe it. I rejected it and went to tent. We watched the full moon travel from left to right to sink behind a cliff. As it did the light dimmed to dark. Partner hit me. [I] opened my eyes and it was getting lighter, brighter. The moon rose back up into the air above the cliff. Blacked out and woke the next day. Don't know how long we were put [out?] there...' 'Like Muppets from the Muppet show. Furry and differing colors. Sizes bigfoot-like to small ones' 'Bigfoots in areas. Have had previous experiences with those. I was obsessed with them for three years and then kept running into them. Some spoke telepathically. In words, others [used] pictures.' Why fairy? 'Was in nature. It was like two worlds overlapping.' What are fairies? 'Jinn? Creatures on a different dimension?' 'If one believes something head and heart. Then it can become real in this world.'

§740) US (Illinois). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am less than a minute; 'frazzled'; 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.* 'My sister and I were in a gas station parking lot (odd area for an encounter, I know!) at night when we saw what we're pretty sure was a fairy. There was a decent amount of light from streetlights and the gas station itself. We had been sitting in the car for a while, about a half hour, putting off leaving. My sister moved to start the car, and we

both saw something flutter in the light. ‘Flutter’ might not be the best word – I’m not sure if it flew, or tumbled? But we noticed it catch in the light – it was too big to be an insect, too small to be a bird, and oddly human-like. There was a tan/gold color generally, more dusty than shiny or sparkly or anything like that. Almost as soon as we saw it, it had whisked away out of the light and was gone. We both looked at each other along the lines of ‘What the hell was that? Did you see that?!’ We both still remember it to this day, it stuck with us, and even now that we’re older (I’m thirty-two and she is thirty-six), we both still hold that we saw a fairy. Neither of us have wavered.’ ‘We heard a fluttery sound, but not sure of any other music.’ ‘About four inches tall, kind of humanoid, fluttering/tumbling about and light/tan/dusty in appearance.’ Why a fairy experience? ‘I’ve had experiences that felt like ghostly or potentially a spirit, but this was different. That’s usually a feeling – not often a sighting. I don’t consider it to be angel/alien in nature... Though sometimes I do wonder if those are similar to fairies in some sense, like we’re talking about the same sort of sensation/creatures when talking about fairies. There was something that just felt right, special, and like what we saw slipped out of some kind of a veil, then whisked back away into it.’ ‘It’s hard to say [what fairies are]. I’ve read so much on fairies, from historical accounts to fairytales to modern day media and folklore. I do think they are real, and that they are around... I think my hope is always that they are entities/creatures that are sentient, part of a fabric we don’t quite understand. I suppose on a ‘more realistic’ level, I feel they could be a concentration of energy/elements, almost concentrating into a place. Not sure, though, truly.’

§741) US (Illinois). *Male; 2020s; 41-50; on a country road; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; 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 just before 11 pm, February 26, 2020. I went to get cigs down the road (just outside of town). I headed home and as soon as I turned onto the county road it was there at my driver side window: a head like it was yelling about the size of a baseball and tattered black blowing in the wind. I drove the mile home and halfway home it was gone. But I sensed it. I could feel it. So, as I got out of my car I videoed. I knew I captured it on video. But it took me eight months to see it, dead center, shiny silver and morphing head peeking up over the door. You can also see its ‘hand’ holding onto and letting go of the door and its wings flutter. It’s crazy. I have the video.’ ‘White face and head turned bright silver and held an object in front of its face, and it morphed.’ ‘I found one account of the same time period in *** IL. I found it after my experience.’ Fairies are ‘more than one race of nature spirits’. ‘I built a NATURE SPIRIT DISPLACEMENT GARDEN AND CORRIDOR because they were tearing woods out around my house. I felt that I needed to build an area for them to go to and to go to and from their realm or dimension.’

§742) US (Illinois). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; 'happened repeatedly'; aloof; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'When I was five, we moved to a new house. I kept feeling like something was in my room, and when I went to sleep, I saw a humanoid creature with grayish skin and red eyes hiding in my closet. After I insisted to my parents, he was real, they finally told me the 'monster' was good. I slept better after I gave him food, and he became fond of me. He's been around ever since, following me, and occasionally giving advice. He is territorial and doesn't like most people, but he protects me.' 'Tall, grayish skin, red eyes with dark sclerae, dark unkempt hair.' 'He is extremely quiet usually.' He has 'some of the fairy's specific personality traits, such as a hatred of lies. Honestly for years I didn't realize because the fairies in my books looked different.' 'I was afraid, but it was because I thought something was there.' 'He was annoyed that I noticed him the first time. He tends to get angry but not really at me.' Fairies 'can be dangerous but a lot of people used them as a way to explain unpleasant things once.'

§743) US (Illinois). *Female; 1960s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; shy; 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.* 'My mother had a beautiful garden full of color and in full sunlight. I caught a glimpse of something shiny that moved; and when I really looked, it was gone. I was not allowed to trample through the garden, so I was unable to pursue it.' 'Just saw shiny out of the corner of my eye. No view of a whole fairy.' 'I did not hear music, just a rustle in the flowers.' 'I did not know of any fairies, although my mom was adamant about me staying out of the garden. Maybe she knew something but didn't want to say anything about it.' 'The shininess. Animals don't have that glitter glow and then disappear.' Fairies 'are a population of beings who are secretive and are attached to the Earth much more than we are. They protect wild places and help the flora grow.'

§744) US (Illinois). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a city; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; 'it just ran across my path'; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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.* 'I was on my way to pick up my ex-fiancée from work. *** is a strange town. One minute you're in civilization, next it's country roads, then back in the town again. As I was passing the hospital, I stopped at a stop sign and that was when I first actually realized how foggy it had become. I believe it was early October because I noted how perfectly creepy it seemed given the time of year. The fog was so thick I could barely see even with my headlights on, so I was driving pretty slowly. Suddenly at the base of this fog, I saw two back legs of a fawn. They were the same size, small, that same light brown with white spots. But I only saw two legs and the

lower half of what I swear was an upright body, complete with small deer tail. I saw it clearly in my headlights as it ran right across my path. It ran like a human, one foot before the other... And I heard its tiny hooves hit the road as it ran. I think I actually sat there in shock for a few minutes because I lost time somehow and was really late picking up my ex. He was not impressed by my story. But I know what I saw. Before this moment in my life, I had a very different idea of fairies in mind. I thought things like what I saw were just artistic depictions. My point here being I had no preconceived notion I might ever encounter such a creature. I wish I'd seen its upper body, but I think the fog was there to hide this being. It felt... intentional.' 'I'm currently trying to figure that out [what a fairy is]. But for now, I think 'fairy' is an umbrella term for a lot of different beings around the world that seem to be not entirely here. I believe some of the old ideas, that Faery is in the same realm as the dead. I think they are non-corporeal entities that have a very close connection to our planet and protect it, which is why I think most do not like humans. But honestly, I think much of it is a mystery. Many theories but really no known way to prove any of them.' 'I only saw the lower half, which appeared like a bipedal fawn'.

§745B) US (Illinois). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, aloof; regular supernatural experiences; 'walks in nature'; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'First started showing up in my nature photos. Then I would get glimpses of movement and then seeing, feeling, and hearing things I wasn't believing. Then a gnome stood under a bush, trying to blend into the shadows but disappeared when I looked away and looked back. Another nature spirit was on a tree stump then disappeared when I walked towards it. And a fairy glowing in flight was seen at my back deck.' Why a fairy experience: 'I know my ghost, alien, and angel experiences are quite different.' 'I now believe in their energy dimension'.

§746B) US (Illinois). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland, inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; duration 'depended on the experience'; friendly, aloof, erotic, curious as well; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy ('in my most notable one I was asleep'); loss of sense of time, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'I actually have a few [experiences] from my childhood. I have believed heavily in faeries my entire life and have always had a fascination with them. Most of the experiences I've had are from when I was about six years old. The most notable is from spring of 2007. I had just returned from a vacation my family took to Disney where I attained some 'fairy dust' from a Peter Pan show. It was essentially just some glitter I put in a cup that I had become very attached to seeing how I genuinely thought it was magical. The night I got home, I put it on my bedside table. I fell asleep that night and had a very vivid dream that a fae had come to me and took the dust, telling me that it belonged rightfully to them, and they needed it back. I thought it was just a dream but when I woke up, the cup of dust on my table was gone. I spent hours with my family searching for it. But nobody ever found it and I never saw it again. To this day, nobody knows what

happened to it, and I'm still pretty convinced that the fae really did take it from me, as I truly believed it was magical. Some other experiences have happened when I was in nature. My elementary school was surrounded by a prairie and many trees, and I always had some strange experiences there, from faeries to 'imaginary friends'. There was one tree in particular I was very drawn to in kindergarten and first grade. I remember at the bottom of the tree, near the roots, there was a cut out where there was no bark that looked like a tiny door, and another one just above it that looked like a window. To me, it just made sense that it was a fairy home built into the tree and could only be opened by magic. I used to sit for hours next to the tree, building houses out of twigs. I was a really shy kid and got bullied quite a bit, so this was my small escape at recess. I would build these little houses by the trees for the faeries as gifts. I've never been sure as to how, but instinctively I just knew that the faeries liked them and that they wanted me to keep building them. I feel as if there are pieces of my memory that are gone when it comes to these houses, because I swear, I had some communication with the fae but have in a way, been made to forget it. I've had other experiences like this, where I've been to places where I just knew that faeries lived. Rather it be a tree at my grandmother's farm, or my mom's friend's country house. It's like I have these bits of my memory gone from these places, but I remember that there was something there and that something happened. For a few years around the ages of six to nine, I'd go on about a fae that would watch me through my bedroom window at night and [I'd] draw tons of pictures of her and tell my mom and friends about it. I don't often see them full on, but to this day, I believe I catch glimpses of them and magic all around me, and I'm always aware if they are near, even if I can't see them.' 'Typically, small glimmers of light with a humanoid body. Some had wings, but others didn't.' 'I've never known any of the places to have a reputation, but I do know all the kids at school called the tree the 'fairy tree' and my mother and sister agree with me that there are fae living at my mom's friend's country house.' 'I've had experiences with ghosts and aliens as well, and I can tell a clear difference between them and the fae. There's something more magical and mystical about experiences with the fae than any other creature.' 'I believe them to be a creature that lives in a parallel dimension to ours. I believe we share a reality and planet; they are just living in a veiled part of it right alongside us. I believe that faeries can travel between our dimensions and often do, as they are curious about humans, but I also believe that sometimes we can see into theirs for a small bit of time or even travel there. I believe they are spirits of nature and the elements and are creatures of the earth and universe like humans are, just one's with a different concept of reality.'

§747) US (Illinois). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'Fell asleep, woke up to the sound of bells tinkling. Looked around my room to see a small blue orb floating around for one to two minutes then it faded out.' Fairies 'are guides.'

§748) US (Iowa). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, aloof; regular supernatural experiences; no special state given; 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.* ‘I was walking with my friend when I was nine. We saw a tree light up! It lasted about eleven minutes, then stopped. I heard a soft, creepy song in the distance. We watched dancing and flying fairies. There were thousands.’ ‘My friend got dizzy halfway through.’ ‘I had a flashlight.’ ‘[Fairies] exist, only the believers see them.’ ‘Some had that signature fairy look.’

§749C) US (Iowa). ‘When I was youngish, maybe ten or twelve, I was alerted by a rustling sound at my windows. Upstairs bedroom, a little odd. I turned around to see that it was simply dried autumn leaves, maybe a hundred or so, blowing in the wind. It was a bit of a spectacle, so I looked more closely, and was quite shocked to see that maybe forty of them were, in fact, not leaves at all, but pixies – your typical Victorian variety – with wings and clothes that appeared to be made of dried autumn leaves themselves! One of them, a boy, I recall, put his wee face up against the glass and shielded his eyes to have a better look at me! I was delighted and alarmed at the sight, especially since my journey of belief had started with strict scientific Atheism and had more gradually broadened to include more and more things over my childhood and young adult years. It may seem funny and backwards to some, but at four years old you could not tell me ANYTHING magical had ever existed! By twenty-one, I was a practising witch.’¹⁷

§750) US (Kansas). *Female; 1990s; 41-50; in the city, in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; 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.* ‘I was sitting on the ground pulling weeds and just quietly enjoying the day when I realized I was hearing singing. The voices sounded like children or higher pitched as if on helium. I began to hear the words. ‘Mother bring the rain that we might drink. Mother bring the rain that we might drink.’ It was a sing-song chant. The breeze shifted and clouds overhead drifted above to bring a few brief moments of sprinkles. I had not noticed any clouds and it wasn’t a rainy day. But it was when the clouds moved to drop a few sprinkles that I realized the fairies had been granted their request. It was such a magical moment. The clouds shifted again. And then it was over. I felt so happy to have been able to share that moment.’ ‘They were singing, and it sounded like a chorus of small voices. Again, it sounded like someone on helium and several voices. Just voices and no instruments.’ ‘I have had [other experiences]. They were fairies. And I have had experiences after that have shown me their influence.’ Fairies are ‘beings in another dimension who are sometimes able to

¹⁷ Received by email and permission granted to publish here.

interact with us.’ ‘The fairies I have been in contact with are more likely to connect with one who is interacting in a positive way with the environment. Good thoughts and positive actions or beliefs. They show up.’

§751) US (Kentucky). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; can't remember time; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘I was playing outside with my dog and a Tinker Bell figure came up to my face fluttering around me smiling. I think she was a ‘she’ because she had a glowing white dress on.’ ‘She had on a glowing white knee-length dress’. ‘Faint music box sounds.’ ‘She smiled and laughed.’ ‘I’m quite the sensitive. Had a NDE when I was twenty-one. Was dead ten minutes from a brain aneurysm. Told it wasn’t my time, healed then sent to a library/akashic records and shown future events that came true... I have been an integrated medicine practitioner for many years now with many certifications in many methods. My practice is global.’

§752) US (Kentucky). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; ‘relaxing I suppose’; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘My children were upstairs playing, while going through my home cleaning I walked past my sliding glass door I saw someone swinging on their swing set. My backyard has a locked six-foot wood privacy fence. I saw him clear as day as I walked past and when I stopped and took a step back to look again, he was gone.’ ‘Under three foot tall I’d say, with a hat. Male, boots, beard.’ Why a fairy experience? ‘I would say perhaps due to my childhood exposure of Grimms’ Fairytales.’

§753) US (Kentucky). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in open lands (fields etc); ‘I was on a bus full of children, the only one looking at the field’; 6 am-9 am; one to two minutes; no fairy mood given; occasional supernatural experiences; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was eleven years old and riding the bus to school through the rolling countryside of ***, Kentucky, on the way to my school. Mostly open fields, but there are plenty of hills, creeks, and patches of trees as well. It was early in the morning, probably around eight am. I was looking out the window of the bus at the cool, dewy morning when a strange feeling came over me. I looked down at the ground by the bus near a grassy ditch and saw a strange weed growing by it. I had the overwhelming feeling that the weed was no weed at all but a faerie, watching me, that had disguised its form. It gave off such a presence that I was fairly unsettled by the whole thing. I was pretty well taken aback even by this, but when we continued down the road a little further, to my left, was a huge open field beyond a line of fence. Just out beyond the fence was a row of tiny horses, no bigger than squirrels, pure white in color, with bright red saddles, lined up in a row, with

one or two laying down on the ground. And accompanying these tiny horses were tiny humanoid beings in bright green jumpers, some riding on top of the horses and some standing beside them. 'A fairy raid!' I thought to myself in absolute astonishment. I looked around and no one appeared to be looking out the window at the time but me, which was strange enough. But what was stranger was, looking back, I had no urge or desire to call anyone's attention to what I was seeing, but just sat there completely awestruck without saying a word. Another odd thing was that as the bus moved away the beings did not vanish, but stayed there, and I saw them from a moving vantage point, even seeing them from behind, until they were out of sight completely. I tried to tell my friends at school what had happened when I arrived, but no one believed me!' 'There were white fairy horses with red saddles, and tiny sprites with green jumpers and pale skin.' 'I was a child and thought about faeries all the time and read many books. I knew what 'faeries looked like'. This is what they appeared like to me.' Fairies are 'Daemonic entities that can take many different forms depending on the culture and psyche of the person. They are the mysterious 'Other' that's always been with us, and whose form changes as we change. I believe 'aliens' are just these entities in 'scientific' form, like Jacque Vallee.' 'Even though I did not have a particular physical sensation before the event, I had a profound feeling something was about to happen. Because of this experience, I continued to have a profound interest in Faerie long after the rest of my friends had 'outgrown' it. I am pursuing a career in folklore and religion in large part because of this experience, and others I have had.'

§754) US (Kentucky). *Female; 2020s; 31-40; inside a private house*, on or near water ['we live in a river bend']; 'happened to my significant other and self, his was a more active experience mine was more of a sleep stasis'; 3 am-6 am; many hours; 'worried/scared'; 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 clouded memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'My fiancée and I moved here in February, on the property is a small far [fairy?] ring as well as multiple spots for mushroom growth (those are new actually). *** (fiancé, hubby, soulmate, non-fairy believer) woke approximately two or three a.m., dressed, walked out the door where he encountered a being that was childlike cloaked and asking for help and protection. He brought the being back to the house and (since he could not remember bits and pieces of the conversation, he came to wake me for help). He attempted to wake me. I myself am a light sleeper, extremely light sleeper, and even touching me and calling my name did not wake me. She showed him a snake and asked him to protect her from it. His impression is that he shot said snake with the pellet gun we keep, and she smiled and went along her way. He laid down on the couch after getting his cell phone for normal work time and laid down. I never heard any of it or felt him try to wake me. Throughout the day he kept telling me that he didn't remember waking dressing going outside, moving the pellet gun, and that he

felt odd. When he left for work, I woke immediately after he hit a one mile range from our home: we keep trackers in case of deer, we live in a rural farmland community. [I woke] with a sense of urgency and panic, none of our electronic devices were working until he reached his work over (give or take) thirty-seven miles away. I have more experiences but that one was the most recent.' 'Overall sense, it was him that said 'fairy' not me. As far as I know he had never really even though they did exist and called me silly when I left little things for them before we moved... Now he's skeptical but he's a little more open-minded.' 'Young, almost child-like, impression of being female, cloaked but pale skin long dress'. 'Mostly we hear a knock on the outside of our home, or my plants get moved from time to time'. 'This entire experience was probably maybe six hours in length. I personally never saw nor heard the being that came into our home. However, he had an interactive experience with said being I only got the sleep paralysis and again only one mile separated me between sleep and wake.' A fairy is 'a being within its own right'.

§755) US (Kentucky). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; 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.* 'My grandparents lived in a farmhouse in a valley surrounded by the woods in the Appalachian Mountains. There were no cell phones, and we had no video games to play so back then, we had to go outside to play. There was a dirt road that led from the house to a small pond that was on the very edge of the woods. It was quite a ways from the house. I was twelve years old at the time and one day, my cousins, siblings, and I decided to go to that pond to catch salamanders, play with them, and let them go. We got to the pond when I looked up in the woods and I saw a flower deep among the trees. I'd never seen anything like it. It was huge and it had two rows of petals. The outer petals were purple and the inner petals were pink with a yellow center. I wandered away from the others to get a closer look at this flower. It was then I realized I couldn't hear the others anymore though I don't remember walking that far. I got to the flower, and I was reaching down to touch it when I heard a giggle. I stopped and looked around, but I didn't see anyone. I couldn't even see the other children I was with at the time. I shrugged it off and reached for it again and I heard the giggle again, but it was louder. I stopped and stared at the flower and that's when I realized it was coming from the flower! It was either the flower itself or something small was hiding behind the flower. I had an overwhelming sense of fear. I slowly backed away from the flower and then I turned and ran back to the pond where the others were waiting.' 'I just know it had to be a fairy.' 'I believe fairies are real and I would like to interact with them.'

§756) US (Kentucky). *Male; 2000s; 21-30; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)*; 'two others, one who claimed he saw it, too'; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); no special experience reported.* 'I had just finished making a Frappuccino and was placing the whip cream canister back on the table, when a fairy knocked it off. It was blue, with four wings, and did not appear to have any clothing, though I only caught a glimpse of it as it quickly moved behind me and disappeared.' 'Blue, around six inches in length, four wings similar to a butterfly, no clothing remembered.' Fairies are 'quite likely interdimensional creatures, or 'out of phase' beings.' 'I have also felt elf-shot (my sister described it to me) at night, though it has been quite some time since I have. I would also say that I've seen what I would call sprites. They were about the size of a fist or baseball and were fuzzy/had a glimmer. One I saw was white and zipped up behind a tree. Then about ten to fifteen minutes later, I saw a black (maybe dark brown) one 'scuttle' across the ground in front of me. This was in a wooded area in the afternoon.'

§757) US (Kentucky). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience.* 'I'd been noticing dirt would appear on my papers, which were set in a place impossible for dirt to just pile up on it. I did some research and found out the Fae do this for fun. So I made an offering of a shiny, old button (they like shiny things, and as well, buttons, the older the better) and some berries. I saw red sparkles. Then I heard a feminine voice speak, it was very close, and I was all alone. I couldn't understand what she said. Since then, I have been seeing red sparkles fly about the house. The other day, my shower suddenly started leaking little spouts of water, and when I went to investigate, red sparkles flew out of the bathroom. I bet she was giggling, the way she flew looked playful and excited. A few days ago, I asked if I could speak to the faery, but all I heard was beautiful, indescribable, disembodied music.' 'I've taken photos of the dirt that just suddenly appears on my papers. Like it will be there, then I'll wipe it off, then I look away and there is dirt on the paper! It doesn't bother me but I'm starting to think maybe they want me to sweep the floor, ha-ha!' 'Red sparkles. Either a collection of them, like a tiny cloud sometimes in a humanoid silhouette, or a single red sparkle... This one is hard to describe. It looked strange. It looked... multidimensional, to put it into words.' 'It sounded otherworldly, calm, and serene. It was beautiful. Her voice sounded like a middle-aged woman, but sweet.' 'Well, I've heard quite a bit about faeries. A friend of mine who has supernatural experiences regularly told me that you know they are around when you see sparkles. She told me this before the events occurred, as well I know they like to play around, especially with nature, such as dirt and water.'

§758) US (Louisiana). *Female; 1940s; 0-10; on a country road ['from the backseat of a car while looking out the window, my father was driving and the car had either slowed or stopped']; 'I*

was with my parents and my sister'; 3 pm-6 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 about eight years old, and I was sitting in the back seat of the car while looking out the window. My father was a doctor and whenever there was an automobile accident, he always stopped to render aid. This was in the nineteen forties. There were only two-lane highways, so collisions were fairly common. The car might have been stopped for that reason, at the time, or we were driving very slowly, but I looked out my window on the left side, and on the shoulder of the highway in the opposite lane, was a tiny horse-drawn wagon with a tiny driver. The horse was about eight inches from nose to tail as I looked down on it, and the driver was in proportion. The wagon was kind of a dingy red, farm-type wagon. At the time I did not think the sighting was miraculous or even odd, and I didn't say anything to my parents, but all I remember is that I wanted to take the tiny beings home to play with. Although I remember it vividly, I gave it little thought for years, but in later life I started reading about elementals, and fairy beings, and realized I'd had an actual sighting. I have had no sightings since.' 'They seemed unaware of me or anything but what they were doing, which was a fairy being man driving a horse-drawn wagon, the wagon and horse about the size that could fit in an apple carton'. If seen what did the fairy/fairies look like? I saw a tiny (eight inch) horse-drawn wagon being driven by a tiny man. The wagon, horse and man all looked like real living beings, in perfect proportion. The wagon was a dingy red, the horse brown but I don't remember anything specific about the driver.' 'I heard no sounds.' 'It was on a highway in Louisiana, and no one talked about fairies. I don't remember even having heard about fairies at the time. I was about eight years old.' 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? 'I was a child, wide awake at the time, and I knew nothing about ghosts or aliens and little about angels.' 'I now believe that [fairies] exist and are basically soul-like beings that vibrate at a range of frequencies that humans can't see unless certain circumstances allow it.' 'I never read fiction or non-fiction stories about fairy beings until many years later, when I was around thirty years old, and I started reading about 'elementals' and other fairy beings in a book entitled *The Secret Teachings of all Ages* by Manly P. Hall. Since then, I have researched more. The memory of my fairy sighting is still vivid, after over seventy years.

§759) US (Louisiana). *Male; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I recall preparing for bed and my closet door (a wooden sliding door) was open. I saw several elves or fairies materialize from swirling-colored points of light. I recall them being one to two feet in height with blonde hair and they were dancing and laughing. A small turkey also appeared. I went to join them in the closet and my hands moved right through them! This event

repeated itself another three to four times over a few months. On other occasions I just watched them from my bed which faced the closet directly. My parents, brother and sisters were incredulous when I told them about these experiences.’ ‘One to two feet tall blonde hair, sharp features, some sort of work clothes or suiting.’ ‘I can’t recall, but they were singing and dancing.’ ‘The imagery of what I experienced is consistent with images I later saw in books.’ What are fairies? ‘I don’t know. Perhaps inter dimensional beings or intelligences’. ‘Can hypnosis enable me to recall more details? I think there is more I probably experienced but can’t access.’

§760) US (Louisiana). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘I’m not entirely positive it was the fae, but I really tried looking at every other possibility. It was around eleven pm. There were four tornadoes near my house, so me and my family were all taking shelter. We lost power due to the storm, so it was pitch black in and around our home. My boyfriend and I ended up going back into our house, which is a tiny house in the backyard of my family home, after the tornados had passed. We didn’t have anything else to do so we were watching the lightning storm through the windows. We were mesmerized by how pitch black it was one second, and how the next everything was lit up like daytime. As I was staring out the window, I saw something flashing in the yard. I asked my boyfriend if he could see it. At first, he couldn’t but after a few seconds he could see it. It was so strange and nothing like we’d ever seen before. He’s from New Zealand and has seen the glow worm caves, and I am from the States and have seen lightning bugs all my life. But this flashing thing in the yard was definitely not one of the two. At first it would flicker this bright blue-white light. It seemed to be responding to the lighting. Then suddenly two appeared and then three. We were so confused and were wondering if we were just seeing things. I ended up calling my dad and asked him to look out the window and described where and what we were seeing. He and my sister could see it also! None of us could figure out what it was. I wanted to go out and look at it, but it was raining, and the lightning was very close to our house. I tried looking up what it could be, but I couldn’t find anything that matched the description. The next day, each of us went out to the area where it was and there wasn’t anything but grass and wild strawberries. I’ve really tried to be logical about this, but I couldn’t find anything that sounds remotely close to what we all saw.’ ‘I have been going through a spiritual journey the past two years of my life and have recently declared myself a witch. Within the last couple weeks, I’ve been researching the fae and have considered working with them in my magic. I know that whatever we saw really might not be fairies, but I do know that the fae are said to twinkle or flash lights. I’ve heard stories of them presenting in a bright white-blue light as well. Who knows, maybe I’m jumping to conclusions. But I decided it wouldn’t hurt to share my story.’ ‘I have been opening myself up to working with [fairies]. It was also a small flashing light

that was about one to two inches.’ ‘They are nature spirits that can manifest physically in different ways. They are playful and some can be mischievous. Some cases, the fae may use different tactics to lure people into them. I wonder if my experience was a lure.’

§761) US (Maine). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; 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.* ‘I was about ten at the time. We had just moved into the house on the property a month or two prior to the sighting. It was a slightly overcast winter day, and I was sledding outside with my mother on a hill behind our house. There was a line of four willow trees on the lawn beside the house. The closest tree to the house was the biggest and oldest (forty plus years old according to our neighbors). It was light out at the time. My mother had just gone inside to get something when I felt compelled to go over to the tree. A woman’s face appeared in the tree which seemed to speak telepathically. She told me not to be afraid. She welcomed me to the land and told me that she would be my friend. I never saw the being physically again, but always felt comforted beneath the willow tree. I believe that I met a dryad spirit who watched over the children and animals on the property.’ ‘I think fairies are both spirits of particular places, elemental, and inter dimensional beings that share a lot of commonalities with us but have their own motives and are able to move between dimensions easier.’ Fairies ‘because they are connected to a place in nature’.

§762) US (Maine). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; can’t remember the time; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘We (my family and I) were on a fairy house trail on *** Island, Maine. The trail and the ‘fairy lore’ seemed fake and was all man made, but it was still very cool and very pretty. As we were walking, we saw these floating things, we thought they might be bugs, that looked sort of like stick figures in a circle. They floated around us and seemed to follow us, hovering near our shoulders, and then flitting off again. They stayed with us for most of the trail until we exited the forest. We still don’t know if they were fairies, but we have scoured the internet and no bug has looked the same. We have seen nothing similar since.’ ‘Tiny stick figures inside of a circle.’ Yes [the place] did [have a reputation], but we thought it was all fake. I wouldn’t trust myself if it had been just me but my whole family saw it as well.’ ‘I’m still not sure it was a fairy. But I don’t know what else it could be. It could have been a strange bug, but there were a lot of them, and they all acted human-like, following us, and seeming to look at our map. They almost seemed to dance in the air.’

§763) US (Maine). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; ‘it happened several times 5-10 minutes each time’; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); no special experience reported.* ‘I was

physically, mentally, and emotionally abused child and frequently sent to my room the moment I got off the bus, while my siblings were allowed to go play with friends. I would often be in my room crying feeling very unloved unsure what I did for this to take place. Several times a Faerie would appear to tell me that I was very much loved. No one else saw this person, so I can only assume that I was experiencing contact with a Faerie.' 'The Faerie looked like my grandmother. For the longest time I believed it was my grandmother. However, she said it wasn't [and this] hurt.'

§764) US (Maryland). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; no special state 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.* 'I was with my sister when we saw an orange light floating above some woods about half a mile away. At first, I thought it was someone setting off fireworks, but it didn't disappear like fireworks do. As I looked at it, I realized it took the form of whatever I thought of a pig, then a rabbit, etc. I asked my sister if she saw the same forms I did, and she said she did. After a few minutes we went into our house, and we didn't see it anymore after that.' 'Orange light changing shapes in the sky above a forest.' 'At the time I thought it might be an alien, but it seems too much a part of this planet, if that makes sense.'

§765) US (Maryland). *Female; 1940s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; can't remember the 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.* 'I was a child, in the forest by the house. I 'felt/sensed' 'Them' though I did not know what they were then. Did not actually See anything.' 'I 'Felt' Peaceful, Happy, that they were 'Little people', and was not harmful.' 'I Love them, they are Magical, and precious, and REAL.' 'I was just a small child, but it left a lifelong impression.' 'I WISH, SO Much I could really See, Feel, or Know them; as I have for SO LONG.'

§766) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; 'on a college green'; on my own* ('there were many strangers around but no one with me personally'); 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; 'interested in what was going on'; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) ('when I'm alone and very quiet); no special experience reported.* 'I saw a dryad in a tree. I was at *** for an herbalist conference in 2009. I walked into the college green, which contained quite a few old trees all around the green. I glanced up at a huge, old and beautiful tulip tree. I was admiring the tree, which was in full flower. Really gorgeous. As I looked up, I noticed a being standing on a branch quite far up in the tree at least fifteen feet up. There was no way a person could climb up there. The being had darkish brown skin, no hair that I could see and feminine clothing that looked like the flowers on the tree. I stared for a few seconds then blinked and she was gone. I didn't tell anyone for years about this and only then did I tell another herbalist friend who is also a Wiccan and understands this kind of

stuff. I always figured the tree spirit was interested in all the people there who were interested in plants, plant spirits and who were open to this kind of stuff.’ ‘Brownish skin, feminine clothing matching the tree flowers (yellow and orange).’ ‘Why a fairy?’ ‘I’ve dealt with ghosts. This wasn’t a ghost. Aliens don’t look like trees and stand in them – at least not typically!’ ‘I think fairies are beings that naturally exist in this world, slightly adjacent to our dimension, that across the veil thing.’

§767) US (Massachusetts). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; on or near water; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, 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.* ‘I was with my friend hiking through the woods after dark. We were taking psychoactive drugs I’ll admit, but I know the difference between a hallucination and what’s real. We were out late at night enjoying the woodsy coastline alongside the ocean. The woods we were exploring were like a hybrid of a sandy beach. We came across a ridge that overlooked a long stretch of beach of the Atlantic Ocean, I looked down to see the coastline and fell off it and slid down the ridge about twenty feet onto the coastline of the Atlantic Ocean. My friend followed me down and we were now both on the coastline. Somehow, we lost the flashlight that was ON which seems impossible, but it happened. I’ll never understand how this flashlight was lost. After we slid down the ridge, we rested near the ocean shore. The moon was full and started to rise beyond the ocean skyline, and for whatever reason it was really red, like really really REALLY red but throughout the night it gained its natural color back. I was astonished by the moon’s beauty at the time and gazed at it for a while with my friend. My friend was scared of it and didn’t know that the moon was even the moon and asked me what it was: funny enough. He went to go urinate and I went to go talk to him as he was coming back and that’s when I saw this ‘fairy’. This thing was so pretty and so surreal, it was fluttering up and down almost as if it were dancing or showboating, actively conveying the message like ‘Hey I’m right here, I’m right here! Do you see me? Do you?’ It was orb-shaped and looked to be about like one foot in circumference, and its color was a really bright pink. Astonished, I asked my friend many times if he could see whatever this entity was, and he couldn’t see it even though it was right in front of us, several feet away. For whatever reason I was only able to perceive it. It continued to flutter around for an instance after I asked my friend if he can see it or not, then it moved further away from me. It stopped jiggling and moved further away from me, several more feet, remained idle for a moment, then just zipped down the coastline and then I never saw it again. Its speed was supersonic. It almost looked like it teleported it was so fast. Also it was silent.’ ‘It was like a bright pink orb almost as big as a basketball.’ ‘I wouldn’t know what to classify it as, but research says that it was most likely a fairy, spirit, or angel.’ Fairies are ‘cute, pretty, and really elusive.’ ‘I want to join a

community based on supernatural things, but I have no friends that believe in this sort of thing sadly.’ ‘I know what I’ve seen. This wasn’t a hallucination as I’ve seen these while sober. This one in particular stood out the most.’

§768) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; afraid; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was walking home from work and always cut through this arboretum because I’ve always loved nature. It was fall. I documented the whole event in my psychic experiences journal the moment I got home so I have all the details. It was 10/10/2007 at approximately 4.30 pm. The foliage was starting to come out and show its bright colors. I walked into this area and saw this being about three feet tall. Male. He was wearing all earth tone clothing. It almost looked like tan burlap. He was facing the foliage and moving his hands around the leaves. He turned around and our eyes met. I immediately thought ‘Oh my God, there is that being again.’ Then I thought ‘Again?’ Had I seen this being before? I asked myself because why was that my automatic immediate thought. I thought ‘I can see him.’ And I heard in my mind ‘She can see me!!!’ Then as soon as I heard that thought he disappeared. His face was tan, and he had a bulbous nose and thick eyebrows. I intuitively felt like his job was to help the tree and bush leaves change from green to the brilliant colors of the fall. I’ve continued to walk in the same arboretum for over fifteen years every day and now live right next to it hoping I would see a being again but have not. I would love to see a picture of this being because I’m so curious to see what type of nature spirit/elemental I saw. I’ve had connections/communications with the trees and plants and realized they all have their own consciousness as well. I’ve always wanted to see an elemental again and ask if they are okay with how the arboretum is managed in terms of how the humans that work as arborists work there and what they do to nature or if they somehow are working in conjunction with them. I don’t know.’ ‘Four-foot-tall male in what looked like burlap tannish clothing. Tan face, bulbous nose, thick eyebrows, brown eyes.’ ‘I think because I am psychic, I have some developed abilities and was able to see this being. My sense was the being was surprised I could see him given hearing telepathically ‘OH! She can see me!’ Then poof he disappeared. I was so happy to see him. I think it was a fairy experience because it was fall and he was doing his job and often humans don’t see them working.’ Fairies are ‘non-physical beings that are just as real as we are.’ ‘I’d love to see them again.’

§769) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, aloof, erotic; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘I had a dream that seemed to have lasted the whole night. In my dream, a male faerie who was almost humanoid, but not quite, had a little realm in an office building, or maybe

a convention center. I was working for him in some way and had to kill several people who were physically much larger than me. I did so successfully by stabbing them in the back with a sword. I was welcomed back into the faerie's office, and he congratulated me. I was then to capture a friend and bring her to him. (This is a friend I have in waking life.) I did so by marking a paper with sigils and brought it to the friend, who immediately knew that it was related to faeries and that she shouldn't get involved. I went back to the faerie's office, and was going to tell him, then I woke up. When I awoke lying in bed, I felt a surreal feeling of being held. I use a weighted blanket, but this specific feeling has never happened before. In some way I knew it was the faerie from my dream holding me. My eyes were still closed, but I was very much awake. I heard unintelligible whispers in my ear in his voice. Nobody is normally in my room when I sleep. It was clearly him beside me. When I got out of bed, I opened my diary, which I write in every morning, and one page was covered in a dusting of glitter.' 'He had dark hair and dark blue eyes. He stood at a bit over six feet tall.' 'I heard whispering noises after I had woken up. I could not tell what words he was saying or whether it was even him causing the whispering. They were low and blended together.' 'The dream made it clear that this individual was a faerie, and the waking experience made it clear that I was being held by the same individual.' 'Faeries are the other side of the coin from humans. They live separately from us but in the same physical world. They are neither good nor evil.'

§770B) US (Massachusetts). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; [duration] 'not sure...time was distorted'; mischievous, angry, aloof, beguiling, enchanting, bi-polar, a clever smart ass; 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 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 chill before the experience.* 'To clarify, this experience is just one of many in a long line of experiences. It's not too different from a single brick that makes up the sum total of a wall. When I was very little I would see and hear things others couldn't. These beings introduced themselves to me. I didn't actually grasp what I was dealing with until later, but it was well and truly too late to turn back. I've always been sensitive to energy and the influence of forces greater than myself. These beings knew right off the bat that I was 'different'. So, they forced me to cultivate these skills, often leaving with frightening and shocking experiences that culminated in sleepless nights, nightmares, strange dreams, and being afraid of the dark. When I was around six or seven something strange began. At this point I was already well acquainted with the paranormal and mystical side of life. This started off an incidental coincidence. I went to bed one night in my grandmother's room and she had three windows. The night was particularly windy, but it wasn't anything unusual. I remember laying down, then not too long after I heard something faint. It was nearly unheard over the thumping

of the tree branches and wind scraping along the window, but I heard it. Like a low hum. I strained to listen harder then it steadily became louder. Just gradually rising in sound. It sounded like nothing else I've ever heard before. It was amazing. The most beautiful sound I've ever heard in my life. It was singing. The singing sounded like something out of a dream. It had a rapturous quality to it with wind instruments and combined with the wind. It left me on edge but spellbound. Suddenly the beautiful music became loud and intrusive; like it had been trying to attack my ears. The music drowned out all thought and sound before I blacked out. When I awoke I found myself lying on a white leather couch that had been located in this little side room. It lay underneath the stairway, next to the entrance of the downstairs apartment. It was always an odd place to me. It never felt right. I ran past it most of the time. It reminds me of a liminal place now that I think about it. Not quite here or there – it just seemed forgotten with just enough space for that couch, a small table and grandmother's typewriter. On the wall over the couch had been a puzzle. One that featured a luminating unicorn, a fantastical woodland setting with a cottage in a circular clearing. That puzzle always caught my attention. That's where I awoke in the dark. It was pitch black and the couch was freezing. I awoke to silence then slight laughter. It had been a man, yet he never showed himself. He always stayed hidden in the shadow. But he spoke clearly enough. He seemed intrusive, but curious enough. The first time I woke up terrified, froze, then ran full sprint back upstairs. He laughed like it was a joke. The next time it happened...the same thing occurred. The music, the feeling of being drawn to follow and blacking out. I eventually noticed this all went down around midnight. It would be close and when I awoke. The clock upon noticing wouldn't have changed either. It was like time had stopped or our meetings existed in a bubble. He soon gave me a name to call him by 'Gene/Ghene'. That's how he introduced himself. I was never allowed to remember much about our meetings, but I got the sense. He was teaching me things, telling me about subjects that weren't pertaining to everyday mundane activity. He was charming, cultured, but a bit of a jackass. I could tell he felt I ought to be grateful for his attention. He could be cold. I mean that quite literally. Once I got irritated and talked back, he grabbed me by my wrist, and I just remembered an intense cold sensation. He didn't harm me, but it served as a warning. I would awake disoriented and with a headache sometimes. There'd be a lack of energy. I think he drained me in some way but found my forced compliance with our arrangement as a respectable payment. This happened all under the guise of sleepwalking. He'd call with song at midnight, and I come to him in a daze. My sister caught me sleepwalking once, but I froze at the bottom of the steps. She eventually went to bed and I was allowed to move on. There were a few times where I tried to tell an adult, but neither my cousin nor grandmother ever believed me. I tried pointing and explaining. They thought it was all in my imagination. I remember once Ghene came upstairs during the day. All I can truthfully remember is long blonde hair and an expectant look at the denial of my cousin. He told me they wouldn't believe me and I was resigned. There's an erasure

of important or identifying info when dealing with the Fae. This has been true for many years. You can see their face but won't remember it. They can tell you a name, show you a place, or even reveal themselves and it won't matter, because it'll float away. My mind isn't allowed by natural law or their tampering to remember these things. All I know is that they glow, they're luminescent with strange eyes, ears and that they are stronger than they seem. They're horrifically beautiful in an unnatural way. Ghene was the epitome of mysterious, but personable. He seemed more human in his facade, but those small moments of cruelty and less than stellar moments of empathy reminded me of his unearthly nature. I'm not sure how long this went on for. I felt a deep connection or thrall with him. Truthfully, I felt like a pet. I could sense him and if I displeased him. It only forced me to become more creative in breaking whatever we had. I tried tying myself to bed, stuffing cotton in my ears, not sleeping and etc... Then one day my resolve had hardened to steel. My fears weren't greater than my need for sovereignty and freedom. When summoned, I challenged him. See, I remembered all of those fairytales I read and wondered if this was possible. I may have been human, but I too was strange and often felt bigger than I was. I'd forgotten, but that night I decided this needed to change. He was incensed. Something managed to break between us, and he finally gave me a piercing look. So I continued and all I remember is green light illuminating the space. Long story short, I won. I ended our bond, and he ended up yelling my name in rage. That caused me to run upstairs, and I passed out on the edge of the bed. When I awoke the desk had been turned over and paper was everywhere. He never bothered me again. Soon after we moved, but I did feel a little depressed doing that to him. I'm not going to lie. It hurt a bit, but I needed to be free. That experience was my first introduction to the Fae. Sadly, it wasn't the last though. It seems we're in some sort of spiritual marriage for better or worse.' 'All I remember is long blond hair and piercing glowing eyes.' Fairy music: 'Similar to evanescence, sort of. It was like mystical, airy, beautiful, sad, wind instruments, and something unearthly. It makes you yearn for it.' 'The fact that this experience is repeated in the future experiences I've had. Especially the music part. Hearing them sing and becoming seduced or enthralled. Seeing them in dreams or being lured. It fits most of the folklore and signs I've read concerning them. Most of my knowledge about them is accidental and learned from experiences. It just matches up with the literature. It doesn't help during visions, meditations, and dreams they tend to be around. Sometimes I feel like they've been watching me all my life. There's missing time, actually seeing them in the astral and in real-time. They guard me and kind of coach me at times. I do find similarities between certain Fae and alien experiences though, but I've never seen any saucers, lol.' What are fairies? 'I liken them to sharks. Alien to experience and look at. They're fantastical, unpredictable and do not care for personal boundaries. Human morals and laws mean nothing to them. Their outlook is ambiguous, unknowable and amoral. They can be so beautiful that they cause me to cry, but I'd never trust them. It doesn't matter how long they've been in my life. They are otherworldly beings and they exist.'

‘I’m just at a loss at why they’re interested. I find them fascinating, but I’d really just like to gather more info. Maybe for humanity to rebuild our relationship with them. Seriously, I’m really glad the *Fairy Census* exists!! As much, as I act like I hate the fae. I really do love them. More than I should.’

§771) US (Massachusetts). *Male; 1990s; 0-10; on or near water; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; extremely happy [‘towards the end, I was terrified’]; 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 perhaps three or four years old at the time. My father and I were attending a pool party. While we were there, he hung around with his friends while I played with the one other child who was present – a young, pale-skinned boy around my age. The kid was fun and interesting, but most of all he was very happy. The main thing I remember about his appearance was his smile. At one point, he wanted us to go into the pool. I explained that I hadn’t learned to swim yet, and he answered by saying we could go on the inflatable floating lounge chair that was perched along the side of the water. I reluctantly agreed and we walked over to the lounge chair and sat down, pushing off the side of the pool with our hands to send ourselves into the middle of the water. That was when the child turned to me and, still smiling, shoved me into the deep end of the pool. The next thing I knew, my father was diving in to rescue me while I cried and coughed up water. The weird thing is, whenever I ask my dad about the incident, he remembers it differently. According to him, there was no other child at that party, and I apparently walked straight ahead into the deep end of the pool as if I was expecting solid ground. For years, I put the incident out of my mind, hoping to forget it in time. That is, until my friend explained the folklore behind fairies, and their mischievous, often sadistic nature. I’m ever the skeptic, but I know what I saw/what happened to me and it’s apparently similar to some other stories people have had over the centuries (such as being lured into the woods or attacked by water).’ Why fairy? ‘The mischievous nature of my assaulter, combined with the fact that a witness had a very different experience of the situation.’

§772) US (Michigan). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; 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 sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘My brother and I were sitting in the living room. The dog started growling and was staring at three [the?] kitchen door. We went into the kitchen to see what he was upset about and saw a figure at the counter. We watched as it opened the dishwasher and started to load it. All the time it sang a song about honey and cakes. My brother kept his hand over my mouth so I wouldn’t say anything, but I managed to get free and said ‘hi!’ The creature stopped, looked back at us, said in voice that reminded me of the great lakes, if that makes sense, ‘Caught! I still want my honey and cakes, child!’ And vanished. They had long curly hair, were very pretty but everything was slightly longer than it

should be: ears, fingers, arms, legs. Since then, I have taken to working with the Fae and have become rather used to 'Them.' 'My dad's family is Welsh and has a history of relationships with the Fae. We always left out honey and cakes for 'Them.' Why a fairy? 'Because I can also see dead people, and this wasn't human.' What are fairies? 'A separate species that once lived openly in earth but now stays mostly in the otherworlds.'

§773B) US (Michigan). *Male; 2000s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; regular 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'When I was very young, possibly four to eight years old, I had several experiences with little people that would come into my bedroom, through the hallway and into my bedroom door. I always slept with the hallway light on because I was very afraid of the dark. I've seen entities, ghosts, spirits, and other worldly beings my whole life, but especially during the middle of the night. My earliest memories of these beings is this instance. I knew them well because they visited several times, I remember being afraid of them returning, and hiding under my sheets so I didn't have to see them. They were very short, couldn't have been even two feet tall. I remember there [them?] as a doctor or nurse. They always wanted to do medical experiments or tests on me in my bed. They never took me out of my house or bedroom, as far as I can remember, but they always came in a group, maybe three or four of them. I remember that they presented themselves as doctors and nurses so I would have a sense of trust. My parents always taught me to trust doctors and nurses and to not be afraid of them, but I was afraid of these little doctors because they kept coming into my room in the middle of the night and doing medical tests on me. I do believe the head nurse even had one of those little nurse hats with the red plus sign on it, like you would see on, like, nineteen-fifties or -sixties nurses. I was born in 1993, so this was early 2000s when this was happening to me. I remember telling my parents all the time of the different things and people and entities and spirits I would see. To me they were as real as my bed and my own hands, but my parents insisted I just had a 'vivid imagination'. I was also undiagnosed ADHD and an artist, so they thought I was just being creative, but eventually I started to believe them that it was just a dream or my imagination. I stopped seeing these entities for a while as I got a little older, but was still terrified of sleeping and could only sleep with classical music playing and a fan blasting, that was the only thing that could calm me enough to lull me to sleep. Now I am just shy of thirty years of age, and I've been seeing more beings and entities again [as I did?] around the age of sixteen or seventeen. Around seventeen years of age, me and my partner at that time were taking a midnight walk around my childhood neighborhood when all of a sudden, we saw these two UFOs hovering in the sky and we could tell they were

watching us as we watched them. We were mind-blown and absolutely convinced that we are looking at two distinct UFOs and all of a sudden, they both shot off like a stream of light and disappeared into the sky in opposite directions, ceasing to be visible to our eyes. A few years later around nineteen to twenty-one I started having intense sleep paralysis experiences with a black Smokey entity that swirls around the ceiling and watching me sleep, this entity also stood at the end of the bed in a black Smokey human form and watched me sleep a lot. I would be awake but couldn't speak or move and aware of the presence and could hear him moving around and even walking up the steps, opening doors, and closing them. I had about seven or eight sleep paralysis events, and in the last one I was greeted by a light being. At the time I assumed he was Jesus because I grew up Protestant Christian, but now I know it was a being of light and love, whatever that may be, and this being telepathically asked me if I wanted to be protected from the black Smokey figure and I telepathically answered YES immediately, and then the being was gone and I woke up. I haven't had any problems with scary entities since that day. I have however, now in the last three to five years, begun seeing and experiencing light orbs, light beings, and even capturing them on the security cameras inside my home. These balls of light show up all over and I usually see them in the corner of my eye or glimpses of them passing by but when I go to look directly at them; they end up disappearing. They show up in my fairy gardens a lot. I have gotten quite into my fairy gardens as well in the recent years, even started writing a blog about folklore, fairytales, fairy gardens, and miniatures, as well as history. I might tell my story of all my experiences on there one day, but I'll start by telling you here. I've probably missed a few things, but this is all I can remember at this point.' 'Honestly they looked like what folklore describes as gnomes, trolls, or the wee folk.' 'Just the sounds of them doing their medical tests on me.' 'Specifically, the little people reminded me of the fae or gnomes/trolls, and I have also experienced aliens, ghosts, evil spirits, and balls of light which I think are probably fairies.' Fairies are 'beings of light that protect the forest and nature and animals and possibly humans too if they're good ones.' 'A lot of it felt like strictly business especially with the little people when I was young.' 'I've had multiple paranormal experiences my whole life while being gaslit to just think I'm crazy by religion, school, family, and society. I'm glad I'm thinking for myself now.'

§774B) US (Michigan). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'For a long time in my adult life, I looked back on these memories as hours of play with my imaginary friends. I did not think that my experiences were real. Recently, this changed. I will explain why in a moment. When I was probably between the ages of eight to eleven, I would often play with two 'imaginary friends' in the garden outside my home, and sometimes inside the house as well. They were fairies that first appeared when I was gifted a couple of potted flowers for my room. Probably from my parents or

grandparents after a violin recital. One flower was white, and the associated fairy was a small, winged woman with glowing hair. She was entirely white and told me her name was Florence. The other flower was purple, and the associated fairy wore a purple dress made of petals but had pale skin and brown hair. Her name was Lila. I had very clear visions of their personalities and what they looked like, and I never really thought about if they were real or not at that time. I'd leave little notes for them by the flowers, and sometimes also milk and pieces of bread and jam. On sunny afternoons, when the light would start getting to that pre-sunset color, I would go out into our garden (and the neighbor's garden, it was so pretty!) and I would play with Florence and Lila and talk with them. It felt like a sort of daydream, and I only did this while alone. Years went by and I considered this to be imaginary play. Until last year! I went to a random tarot reader to ask her about how my graduate school applications might pan out. Halfway through the reading she stopped and looked at me with utter surprise. 'There's a FAIRY in here!' she exclaimed and proceeded to perfectly describe my childhood conception of Florence. I didn't even connect the dots until this reader said, 'the fairy says her name is Florence, and that she never went away. She is here to remind you to have fun in life, and not be so serious all the time.' I had never told anyone about Florence and Lila and was shocked at the thought that they might not be imaginary after all. Now, I have started leaving them notes and treats again. I am grateful that I was reminded of them, and get a bubbly feeling when I think about the hours, I spent talking to them in the garden. Was it all real? I guess I'll never know for sure. Sometimes I feel like I get a glimpse of small glowing lights out of the corner of my eye when I'm thinking of them.' 'Small women with long hair and wings. They glowed with the color of the flowers they seemed connected to.' 'They fit my understanding of how fairies look, and I was never afraid of them. I also did not sense that I was spiritually changed by being around them, but rather that I was existing alongside them.' What are fairies? 'Nature spirits of some kind? Perhaps they [are] a version of the consciousness of plants, water, rocks, fire, weather, etc. that exists outside of the material world?' 'For the record, I have undergone psychological testing to ensure that this story (and other encounters I've had) is not related to a mental illness or hallucinations. I do not have any conditions that would cause hallucinations or delusions, as far as we know.' 'It felt like just a normal part of my life at the time. Fun, magical, but also routine.'

§775) US (Michigan). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in a city, inside a public building (e.g. church, school...), inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; no duration given; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time; 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 sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was at a Walgreens very late at night waiting for a prescription to be filled, so I browsed around for a while. I remember thinking something on the radio sounded strange, but I couldn't pinpoint exactly what and chalked it up to it being stupid-late at night and I was

imagining things. I found a monster high doll I wanted to customize; the important thing to know here is that the hands and forearms are able to be detached and put together again, and sometimes get loose. The one I was looking at had an arm that had fallen out, and I decided to just be careful about it so I wouldn't lose it out of the box itself. There wasn't exactly a gap it could fall out of, but I was paranoid about it anyway. I was as careful as I could be, but when I got home and opened the box in order to make sure the hand didn't disappear, it wasn't there. I searched everywhere; I was more thorough about this search than anything else. I retraced my steps, checking every little nook and cranny. I went outside with a flashlight and looked, and I looked in my car. I even, and keep this in mind, checked all of my pockets several times. I went to the store and looked down every aisle I had been down, even looking under the displays to see if it had fallen under there. I spoke to the cashier as well; partially to cover all my bases, partially so that she wouldn't think I was absolutely insane or drug-addled; I had been keeping up a steady half whisper asking whatever took it to give it back, because I was running out of ways it would have fallen out or gotten lost, and someone might have overheard me. At some point while I was in the process of leaving, I felt like my hoodie snagged on something, but it didn't tear, didn't stop me, so I went back to my car and decided to accept it as a loss. In my car, right before I went inside my home, I checked my pockets again, and there it was, in my left pocket, the side that felt like it had snagged. Again, I had checked my pockets several times! I didn't have any memory of taking the arm and putting it in my pocket, I remember thinking to do that, but I for sure never did. I had and have no better explanation for what happened besides one of the folk were playing a bit of a prank on me, so I figured it was better to be safe than sorry and left some bread and honey out on my porch, and the next day I did the same at Walgreens. And then I didn't go to Walgreens for a long while because I didn't want to be recognized as the weird gal who was talking to herself and looking for a severed (doll) arm.' 'The radio sounded off in the store, not quite distorted, but just slightly to the left of normal. It was a while ago, so I can't remember what.' 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? 'Because any other explanation I had didn't fit. Because it felt like a prank, if anything, or like someone was trying to be helpful when they saw me struggling. Because there were no other outward signs besides me feeling a little off, and then hearing something odd and feeling a slight tug at my hoodie. It wasn't a ghost because it wasn't chilly, I didn't feel spooked, none of the employees mentioned anything about ghosts, and nobody had died there in living memory. And I've worked somewhere that had a ghost; he liked to knock things over and was always accompanied by a chill and was just impatient for someone to do what they promised (boyscout store/main offices, an old-timer passed, wanted his ashes spread at a camp, we were holding onto him until we were allowed to do the thing). It wasn't an alien because there was no outward sign of anything alien-like, and I'm skeptical of aliens. There's too much science in the way of aliens being here

and being so subtle and shit. Plus, it was a very minor thing, so why would aliens interfere? And angels... again, it was a minor thing, so why would an angel interfere?' What are fairies? 'Beings that are humanesque but not human-like, that are experts at evading humans when they want. There's so much we don't know about the world, it's not impossible that we've overlooked something.'

§776) US (Michigan). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'It was close to Christmas and my mother was pregnant with what would be my sister. She was around six months along and she was not in the best mood, because she was afraid that there would be another strike and my father would have no work. She was hard on me, I think, because she did not want me to expect much from Santa. I had come down from upstairs and the lights on the tree had been turned on and there were a few packages around the tree. I sadly thought that none would be for me. When to my surprise and delight these beautiful fairies about eight to ten of them were holding hands and dancing around one of the packages. They were about six to seven inches high and bright shining blue from power white, blue to a deep bright neon blue with a hint of purple. Their light was so radiant around them and made it look like had wings of light. Their laughter was bell like and they called my name. I move closer and sat on the floor. They told me not to be sad, that my mother loved me and that she was going to have a baby girl so I would have a sister. I asked them how they knew the package was for me and they said it was the little blue toy piano I wanted. I was so happy and told my mother. At first, she did not believe me but when I told her in the box was a piano and it was a blue one and she could see nothing had been moved she softened. She wanted to name the baby Angailica if a girl but named her Sylvia which means girl or Fae of the woods.' 'What I saw was many years later very much like one of the fairies in the Brian Froud Fairy deck.' 'Like beings made from blue light. Seemed somewhat more feminine in nature but hard to say.' 'Bell like with tinkling'. Fairies are 'beings that slip in and out of our dimension'.

§777B) US (Michigan). *Male; 1980s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) ('we were chanting a Wiccan chant'); 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.* 'Ok so, like, in the 1980s I had a friend who lived on *** Rd in a town called ***. I admit we'd used some Ouija boards at his house and even cast some magic circles in the yard when his family was away. We know how to cast the circles but didn't really know how to banish. Pretty risky right? But soon the whole block became one of the most haunted places I've ever seen in my life! At first, we just seen some 'fairy lights' flying around the woods. We really liked it. I'd always loved fairies

too. I was pretty stoked about casting these circles every chance we got. But soon we didn't even have to cast a circle. The place was just alive with paranormal activity. Soon my friend's two brothers would wake up in the middle of the night with a weird feeling. They'd look out their window and see a tall white figure standing by the woods. They said it had no face but had long white hair that was always blowing in the wind. Even if there was no wind! This really freaked his little brothers out. A farmer nearby even shot at this thing. I guess it dropped to the ground but when the farmer ran up to the spot nothing was there. No blood no nothing. Many of my friends had even seen this white entity bound over brier patches that were fifteen feet deep and as high as my head. Just jumped right over it like it was nothing! Of course, after hearing about this ghostly entity, I wanted to see it. So, I came over one night in hope of seeing it. My friend wanted to go outside and smoke a cigarette at about midnight, and we grabbed our flashlights and headed out into the pitch dark. Standing in the backyard talking we suddenly heard something. It sounded like little kids laughing at us from the forest. I turned my flashlight right on the spot where the voices were coming from. My flashlight died. So, my friend did the same. His flashlight died! The little voices thought this was hilarious and laughed harder at us. They sound like when you tickle a little three-year-old. But there's no way a three-year-old would be out in these dark woods alone after midnight, and in the cold. At one point our flashlights came back on. So, we shined them back at the giggling voices. Again, they both died. I was so amazed I could just stand with my mouth open. Buzzing with excitement. Suddenly the small shed nearby started to attract our attention. The door was shaking. The shed only held a lawn mower and some yard tools. And there was only one way into the shed and that door was locked! At some point we looked back at the house which should have been maybe thirty feet away. Instead, a fog had risen up, and his house looked like it was three times further away than it should have been. We just couldn't take it all in. So, I think we just turned off because we went into the house and went to sleep. Not even speaking about it. I'm almost positive if this happened to me today. I would be unable to sleep and would probably talk about it for the rest of the night until the sun came up. But no. We just went to sleep. This was the most dramatic thing I'd ever seen in my life. We did hear some pounding on the walls of the house and a closet open up on its own. I've even seen a few UFOs since that time. But none of this other stuff comes close to those little tinkling childlike voices in the dark woods that had TOTAL control over our flashlights. My friends and I still talk about that house when it's just us. They don't like talking about it in front of others outside our group of friends. But since social media started, I will talk about it sometimes. I was surprised about how many of the other kids we grew up with have stories of floating lights, and even a beach ball sized orb that 'spoke inside my head', as a girl I grew up with put it. So, it just wasn't us. I still put milk out for the fairies today at age forty-eight. Belief in the fey isn't really a choice for me. I left out some weird things that happened to use so as not to make it too long. But figured I'd share two Beansidhe (Banshee) encounters we also had in

the town with the same group of teens...¹⁸ We were heavily into the occult. Using Ouija boards and casting 'Magick Circles' from a book of magick we had bought. We usually cast these at my friend ***'s house and soon you didn't even need to cast a circle for weird things to happen. It was just haunted 24/7. One night my friend John H and our other friend John R (this will be important later that both their names were John) went walking down the road after dark on *** Road. We'd probably gone a half mile down the country road when we heard this scream! It started out like a loud owl's warble and stretched into a very human word 'John'. It sounded like something from a Hollywood horror set and it came from in the trees above us. I just stood there in the road with my mouth open in wonder. Banshee was my first thought. It was the only thing a cry like that could mean. After I shook myself out of my reverie, I noticed I was standing the middle of the road alone! Both Johns had taken off full tilt back to the house. I hadn't even noticed I was so in shock by the scream. I ran back to the house and both Johns were both pacing around the yard freaking out. I mean.... We all thought 'Banshee' and it had clearly said the name 'John' in that call. We thought one of them was going to die soon. Good news. They are both alive today. Neither died. Although John H (the one whose house we did all this at) was threatened to be shot by a kid we knew soon after this. So, either Banshees don't always mean certain death or maybe it was just warning him of possible danger in the near future? I don't know. But it was the weirdest longest cry I've ever heard in my life. I could never reproduce it with my vocal cords. And I sing in a rock band! It was just impossible to reproduce. So, if that wasn't weird enough, several months later at my house, which lay between *** and the next small town down **** called ***, I was casting a magic circle alone. I wanted fairies on my property too. So [I] decided to start casting circles and using the Ouija board as much as possible. It started out uneventful enough. I drew the circle in the earth with my sword and sprinkled the salt and holy water blessed in the name of the goddess around its border. I called for the circle to open up a boundary between the 'World of man and realms of the mighty spirits'. I had a bouvier sheep dog named 'Bear' that usually always stayed right at my side the second I left the house and walked into the woods. But this night was different. He stopped just as I got into the woods. I didn't pay much attention though because I was focused on the spell I was about to cast. Suddenly, over by the small pond through the woods, I heard a wailing/singing sounds in a language that I didn't understand. It was so loud that it sounded like was coming through a sound system and microphone. But this is rural Michigan. Zero chance of that going on in our neighborhood after dark! Again, I thought 'Banshee!' It just had to be. And now this is like the second one I've heard that year (nineteen-eighty-seven I believe) and this time I'm totally alone. I tried to be brave, but my hands and knees were shaking uncontrollably. It wasn't like hearing one with two

¹⁸ There are some references in this account to 'letters'. The account seems to have been taken from letters written by the respondent to some unknown person.

friends by my side and feeling cocky. I broke the circle with the sword and thanked all the spirits that participated in the circle. As I exited the woods there was my dog Bear, just sitting there at the edge of the forest as if refusing to come into the woods. I felt better and ran up to him for comfort and protection. Unfortunately, as I got close to him, he started whining and crying, and looking above my head. I looked up expecting to see something hovering above me! But nothing. Bear would not let me pet him and just kept backing up and crying like something was wrong every time I came towards him. I was out of there! I ran back home shaking all over. Some wizard I turned out to be. But the feeling that something was there and watching me overwhelmed me, I couldn't help myself but to be in total absolute panic. Soon after this episode my great uncle *** died after buying an old farm and drank some bad water out of the old well on the property. I'm still alive so I can only assume the Banshee was warning me I was about to lose one of my favorite uncles. It's an experience that burns itself into your memory, and I can relive it any time I sit and think about it. Like it's happening all over again...even though I was only seventeen when this happened. Seriously? Two Beansidhes?' What are fairies? 'Elementals. Spirits that were never human.'

§778) US (Michigan). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'My grandmother and I were on our porch at my cottage at sunset and saw a fairy flying past. I also have seen little light orbs floating around at sunset/nighttime. My cottage is on Lake Michigan, and our porch faces the water. There is a little stream out in front which the fairy was flying near/over. That is about all I remember as I was about five to seven and am thirteen now. I have had many other fairy experiences other than that one as well.' 'I couldn't tell very well, and don't remember too much what he/she looked like.' 'I didn't hear any fairy music I don't think.' 'I am not sure if [the place] has a fairy experience reputation, but I will be sure to research that. No, I did not know if it did prior, but I have seen many fairyish things happen around here.' 'I love fairies and I want to be friends with them and just know them in general.'

§779B) US (Michigan). *Female; 2000s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; aloof; 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've not seen them with my eyes, but in my photographs. Both encounters were at dusk or dark. Both times were in my backyard. I live on the outskirts of a small town in the country in Michigan. One encounter was in the winter and one encounter was in the summer. I have pictures of a variety of different shapes. Some look like an angel ornament you'd hang on a tree – they're bright and glowing with no detail. Some look like dragon flies with a long slender body flying horizontal with longer skinny wings. Some in my pictures look

almost like butterfly wings. They're more transparent and even have iridescent coloring. Another form is very humanoid, but no detail, just glowing bright light. It's a silhouette with a body, arms, legs and wings. I have pictures if you're interested. I also have orbs in this same location in photos. One is a bright glowing ball of light, totally opaque. Another is like it was moving in a spiralling snake shape. I'm happy to have finally found a relevant place where I could share this! 'I saw a medium once and she said we lived on a ley line. I wonder if this has anything to do with the activity?' Why fairies? 'Because they were very small. Seemed agile and were glowing and insect/humanoid like. Also because of other similar images I've found online that were like mine and classified as fairies.' What are fairies? 'Multi-dimensional beings'. 'I'm getting into energy work now. And often wonder if I was meant to have this encounter. I feel like I experienced multi-dimensional energy first hand. They were right in front of my face, but I could not see them with my eyes. But yet my photographs displayed this beautiful intense energy. This dramatically altered my perception of reality.'

§780) US (Michigan). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland, in open land (fields etc), 'on low deck of cottage'; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; 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 vivid memories of the experience.* 'During the summer and winter months from 1975-1979, I lived near the base of the ***, part of the Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore. A few times each season, I would wake to see a large band of people emerge from the woods. I was a child at the time. The same elements were present with each recurring visit. I would wake up in the middle of the night to a very bright light shining through my window at the foot of the bed. There would also be a strong, damp woody smell. I've been trying to recreate it since, and it's close to a combination of pine, peat, tamarack, and cedar. I was hit with the scent one other time while in the Adirondacks. The bright light and smell meant they were coming soon. I was always excited – nervous/anxious but never scared. I would crawl to the foot of the bed and lean on the sill, watching the edge of the woods. Soon, a long line of people (all ages) would come out of the woods. They were very happy; some were singing and laughing; others were dancing; the rest were simply smiling and walking. They would head straight toward my window, waving at me and motioning to come out and join them. I never questioned if they saw me. They all saw me. Once each person reached my window, they would turn and walk up the three small steps below and march across the deck that lined the front of the cottage. At the end of the deck, they would walk down the other steps, turn, and head to the bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. The people in this 'parade' were made of brightly colored, geometric shapes. They were like three-dimensional screen prints or woodcuts, but they looked very human,

not cartoonish. This area is considered to be sacred land with a strong Native history. It is also in line with the *** and several sunken ships; some call it the freshwater Bermuda Triangle. Near the property, a family member once found the remains of an underground house used to shelter a handful of shipwreck survivors who made it to land during the winter.' 'It sounded like faraway music, like a parade but not marching band music. I could also hear mushy, mumbled, hushed speaking. Laughter.' 'The people in this 'parade' were made of brightly colored, geometric shapes. They were like three-dimensional screen prints or woodcuts, but they looked very human, not cartoonish.' 'I have never been able to categorize this experience. After finally sharing it with a discussion group, the overwhelming response was that this must be an experience with trooping fairies. From what I've read, there are qualities that do match the experience.'

§781) US (Michigan). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; 'neutral'; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'When I was about four and a half years to about five years old, I was visited by a strange being in the middle of the night. I remember one night, I was playing with the shadows on my walls while lying in bed when I felt the urge to look up. In the corner of my room, I saw this man. He was super tall, held a wooden staff, and wore a long black trench coat with a black top hat. He tipped his hat to me and approached my bed. I was unable to move or scream as he took my hands in one of his hands while he sprinkled this purplish-blue fairy-like dust into my eyes. The next day, I told my mom the sand man came to visit me at night, but she didn't believe me and just thought I had an overactive imagination. He came to see me several more times, and the visits were always the same as the first. He never spoke or said why he was there. It was shortly after the visits abruptly stopped several months later that I lost my sight. I'm currently thirty-three and to this day, I wonder about him. Exactly who or what was he, and what was he doing there? What was that purple-blue fairy dust sprinkled into my eyes?' 'Six-to-seven-foot tall, white man, shaved head, black top hat, long black jacket, gold watch and chain'. 'I like to think fairies are connected to the nature spirits and live on a different vibrational plane of existence to us humans.' 'Later as an adult, I asked about this unusual visitor during a quantum hypnosis session. My subconscious wouldn't provide a straight answer, but I was told this being was from another dimension and had been observing me for a while. My subconscious said he was there to interfere with my ability to see beyond the veil.'

§782) US (Michigan). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 12 am-3 am; many hours; curious; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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.* 'I moved

out here in the country last June 2019. I rent my old farmhouse and an acre of land which is surrounded by a sheep farm, extremely high pine trees, and absolutely no neighbors... Heavens! At night I like to go outside in the pitch black night and gaze at the stars and the moon and I'm not sure if this has relevance or not but approximately a week and a half before the coronavirus hit America I walked outside at about 10:30-11 pm to watch the stars and I noticed that one of them was moving both side to side and up and down which is something stars do not do. So, I kept watching it until it was just above the tree line of one of the massive pine trees behind my house and it slowly moved down until it was in the middle of my backyard. There are absolutely no lights back there and although it was tiny it was very bright, it didn't feel in anyway threatening so I began talking to it trying to get it to come closer, but it wouldn't. So, I ran inside to get my phone and attempt to get a picture of it except I have a really crappie camera which caught some tiny flashes of light like fireflies except it was only the middle of March in Michigan and too cold yet for fireflies. Feeling excited about what I was seeing but frustrated because I couldn't get a good picture, I decided to take just one more and I couldn't believe that I actually captured an amazing picture of something. Not exactly sure what but I believe that it had to be a fairy. I went back inside for a while and then decided to take a look to see if it was still there and not only was it still there but above the pine trees facing northwest of my house there were three more hovering just above the tree lines! I have a couple of short videos that show multiple flashes of twinkling lights and I have a picture with what appears to be the spikes of hair swirling around some different colors. But my camera was facing in the exact same direction as it was when I took other ones in the pitch-black night. I would absolutely love to hear your thoughts about this and if you give me an email address I would love to send you the videos and pictures I took.' 'The only reason I thought of fairies is because I had told my daughter last summer that I have every kind of bird, butterflies, dragon flies and other species here so I wouldn't be surprised if there were fairies living here also but I definitely have not ruled them out to be angels either, but I would love to know.' Fairies are 'mythical creatures who live in nature'.

§783) US (Midwest). *Male; 2020s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof, erotic; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries) [I was intentionally entering a light trance state through use of setting out offerings, wearing ritual garb, lighting candles, and speaking spiritual evocations]; 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.* 'This is one of many experiences I have had after spiritually 'meeting' the being called Robin Goodfellow (also known as Puck or Hobgoblin) and several of his fairy companions a few years prior. I have intentionally had a recurrent relationship with him. This day was especially vivid

because I could strongly ‘see’ him sitting across from me at the end of the wooden table of a farmhouse, and all of his gestures and expressions, including as he leaned forward and watched me. His communication with me was more psychic than verbal but his appearance was more vivid than imagination, though it didn’t always literally appear in front of me. I would say it was somewhere between my mind’s eye and the physical world, not exactly a full-blown visual hallucination, but close. I had called to him on purpose and left offerings for him, including beer, dairy, and candles. It was slightly after noon, but the windows and blinds were all closed, and lights turned off, candles were lit. He had expected this and agreed upon this, based on past communication; I was in no way a stranger to him. I have experienced him in multiple forms but in this form, which is a common one, I see a man, approximately five-foot-one-inch, medium built, brown skin, dark hair, facial hair and significant body hair, and wearing green clothing in a formal menswear style. I spoke with him aloud, he spoke internally with me, and I completed a long ritual. I could see and possibly sense some of his feelings during this. Some of his feelings or communications to me surprised me and were not what I expected, including disagreements with me, which is one reason why I believe this was not merely my imagination. I have had many experiences with him before and since then. These have varied in tone, including intriguing, intimidating/alarming, confusing, humorous, argumentative, and emotionally intimate. I ‘met’ this spirit unintentionally before I knew much of anything about Robin Goodfellow or fairies, and before I realized who he was, and therefore first got to know him without some of the preconceptions about fairies, before later realizing his connections and learning more about his oldest folklore. I am also aware this is the name he is called by but not his full ‘true name’. I am pagan so I am familiar with interacting with various kinds of beings, but when I first met him, it was in a mundane context sitting on a couch playing a game, where I did not expect to encounter anything spiritual. I have encountered him on my own, and in ritual contexts with other people. In both my first meeting with him and the experience I describe here, the place I was staying was a rented house for a short-term stay rather than my actual home. However, he is also welcome in my actual home, and I have had experiences with him here too.’ ‘I have had human ghost experiences in the past, as well as experiences with deities of my main pantheon (Norse); Robin feels like something importantly different. Categories are imperfect, and I was uncertain what category to place him under for a while and very confused! He was evasive about it for a while. Then I connected some things together and he and other trusted sources (tarot, trusted deities) confirmed he is the spirit called Robin Goodfellow. This means I also have books to turn to for some folkloric information about him, and I believe I am interacting with the same being.’ Fairies are ‘otherworldly beings, just as real as humans are (we are otherworldly to those in a different spiritual realm), some of them may have previously been human before dying and becoming something else, but some were never human to begin with.’

§784) US (Midwest). *Female; 2020s; 11-20; in a city, inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; no special experience recorded.* 'In one case, I saw a winged creature in a golden orb playing with my aunt's cat and the cat was trying to get it. When the fairy saw that I have seen it, it vanished into the wall.' 'A winged humanoid creature in an orange orb.' 'The fairy [I] have seen look similar to the fairies in books.' What are fairies? 'They're nature spirits.'

§785) US (Midwest). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I think that I was just 'at peace' with everything in the moment'; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye that kept moving. I turned to look, thinking it was some sort of bug. As I was focusing, I realized I was looking at a human-like shape, hovering with tiny wings flapping and legs dangling. It seemed to me that, when it realized I was seeing it, it nodded its head to me. Then it fluttered off towards the wooded area.' Why did you decide this was a fairy? 'By what I saw and what I knew about fairies at the time.' Fairies are 'another form of energy being which coexists with us, perhaps drawn to our energy.'

§786B) US (Midwest). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; 'recurring dream'; on my own; can't remember time; can't remember duration; friendly, curious; regular supernatural experiences; no special state; unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'When I was a child, I had a dream of what I described to my mother as Peter Pan. In my dream we had an instant bond and he instructed me to meet him in the living room behind the couch when I woke up. I did as he asked and then when he never showed up, I cried so hard my mother woke up and rushed to find what was wrong. As a teenager I had another dream with him in it and he told me his true name. It was the same bond the familiar feeling. He was tall and skinny, very pale with big eyes that were so blue they were almost white, and slightly pointed ears. He was wearing a greenish brown tunic that was clasped together at the throat with a wooden toggle. I don't remember many details except him. When I woke up, I felt that loss again. I quickly drew him on what I had available, my wall, and I repeated his name 'Tolimates' which is not quite his name but as close as my waking brain could remember. Last summer I again met him in my dream. It started out as a regular lucid dream where I was wondering around the block that I grew up on. At the house of my Irish neighbors I saw him and we embraced. It was that instant knowing. We walked across the street to my friend ***, and we were talking when a whole bunch of others like him started coming towards us. There were maybe ten or more. I was frightened at first that these fucking fairies were coming at me and then I was instantly culled [called?]. My mind kept telling me to keep on guard, but my body would not comply, and I knew I was in a dream, but I could not wake myself up. The other Fairies outranked Tolimates so he was not able to help me. They pushed a button on this silver disk, and it grew really long and funnel like and one of them

pushed it up into my lady parts and they had me walk around. The whole time I was trying to wake up screaming to myself, but I was in sort of a trance. Once I did wake up, I was frightened by it for months unable to fall asleep with the lights out, and several times waking up in a full blown panic attack.' 'First one was taller than a regular person thin and his eyes were big and so blue they were almost white. He had short brown hair and slightly pointed ears. The others were much the same with varying sex and hair color.' Fairies are 'not to be trusted'. 'I know this happened in a dream, but since I was young, I was able to lucid dream. I know that the first one I met I have met before. The others in my most recent experience is not friendly. I have encountered ghosts and other spirits before, and these were different. Aliens... I don't know I just feel like it's all connected somehow. So, to answer my gut.' 'The last time I was on mushrooms I encountered these glowing blue lights on the ground. They were tiny the size of a pea, I feel that if I had followed them, they would have taken me to fairy.'

§787) US (Minnesota). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to 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 was a display put on specially for you, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'My friend and I visited the stump of a recently fallen, beloved old willow tree in my backyard. We encountered spheres of colored light rising from the stump and floating around it. They behaved playfully. On subsequent visits to this spot, I've repeated the experience many times, although frequency diminished over a period of several years. They seem most active from May Day to Halloween but can also be seen in winter.' '[Fairies] generally take the form of balls of light, but on rare occasions briefly assume anthropomorphic form.' '[Why fairies?]' The beings seem closely tied to plants or trees, so a nature spirit or fairy paradigm seems a better fit than aliens/ghosts/angels.' '[Fairies are] Nature spirits with subtle energy bodies capable of assuming forms we can understand.'

§788) US (Minnesota). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; 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 experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'My friend and I had been walking home at dusk after a long walk, we were both either eleven or twelve and didn't have cell phones yet. I had been out a little too late and thought my dad would be worried so instead of taking the long way home I wanted to take my usual shortcut home through the woods. Although there is a path, the woods were very dark because of the summer leaves. We were both scared and even hesitated, but I convinced us that we would regret not going through the woods like not going on an amusement park ride. On we marched into the woods with both our stomachs in knots. After a short while, we heard crunching directly next to us like

footsteps on leaves but also the crunching of an aluminium soda can. All we had were iPods where I could use light from the screen, my friend knew what I was going to do and said 'don't do it'. I took my iPod and shone down at the ground where I had heard the sound, what we saw still makes my stomach turn. Only two legs covered in red brown fur with black shiny hooves. I didn't even shine the light up any higher but I'm sure the creature was at least six feet tall. We both didn't say a word and instantly started running, we ran so fast all the way out of those woods, from there I don't even remember what happened besides talking to my dad who was very worried because he also had a bad feeling in his gut and was about to come looking for us. I'm not even sure if this qualifies under the faery side of spiritual encounters, but the town my father lives in typically has these couple hours of the day usually between 5 pm to about 11 pm where things get really weird through the whole town. This isn't the only encounter me and this same friend have had around the same area but it's the one that scares me the most.' 'Only two back legs of a horse, red brown fur, black hooves.' 'Crunching leaves and trash.' 'I've experienced a lot of weird things in the town.' 'With demons you usually hear bells while walking into demon territory and get very dizzy. None of that happened, it makes more sense to be a fairy because in lore there are creatures that are half man half horse, or half goat, or to just look frightening in general and fairies have been known to scare people to energetically feed themselves. This fae could have seen that we were a bit scared to walk through the woods and was either checking out the situation or feeding off of us.' 'Just like people, they can be kind, or mean and everything in-between.' 'I have had many experiences of Faery. Some more eventful than this. But I'm comfortable sharing this one. An experience somewhere between waking and sleep that wasn't exactly a dream.'

§789) US (Minnesota). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; can't remember the time; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was playing in the yard when I saw a child with amazing beauty come out of the wood line and she asked if she could play with me. We played for a while, and I noticed a shimmer of what looked like wings behind her back. I asked her about it, and she told me she would see me again before running back to the woods.' 'Like a child at first, then a teenager.' 'Like a sweet sound. Very calming.' 'She was too real to be any of those things' [ghosts, aliens etc]. Fairies 'can be menacing at times, but very friendly'.

§790) US (Minnesota). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I was in my house. I have a small den with a very small closet to the left of the doorway and a large bookcase on the wall opposite the closet. It was about 10 AM. I saw a bipedal creature, about two feet tall and covered with fur, walk across the doorway inside the den, from the bathroom, and apparently through the

bookcase and wall of my house. (I couldn't see it on the outside.) I was looking straight at it. It didn't pay any attention to me. It looked a bit like a bipedal porcupine.' 'It was most consistent with descriptions of some kind of fairy.' 'About two feet tall. Bipedal, but hunched over. Covered with hair or fur.' 'There are stories of puckwudges in my area. Also called 'bagwagininee', they are essentially ojibwe fairies, according to the Ojibwe nation website. My daughter had always said she thought there were fairies around our house, and we have a fairy circle in our yard. What I saw looked much like puckwudges are described.'

§791) US (Mississippi). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; a few minutes and hours; friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof, comfort, calming; 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 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, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Heard and felt something in my room late. Only light from TV. Playing with new upgraded phone. Turn on video pan around the room. Play it back, wrap up in my bedsheets. There he was chilling watching, *Leave it to Beaver* with me. I have pictures, everyday experience. Freaked me out at first. I didn't think they really existed. They are everywhere, even under my house. Some don't like me, since I found out about them. They know that I know they are here. Some seem to want a relationship with me. I don't know what to do, how to act. I always knew something strange was going on in the house and there were so many of them. I feel privilege [about] the ones who let me know they are around. But I could have gone through life thinking they only existed in movies. The Fae's standards of living are a little higher than mine, lol.' 'Ugly, green, white beard, pale.' Fairy music? 'Real high pitch'. 'I have good clear pictures, hear running little feet. They don't try to hide. Hear them all time see them in photos.' What are fairies? 'We are all God's creatures.' 'I need one-on-one good advice, [for someone?] to come to my house.'

§792B) US (Missouri). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; in a city, in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; 'months'; friendly, mischievous, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'For months I saw a fairy playing in my mom's flower pots on her back porch. She had a garden. It [was] about maybe ten inches tall, color of a shadow, pointy ears sitting on top of its head, pointy feet and hands. It would be jumping in my mom's flowerpots. When it noticed I could see it, it would look at me and laugh. It looked very mischievous. I have seen bigger fairies in her tree she had planted in the backyard and in the neighbors' backyard. My mom has a new garden and in a new house. They are still there. They are very bright, and you can feel them. People who don't even believe in spirits say they feel fairies in my mom's backyard and it's a beautiful feeling. The ones I've seen

and feel now are bright and good energy. The bad ones seem to be gone now.’ ‘They would mimic sounds and people in the house.’ ‘Some were big and some small. Some were black like shadow and others looked human with pink skin and heavy beards.’ ‘They said they were fairies.’ Fairies are ‘children of fallen angels’.

§793) US (Missouri). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, angry; 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.* ‘I have always had a fascination with fairies and always longed to see one but never had. I have also always been a very heavy dreamer (at night), and though when I was a child I could lucid dream I do not possess this ability anymore. I do still very often have very vivid dreams, this dream was different. Even though I’ve never seen a fairy, I still try and communicate with them by ‘asking for help’ when I need it, whether it be for protection, healing, or making ends meet financially. I’ll do this by asking for the favor in my mind and often writing it down in my journal and creating a sigil or drawing to go along with it. I thank them and ‘do my part’ in repaying them by doing my best to respect and honor nature. Cleaning up trash, taking care of animals, plants, etc. Anyway, one night before I went to bed I thought, ‘I really want to see fairies tonight!’ Hoping I would dream about them. Now, as much as I am a vivid/heavy dreamer, and even when I had the ability to lucid dream, I have never been able to choose what I will dream about. I had tried in vain in the past to dream about, say, a person I had a crush on, but it never worked, no matter how much I wanted to. That night I had a dream. I dreamt I was in a garden and it was a very dark night. I don’t even remember any stars. I was walking through this very dark garden when I came across a fairy woman sitting on a toadstool. I don’t know if I was “shrunk down” or the vegetation/surroundings were abnormally large, because the toadstool (which was a classic fly amanita) was taller than I was, and very broad. The fairy sitting atop the toadstool was almost twice the size of a normal human, and I looked up at her as I passed by. She was sitting cross-legged on the mushroom and had on a dress made out of a purple flower. She had translucent, iridescent butterfly wings coming out of her back, and had caucasian skin complexion, messy strawberry blonde hair that was pulled back, and dark lips, possibly she had lipstick on. She looked like a ‘traditional’ Tinkerbell type fairy. But she had this horrible expression on her face. She looked angry, or extremely annoyed. Her brows were furrowed and her lips were down-turned into a frown, and she was glaring down at me. I was kind of afraid of her, and didn’t want to upset her (further). As I sheepishly walked past her, I kept my head down and only looked at her out of the corner of my eye, afraid of her and not wanting to anger or upset her. She didn’t say anything. Next I came to another part of the garden. This area had a bit more illumination, kind of a silvery light like moonlight.

There was another fly amanita toadstool, also enlarged, and I was facing it head-on. Atop it was a creature I find hard to describe. It was a bulbous, lumpy, hairless, white/pinkish flesh colored creature. The face kind of reminded me of a blob fish. The blob fish head sat atop of fat, blob-like body, that was all the same color and consistency of pinkish flesh. Other than the head and the body, it seemed to have legs or feet tucked under it while it was sitting upright (although I couldn't really see them, but I got the suggestion of them), and short, fat arms that rested on the front of its torso, as if he were to clasp his hands together in front of him over his chest, but they weren't long enough to reach each other. Even though he had this very strange appearance, I was not frightened of him like I was the other fairy. He had a light, welcoming, and friendly energy to him. He was looking at me with eyes that were just two black dots in his face, and he seemed to smile with his weird blob fish mouth, and I heard him say to me telepathically, 'If you need anything, you need only ask.' That was the end of the dream. Like I said, I have vivid dreams frequently, but this dream felt different. Even more intense. It's hard to explain. I felt like it was a direct response to me asking to dream about fairies. And while I could see how it would be easy for my mind to conjure up the form of the first fairy I saw, since it looked like a 'stereotypical' fairy, I honestly don't know where the form of the second fairy who spoke to me came from. And yet I 'knew' that he was a fairy, too. Although this did not occur in waking life I still consider it a valid experience. I tried one other time to dream of fairies, and while it did work it was much less vivid. I can't even remember the details of that second attempt now, but I know there was no verbal contact. I hope one day to see fairies in waking life.' 'Fairies are ancient beings that are tied to nature but also exist multidimensionally. I believe they predate human existence.'

§794) US (Missouri). *Male; 2000s; 51-60; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; 'shoved out of bed while sleeping'; no special supernatural experience.* 'One day, while alone, heard someone invisible, clearing their throat near dining room table within house. I went to investigate and saw nobody until I blocked sunlight from outside sliding glass door and table. Person/being materialized and looked like a short man, bearded with outdated, floppy clothes and topped with equally floppy hat! He was grinning from ear to ear! He disappeared. The next day, after returning from grocery store and while putting away groceries, both myself and mother heard vocalization from same dining table area. It scared us both! Especially my mother! It sounded like hooting from an owl. I went over to previous area but saw nothing. Mother, frightened, said she never wanted to hear that sound again!' 'Description fits fairy folklore and mischievous nature of being's actions/appearance.' Fairies are 'one of

many different types of elemental beings.’ ‘Poltergeist activity aimed at physically harming me! Felt like spiritual warfare until recently.’

§795) US (Missouri). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; calm, and curious; occasional supernatural experiences; [‘during a burst of concentration trying to create a smokey eye with makeup’]; no special experience reported.* ‘In my peripheral vision, I saw this beautiful, adorable, pink orb. It looked like it was fluttering in place, as if it had large butterfly wings. I looked directly at it, and it disappeared. I quickly looked away and it popped back out of nowhere still with fluttering pink wings. I did not see any face or body; it did not let me look directly at it. It was a bright beautiful pink. I didn’t feel scared, but I was too shocked to greet it.’ ‘Pink orb with large butterfly wings. No sex was seemed [? The sex was not clear?]. It seemed calm, curious.’ Why a fairy? ‘I had created a fairy door leading to a fairy garden. I had it set up for a little while now and I have been reading more and more about fairies and their energy, lightworkers, incarnated elementals, etc. I also can’t recall a ton or much of any angelic communication throughout my life and I do have some Celtic heritage.’

§796) US (Missouri). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; can’t remember the time; one to two minutes; ‘stern like scolding a child not to touch a hot stove’; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘severe, almost painful craving for scrambled eggs and rice’; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘There was a fairy ring by my grandmother’s garden. I asked my grandmother what this ring of gross mushrooms was (back then I hated the way mushrooms looked) and the air changed. All of a sudden, I had complete and total concentration and my grandmother felt like someone, or something else took her over and told me that it was a fairy ring and not to go in it. I did anyway. I stepped completely into the fairy ring and had a weird feeling in my stomach. I asked my grandma if she could tell me more about the fairy ring and she said she had no idea what I was talking about. I stepped out and crushed the mushrooms. My life has been full of weird coincidences and bullshit. Like my luck is bad enough to get me into situations but good enough to get me out.’ ‘I wonder if apologizing to them in or as close to the same spot that I destroyed the fairy ring would make any sort of amends.’

§797) US (Nebraska). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; friendly, joyful; no supernatural frequency given; no special state reported; 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.* ‘My sister and I were home alone, and dwarfs came through a light portal outside, then came into our house and told us not to be afraid and that they had come to babysit us for the day, and that is just what they did. We played in our bedroom most of the day. They even made us peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and were on our table

and countertops getting the supplies out to fix our food and drinks. I remember four to five of them and they looked like classic dwarfs. I will never forget the experience as long as I live and neither has my sister.'

§798) US (Nebraska). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; not a humanoid apparition and no character/ mood revealed; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I don't remember the date or how old I was, but it was summer and I was probably eight to eleven years old which would date it to summer 1959-1962. It was evening and the lightning bugs (fireflies) were out. I was with my father on the front yard lawn when I saw a fluorescent/ neon zigzag of light (six to twelve inches long) in front of me. It had nothing to do with the fireflies and was a purple/ yellow/ green color similar to the zigzag of light I saw in California in 1958 when I was seven and a half years old (described in a previous submission). I asked my father if it was a glowworm and from his rather confused/ hesitant reply I realized that he did not see it. It only lasted a few seconds.' The place had 'no reputation for abnormal apparitions'. 'I do not think it was a fairy experience. I guess it was either an aberration of my eyesight or...??' What are fairies? 'No idea'. 'I experienced two unusual light phenomena in childhood and have never experienced them again (as of age seventy-two) so have absolutely no idea what was going on. I suppose the easiest explanation would be that my eyes were 'playing tricks on me'.

§799B) US (New England). *Male; 2020s; 41-50; in a private house; on my own; can't remember time; 'multiple encounters'; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no state reported; profound silence before the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'There is a family of what I would call gnomes living in my home. They seem to congregate in my upstairs closet. The closet isn't big enough for them, so I feel it's a portal of some kind. There is quite a lot of faery activity in the area as well.' 'They look like gnomes with red conical caps.'

§800) US (New England). *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland, on a country road; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; angry; 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, 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 working out in an old wood area recently where only one house is located. I was doing work at this house which is all but populated [unpopulated?]. I was alone and working on the wooded side of the house when something made me alert. I was unable to shake this almost paralysis before hearing something spoken toward me from behind. I couldn't understand it so I turned and saw, well a thing I can't explain. It spoke in a language I didn't understand. It eventually brushed me off and stepped aside. After I regained my senses, I walked to see where it went and couldn't find it. I returned to my vehicle and returned home cancelling my job out in this area.' 'Tall and leathery

skin, brown in color. They had curly matted hair and piercing eyes. A long nose and oddly shaped mouth.' 'No sounds were in the wood but this being when it spoke.' 'It has tales of pukwudgie but not fairy'. 'I just want to learn more and maybe actually begin research into this'

§801) US (New Hampshire). *Male; 1960s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; can't remember the time; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'At an old cellar of a long-gone cabin, I became aware of the presence of many spirits, some living in the area and some passing through in their travels. I did not converse with or see them, but their presence was quite clearly felt. I later asked others what their impressions of the area were, and the answers confirmed my feelings.' 'I am aware of the presence of fairies and other sprites when I am near nature. It does not have to be wild nature; a stand of trees or wildflowers will do.' 'I don't know about aliens, but ghosts, angels, fairies, and a variety of other sprites are very different from one another.' What are fairies? 'They are people, of a different sort than we are.'

§802) US (New Hampshire). *Male; 2000s; 61-70; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; aloof; occasional 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I volunteered to invoke a member of the Fairy Court and facilitate one of several stations on a 'Quest' during a gathering of my tradition. The quest took place on a trail through the wood, high on a hill in New Hampshire. Prior to the quest I was given instructions by the entity I was to 'step aside for' (invoke) on how to prepare three sets of items/charms/talismans for 'the challenge of the bowl, bag, or box'. Each of the people who came to our station was asked to choose between receiving an item from a bowl, bag, or box. Then they got to ask questions of the entity I had invoked. For close to five hours, we stood on the trail in the deep woods with 'questers' swatting at mosquitoes and biting flies. After the quest was over I had not a single insect bite. Nor did any of the other six people who facilitated the other stations and invoked other Fey entities. I am six feet tall and weigh over two-hundred pounds yet several questors with lights and candles either walked right by me or ran into me even though I stood directly in the center of the trail. Several different large beings/animals were heard roaming/charging and making noises around in the woods near us. When they got too close the entity working through me would turn and shout at them in a language I did not understand, and they would retreat to a respectful distance. After the quest was over and I had help coming back into my body it was near sunup before I had recovered enough of a sense of myself to settle in and get some sleep.' 'The folks who met him addressed what I took to be his face which was above where my face is when I stand upright.' 'Offering have been made to the fairy court every year on this land. This was the first year that a quest was

held.’ ‘Keening, murmuring, sometimes shouts or roaring.’ ‘The Fey have an energy and vibration about them that is distinctive and unlike anything else I have experienced.’

§803) US (New Hampshire). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; extremely anxious; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘My husband and I took a trip into the mountains to camp for a few days. We hiked to the camping sites around a large pond and stayed for a few days. It was during a tropical storm, so it rained quite a bit. The entire time I felt like something magical was alive and well there. Even while collecting drinking water in the pouring rain, I felt a sort of serenity being surrounded by these woods. The second day we were there, we made the decision to hike down the mountain and back to the parking lot and head to the nearest store. It was still raining when we left. After an hour or two of getting supplies, we drove back. The road leading to the parking lot was a narrow dirt road, the right side surrounded by a wall of steep mountain woods, to the left a cliff dropping off into a gushing river. While heading up the road, another car was heading the opposite direction. Being courteous, my husband pulled his jeep to the side to let the small car pass safely. Unfortunately, due to the weather, the side of the road gave out under my husband’s jeep, and we got stuck. We were lucky enough that the rain cleared up and the sun was peeking through the trees as we tried for over an hour to get it out. We were at our wit’s end and about to give up and begin walking back to town when my husband sighed and said he’d give it one last try. I was scared, because if he hit the gas too hard there was nothing to keep his jeep from jumping the cliff into the river. I stood a little way away in the road watching my husband punch the gas as hard as he could. I was so scared hearing how loud the friction of his wheels hit against the dirt. It was then that a small moth, with wings so blue it almost glowed, seemed to hover in front of my face, as if it were looking at me. The noise of his tires seemed to dim, and a wave of relief came over me, and I felt calm. In my head, I heard something say: ‘it will be okay’. And it flew away. That’s when he finally broke free of the crumbled dirt road and hit the brakes just in time to keep from going over the cliff. I don’t know if this is a form that fairies can take, but something inside of myself that hadn’t thought of the fairies in a long time immediately said it was a fairy. I gave an offering of thanks in the woods when we got back to our camp, and I truly feel without the help of whatever that was, the situation could’ve gone very wrong.’ ‘A moth, baby blue wings, more vibrant than I’ve seen before.’ Fairies are ‘spirits of another realm’.

§804) US (New Hampshire). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; on or near water; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (‘I was on a boat paddling by myself’); 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 sudden chill before the experience. 'I took the paddle boat alone out on the Lake Winnepesaukee when I was around seven years old at Girl Scouts camp. We were supposed to take the paddle boats in pairs or groups of two or three, but I wasn't listening and decided I was a strong enough paddler to take the boat out by myself. It was a great trip, though the cabins especially the toilets were scary, and it was a dark cloudy and chilly at night (summer) despite the bonfires we built and girl scout songs we sang. The part of the lake that I paddled the boat on was swampy and green. I remember looking past the yellow reeds and dead leaves floating on the surface of the lake, and I saw a face looking back at me, but it very clearly wasn't human, and it very clearly wasn't a snapping turtle because I have seen those before, as well as frogs near the ponds and canals where I live. No, this was a bulging eyed face, with a body that seemed to extend far beneath the water, and I had the feeling of it being very large. I felt immediately that this was a fairy or some kind of river troll. It blinked at me and smiled, and then I heard my mother who was a girl scout leader calling for me to paddle back. Everyone on the shore was very concerned about my safety out on the lake alone, even though I had been wearing a life jacket and was a careful paddle boater. I remember looking back and the face was still there, now half submerged in the water. The fairy had long strands of kelp like hair, and these giant, very black glassy bulbous eyes such as a frog or a fish. It blinked at me, and I could see that yes, it was very big from the size of its mouth. The fairy's mouth looked like a line, like someone had drawn a gash or split on its face. There was something cartoonish about the way it obviously wasn't a frog or a turtle and seemed to be humanlike and friendly. I blinked at it and just paddled away. As I headed back to the shore, to be with my concerned peers and girl scout leaders, I glanced once more back over my shoulder at the fairy among the reeds. It slowly sank back under the water as if to say goodbye, and I saw bubbles, human-like blowing bubbles, float up to the surface. After this happened, I felt very alone, and the sky was getting dark, so I hastily paddled back to shore. I didn't tell my mother, but I did tell my fellow girl scout friend, who we used to play unicorns with. She seemed to understand but, in the end, told me it probably was just a big frog. To this day I still don't know if what I saw was a fairy or a troll or what.' 'I just saw its face and head poking half through the surface of the water, and the rest of its body was imagined but seemed to be very deep and very large underneath the water.' 'I believe this is real, at least to me.'

§805) US (New Jersey). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'Fairy was on roof of house.' 'Filled out [the census] for nine-year-old daughter who saw it on roof of sister-in-law's house during birthday party for her cousin.'

§806) US (New Jersey). *Male; 1990s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; curious and watchful; 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.* ‘In a wooded area by a stream thought I saw figures in the woods that were like shadows. Felt I wasn’t alone.’ ‘Blended well with the plants and shadows.’ ‘It is my impression that it was faery folk.’ What in your opinion are fairies?: ‘They exist.’

§807) US (New Jersey). *Female; 2020s; 21-30; 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 experience; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘We just set up a fairy garden a couple of weeks ago. My relative and I were having a small bonfire in the backyard. Behind the tree where the fairy garden was, I saw a bright white light in the distance, it was about the size of a dime. It reminded me of a lightening bug. At one point I saw two of them! It would glow for a few seconds and then die down again. Although, it was not a yellow or a greenish glow. The light was a bright white light, and it was glowing. The white was so bright it looked supernatural. I said to my relative, ‘Hey! Do you see that light over there?’ I wanted to make sure I wasn’t seeing things. I ran over to it with my flashlight on my phone, I was searching for a bug, I wanted some kind of explanation. I saw nothing, I combed through the grass and looked on every leaf. Nothing. As soon as I came over with the flashlight the lights stopped immediately. I sort of brushed it off when it happened, but now as I’m thinking about it more and more, I believe we saw two fairies that night.’

§808) US (New Jersey). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘I may have been lonely, I was an awkward kid’; 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 walking our neighborhood with a friend, and I was telling her that my family came from a long line of people who lived in the woods. In the story, I told her that we hid from people at first, but then we got used to being with others and so we gradually came out and decided to live among people. My friend looked at me funny, and I said, ‘no, it’s true! I can even talk with the little people who live in nature. See this puffball? I’ll knock to see if they’re home.’ And I knocked. The damn thing knocked back. Two quick short knocks. I was shocked, she was shocked and said that she didn’t believe me until she heard the knocks herself. I was making the whole story up.’ Fairies are ‘part of the unseen world, natural beings.’

§809) US (New Jersey). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in a city [‘on a road heading away from the town center’]; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘This happened in a small city in central NJ. We had left the center of town and were walking up an avenue (picture the suburbs – front yards and

streetlamps) at around 10.30-11 pm. We were both sober and heading back to my friend's apartment. It was late fall, the street was empty, and we were walking on the sidewalk. As we passed under a large lamp while crossing a side street, a gust of wind blew a bunch of leaves towards us and a shadow that was moving against the leaves caught my eye. It happened in a matter of about ten seconds, and I wasn't startled or anything, just completely transfixed on this small, disembodied shadow that ran towards us. It was as if something invisible was casting the shadow; it came within about three feet of our legs, paused, then turned and ran into the middle of the empty street and vanished. The streetlamp was bright, and the surrounding area was well-lit, which made the shadow very stark. There was nothing corporeal about it, just pure shadow on the ground. It caught my eye immediately because it was clearly separate from the gust of leaves, although it mingled with the leaf shadows for a few seconds. After it disappeared, I was sort of in disbelief and calmly asked my friend: 'Did you just see that?' She was shocked because she was watching it too and was transfixed but wouldn't have said anything if I hadn't mentioned it. Afterwards, I started looking up regional folklore and knew that the area was initially Lenni Lenape territory. Wemategunis are part of the Lenape mythos and they're small wood sprites that can become invisible according to some stories. I believe there is overlap with the forest spirits of the Americas and the Fair Folk in Western Europe. We got so close to this little disembodied shadow hurrying along a road at night, I don't know what else it could have been.' 'The more I've thought about it since the experience, the more I think that faeries are a range of ultraterrestrial beings which probably include what people experience as aliens or ghosts. I didn't feel scared when I saw it, I felt a quiet sense of wonder and surprise. It moved with intention and didn't seem to even notice us, just hurried along its way.'

§810) US (New Jersey). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; 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; 'I was just happy, listening to music and blowing bubbles for the Forest'; 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, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'Walking through the woods I was lured to a tree that was toppled over into another one. The sunlight was hitting the tree at the most perfect spot. I had to see the tree in person! I walked over and the tree barked at me... I couldn't figure out where the bark like sound came from, so I kept taking pics of the tree. It happened again and I then again started a video. I don't have the video of the actual faeries but caught a flash of light and what seems like a vibration through the entire screen. The other pictures in the forest some of them also have this flash of light. This was my first encounter. Since then, I have been lured to faerie folklore, even randomly ended up at a faerie garden where the same flash of light comes through in my pictures. I was led to another ground close by that again, I felt the presence and saw the setup of their

homes made from trees and different things. Again, the same light flashes through my pictures at the third location. I have all these pictures in different places to confirm.’ Someone told me they thought it was faeries. It seems appropriate as I now randomly find faerie places. Before June 26, 2020, I had never thought of faeries but as a tale in Peter Pan. However, I am fully convinced they exist now and have felt their presence, heard their whispers, and seen flashes of light in places I felt presence.’

§811A) US (New Jersey). *Male (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1930s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who shared the experience; no time reported; no duration reported; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘(Late 1930s/early 1940s) In the evening, inside their home, my father, and his older brother saw a dwarf on the top landing of the stairs. They were looking up at it. It was two to three feet tall, wide girth, had a wide belt with large buckle, and boots. The dwarf had a long beard. My father didn’t say if they left, or it disappeared. Dad would have been about five to seven years old, and his brother in his teens.’ ‘My father thought they might be from another reality.’

§812) US (New York). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; 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, 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 sleeping in bed next to my sister when all the sudden I was awoken. Flying above me was a little fairy girl in a green dress with brown hair. I remember feeling like I couldn’t move or speak but I also was in such awe that I didn’t even try to wake up my sister. The girl was smiling at me, and I felt peaceful and happy, I was definitely not afraid of her. After what felt like a minute or two, she either disappeared or I fell back to sleep, I can’t remember that part but I do remember consciously thinking: ‘What the hell, is happening. This isn’t a dream.’ Fairies are ‘mystical creatures – just like another species like human or animal.’

§813) US (New York). *Male; 1950s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; ‘quite ill’; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was home in bed with the measles. The bed had rails, so I was three to four years old. I likely had a high fever, because I recall the doctor doing a house call. A small fairy with wings came into the room and flew around the bed for a minute or two. I’ve always put it down to fever dreams, but I recall it sixty years later in full detail. Hallucination or not, you decide.’ ‘A winged fairy, probably three to four inches.’ ‘No sounds I recall.’ ‘It was our family home.’ Do fairies exist? ‘I don’t know.’

§814B) US (New York). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland, inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; aloof, curious and startled; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running upstairs), you were very sad; 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 two experiences in the same place at different ages. At the age of eight I saw a fairy. It was a small creature, no bigger than a bird and had wings like two leaves pasted to its back. It was too shady for me to say for sure what color the fairy was, but if I had to settle on one, I would describe the fairy as the color of mud. It had dark eyes. We made eye contact while the fairy was resting on a glass sliding door. It rested there for no more than a minute and then flew off. Immediately afterwards, I ran to tell my mother the news about what I had seen. My second encounter was a year or so later. I was walking in the woods with a friend when a brightly colored (similar to the colors of autumn leaves, but a little brighter) creature flew off the tree in front of me as if we had startled it. It had wings like leaves and flew off in a hurry. It was about bird-sized. My companion was a few steps ahead of me and did not see the fairy. I remember the fairy flying at my face before going upwards. It was vaguely humanoid, but this was harder to discern than my other encounter.’ ‘For me, personally, this area was always chock full of strange experiences. I can’t speak for other people, but I’ve seen a few strange things in the area over the years.’ ‘I suppose because the entities in question looked like the fairies I was used to. I was already very interested in them as a child. I used to go looking for fairies and other supernatural creatures as a child, but fairies were one of my special interests.’ What are fairies? ‘I’m not sure. My own experiences inform me that they are real, living, breathing animals the way we are.’ ‘I’ve had some other encounters I would hesitate to class as fairy encounters, but I would love to share them. One of my earliest memories is of a very strange, not-quite-human creature creeping through the woods.’

§815) US (New York). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; many hours; 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 very sad, you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘When I was very young, I would take shoe boxes and make very elaborate houses for little people. I didn’t know then what I was doing but now I know. Later about five years ago I met a close friend who practiced fairy magic and I began to understand. One year later I had my first grandchild a beautiful baby girl. Before she was born, I asked the fairies to always watch over her and I gave them a gift offering of wind chimes, but instead of putting them outside I put them on my ceiling fan. When my granddaughter was born, I would lift her up because she loved to play with them and to my surprise, she began to point to something she saw in mid-air near the chimes and the look of fascination in her eyes and on her face is

unforgettable, she did this more than once my daughter witnessed it as well and it was the most amazing experience. I know the fairies are real. They are on my property. I play music and we dance a jig. They love to dance. I've never seen them, but they are there I know it. They communicate with me in the wind and storm and can feel it, somehow connected to the wind and storm. I'm able to speak to it and it listens. My family has witnessed this. I write fairytales so people won't forget. I'm trying to let the world know. But life side tracks me away from my work doing this. I must complete the work I'm meant to do. I can't say exactly in detail what it is but I'm supposed to make the world remember. I'm supposed to keep them safe. This I do know.' 'Many things exist I've experienced many things, but I know when it's the fairies most times I can feel it and when I'm really sad and hurt I call to them first automatically.' Fairies are 'non-human beings, magical creations'. 'I'm supposed to do something. I don't know what exactly as if my memory was taken from me.

§816) US (New York). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; 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 marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'There was a ball of light. You could not see through it. It hovered in my doorway. Then zoomed out the window. It didn't break the window, just zoomed through it.' 'There was a hum.' What are fairies? 'They are fae and should be left alone'.

§817) US (New York State). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'We called on the faeries and they started to light up. We have a photo of one of them.' 'Light and wings' 'They have a fairy trail, fairy village, offerings.' 'I believe in them but am new to believing in them.'

§818) US (New York). *Female; 2020s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful, aloof; 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.* 'Let me begin with the fact that 'weird' things have always happened to me for as long as I can remember, but this event, changed my life and solidified belief in me and others, forever. It was the beginning of pandemic. April 2020. I'd been sent home from college and was coming out of a typical winter funk and was spending lots of my newfound free time cleaning up trash at beaches, hiking, etc. as I often do and enjoy. I was inside all day with my family, until I decided to escape to be alone and possibly smoke a bowl outside. It was 7 to 7.30, the blue of dusk like a filter on the landscape, the sun was setting, and I was sitting in a chair facing this large, grassy part of my yard where a large tulip poplar tree stood with a swing, and many trees

lined the fence and yards beyond. I was admiring it all and I saw this yellow-green fire-fly like object zoom right in front of my eyes. It was only a couple seconds, and the way it flew was like it spawned from the middle of the air, flew in front of me, and then just disappeared into the cool air again. Initially, I thought, oh no big deal it was a fire-fly. A week went by, and I never saw another fire-fly, and I realized the significance of what happened that spring evening. I know it to be a fae sighting, indeed, but to me it was also much more. It was a call home. All I know for certain is it happened just for me, in front of only my eyes, at an already pivotal moment in my life, and humanity's existence. I believe before the encounter, and evermore after it I've been in communication with them through my own thoughts. This is my message to all of humanity: the blessing that is mother Earth is being ignorantly corrupted and abused by humanity and its necessity to dominate all things, that's leading us to an absolute low point for humanity, and I believe we're close to that point. But the only way forward is up after that point, and no fate is absolute certain which is why I think more than ever we need to shift our focus to slower living, wholesome living. Each of us has the power to be a catalyst in reclaiming this world as a place of light and love. I also believe more and more humans now have or feel intuitively relations to the fae which are (mostly) bringers of light and connect us to our intuitive knowledge and understanding of the meaning of life that is love. Love of all things – plant, animal, mineral, element – and love for ourselves and our neighbors. Through these principals and the intuitive love, knowledge, and creativity within each of us, we will know a peace and happiness on Earth like never before.' 'A tiny flying being incapsulated in a ball of green-yellow light.' 'I have received gifts on my travels throughout my yard, felt a very magical energy as a part of it is kept wild, and I have an altar set up for the fae there.' 'I've been connected to [fairies] for as long as I can remember, they resonate with me more than any other paranormal entity. I have researched every religion, spiritual practice, dogma I've ever been aware of and the fairy faith and spirituality/a respect for all living things as creations of mother and father creation is what resonates the most for me.' Fairies 'are like us, a race with many different sub-categories with different looks. Though the main difference is their intelligence and understanding of the way the world works and how they live in harmony with nature are what sets us apart from them mostly.' 'I believe many of the humans on Earth now are here for a mission that is spreading the teachings of the love and forgiveness of the holy parents and to reconnect with nature and adapt your lifestyle to be in harmony with nature. I also believe many of those same people were previously, for many lifetimes and even thousands of years in the realm of the fae and were needed on Earth to help facilitate this change, and from my deepest humbleness, and looking back at the events I have experienced, I do believe I may be one of them.'

§819) US (New York). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; no*

fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported. 'I was at a lecture being given by a woman who claimed to work with Spirits (and fairies). I was sitting in a large room with several other people who were attending the lecture inside a room typically used for college lectures and the like. This was at a psychic fair being held at *** Community College in ***, NY. The lecture mostly proceeded as normal as she began to talk, but at some point, during the lecture suddenly this green light became visible, as if it was emanating from her. It started out like a large circular light that seemed to flash in a counterclockwise-ish direction around different parts of her body, and then became one large green light surrounding her entire body. Shortly after, a small form came from the green energy that surrounded the woman. The form appeared to be made of the same energy and green color as the energy that surrounded the woman. The form had the shape of a butterfly, but no discernible features beyond that. It glided towards me, appeared to touch me and then disappeared out of sight. Shortly after I couldn't see the green energy around the woman anymore either. The lecture went on as normal the entire time. No one else in the room seemed to notice this happening, and my friend that was with me said they didn't see anything either. I've labelled this butterfly shaped form a 'faerie spirit' since the woman giving the lecture claimed to work with faeries, the form seems to fit that description visually, more or less.' 'Small, green and somewhat see-through. Like light or energy/electricity. It had the shape of a butterfly but there was no face or real 'body'. Just a butterfly shaped floating green 'blob' of light.' 'No sounds that I could definitively attribute to faeries were heard during this experience.' 'I think faeries are a loose classification for a variety of beings that may or may not be tiny or large, may or may not have wings, may or may not emanate light or sparkles. I don't really have a definitive opinion on faeries at this time.'

§820) US (New York). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, joyful, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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 husband would find his shoelaces tied in very strong knots. He usually leaves his laces undone after taking off his shoes. On another occasion, I was tending to a wound on his back as he was lying face down on the bed and he felt multiple hard pinches on his buttocks. He thought it was me and asked that I stop. I told him I was tending to the wound and not pinching him. Just then, I looked up and saw a rod of white light about two inches long bobbing in the corner along the ceiling. It disappeared after a few seconds. I have seen other, similar rods of light in various colors in different corners of my home.' Fairies because 'the experiences have seemed playful and mysterious, but not harmful.' Fairies are 'nature spirits and/or the part of Spirit that is earthly and dedicates its time to daily tasks.' 'I think it is important to honor them and give them space, but I don't know if they want

anything in particular from humans. I think they have their own agenda and missions on earth and just like to have a bit of fun with us every now and then.'

§821) US (New York). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a city*; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, joyful, erotic, intense; 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.* 'A mid-twenties, very handsome man sat and started talking to me. I was young and attractive, but usually this did not happen because he was very confident and came right over sitting down and talking. He talked about topics that were slightly unnerving. Finally at my stop he asked me if I could be sure I was really alive. In a way that was jolting. He looked me dead in the eye and when he blinked his pupils blinked vertically. I got off the train unsure what had happened. I never saw him again. I never thought it was a fairy until my daughter who reads folklore thought it must have been one after hearing the story.' 'My daughter believes fairies are different than and do not understand fairies. She asked if it was a solstice... It was a long time ago and I cannot recall if it was or not.' 'I thought it was an alien or something...my mind playing tricks on me. My daughter believes it was a fairy using glamour.' 'I never knew about traditional fairies... I am unsure [what fairies are].'

§822) US (New York). *Male; 2010s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous, curious; 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've always been connected with nature and have had many experiences. It was probably late fall when it first happened. I'm always the first person awake in the morning, and I usually feel energized but, when I woke up, I felt weak and felt something on my face. It was a really intense force, like some sort of energy, but every time I moved or pulled the blanket over my face the feeling disappeared. When I moved, I could almost hear tiny voices, but they didn't sound English. I could almost feel something on my legs even though I was covered with the blanket. I also saw light orbs twinkling close to the wall and on the ceiling, but it was a cloudy morning, and it was sort of dark like a grey color. I tried to wake up my siblings because maybe they would understand but they thought I was crazy and said it might have been a ghost or something. Even today I think I'm crazy, but I swear that wasn't a ghost. Ever since kindergarten I've been having some experiences and I've also been researching faeries waiting for answers. I realized that could've been pixies or some kind of faerie that was probably curious about me, since it was the first encounter. I probably wasn't used to faeries. If it was faeries, I don't know what they wanted from me.' 'A bright light orb'. 'I heard a low vibration'. Why fairies 'because I've always been

connected with earth. It doesn't matter how old I get. I always [feel] like I belong in the forest.' Fairies are 'beings of the earth that are centuries old and possess magic/abilities connected with the elements and each type of faery have different personalities that represent for who they are.'

§823) US (New York). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; malicious; 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.* 'My three-year-old daughter and I were out in my front yard while I was doing some gardening. I have a lot of trees and flower beds. I looked over at my daughter and she was sitting in a shaft of bright sunlight giggling and putting her hands up. I noticed small creatures (three of them) no bigger than dandelion fluff and looking like dandelion fluff 'playing' with her, lightly touching her face and arms, or landing on her head before flying away. They were quite bright even in the sun, like little lights. I realized that they seemed to be luring her to my side/backyard as they would fly towards her and then away and then back again. I felt uneasy so I brought her inside. Later that afternoon I was at my kitchen sink looking out towards the woods (my backyard is wooded and there is a lot of undergrowth) and I saw a strange creature. It was black and cat shaped but had long ears like a rabbit. It was sitting under a bush looking at the house.' 'Like dandelion fluff only humanoid.' 'Very light bells like glass bells tinkling.' 'It was tiny. And I just felt it [was a fairy].' What are fairies? 'I'm not sure.'

§824) US (New York State). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two 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, 'meditative state'; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience.* 'There is a local shaman who had developed an interest in faeries and elementals. She offered a faerie workshop at her place, and I was the only person who showed up. After some rituals, we walked into the woods behind her apartment. There were a few odd experiences, but she told [me?] that there was a faerie ring on the other side of a creek. She took me there and left me on my own, telling [me] she would ring a bell when it was time for me to return. I had noticed on crossing the creek, the air was watery or mirage like. Mind you, I was completely sober and am not one to drink alcohol or take drugs. I decided to sit in the faerie circle that was made of stones and meditate. After a short time, I opened my eyes and looked down the embankment of the creek. I saw movement in the leaves a bit of a distance from where I sat. At first, I thought it was chipmunk or a twig blowing, but after squinting my eyes, I saw a small, brownish, humanoid figure. It appeared to be scavenging through the leaves. Then I heard the shaman's bell on the other side of the creek, so my gaze was broken. When I looked back, the elemental, or whatever it was, was gone. I returned to the other side of the creek and

noticed when I crossed the air was no longer watery. It was again normal.' 'Brown, small, maybe a head covering, did not see hair.' 'This particular experience seemed like those experiences described relating to elemental type. Also, I get feelings and my feeling was that it was elemental, opposed to other experiences I have had.' Fairies are: 'One of the myriad beings that come in [? and] go into our physical world. I think they can be benign, friendly, or dangerous, depending on the being and I believe they are from alternate dimensions or [from the] universe physical world.'

§825) US (New York State). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep ('I had had a somewhat stressful experience that night'); loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I had just returned home, and it was probably around 10 to 11 pm at night. I was lying in my bed just thinking about some things because that night I had a near incident involving a vehicle while my friend was driving. I was wide awake at the time, and I was not experiencing sleep paralysis. I was simply lying on my side with my eyes open looking at nothing in particular in my room as I was thinking. Again, I was certainly not asleep or anywhere even near it. I was, in fact, lost in thought at the time. I noticed movement in my field of vision in the middle of my room where I had some articles of clothing laying [there]. I saw the clothes stand upright and start moving or wiggling around about. For a few seconds I started squinting my eyes trying to understand what was happening. I was initially completely convinced it was just my eyes playing tricks on me. The movement lasted for what I would think was something like fifteen to twenty seconds. Then the longer I looked, the longer I started to realize that it looked like something really is moving, and I jumped up in my bed and turned the lights on. I went up to the clothes to examine them to see what was going on, but there was nothing out of the ordinary.' Why a fairy? 'I think primarily due to the somewhat playful/mischievous nature of the encounter. I don't think aliens or ghosts would pick up my clothes and wiggle them around for me, but it sounds like something fairies would do.'

§826) US (New York State). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was around the age of ten or eleven. I was exploring the wood behind my childhood house. While walking through I came across this area of trees that felt different from the rest of the woods. I remember walking over and a small shadow fluttered across my vision [and I] couldn't get a good glimpse as it fluttered by. The wings looked like the wings of a dragonfly, and it looked pretty human-like.' 'They exist. There are fairies across different cultures. Each culture have their own kind of fairies that look differently and act

differently than the traditional Irish fairy. [An] example is in Filipino culture Fairies (*Duende*) are seen as pretty malicious and trickster types that need heavy protection against [them]. I believe that fairies can be both benevolent or malevolent, and overall, quite tricky with their words. Literal terms and words have a big effect on a binding deal, as well as one's physical appearance and age increases or decreases a fairy's interest. In Filipino culture, many *duende* are attached to specific places, like trees or mud pits. They all gather around the sacred balete tree where is said to be an entrance to the land of the fae.' 'It looked like the fairies I've seen in books.'

§827) US (New York State). *Male; 2000s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just had a burst of adrenalin (e.g. running upstairs); 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 walking through the woodland of upstate New York (right next to Canada). I was fourteen years of age. And as I was walking, I felt the presence [?] to keep walking further in a specific direction until I reached two trees wilted over one another the shape of a doorway. I stared at it for a good minute because the urge to walk through it became amplified. But I heard a small giggle and saw the small silhouette of a women at the bottom of the tree as if she was hiding from me. Needless to say, I turned around and ran as fast as I could.' 'It sounded like children laughing', 'small covered in rags'. 'I didn't feel sad or ominous like you would with a ghost or alien.' Fairies are 'small mythical creatures with elemental powers'.

§828) US (New York State). *Male; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland, on a country road; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; mischievous, aloof; 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 sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'Black creature with antlers, standing up right, had arms with long fingers, large orange eyes, at least six plus feet. Third time I have seen in the same spot over ten years. Have always seen it between 11 pm and 3 am. It comes out of the woods and moves on the street. Moves quickly and quietly. Saw me looking at it, paused then continued on its way.' 'Rustles in the leaves as it came out of the woods. Quiet hissing.' 'I have seen ghosts before; it did not look like that. It seemed malevolent so I doubt it was an angel. I can't rule out alien but did not look like the aliens portrayed in the media. Looked like an old folk demon.' Fairies 'are real and should be feared'.

§829) US (New York). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland, inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; no duration given; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experience; 'we were walking the dogs, it often begins when we walk the dogs'; 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. 'It began by hearing noises in the woods across the street from our home at night for weeks. It was enough noise to spook the dogs (twigs snapping, throwing pebbles, leaves moving), but we weren't seeing anything even with a flashlight. Zoom forward to two weeks ago. We were on our front lawn at night, and we saw a small orb of orange light moving around in the forest, leaving a trail. It then hovered in one spot, maybe two hundred feet from us, for hours. The next two nights were similar. Then, night four, I saw several of these orbs, now bluish white, appear from a tree, then they flew, lit up, about one-hundred-and-fifty feet, and stopped directly in front of my house. They hovered there, growing bright and dim on and off for hours. The next night and every night following, they have been there in abundance. Hovering, fading in and out, moving around quickly. They won't be there when we first go out, but if we wait three or four minutes, they all start to show up. They won't show up on camera, however, nor will they cross the street most of the time. And yes, we have confirmed that they are not lightning bugs.' 'Orangey orbs, whitish blue orbs, yellowish orb from a distance... A closer one appeared to be about three- to four-inches tall, fluttering goldish wings within a bluish orb.' 'Jovial, playful, joyous music. Can hear it at random in clips during the day and night. Comes through VERY clearly on spirit boxes.' 'At first, we did think that it was ghosts or aliens, even strange bugs... Then we saw one up close. We also noticed patterns... For example, only showing up if we stand and watch for a bit. I mean hey, we could be wrong, but I went from not even remotely believing in fairies to being a hardcore believer within a week. On that note, I am sensitive and have seen other entities – this is just different. I can feel that they're fairies. Maybe I sound crazy, but it's such a strong feeling.' What are fairies? 'Varying small, winged entities perhaps able to travel in and out of their dimension and ours, or that perhaps always live in ours, but choose when to be seen.' 'I'd like to know if there are groups that study these phenomena. I'd love to share with others that are also able to see but know that the fae will be safe whilst doing so.'

§830) US (North Carolina). *Female; 1980s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; can't remember the time; can't remember duration; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My husband and son were going to river-raft on the *** River. They helped me find a pleasant spot to wait for them (probably the *** Forest). They left me with food, water, a blanket and a pillow. I had intended to nap but couldn't. I seemed to enter into a heightened state of awareness, enjoying the mosses, the insects, the birds, the rich textures, the firmness of the ground and trees, the sounds of the bubbling creek, so many amazing treats to the senses. Then I started seeing light anomalies in the creek. But the light took the shape of three figures dancing playfully in and around the creek. I really do not know how much

time passed as I watched them before they turned back to light and entered the water. I had no direct contact with them.’ ‘They were playing in a creek and the sound of the creek seemed to get louder.’ Why fairies? ‘I think it might have had something to do with the natural setting.’ What are fairies? ‘I’m not well informed on the subject.’

§831) US (North Carolina). *Female; 1980s; 21-30; in woodland; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was walking from grandma’s house to home and movement in the woods below the road caught my eye. It was a shimmer at first then had a form. It looked the size of a small child in a brown dress. It was walking through the trees and looking at it downhill the tree branches were assuming the head area of the child size being I was looking at [sic]. It continued to walk and took about eight more steps and went behind a large tree and it disappeared. Never saw again in that area.’ ‘I use the water witching rods and I ask yes and no questions and they reply.’

§832) US (North Carolina). *Male; 1980s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; surprised; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘The location was one of perhaps seven or so campsites that were cleared spaces situated off a single-lane road that threaded its way up a mountainside. The campsites were very basic, accommodating the pitching of a tent, as opposed to something that provided electricity hookups and the like. Very basic, no frills. We’d pitched our tent, had our evening meal, and were sitting by our fire having some beers, but no drugs were involved. Our attention was caught by a movement at the edge of the wood that surrounded our site on three quarters. This edge was approximately fifty feet from our fire where we were seated. Something had flown into the cleared area, just a few feet from the edge of the wood and into the light of our fire. It could have been a luna moth, but for the fact that it was somewhat larger. Wings were apparent, and the central form appeared humanistic. The wings were more like those of a dragonfly vs a luna. It had swooped into the clearing in a smooth downward then uplifting dip, rather than the usual erratic fluttering associated with the flight of moths. It hovered for a few seconds, and then departed in the same even, dipping flight back into the wood.’ Why a fairy? ‘The flight pattern’. What are fairies? ‘Other type of being’.

§833) US (North Carolina). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was in labor in September of 2013 in A*** NC. During labor, I fell into a sleep of sorts

where I had a memory. It wasn't a dream or a fantasy or a thought. It came to me as a deep memory of something that I had never remembered. I believe that the deep intensity of labor brought it to the surface. When I woke out of the memory, I looked at my husband and sister in the hospital room and repeated it to them so that I would not forget. I didn't need to because the image and story is still very clear in my mind, I don't think that I will ever forget. I don't remember very much else of my labor. I was in a difficult labor for thirty-five hours and was on pain medication for the last twenty-four of it. The medicine was given to me after this memory surfaced, so I don't believe that it was drug induced. I believe it was pain induced, where I was at my most vulnerable and therefore the layers of memory wore thin. As a back story, I grew up in S*** GA with my parents, three brothers and one sister. My parents had their children in boy-girl-boy-girl-boy order. I am the second daughter and the fourth of five kids. Growing up, we used to vacation in northern GA at ***, in the Chattahoochie National Forest. We would play in the woods and creeks and stay in a cabin together. In my sleep-memory, I had a vision of being under the dark dirt, the loamy wet soil of a forest floor. I could see through the dirt like it was just a filter through which to see the above ground world. I was tucked into the soil, my bottom rooted into the ground, with my hands resting on my knees, facing out. I had been there for a long while but was patient and curious. These are all things that I felt instantly. The memory sleep happened so quickly it seems, but the story felt like a continuing story that I was just dipping into see this very moment. While I was sitting in the earth, I saw two adults, a young boy and a young girl walking from left to right along a trail that was right next to where I was rooted. Upon seeing them, I sprung out of the earth and landed on the young girl's left shoulder. I sank into her shoulder because I knew that I needed to be attached to her. When I woke in the hospital room in two thousand and thirteen, I recognized the adults as my parents and the boy and girl as my older brother and sister. My immediate brother who is older than me was not born yet given the ages my first two siblings were in the memory. I woke up knowing that I was some sort of faerie spirit who had attached herself to her sister in nineteen seventy-seven.' Fairies are 'spirits of some sort that can maybe take a physical form'.

§834) US (North Carolina). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; 'in backyard'; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly, 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.* 'I had just arrived home one summer night. It was between nine and ten pm and had just rained not long before, so the grass was wet. I walked across the backyard and just had that feeling that something was there and when I turned around, just a few inches above the ground was an orb. It was golden and full of light but inside it you could see swirls of colors such as blues, pinks and purples. It moved

purposefully, moving up and down and side to side in small movements and then it moved down closer to the ground and then vanished as if it was never there. It left me with a sense of happiness and joy, and I hope one day to see it again.' 'I only say the swirls and faint fluttering inside the orb, so I did not get a definitive sense of what the fairy looked like.' 'I heard no words, but I was just left with a sense of joy and peace.' Why a fairy? 'It was just the sense I got. Later on, I saw another orb, but it was a greater distance away and disappeared quickly. It was a brighter white with blue tones whereas the first one was golden with the colors inside the orb. I had the distinct impression something was within the orb. I have had many experiences with ghosts and spirits, and this felt entirely different. I knew beyond a shadow of doubt that it was fae.' 'I believe fairies are magical beings. Some may appear human-like. I believe they are deeply connected to the elements.'

§835) US (Ohio). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; no supernatural experience reported; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I was driving to a friend's house one evening before dark (before dark is important) and I saw lights on the side of the road. I'm driving near somewhere that doesn't have electricity as one side of the road has a field and the other has some woods. The lights are on the side of the road with the trees, right on the edge of the trees. It's slightly shaded but the sun is still peeking through. I slow down to make sure I know what I'm seeing and there's nobody else around. It's not a very busy road at that time of day. The lights look like lightening bugs but something in my mind says they're not. It's too early for them to be out and they were in a sort of cluster like I've never seen before. I've lived in areas all my life where there have been lightning bugs, but they don't cluster like that. The lights also stayed on with the occasional one going out and coming back on. That's not how lightening bugs act. They usually go on and off quite frequently. I watched them for maybe a minute and then continued driving. I checked in my rear-view mirror, and they were still there. The glow [was] still constant. I made sure to drive home that way and the lights weren't there anymore.' 'Fairies are intelligent oftentimes humanoid beings but not always. There are lots of different kinds of fairies that take on many shapes.' Why a fairy? 'It just doesn't match anything else. That's not how ghosts act. I don't know much about angels and how they act. I try very hard to know nothing about aliens.' 'This is the first time I've ever told anyone anything that I've seen. Not that I didn't want to, just that I'm still unsure of what I saw was [sic]. I'm very sure what I saw. I know exactly what I saw I just don't know what it was.'

§836) US (Ohio). *Male; 1950s; 0-10; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, hiding; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life. ‘May 1st, 1959: Three friends, my brother, and myself were spending the day and night playing and camping in a small, wooded area called ***’s Woods near our homes. We were all seven and eight years of age, but trusted enough to ‘camp’ in an area of the woods we called ‘the wooden caves’, a collection of hillocks topped with a half-dozen fallen trees. We had spent weeks preparing the open areas beneath the tree-trunks with plastic sheets, blankets, and other items. Roofs of branches and leaves atop cardboard had been erected, with each of us ‘decorating’ our areas as we pleased. We had brought foodstuffs to make sandwiches and had several bottles of carbonated drinks to eat and drink. As darkness fell, we gathered to discuss what was important to us, then eventually crawled to our respective caves. Shortly after we had settled down for the night, we all heard music playing. At first, we thought someone had brought a transistor radio, but calling out to one another, we soon learned that no one would admit to owning such a device, let alone bringing it with them to camp. We started to search for the source of the sound, but each time we seemed to get close, it would fade away, only to start up again somewhere else. This continued for at least an hour, until the music ceased, and we gave up trying to find the source. We returned to our respective sleeping chambers we had prepared and spent the night trying to sleep. As it turned out, each of us became ‘special’ in some way: X, Y and Z each skipped a grade in school, my brother W skipped three grades, and I skipped five. X eventually became an architect and helped design a number of famous and unique structures. Y became a talented musician and has recorded with a number of famous musical groups. Z became an artist, and since his unfortunate passing at a relatively young age, his paintings have sold for hundreds of thousands of dollars. W became a successful lawyer in Washington, DC. And I excelled at learning, graduating high school at thirteen, earning my bachelor’s degree in two and a half years, and completing my Master’s degree by age nineteen. I taught college level classes in history, switched careers to working on Radio Towers as an electrician, and currently perform at Festivals all around the United States as ‘Professor *** and ***’. In 2009, I returned home and visited *** Woods. Much had changed, the area a bit larger, the hillocks and fallen trees, now diminished and rotted away, no trace of our boyhood adventure still existing. But I did note something shiny atop one of the remaining hillocks, a tiny silver flute, much too small. And I remember that the music we heard was a high-pitched whistling. I left several silver dimes alongside the flute, and left, fully believing that we had had an encounter with the Fae.’ ‘High-pitched whistling/fluting music.’ ‘I’ve never considered the event to be anything but an encounter with the Fae.’ ‘Forest/elemental spirits.’ ‘My one other encounter with the Fae occurred in Scotland and was reported in the previous census.’

§837) US (Ohio). *Male; 1970s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, erotic; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug, you were extremely happy; 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 1972 camping in the woods with my girlfriend I went to fill up our water container at the spring we often camped by. These camp outs involved psychoactive substance use... This spring came out from the roots of a large tree and formed a small pool and creek. When I went down to the spring there were three translucent 'spring nymphs' sitting on or standing near the large roots, their legs tapering down into the spring between the roots. Their visibility was defined by their iridescent film/skin, similar to a soap bubble; the colors were emerald green and ultraviolet, like a black light. They had 'elven' faces, almond eyes, tapered ears and were perhaps four foot tall. They seemed to be made out of the water. They were not startled by me; but looking right at me. Without words they had me come over to them and lay down in the pool by their tapered legs. I was now lying in the water looking up at them. Just then my girlfriend showed up. What are you doing! the spring nymphs were instantly sucked into the spring like from a straw and there I was laying in the water. A couple years ago in two thousand nineteen I did a large oil painting of this incident. I also found out that this elemental was called a hydro-dryad specific to place where a spring emerges from between the roots of a tree. So, a cross between a naiad and a dryad. But they were made out of water.' Fairies are 'elementals/thought forms'.

§838) US (Ohio). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly; 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.* 'I was twenty-seven-year-old, and it was shortly after I met my x-boyfriend ***. I remember it was a Friday evening, and I was excited that *** was coming to see me the following day. I ate dinner with my mom, and we were just sitting in the living-room together watching TV when I suddenly felt incredibly tired. I told my mom I was going to lay down for a little while and went to my bedroom. No sooner did I collapse onto my bed, I saw a super bright, electric blue light appear out of nowhere next to my bed on my left. The bright blue changed into the shimmering blue outline of a woman about my height. I'm not very tall, only four feet and seven inches. I knew immediately this blue woman was the cause of my fatigue and that she had lured me into coming to my room for a nap, so she could be alone with me and have my full attention. I was completely unable to speak or move, but I didn't feel frightened or threatened by this blue light woman. She identified herself as the goddess Flidais of the Tuatha De Dannan and wanted to help me view a past life. I don't remember agreeing to anything, but before I knew what was happening, I was under a total hypnotic trance and my bedroom seemed to fade away. I found myself

standing in a beautiful green meadow filled with flowers. Behind me and in front of me was a lush forest, and I could hear a river flowing nearby. Flidais, still in her shimmering blue light form, stood beside me on my left. She began walking toward the forest in front of me, and I followed her. We walked on a rugged dirt path for a while until we reached a place on the path where someone had dug out a pit and covered the pit with stick and leaves. Inside the pit, I could hear someone struggling and crying. Flidais told me it was a sacrifice and asked me if I wanted to continue. I said no, and before I knew what was happening, I was back in my room laying on my bed. Flidais stood next to me on my left for a minute or two more and vanished. As soon as she vanished, the incredible tiredness I had been feeling lifted, and I was feeling light and full of energy. I went back to the living-room to resume watching TV with my mom who didn't notice anything was different or out-of-the-ordinary. I kept this experience to myself until about six months ago. I contacted a past life healer who works with the akashic records and recounted my encounter with the goddess Flidais to her. She confirmed that I have a past lifetime in Ireland (ancient Ireland) in which I was born premature, so my mother (past life mother) and my tribe sacrificed me to the goddess Flidais since I wasn't expected to survive anyways. I feel a strange sense of gratitude to the fairy goddess for assisting me with this past life healing. Despite the sacrifice issue, I felt very safe with her, and I am certain that she acts a protector and guardian for me. I am only sad that I haven't seen her since this encounter.' 'The super bright, blue light I saw made me think of fairies immediately. The blue light identified itself as the goddess Flidais of the Tuatha De Dannan.' 'Fairies are nature spirits who co-exist with humans on a different vibrational frequency and dimensional plane.'

§839) US (Oklahoma). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; on a country road; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy 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 clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'Far from my only experience, but my most reliable one. This was in 2019. The town I lived in at the time experiences periodic flooding every twelve or so years, and the year of my graduation was one of them. After graduation many of my friends were on one of the roads between the towns. We got lost and then things started occurring. We missed the turn to my friend's neighborhood, so we began driving on the road. We never saw the church that was the landmark for the roads turn. First were the lights, the lights dancing over the flooded fields. This most of my friends bore witness to. Some of the other things were only seen by one or two individuals. There was a total of five individuals in the truck. The next experience is mine. The people who were standing at the side of the road. I never made any clear sighting of them, with a few exceptions. Another one of my friends who was in the front of the car witnessed a

large human-like thing dart in front of the car. I saw what was behind us. Though I don't remember what it looked like. I'd say like dog, or deer but it scared me, chasing the car for a while. We eventually ran into a field. There were a lot of deer there. They looked at us. It was at that point that we knew we had driven too far and become lost. So, we, scared, turned around and drove back to where we had come. finally finding the church and turn off that we had missed to drop my friend off at her home. We didn't say all the different things we experienced until after we were safely in her driveway. I don't know how we missed the church in the first place. It has a bright red roof and even at night the cross outside of it is lit up brightly. I drove down that same road later during daylight. The road felt like it was much longer that night, though that was likely from fear. I did confirm that where we saw the dancing lights there were no artificial lights that could have made those lights appear. Only fields. I even arrived at where we saw the many, many deer in a short order. There are a lot of fairies and strange things that occurs in that town. I have met more than one individual that claims to have meet a fairy there. It's strange. Though a year or two after the flooding the fairy mushroom rings that appear all over town were nowhere to be seen. Though they have reappeared now. I do regret not having written down exactly what happened at the time. Because fear blurs the memory for me.' 'The many colorful modes of light. Then there where the shadow like people of varying sexes and appearance though specifics were indiscernible.' 'I don't remember if there was sound. I remember my friends and I were talking and the engine of the car. It was not raining; it had rained a few minutes before but not at the time. Perhaps we would have heard something if we had rolled down the window.' 'The town does not have a reputation for fairies, but a lot of the locals are aware of them and others are not.' 'Not entirely certain it was fairy, but I do think it was because of the other circumstances of what was occurring in the town at the time. and the location of the experience. It also felt different from a ghost encounter. That town has way too many haunted buildings.' 'I wonder why stuff like this only happens to some people. It's not a regular occurrence for me but it has happened more often than others. I generally don't trust these experiences when I am by myself. But if I have others there who also saw what I witnessed then I trust it more. Why I chose this particular experience over any other experience.'

§840) US (Oklahoma). *Male; 2010s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland, in a city*; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'This event happened sometime in the spring or summer of two thousand and eleven. It was evening, dark outside. My friend was parked at the curb in front of my house. We were standing outside her car about to get into it. She was saved [?] towards my house on the driver side of her car. This is a left-hand drive vehicle. I was at the passenger side looking over her car at her... I noticed a white wispy tail of light wrap out from behind the house across the street.

It was about twenty-five feet off the ground and moved like an eel or snake does underwater. It was just a long solid light that swam through the air. It was not transparent. It was huge. It was floating in a way. When I saw it it dimmed and then was gone. The way it dimmed down reminds me of dimmer switches for indoor lighting. How you can turn the light up or all the way down to where it's just off. That's how it dimmed down. It's like it saw me and then hid itself. I remember telling *** to look and she said 'no I'm not looking, I'm not in the mood for this. Get in the car.' She thought I was joking. I remember seeing the light come out from behind the house, the tip of it and that's when I pointed at it. More of it came out from behind it like a tail of light. It had no limbs, no face, I didn't see the end of it just the first half (I assume) of it before it dimmed out or disappeared. I have researched this and can't find any term for it or any folklore describing it. I did find one picture years ago above an article called 'ethereal forms'. I do not remember what it said but the picture greatly resembled it. I can also describe it as a glowing ribbon. Very bright like LED lighting. It even moved like a ribbon would if it was light enough and was blowing around in the wind, except it would have to be huge like three feet tall and very long and be glowing super bright. The front part of it, or the first part that I saw of it came to a point (I guess its head?). It was spring or summer. Moderately humid. Maybe seventy to eighty degrees. The house it came out from behind of sits about thirty feet from a pond. This is a housing addition with a lot of forest and woods surrounding it. ***, as it is known, backs up to a nature reserve. The town nestled in the northeast corner of Oklahoma where the woods are thick and stretch for hundreds of miles with fields and prairies with them. When I was a kid, I also would sneak over to the pond in our cul-de-sac and smoke cigarettes. During one of these times, I found a peculiar set up on the shores of the pond. You see, there was a big concrete slab the builders left at the pond likely from when they built the homes. They were new after all. The slab was positioned on the dirt, but it blocked the water from draining into the creek. It was a sort of dam I suppose. I found a little glass bowl with bloody feathers in it. A knife with dried blood on it and dried hay (dried grass or weeds) bent in half and wrapped with a silk purple ribbon. All these items were arranged to form a triangle and with it being so close to such a big body of water, I wonder if it was a witchcraft altar or ritual. I wonder if it was one of my neighbors or the fairies that put it there. I wonder if it is related to the glowing ribbon of light, I saw swimming through the air so close to where I found those items years before. Who knows? I also remember the house whose property that witchcraft stuff was near. My parents looked at it before they bought the house across from it. The lady had crosses hung in every room and angels everywhere. I wonder if they thought it was haunted and that's why they sold it. The next tenants of the home seem to leave only a few months after moving in. Some of them complained of banging cabinet doors in the kitchen from time to time. It may be related, it may not be, but all of this occurred very close to the house in question. This area was for centuries Native American Cherokee land and may have been

home to them at some point or worse, a battlefield at one time when the Cherokee and Osage were fighting for territory. The Cherokees to this day swear by their beliefs in fairies, the little people. They claim it was the little people that taught them to survive here. They taught them about magic, how to use it, how to deter tornadoes (a common threat in Oklahoma), how to use the local plants for medicine, how to raise crops, etc. The Cherokee people will tell you that fairies are very real and are still in our area and that to this day they still carry a close relationship with fairies. I wonder if it was a fairy of some sort I saw or something else entirely.’ ‘A floating or flying glowing ribbon of bright light swimming through the air in a sort of ‘swimming’ motion. Solid though, not transparent. That’s an important note.’ ‘Fairy is a catch all term for supernatural being. The people who coined the term would call ‘angels’ at one point ‘fairies’. Same goes for aliens.’ ‘After my experience I am open minded to the possibility. I think it is a very high possibility judging from research and many personal paranormal experiences.’

§841) US (Oklahoma). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland, in open land (fields etc), in a city, inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; mischievous, angry; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time, you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; 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 clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I think I saw into another realm. I didn’t see a being. I could see the trees and grass breathing. I felt certain that I was somewhere I shouldn’t be. I didn’t see anybody, but I think they saw me. It was extremely uncomfortable.’ Why fairies? ‘Fairies seem most logical. Other dimensional beings make more sense to me than anything else.’ Fairies are ‘other dimensional beings. They exist on a plane overlapping ours.’

§842) US (Oklahoma). *Male; 2010s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I was sitting on my living room couch. Afternoon. No one was about, no activity outside. I looked through a dining room window and plainly saw the face and a small conical hat on its head. The features were not old, there was a light brown colored beard. It moved from left to right, right in front of the window in the direction of an oak tree some six feet from the house. The little man could not have been more than three and a half feet tall.’ ‘Only saw red conical hat and face as it walked by a window.’ ‘I believe they [fairies] exist.’

§843) US (Oregon). *Male; 2020s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, aloof; 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, a sudden warmth before the*

experience. ‘I was in the master bathroom when I suddenly saw a shower of sparkles seeming to come from the window. I remember it very clearly, and it lasted at least fifteen to thirty seconds. The light coming from the window was warm and almost yellow because of the sun, but I remember the sparkles being whiter than the rays coming through. I work/communicate with fairies/faeries often and I consider this to be an instance of seeing them physically and clearly.’ Why fairies? ‘I’ve had fairy experiences before, and I felt that this was one of them. Never heard/seen of a ghost, alien, etc showing up in this way.’ Fairies are ‘The hidden neighbors; otherworldly beings on a different plane than us, sometimes showing themselves or being spotted by us when the veil is thin. Connected to nature.’

§844) US (Oregon). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; friendly, joyful, welcoming; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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 at a festival with my husband. A ‘fairy festival’ incidentally, *** in Oregon. We had just arrived and were out on a hillside surrounded by woods at a venue called *** Hideout, and there was a concert stage at the bottom with water behind it, and old growth forest all around us. The hillside was cleared for a venue and at the top was an area where booths, etc were. We were sitting under a tree off to the side of a hillside, about mid-day, maybe one or two pm in the afternoon. There was lots of music, and lots of people about, but very spread out across the hill here and there. Not crowded at all. It was a very magical atmosphere. It was sunny out and we were waiting for friends to meet up with them. All of a sudden, a bright, golden-yellow pixie-like creature about the size of a large dragonfly, zoomed up, from I’m not sure where, right into my face, and kissed me on the nose! And with a very tiny high-pitched voice, said, ‘Welcome!’ And flew off as quick as that! I got just enough glimpse of the golden body to tell that it was female. And that was it. My husband was standing next to me and saw it and heard it too. I considered it a blessing that I was at a ‘faerie’ festival and was kissed by a faerie!’ ‘Kind of like a pixie-like being, no more than the length of a finger, it was a golden yellow, and female body with wings. It flew very fast.’ ‘A tiny, feminine, high-pitched voice.’ ‘The place hosts an annual ‘faerie festival’ which was why we were there, we had been invited by a friend, who said the place had a very magical feel that had to be felt to be believed. Indeed, this was true.’ ‘I think [fairies] are guardians of nature.’ ‘It was a very magical experience. I appreciated it. I felt blessed to have had it. And it was nice to share it with someone else too who was there with me.’

§845) US (Oregon). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; on or near water; on my own; 3 am-6 am; one to two minutes; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘One experience was when I was outside in the woods near a creek in ***, Oregon. The fairies were near one of the

white trees. They were there a while. They were blue orbs. And then they disappeared.'

§846) US (Oregon). *Male; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; 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.* 'Me and my brother were exploring in the woods. We saw a tree maybe twenty feet off the trail which was so hollowed out you could sit inside it. We investigated it for approximately ten to twenty minutes and when we went back to the trail it was gone. We looked for the trail for over an hour and never found it. Totally lost, we wandered around the woods for hours before finally coming out to a road. I am convinced it was a wood spirit of some kind that was playing a trick on us or just being mischievous.' Fairies are 'spirits that have inhabited the earth for a very long time'.

§847C) US (Pacific Northwest). 'I have had encounters with the good people it seems for a very long time. Since childhood. The earliest was a feeling of being rocked by an invisible person in early childhood. The next a bright light in the dark barn. The second a troop of bigger than normal spiders above my bed. Not menacing. Then as I approached adolescence they would come as people into my room and carry me off. Into the woods. I was never harmed. As I got older, they might confuse me into coming with them by saying something like: 'Look what's over here?' Once as an adult I awoke to see them standing over me. I told them I can't deal with this. They answered gently: 'Then don't'. And I fell asleep. Once as a child I was jumping up and down on my bed and tripped and fell. Someone invisible caught me. And lowered me slowly to the floor. If they hadn't I would have hit the back of my head on an open dresser drawer.'¹⁹

§848) US (Pacific Northwest). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in a city, in a garden; on my own; can't remember time; two to ten minutes; friendly, 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.* 'On a swing, feeling freedom and joy, introspective, saw dancing lights around me, as if joining in my joy. Knew it was special visitation, validation.' 'Small pinpoints of lights dancing around me.' 'A light roaring in my ears. A fizzing sensation in my head.' 'Could have been an angelic visitation, had those later on, though they appeared and felt somewhat differently.'

§849) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, angry, deceiving; never or almost never has supernatural experiences;*

¹⁹ Received in email with permission to publish.

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 asleep and woke suddenly. I saw two beings standing across the room beyond the foot of my bed. They were under two feet tall. They had a cute but impish look and were dressed like elves in a children's book. I could see that they were trying to look cute and appealing. They asked me to come play with them and encouraged me to believe we would have so much fun. But in my gut, I felt they were lying to me, and that it would be dangerous to go with them. I felt they were deceiving me for their own purposes which I couldn't guess. When I kept refusing, they understood that I was not fooled. They suddenly looked angry and dangerous, and they disappeared. Then I was afraid to go back to sleep.' 'Under two feet tall. Dressed like elves in a fairy tale. Yellow-Light brown skin.' Fairies are 'spirits that live around us, but we rarely see. They have many jobs.'

§850A) US (Pennsylvania). *Male (third person); still in touch with witness; friend; 2020s; 31-40; inside a private house; on their own; no time reported; intermittent; mischievous, annoying, distracting; frequency of supernatural experiences not reported; no special state reported.* 'A friend of mine recently shared the following experience, *via* text messages which I've edited to remove unrelated topics: Him: I had to Paulo Santo my house recently. Me: What's Paulo Santo? Him: Paulo Santo is like South American sage. It's a tree you burn bits of. As nutty as it sounds, I kept seeing things moving in my house, as if I had a cat. I don't have a cat. So, I Paulo Santo smoked my house up like you would with sage, and now I don't have these fleeting things in my house anymore. Me: Wow, maybe it was a house fairy, which might be annoying. Was stuff disappearing and reappearing elsewhere? Any spring or old water hole near your house? Him: Stuff was disappearing entirely, and I would usually see something like a cat out of the corner of my eye moving. I caught a LOT of motion. Not sure on water. After the Paulo Santo, though, this all stopped. Location: ***, PA. Time: June 2022.'

§851B) US (Pennsylvania). *Male; 2010s; no age given; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; can't remember the time; many hours; angry, joyful, respectful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'So ummm. I was really ignorant at the moment and was unaware that there were Fae folk hanging around my house. So basically, I had a chunk of iron. Context: I talk with my hands a lot, so I had this chunk of raw iron in my hands and basically was waving it around as I talked. So, I deeply upset the roommates I was unaware of (for good reason). But it was obvious they were aware that I was just being stupid at that moment just simply because I didn't know. So they took some things that I used quite often (a pair of my fishnets tights and my airpods). So when I literally couldn't find the items anywhere despite remembering where I put them, I realized what happened. I put together peace offerings asap and I also had my fiancée (who they trust a lot more) put the piece of iron somewhere I couldn't find it and where I didn't know where it was. My items were returned to me and the Fae of my home trust me

a lot more. It was a rewarding experience.’ ‘Little giggles (clairaudently).’ Why fairies? ‘Because the experience matched what typically happens during an experience with fairies.’ What is a fairy? ‘I’m not really sure; Any like nature spirit that falls under the Fae category.’

§852) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; many hours; interested; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was seven years old. It was very early summer (the corn was maybe four feet high), a bright and sunny day in the fields of *** PA. My grandmother was visiting friends. They sent me outside to play. I walked along the railroad tracks adjacent to the house that went through a cornfield. As I walked, I saw up ahead a tiny whirlwind about eighteen inches tall by the side of the tracks. I was fascinated and approached. As I got nearer the whirlwind became a small person. Distinctly remember looking down deeply into his eyes. He was old looking, wrinkled skin, and he wore a green jacket. I had no feelings of fear, just fascination and interest. The next thing I remember I was walking on the tracks heading back toward the house. I heard my grandmother calling me. She said I had been gone for two hours or so. I never mentioned this to anyone except my husband many years later, but I think of it often. I remember his eyes so clearly. I have great reticence to speak of this experience. In looking into it I feel that it does not come from fearing the judgement of others. It’s almost like a block has been put there to keep me from speaking about it. I guess after sixty-six years or so the reticence block has faded. But I wonder if others have felt something similar.’ ‘Old and wrinkled wearing a green jacket.’ 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? ‘Interesting. I just always thought it was a fairy experience. Given my age and the times and my Quaker upbringing, aliens, ghosts or angels were never a possibility.’ What are fairies? ‘Earth bound nature spirits’. ‘Again, I’m really interested in others who have felt great reticence in telling their stories of fairy encounters.’

§853) US (Pennsylvania). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; haunting and frightening; 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 sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I was about ten years old, and it was my first year living in rural Pennsylvania. My friend and I were playing in the woods behind her house. We were pretty deep into the forest, exploring and playing pretend near a small creek. I’ll never forget when out of nowhere we began to hear a woman’s melodic voice singing in the woods. It didn’t seem to be coming from any one direction, and it was quiet at first slowly creeping up to this very loud, haunting song ringing through the trees, filling every inch of the woods. We looked at one another, terrified and started to run as fast as we could out of the forest and back to her house. The best thing I

can think of to compare it to is the song from Sleeping Beauty that plays in the background as Maleficent leads Aurora to the spindle. There were no words to the singing we heard. It was a high-pitched melodic sound. It was actually an incredibly beautiful voice, but something about the tone and melody chilled me to the core. I don't know for sure who or what was the source of this voice, but I am absolutely certain it was not of this world.' 'A high pitched, beautiful, haunting and incredibly horrifying female singing voice that rang through the trees and seemed to completely fill the forest. It wasn't words or any kind of language, more like a melody it's hard to explain.' 'It just felt fae. It's so hard to explain why but it was so otherworldly, beautiful but terrifying.' 'I believe in [fairies] one hundred percent but take great care not to offend them. I think some want to help humanity become better caretakers of the earth while some absolutely hate us for the damage we've done while others are ambivalent.'

§854B) US (South Carolina). *Female; 2020s; 21-30; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; 'It's been a series of experiences'; 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; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'My mom and I have confirmed the presence of a brownie or house sprite of some kind. We've had objects go missing and then reappear so often it's been a regular occurrence. More recently however, our housemate has been making their presence more known. We'll get glimpses of a small, winged, iridescent humanoid here and there, and I can hear them rustling around our things. Ever since I've started leaving out offerings, they've kept their mischief to a minimum.' 'Small, winged, and iridescent. Almost appeared like a shimmering smoke or mist.' Ears ringing, faint bells.' 'I've felt their presence in the woods surrounding the house.' Fairies are 'nature spirits or elementals.'

§855) US (South Carolina). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, curious; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I caught a skink [lizard] inside my home and was in the process of releasing it outside. I had it trapped in a glass jar and took a picture of it before I released it. After I snapped the picture, I went inside and as I was closing the door the picture next to the door flew off the wall and landed in the floor. My husband and six-year-old son saw it happen. I looked at the picture afterwards and saw the outline of a head and eyes looking into the glass from the opposite side of my camera. No one else was outside with me when I took the picture.' 'It appeared to have skin like tree bark and hollow eyes.' 'I had wondered if there were fairies in my backyard, but nothing confirmed.' 'I've recently learned that fairies are always around me.' Fairies are 'inter/extra dimensional beings that range widely in how they appear and what they can affect.' 'This was a very positive experience for me. It was the beginning of an understanding that the Good Folk have physical form.'

§856) US (Tennessee). *Female; 1980s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; 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.* ‘There had been a drought. For several months there has been no rain and I was standing with my head pressed against a window facing a tall hill and meadow. Suddenly it started raining and then I heard voices singing. They sounded like they were made of metal. I heard the voices singing in the rain for several minutes. It was NOT the rain falling on the roof. The roof was not metal. And it sounded like a song with some sort of odd melody. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and I felt all over that there was some presence there.’ ‘A metallic singing. There was a melody, but I didn’t recognize it.’ ‘It felt like fairies. It was in daylight. But I can’t be sure.’ What are fairies? ‘I’m not sure. Nature spirits? Inter dimensional creatures?’ ‘I am very agnostic about the world and supernatural experiences. I normally think of some physical or material reason for odd experiences. But I felt overwhelmed by this experience, certain that it was something more.’

§857B) US (Tennessee). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a city, inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful, curious; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special experiences.* ‘I’ve had many faery experiences in my life. First, I was young, maybe five or six, and heard a bagpipe playing out in my yard. I looked out the window and saw a piper. It was dusk. Then he was gone. No one else in my family, including my dog, heard anything. I have experienced faeries in someone else’s home – an invisible being standing in my way, playing with the lights in the room, making things move, like one plant waving and moving among many that are still. Mischievous – that incident was in Cherokee country, TN. I’ve had others in my own home in a major city. Every time someone new comes to visit, the fairies come out to check the person out. Some look gnomish. I see a green light then can make out a face. Other people have been at my apartment and saw small legs walk past. People who know nothing about fairies! I’ve seen a rainbow-colored shimmer like a small being zooming by me in my bedroom. I have seen strange, not really a cat but looking like a cat figure watching as my boyfriend and I fooled around. He saw it too. Granted, I practice metaphysics, so my apartment is charged, but still I think the faeries have been around me my entire life. They come and go in my apartment but seem to be aware when there is a new person visiting. When a younger family member moved in, one of them was thrilled and kept coming and peeking at her. She saw him too. I woke one night and there was a glowing light across the room, small like a candle flame. I woke because I heard a noise and saw the light. It was playing with something on my altar – a statue of Venus. These are nice encounters. I know of other people who have had less than nice encounters. When I think about wanting to see them again, if I ask, they do show up. I treat them with respect.’ ‘One looked

sort of gnomish or like Dobby from Harry Potter. One was tiny and sparky, too small to see more than a rainbow shimmer. Others were invisible but I felt them, and they were my size. You need to have multiple choice answers!’ ‘I have had ghost, spirits (bad too) and fairy experiences. I went to metaphysical school to learn and understand because I was having a lot of paranormal experiences. Didn’t believe in them.’

§858) US (Tennessee). *Female; 2020s; 41-50; in woodland, on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; mischievous, aloof; never or almost never has 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘My husband was driving us through *** State Park, it was a weekday afternoon (on our honeymoon) and we were the only people on the road, driving through thick forest. There was an electrical-type box (not really sure if that is what it was for, but it was a metal box on a concrete platform, painted green in order to blend in better with the setting) on the side of the road. The box was only about two or three feet tall. I had my eyes fixed on the box and I saw a small creature peek out at our car from behind the box. As we passed it and I whipped my head around to look at it from the other side of the box, there was nothing there. My husband asked me what I saw, and I said I didn’t know, but it vanished. I swore to him that I saw what I saw. Right after I told him about it, he said he had a similar experience earlier in the day while we were eating lunch at a picnic table in the same forest. He saw something he didn’t recognize peek out from behind a tree at him. We were the only people in the picnic area. I had my back to it so I didn’t see what he saw. He at first thought it was a squirrel but quickly realized it wasn’t. If I were to describe what I saw, it was a white head with either large black eyes or black circles around where eyes would be. I don’t know if what we saw were fairies, but those are mystical woods, for sure. I have been obsessed with our encounter in the forest ever since. This happened mid-June this year, 2020.’ ‘A white hazy being with black-ish eyes.’ Fairies are ‘elemental or nature spirits’.

§859) US (Tennessee). *Male; 1990s; 11-20; in a garden*; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; ‘they seemed curious until I shot one, then they got mad’; never or almost never had supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, ‘I was pretty angry for being grounded’; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was grounded for a week, so my family went out without me. I was in my room until I heard trash cans rattling, it was a rural area, so raccoons and opossums were very common. I walked to the side of my house with my pellet rifle. They made chirping/clicking noises. I really don’t know how to describe it. I quietly turn the corner and see four greenish grey things with pointy elf ears with completely black eyes and slits for mouths. They were no bigger than a medium sized dog and were skinny like skin and bones. I don’t know why I did it, but I shot one in the back. It didn’t bleed, but it turned around and started shrieking at me. The rest

start shrieking, and they threw garbage at me. I ran up to my room and for the rest of the night they threw rocks at my window, never breaking it but they did crack it. I always thought they were gremlins or goblins, and I posted this story somewhere else and people there said they could have been fairies.' 'Pointy ears, greenish grey skin, no taller than a medium sized dog, skin and bones, completely black eyes, slits for mouths.' Fairies are 'Mythical creatures meant to protect areas of the world like rivers and forests.' 'I feel bad for shooting it and wish I could apologize to them.'

§860B) US (Tennessee). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland, in a garden; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute, 'I could only see him for a few seconds but he has been around for almost a decade'; 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.* "This man was around six foot five inches to seven feet tall. White, blond, but silvery long hair. Whitish and gold long sleeve coat and whitish pants tucked into tall boots. No facial hair and a hint of a bow. Just watching me. Then would just blink out of sight. Some reason I know he means no harm to me, but I can't tell you how. If I am out there at night and someone is with me, I feel aggravation coming from all around me, again odd. When I am alone it has gone from feeling curious to like someone waiting for something to happen. Oh, he also had pale skin, but I only ever saw his face. It's curious and everything I've been told my entire life is at war with my eyes. No, I do not believe he will harm me but I'm curious if I'm not going insane. Only thing is I can't figure out what he is. Or why he keeps watching me. Is there even a label other than 'watcher'?" 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? 'Ghost? I don't believe in ghosts. Souls? Balls of light, or dark? Absolutely. As for an Alien, I just don't know. It's possible I guess but it's also possible humans ARE aliens. Angels have no purpose on this plane. If we had angels here, nothing completely horrible would actually happen. As far as this being a Fae, I believe it one hundred percent. Old sightings have turned into folklore. Old beliefs have been snuffed out. I prefer the old ways, but I accept all religions have some grain of truth. Fae like this I can believe more so than a little green man in a UFO.' "There has to be different kinds, different types we have never nor will ever see. I like the stories of old. I never read a single book on fae until I first saw this one. Again, just knowing something without question is very odd for me. I question everything.' 'At seventeen, I thought I met an Indian brave ghost, I never asked, and he seemed real enough but in two thousand and one it was odd seeing someone dressed how he was. Brown pants and a bow and a knife. Anyway, he would walk beside me. Talking to me. It was really quiet though and today I can't remember a single word he spoke. But I still see him in my memories. I always went hiking through endless forests off the Tennessee River. It was something I have done since I was five. Alone and never even seen a snake in these woods. I question why at least once a week, still. Anyway, what I do

remember is that his skin was tan. He was shirtless. I think he had on a type of boot with his brown pants. Dark hair. I can't remember his eyes. Maybe dark gray. Almost like a heavy storm cloud. No tattoos but red blood paint maybe? Just lines on his arm. Like thin bands around his upper arms that looked almost like blood or was dripping down his arms.'

§861) US (Texas). *Female; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; neutral; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were very sad; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I was lying in bed with no lights on in the room while listening to music with headphones. I was not asleep or close to sleep. I saw a round green light through the closed blinds. It bobbed up and down like a bug would do, but this light was a brilliant grass green and glowed more brightly than any firefly I've seen. Also, the size of the light ball was perhaps the size of a large grapefruit. In TX the only luminescent creatures we have are fireflies and this was too big and too green to be one. I did not immediately go to the window because I was kind of stunned and puzzled into inactivity, so I never saw more than the round shape and color of the light. But it was obvious that it was not something you would see on a National Geographic nature special. I've always wished I would have been able to see it but it darted away before I could get to the window.' 'It just seemed like a fairy, even though all I saw was a ball of green light. The way it moved was like the fairies I've seen in movies. They move like bugs but are surrounded by a glow of light. I don't know what it was, and it could have been something else, but my mind just seemed to catalogue it as a fairy.' What are fairies? 'They are just part of that fringe of human knowledge, we have legends and stories but for some reason nobody can get concrete proof. Aliens, angels, ghosts, etc are also in that category. The experiences humans report with these things are always just short of being concrete but there has to be something real there or we wouldn't have the stories.'

862) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water, in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, curious; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; no special experience reported.* 'My two-year-old daughter and I were sitting on the porch during a rain and thunderstorm in summer. It was pouring heavy sheets of rain. It was beautiful. All of a sudden, a small being that could have been an insect but didn't act or look like one flew into the cover of the porch area right above and by where we sat looking down at us and flying in place for a few moments facing us. There was a bright streetlight across the street illuminating it. I pointed up and said to my daughter 'look do you see the fairy' and she said 'yes'. It fluttered for another moment in place and then disappeared into a shadow up high where a pillar held a tiny platform before holding up the roof of porch. It was too high to get to for us to look further. I kept my eyes on the place I saw it go for a few minutes and saw nothing stir again. When I saw it for those few moments, I'd guess it was between two and three inches tall with wings that were about the same size as its body and very much like the typical shape you'd see if you

Google 'fairy wings'. It was so tiny and far enough away (about four feet) with dim lighting that it was hard to make out any specific details but the head shape and body kind of reminded me of a wasp, but with more humanoid legs. It felt like a fairy and that's how I label it, but I wonder if it was a sprite or something else or just some insect. The rain was so intense and the way it looked at us and hovered facing us made me feel like it wasn't an insect.' 'Almost like an extra-large wasp and also like classic fairy if you Google.' Fairies are 'Nature spirits'.

§863) US (Texas). *Female; 1980s; 11-20; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; 'confidently going somewhere'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I saw something when I was fourteen, but I was never sure what it was or how to classify it, but nevertheless here is the story you can have. It was about the year 1984. I was fourteen and my best friend was twelve. I was spending the night at her house, and we were very bored. I noticed the house beside theirs had these very large windows and no curtains. It was one of those old white farmhouses. It was dark outside, and I told her it would be funny to spy on her neighbors. There were two sisters that lived there, and one was also a friend to my friend. With the lights off in our bedroom, we could easily see into the sister's bedroom. They were in their nightgowns just meandering around the room getting ready for bed I suppose. We thought we were so funny when the smirks got wiped off our face. A bright GLOWING NEON BLUE very tall, very slender female profile appeared and walked right across the room and into the wall. She then disappeared. I said, 'did you see that?' Now honestly, I believed at that point in time that somehow, I had imagined it and had my friend said 'no'. I would have long forgotten this incident, but my friend said, 'Yes!' She saw what I saw so I know it was as real as real could be. Also, the girls in the room were never aware of what happened. My friend asked one of the girls at school about it and her reply was, 'no, you are scaring me'. Also, the being did not know it had been seen as far as I could tell. At fourteen and only knowing Christian beliefs at the time, I believed that God played a trick on us to punish us for spying. To say the least, we never spied again! But I now believe we saw a portal. What was she? Are there any fae who glow blue?' 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? 'I don't know. It could have been something else, but I think they are all sometimes the same thing.' Fairies are 'beings from inner space'. 'I love to read folklore stories, but this incident happened long before I was a regular reader.'

§864) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no fairy mood 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 sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was on taking a walk when I noticed a strange light. I followed it for some time before seeing a small female humanoid figure with wings quickly flying

away stare at me and giggle and fly away.’ ‘Pale skin with a small red dress with green eyes and brown hair. With white sparkly wings.’ ‘The fairy had a high-pitched squeaky laugh.’ ‘It resembled what a fairy typically looks like.’ ‘I believe fairies are typically mischievous creatures who like to play with humans.’

§865) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own*; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; angry, aggressive, malicious; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* ‘It was very dark and walked past the small treeline about two houses wide toward the meadow which is dimly lit. I started getting this really strange feeling and looked near a curve that goes in making a little concave clearing in the treeline about six yards away and this small thing, was stepping just barely out of the shadow with a really aggressive stance. It was like a bone white in the light, with a short torso and skinny limbs. Couldn’t make out the head shape in the shadow but about a foot and a half or so and thin. It had its shoulders pulled way up in a hulking sort of way. I actually got a terrible feeling when I saw it, even felt kind of sick, and immediately noped [moped?] away without looking back. It didn’t seem defensive *per se*, the posture, but outwardly aggressive. The way it moved I have no doubt whatever it was would have attacked me had I been close.’ ‘Thin limbs but long, with a short torso. Almost two feet tall, standing on legs with shoulders hunched upward in an aggressive stance, fully tense. Pale.’ No noise ‘but leaves’. ‘I have no idea what it was but [it] appeared to be a diminutive humanoid.’ Fairies are ‘intelligent animals such as us. Some more intelligent than others. Reclusive races of animals.’ ‘It was just an unsettling experience and *me cai mal*. It frightens me a bit that I immediately felt sick and threatened when I saw it despite its small size. It was such a feeling as one would have around an intelligent predator or would-be assailant. I would like to learn more about such things in North America and also from a scientific point of view as a biology and nature science enthusiast.’

§866B) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 am-6 am; ‘ongoing over a year so far’; friendly, mischievous, joyful, erotic, arrogant, obsessed; 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, 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.* ‘I’ve had an ongoing situation where a male being shows up in my dreams and out. At one point shortly after moving to a new house I would see this clearish thing by the floor. I could see through it and it would be easy to ignore. I could make out its edges. I never saw it move. One day I finally asked if anyone else saw it and I pointed right at it. No one else could. Since that day I’ve never seen it again. Around the same time in meditation, I saw this shadow dark shape pop up and wave to me! It had pointed ears and a round head. He felt amused to me to show off his keen ability to slip through layers of stay hidden. Three months later my husband had the same experience of this something showing up in his

meditation. He did not know about my previous similar experience. I've also now grown aware of this thing in my dreams who at first had been lulling me to a deeper sleep and then doing intimate things in the dream. When I realized what was going on the situation started to get infinitely more complex as I've learned to go lucid to protect myself in these dreams. It's tried to trick me for access: appear as a different person; an ex-boyfriend, a trusted friend, my husband. It never looks quite right and has even tried to appear as a woman, but it doesn't pull it off well. This led to me waking up inside a dream and yelling at it a few times. It has said some chilling things to me. I've tried my best to explain consent, but it seems to indicate that it can wait for forever, I 'belong' to it in its opinion, and this is potentially connected to my family line?! I can't be sure because it will lie to try and make its case. I've since woken up to weird things like feeling someone kiss me and tickle me behind my ear which woke me up only to see no one there. Another time someone kept pecking me on the lips like the barest touch of a kiss. I realized a very small mouth was giving me kisses and its skin was really warm, even hot. Again, I open my eyes to no one there. I've been lying in bed and heard 'I love you' clear as day, only to not know the voice and see no one there. I think the potentially worst part is that sometimes in my sleep I will feel what feels like the last moment of penetration in an intimate act, pulling out of me. Once when I became aware of something inside me, I stayed very still reached down quickly and grabbed it. I suddenly saw the clearish see through but can barely make out the edge's thing squirming and struggling against me [sic]. I was eyes closed in the space between sleep and wake. Once it registered to me that I had a hold of it I realized I had no idea what to do with it now! I said 'Ha! Got you, you little #*&^!' At first but then realizing it was on top of me and I had no idea what to do I said 'Jesus' and let it go as I opened my eyes. I couldn't see anything in the room.' 'Through all of this I had a neighbor that was a heavy drug-user, and I would say to my husband that there was a weird synchronicity in how the man across the road would go on a bender and we would have an increase in activity. At this point my husband too had had this blonde man show up in his dreams who looked like he didn't belong there. I had this in my dreams too where a blonde man would sort of be in the background watching me in my dreams. Well, that man was passed out one day and his home caught on fire. He lived and is not in the home currently because of need for repair. In the meantime, activity has halted. I'm not sure if it is still there biding its time or trying to get at me in deeper dream states but this is the longest since moving here that we have had peace.' 'Flashes of pointed ears, long pointed crooked nose, child size mostly, thin.' 'I never had an interest in fae. I had previously had one experience but didn't care to learn more. Now in effort to rid of this thing I've had to expand my search and only then learned more of the older stories outside of American movie stuff.' 'I just think this is a thing that lives in a different layer of a reality. I believe the world is far more complex than people recognize. He seems incredibly bored and obsessed maybe because I see it in a vague way and can sometimes knowingly interact.' 'I think that my experience has potentially been a mix

of more than one being and tried to tell a linear narrative of what I assume to be the most dangerous one. I left a lot of detail out. I had a miscarriage that may be related. Also, the encounters in dreams and back and forth telepathic conversations/arguments. It's not healthy in my opinion to detail it all but if necessary I will.'

§867) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden; on my own; 12 am-3 am; a few seconds; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I'd moved into my parents' house shortly after they had both deceased and one night, I'm thinking somewhere between 2 and 3 AM. I awoke suddenly and then decided maybe I had better check to see if there was any lighting in the backyard, as I always worry about someone coming into the cul-de-sac behind me and coming over the fence. I was wide awake by then and I nonchalantly and slowly [opened] the patio door curtain just to peer out and see how dark it was, and if I needed to flip the back porch light on. It was quite dark and yet in the middle of the yard, hovering about four to five feet off the ground, was this luminescent 'being'. It appeared to be approximately eight to twelve inches in length horizontally. Just a white, glowing creature in the resemblance of a human. I was in awe and in the time, it took me to blink my eye, it flew away faster than lightning, basically in the direction of a pond that is on the other side of the house next to me. I really was in awe and a bit shocked, as I knew it was not a dragonfly! I couldn't really comprehend what I had just seen, so at that point I just decided to go back to bed. I couldn't come up with a rational explanation but the more I thought about it, the more I wonder if I didn't see some sort of fairy creature. I've always loved the woods, been a tree climber and garden lover my whole life and the idea of fairies always mesmerized me. I've always felt like I was a sensitive, creative and artistic person, but I don't think in my wildest dreams I ever thought they were absolutely for real. I used to pretend I saw fairies when I was a child, but this led me on a whole new path of discovery and I'm so thankful that in my old age, I have re-discovered something that I had lost touch with most all of my adult life. I've told a few close people and of course most think I'm just an eccentric old woman, but it is so comforting to know that others have experienced things similar and that here, I have found a place to share my story. Thank you.' 'One more note that I found fascinating is that even since then, I have discovered that my ancestry and my DNA are from Bavaria, Ireland, Britain, the Netherlands and a place called Svalbard, which I had never even heard of. It did make sense to me then that I have always been so attracted to the woods and to Celtic history. Even more amazing is to discover that far back, an ancestor on my father's side, who is of the Irish and English descent (my mother was German). Well, back in 1636 in Shrewsbury, Shropshire England a woman by the name of Kathryn/Katherine/Katharn(sp?) Garner, was drowned

because she was accused of being a witch. I have found several articles about that incident and back at that time there were three Garner brothers and the one accused the other two brothers' wives of being witches and they were both executed... Hence, the two husbands left for America and the one child that Katherine had, who was a boy of three to five years at her death are my ancestors on my father's side. Sorry to be so long-winded but finding out all that history in my family made me feel even more connected to that lore and it explains why I've always felt the connection my whole life to everything about that area of the world and now I'm stuck in Texas! Luckily however, I've learned a lot since I saw that little 'being.' 'Luminescent, white light with the faint shape of a body (I guess female, but not absolute sure) floating horizontally, possibly eight inches long, but no bigger than twelve inches long.' 'This event happened probably during the summer, and I don't remember in the previous fall watch in the backyard with the grass being dormant brown it's *** and they're in the middle of the yard was a very small ring of dark green grass probably about ten inches wide at the time I jokingly said it was my fairy ring but after seeing that little creature...' Why a fairy 'Because I'd never seen anything like this. It wasn't shaped like a ghost or an angel, even though it was white and luminous. It had a definite outline of a small human body hovering, a flying creature nothing like a dragonfly. And it flew faster than anything I've ever seen. Blink of an eye and it took off.' 'I think fairies come in all different categories that I wonder if they are part of the fallen angels but I want to believe that there are good ones and might still be saved; attackers in the nature he created I really don't want to think of them as being dark creatures but I know some of them most likely are. Maybe most of them, 'There's a chance for redemption and I like to think that the good ones look out for me.' 'I ramble too much and I'm sure my voice recorder didn't record exactly what I said sometimes, but I do know that as I'm getting older and I see my mortality in the future and the few experiences I've had in my life that were supernatural... Well, I hope that the door we pass through when we die, leads us to a beautiful place, if we're worthy of it and my favorite quote of Jesus is, 'Heaven has many rooms and I am preparing one for you.' I even had a dream one time where I went into this beautiful place, and I knew I had died, and I knew that this place was Heaven. It was a forest full of wonders. I'm hoping the good fairies are just a glimpse of that and everything around us here is a thin veil and that our Journey here IS about the Destination.'

§868) US (Texas). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; protective; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'Small flying green things.'

§869) US (Texas). *Male; 2020s; 51-60; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, you were very sad; no special experience reported.* 'One

spring/early summer evening, about two to three weeks after my dog died, I was sleeping in my bedroom. My cat often shares the bed, but he did not this evening. I was sleeping on my side and became aware that there was a light on in my ordinarily pitch-black room. Opening my eyes, about two feet from my face, squatting on my bedside table, which is the same level as my bed, was a figure which appeared female, staring intently at my phone, and the screen was on, illuminating a dark body. I couldn't tell if this figure was naked, or wearing a form fitting dark, neoprene-like suit, but in the phone light the parts closest to the phone were a blue-purple, reflective or iridescent color, while her sides were dark colored. Her face was dark, and she had hair, and a slightly large head, and a somewhat cute face with a nose which ranged from almost flat just below her eyes, to a wide, slightly upturned tip at the end. A rather pretty face, at least in profile. Her eyes were large. Her eyes seemed like a light brown but could have been green or dark blue. I had a vague impression of a tail, but since that was behind her, where it was shadowed, I couldn't be sure. She seemed very real, very solid, and she never looked toward me. I am afraid of being afraid, and assumed this was a hallucination or dream. So, I blinked hard, and opened my eyes again, and she was still there. As crazy as this sounds, to avoid being afraid I just turned the other direction and said 'Nope. Huh-uh' and laid back down. Then it occurred to me after I closed my eyes, that she seemed very real, so I opened my eyes again expecting pitch dark. There was light, so I sat up slowly, and turned back toward my bedstand, and she was gone, but my phone was back on the charging pad and the screen was on. Squatting down, she was probably only ten to twelve inches, so I would estimate had she been standing that she would have been close to two feet tall. This was just under one year ago. I wonder why I saw her, and if she was as real as she seemed. I had the crazy thought that maybe having my dog around kept things like this at bay. I have not seen anything like this since that time.'

'Perhaps just under twenty-four inches tall, upturned nose which was somewhat flat above the tip of her nose. Large eyes, pretty face/hair, dark colored: seemed almost like she was wearing a neoprene suit and in the light of my screen, purple/bluish iridescent at the front, but with no light or unlit parts, dark/black. Her face was somewhat lighter but still dark. I have an impression of hair. There may have been a tail, but behind her was dark. I wasn't afraid, but wondered if I should be (hence I looked back).'

'Lost time, abduction, etc, have a long history in folklore, and perhaps there is something to it. I suspect that the entities most people think of as the fey are interdimensional beings, or the remnants of a type of civilization that has existed longer than us, or 'spirits', or even aliens and angels, and maybe all of these are related and/or overlap. There is a chance they are not material but only real in some sense as some type of consciousness, or are simply hallucinations, though I have come to doubt the last possibility accounts for all of the sightings. The fairy books I

had read were the Artemis Fowl series. As a small child, I did experience a hand and arm made of shadow come out from under my bed in broad daylight, which terrified me, but as an adult, I categorized that as some type of hypnopompic or hypnagogic hallucination. My sister saw 'little people' shortly after this that made someone crash their bike (she said they stuck a stick in the spokes). I was around four and she was around six. Now, I wonder if there might be more to it than a child's fanciful imagination.' 'It seemed small and innocuous, so not a ghost; I suppose angel could describe the being, but not the culturally typical appearance of an 'angel.'" Fairies are? 'No idea, but the term itself, I think could encompass many different types of beings.'

§870) US (Texas). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood given; 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, 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'm not saying I saw the tooth fairy, but it was the night that I lost my first tooth. I wrote a letter to the tooth fairy and left it on my nightstand and had a glass of water by my bed. I was five years old at the time. I woke up in the middle of the night because I heard the glass of water hit the floor. I opened my eyes and I saw a very small light moving slowly across the room, probably five feet up in the air. It was golden in color and small. It just looked like a dot of light to me, but I also have terrible vision and didn't have my glasses on. As it neared the doorway to my room, a new doorway opened on the wall, to the side of the door, right over the place where a picture of my great grandmother's embroidering hung. It was like a black rectangle void, but it had red velvet curtains. The light moved slowly toward it, and that's when I noticed the shadows. Silhouettes of animals dancing all over my room, following the light in a line, there was a bear, a big cat of some kind. I know there were other shadows, but I can't remember which animals. I looked and my tooth was still on my nightstand, but when I turned my head again, there was a shadow creeping at the end of my bed. It had fins like a shark or a dolphin, but it had two of them. At this point the light was almost through the doorway, and it seemed like the portal door was closing, but the thing at the end of my bed was getting bigger in size. Being five years old I did the reasonable thing and hid under the covers, where I fell asleep. The next morning, there was money on the nightstand and a note from the tooth fairy, obviously in my mother's handwriting. But the water glass that had woken me had rolled under my nightstand, still on the floor. If it wasn't for the water glass on the floor, I would have thought the whole thing was a dream.' 'The fairy didn't seem interested in me at all, only the shadow at the end of my bed.' 'A small speck of golden light'. Why a fairy? 'Mainly because it happened on the night I lost my first

tooth, but the fairy didn't take the tooth. I always thought it was just paying me a visit. I felt calm when I looked at the light, but the shadows scared me. This experienced left me obsessed with fairies through the rest of my childhood, but I never had an experience like that afterwards.' 'I've read a lot of lore and mythology about [fairies], in my opinion [they are] magical beings that can't be seen unless they want to.' 'The animal shadows I saw that night haunt my dreams to this day. I don't know if the shadows were fairies, or just hanging with the little gold fairy, but I only got the sense that the one at the end of my bed was evil, not the bear or the big cat. I thought the bear was funny. He was walking on his hind legs and waving his arms like he was dancing. The one at the end of my bed seemed cold and dark.'

§871) US (Texas). *Other; 2020s; 21-30; in a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; 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 dreaming about drawing a comic and a character looked me in the eye and spoke to me. She disappeared and then two women were walking toward me, both very elongated of body, one very tall and golden and the other dressed in black. I felt that they were the queens, but they did not speak to me; I just knew.' 'Tall and thin, one with a golden aura and one dressed in black'. 'It was silent'. 'I was asleep and woke immediately after with the urge to masturbate.' Fairies are 'semi-real manifestations of spirit or nature with the power to move people to action'.

§872) US (Texas). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in a city (in my front yard); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; 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.* 'I was in my front yard with my parents (who were on the other side of the yard) on a sunny day when I heard wings flapping. I looked to my left and up in the air when I saw three tall, slender figures with wings go up in the air. The one in the middle was the one I saw first, as the one entered my vision on the right and the other my left to join with the one in the middle.' 'Tall and slender. I think they were wearing earthy-toned colors.' Why fairies? 'Because my belief in them were very strong at the time and I think I was wanting to see them for real.' 'I have seen fairies at least two other times since this incident, both before I was a pre-teen/teen. I haven't seen them since (though I haven't had any paranormal incidents or experiences lately either).' 'I think that [fairies] are real and vary from region to region. I think we do not see them often for a reason, but they are here.'

§873) US (Texas). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; 'somewhat scared'; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'Me and my friend were taking a walk in the woods, and they went somewhere else. Then while I was near a river. I noticed a fairy. It wasn't doing much besides looking at the river. I watched it for a while but then it saw me and got away.' 'There was a high-pitched gasp'. 'Blue clothing, light skin, small size.' 'It looked like how I imagined a fairy would look.' 'I believe fairies may exist.'

§874C) US (Texas). 'I was seventeen [male, 1990s] and I was driving home from a friend's house along a road I had travelled dozens of times before. I was listening to the radio, on a station that played what was then referred to as 'College Radio' It played alternative music, this was just a few months before grunge music hit and changed the music scene. The music this station played at the time was truly different, bands like Pere Ubu and Art of Noise. My point is that to hear what most would consider strange music on this radio station was not unusual. As I was driving, I began hearing music that was truly unusual and different. It had no lyrics, just instrumentation. The last thing I can recall is thinking that I had never heard this song before (and never have since, despite hundreds if not thousands of hours listening to that same station in the years afterward.) The next thing that I knew, I was driving down a road I had never driven down before. The colors of the hay fields on either side of the road that I was driving looked unusual, like I was peering through a piece of prism or something iridescent. I had a sense that some time had passed, and the strange music I had heard was no longer playing. As I continued to drive, wondering what the hell had just occurred, I drove into a neighboring town and realized that I had somehow ended up fifteen miles in the opposite direction from which I had travelled. Once I had my bearings, I then was able to drive home successfully. As I said earlier, I had travelled my intended route dozens upon dozens of times. I have never doubted what happened was the result of something extraordinary, and not just a case of absent-mindedness or 'road hypnosis.'"²⁰

§875) US (Utah). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; can't remember the time; less than a minute; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'When I was about eleven or twelve maybe, I was sitting on my bed in my bedroom facing the doorway to my room, which was open, when this little creature ran by my door. It was maybe eight to ten inches tall and was completely silent. It basically had like a stick figure body, with a head that looked like

²⁰ Received by email with permission to publish.

a dandelion puff. It ran gracefully, like a ballerina might run. I got up and tried to follow it, it had gone into my dad's office which was right by my door, but I couldn't find anything. Years later I was telling my sister about what I saw and was surprised when she told me she had seen that same creature, also, in our house and also running in the same graceful way. And just a few months ago I was on Facebook in a group and told the story of what I had seen, and another lady replied that she had also seen the same creature! Only she saw it out hiking in Oregon. She looked down and saw it, when it realized she saw it, it hurriedly ran away gracefully as well! I never quite knew what to call this creature until I learned that the word 'fairy' referred to a variety of creatures that are otherworldly. And this creature was definitely not of this world. From the angle it was running it has to have come right out of a wall. I thought maybe it was an inter dimensional being of some sort. Possibly from the world of Fairies.' 'Why a fairy?' Because it was small and so graceful looking.' What are fairies? 'Creatures which come from the fairy realm.'

§876) US (Utah). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was in the woods along the *** highway, between *** Canyon and *** peak. Maybe a half mile from the hairpin turning road. I'd sat a long time, so long that animals had returned to their activities and noises, as if I weren't present. Birds, deer, all moving about, rather close. I was little more than arm's distance from a doe, eating, for some time. I got the feeling that I wasn't the only person around, which startled me. I looked about, and saw movement, about mid-high up in an aspen, that then held still. I looked where the movement was, and realized I had eye contact with a 'person' but their skin looked like the aspen's bark. Their hair was black, similar to a bowl cut, where the bangs are blunt and come low almost over the eyes and transitioned to a ring all around their head. I don't recall if I said something, but I maintained eye contact while I moved to the side, for a better vantage, and to confirm it wasn't a trick of light. They had wings or a cloak that also resembled the Aspen's bark and branches in color and texture. He or she was smaller than a person, but not tiny. I'd guess three and a half or four and half feet if standing on the ground. They were positioned with feet hugging the trunk, knees bent up almost tucked into armpit and wing, sort of squatting there. When I moved to observe better, the aspen being startled, and did similar at me [sic]! When my heart leapt for truly seeing what I was seeing, he or she made an expression of 'oh shit' in my direction, genuine surprise at being seen, and quickly panned around the back of the tree, and disappeared. For the record, I was completely sober at the time. Completely.' 'About four-foot tall, young adult, skin like the Aspen tree he or she was in, inky black hair in a short, clean bowl/bang cropped style, also inky dark eyes, hiding under the bangs of hair. Thin,

muscular, not a shred of fat on the body, but healthy muscles like a wild thing has, wiry and close to the body.’ ‘My silence and stillness had brought out other forest life too, as if I weren’t there.’ ‘Yes. It was [a] corporeal [experience], not angelic, not alien or foreign.’ Fairies are ‘nature spirits, tenders or owners of places in space and time’. ‘He or she was very surprised that I could see them and preferred not to be seen.’

§877) US (Vermont). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; many hours; friendly, mischievous; occasional supernatural experiences; 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.*

‘Spheres/balls of light flying into the haunted forest – approximately a hundred or more gathered at our location. We watched for several hours and finally left the area as it was getting very late, and we had a fairly long distance to travel to get back home again along unlit narrow country lanes.’ ‘Cylindrical glass like, with speckles of light inside that looked like energetic filaments’. ‘We call the area haunted as there have been many unusual experiences for centuries, some good and some unpleasant.’ Fairies are ‘ancient anomalous beings who have always been on our planet’.

§878) US (Vermont). *Female; 2020s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; 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.* ‘A glowing flash of white and a slow drifting of faintly glowing yellow wings of something nearly a butterfly in the hallway.’ ‘The full form was not seen, but a faint glowing-sparkling of yellow wings that held strongly in my mind.’ Fairies are ‘things that appear in the corners of places when one can feel very strongly’.

§879) US (Vermont). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ‘short but felt like a pause at the same time’; aloof, positive; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was walking through the Vermont woods near my house. The woods stretch far. They are preserved and have many trails. I had seen other fairies and spirits before in these woods. I was walking near the edge of the wood with my mother when I looked to my left to see a brown, hunched figure. The figure was the height of an adult and male, I think. Completely covered in a brown cloak. There was something like roots on the cloak that I couldn’t quite make out. The face was covered, and the hump quite large. The figure was facing away from me, but not enough that if the cloak hadn’t been drawn, I would have been prevented from seeing the face. This lasted only a handful of seconds, but it felt like a pause. The spirit didn’t feel negative like other things I’ve seen in the past, and I felt at ease. My mother didn’t see him, but she does sometimes see the same things I’ve seen in the

past. This was something I hadn't ever seen before. I was so intrigued about its origin but didn't want to interfere. I speculated that it could be a Brownie, or possibly the spirit of one of the trees along the trail. When I came across the Fairy Census again and saw that you could submit your experience, I thought I would tell my story, and someone else might have had a similar experience, as well.' 'While I've seen ghosts and other spirits in the woods before, I've seen fairies as well. I felt with certainty what I saw was a fairy, almost as if I was being told.'

§880) US (Virginia). *Female; 1960s; 11-20; 'in a somewhat wild walled garden within the city'; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; no duration reported ['very hard to judge. It seemed that moments had passed, but it actually was longer']; 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 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 had been playing with a younger brother in our backyard, in the summer twilight. It had been a botanist's house, and he had installed many rare and unusual specimens that frequently grew out of season. Where the back garden appeared to end at a river stone wall jutting past both sides of the garage, actually there were hidden stairs to a private upper walled garden that was wilder and quieter than its closer counterpart, and on a steeper hill than should have been possible. The night grew suddenly silent. Clouds of lights like fireflies rose from the ground, but the light seemed more diffused into a bright cloud. The light grew to doorway size, and people began to walk through it. There were male and female, taller than the adults I knew, and so beautiful that I ached to see them. They wore strange robes and were on foot. Somehow, they seemed familiar, and I moved closer, to see them better. One woman near the front seemed to command a group of short, stout beings with skin like dark tanned slick leather, hair, more like dark animal fur, longer alike arms. I had felt no sense of fear or danger until I saw these creatures, and I broke into a cold sweat of panic when I saw them. Like the taller people, these seemed familiar somehow, but dangerous. Unlike the taller folk who walked forward at a stately pace, the dark creatures scurried near the ground, snuffling and grumbling as if they were tracking something. One spotted me watching, and began to crash through the brush toward me, but a very blonde woman near the lead saw it. She looked me straight in the eye, and her eyes widened as if she were startled to see me. I knew that she communicated mentally with the creature, and she seemed to rein it back with something like a slender golden cord that materialized at the creature's neck. Complaining, it rejoined the party. A short distance forward, the party entered another glowing door like shape, and gradually faded to nothing. I tried many times to see the party again, or any trace of a portal, but I never did there. The following year, my family moved away.' 'Some were moving forward with a purpose that did not involve me. The shorter, darker ones seemed dangerous, hostile, and hungry.' The large party was very quiet, with a dry leaf rustling sound. The short, stocky ones

made animalistic grumbling, growling, sniffing noises'. 'I suspect [fairies] inhabit another dimension that overlaps our own from time to time.'

§881) US (Virginia). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* 'My husband and I live in the next-to-the-last house on a dead-end road in the country. Our nearest neighbor's house is a couple hundred yards away with woods between us. The road itself is a quarter of a mile away. Our home is on the top of a rise and surrounded by trees by almost half with the front half being a long open field running down to the road. Our 'yard' extends about twenty yards around our house, between it and the field in front and trees on sides and back. We work from home in a workshop in our basement. It has one door leading outside to the back of the house. The woods are about twenty yards away from this point. This day we were working in silence with the door open as it was a lovely day. I was nearest the door at the sewing machine and my husband was working on the other side of me about six feet away. It had crept into the back of my mind that everything seemed oddly quiet outside suddenly. No birds or wind. Then I started hearing music. Because I was preoccupied with a lap full of sewing work, my mind was 'loose' and I guess reached for something tangible to process the music. I thought 'oh it's an ice cream truck'. That's what the music sounded like. Tinkling, bell-like, complex and happy. The instant I thought 'ice cream truck' I knew that was crazy because we don't HAVE ice cream trucks out here. Then I thought 'cell phone ringer'? But knew that the 'song' was too complex for that. And besides, whose would it be. We shouldn't be able to hear our neighbors even if they were at the edge of their property (over a hundred yards away) and for that matter we've never heard their cell phones before. Then I wondered/worried someone was skulking around in our woods behind the house. But my mind countered, if someone was, wouldn't they answer their phone or at least silence it? Then I realized what I was hearing wasn't being repeated like cell phone ringers at all. It was true 'music'. By this time (maybe ten seconds) I said to my husband 'I'm hearing music!' I hadn't gotten up because I felt if I did, I'd lose the music. He was already standing though so quickly went outside where he continued to hear it for a few seconds more. But he couldn't figure out which direction it was coming from. He walked all the way around the house and saw nothing. No person, no car on the road, nothing. He didn't hear it long after he walked out the door so maybe the music lasted thirty to sixty seconds in total. We even ran an experiment later with me going to the edge of the woods nearest the basement door. I turned my cell phone all the way up while he stood outside the basement door and still, he couldn't hear it. I was able to hear the music while I was inside sitting inside the basement about fifteen feet away from the door. The fact that he heard the music after he walked outside and started to look around means that if it

were someone in our woods, they'd have had to be deeper in the woods or lying down out of sight otherwise he'd have seen them. But even then, our experiment proved we wouldn't have been able to hear a phone ringer. And it was odd that once he got outside and heard it for a few seconds, he couldn't identify a direction it was coming from. We've definitely had other Fae experiences around here since we bought the place about seven years ago, so I wondered if it was fairy music. I've read about other's experiences and it kind of seems to match. Oh, and I remember the experience left us feeling strangely lightheaded and fuzzy feeling. But perhaps that was just a result of our brains not being able to find a who or what behind it? This happened over a year ago and we've never heard anything else like it. I have heard music coming from our neighbor working in his shed (the nearest building to us but still about a hundred yards away and beyond a patch of trees) but that is very faint/muddled, easy to identify the direction and unmistakable as radio music. What we heard was definitely clear and distinct although we were never able to remember the 'tune' itself. 'Tinkling. Bell-like. Complex.' 'Yes [the area] does [have a reputation]. But only because we have had previous experiences ourselves. We don't know if the previous (original) owner of this house did because apparently, he went 'crazy' (as the locals tell it), defaulted on his mortgage and moved away. About three years after we bought the house, he disappeared and was found days later dead in a ditch. (We found this out *via* the Sheriff's office who had come looking here for him after he went missing). However, since we started having unusual things happen around us (all very positive though!) I started researching and one thing or another led me to the possibility of Fairy. Now looking at this property, I wonder if this house isn't built very near/on the side of a fairy mound and forest, which, if true, makes me wonder about the original owner and his 'going crazy'. So far, we seem ok though, thank goodness.' Why fairies? 'Have heard of 'fairy music' before but never ghost or alien music – ha-ha!' Fairies are 'beings that live in a dimension or frequency (whatever that really means) closest to ours on either side perhaps. And sometimes there is bleed-over, like two radio stations coming in at the same time on the same frequency, a bit garbled and staticky.'

§882B) US (Virginia). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house, in a garden; 'sometimes alone, sometimes with others'; 9 am-12 pm; many hours; friendly, playful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'When I was a child, I used to always see little white lights. They would fly around me and follow me, but if I tried to touch them, they would stay just out of reach or dart far away. Sometimes there were more than others. Not knowing they weren't a normal thing, they never scared me, and I didn't think to talk much about them. I do vividly remember asking my mom what they were, shortly after I turned seven (1977). She seemed puzzled at first, even though I pointed to them, and she asked me to describe them. (This was also when I realized she didn't see them.) After I did, she said they were fairies.' 'TINY bright white lights, I couldn't discern a shape or body.' 'I don't recall sounds

associated with them.’ ‘It honestly could be anything. I only believe it to be fairies because my mom told me, and she seemed so sure. I know exactly what I saw, but not what they were. My Mom is now deceased, or I would ask her a ton of questions.’ Fairies are ‘minuscule beings that possess magic and the ability to fly.’ ‘I was never able to touch any of the lights, but they interacted with me.’ ‘It was throughout my childhood. Stopping maybe around age ten?’

§883) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time, you were very sad; 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 sudden warmth before the experience.* ‘Light blue fairy with crystal wings that landed on my blanket. She had a dress that looked like it was literally water.’ ‘Happy and she had a blue theme going on’. ‘A melodious sound resembling birds chirping’. ‘I saw the fairy with my own eyes, and it mentally talked to me.’ Fairies are ‘magical creatures that are supreme to humans’.

§884) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; 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.* ‘It was Autumn in 2016. My family was attending a reunion at the *** Center in ***, Washington. This is a yoga retreat and a place people come to commune with nature and give homage to the fairies. One night we built a wonderful fire in the pit and sat around chatting. My niece and nephew started making fun of the idea of people dancing in the fields and believing in fairies. I became very uncomfortable. My inner voice told me to admonish them, but I did not, I just listened. Then, I felt a pinch on the back of my thigh! I was afraid it was a spider, so I jumped down onto the ground and looked under the bench and there she was. She was blackish/deep green with red glowing eyes (maybe twelve inches long/tall). She was very spindly. She stared right at me, and I knew she was mad. We held the gaze for only a moment, she scurried off. I jumped up and told my niece and nephew to no longer talk trash about fairies, that they exist, and one just pinched me! They looked at me like I was crazy. I have never forgotten that moment and never will. I gave thanks to the land, the fairies, and the blessing to see this amazing creature every day for the rest of the time we were there!’ ‘She was black/deep green with red eyes; long arms and legs, spindly; about a foot long.’ ‘There were [other] stories recorded in the guest book at the retreat.’ Why a fairy? ‘The look of the creature and the fact that I had not seen a UFO. I’ve seen ghosts and dark people and they did not look like this creature.’ ‘Earth spirits.’

§885) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* ‘Walking a tiny trail through some woods next to a river, I stopped to talk to small tree when I saw a VERY brilliant blue tiny light flying above my head. I stood still and watched it move to a branch and when I asked softly ‘Are you a fairy?’ It flew straight to my nose and then flew away. It was so amazing and surreal! I will never forget, and I tell anyone who I think would be interested.’ ‘Only a small Brilliant blue light like an insect size.’ Why a fairy? ‘Because of the feelings I felt during the sighting.’ What are fairies? ‘God created beings that are here to help nature and mother Gaia.’

§886) US (Washington State). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘This is perhaps one of my earliest memories in life, however brief. I was very young at this time – I estimate around four years old – based on where we lived, which was the *** neighborhood of ***. As the memory goes, I was in the living room which had a large, rectangular front-facing window with a walkway outside it which led to the front door. At the time, I was on the couch, watching the television when I saw out of the window a flash of red pass by. I thought this was my father (who traveled for work at the time) coming home, but when the door never opened, I leapt up from the couch to ask my mother if my dad was home from work and she said, ‘No’. She wanted to know why I asked and I told her about the figure that I had seen go by the window in a flash of red. Knowing then that it wasn’t my father, I immediately believed that I had seen (what my child’s mind termed) ‘The Bogey Man’, and I have remembered the experience ever since (and it is not the only unusual occurrence, just the earliest). As an adult, when I revisited this story with my mother, she had no memory of its happening, but she did tell me that that house was not mundane, in her opinion. More than once, she said, she would leave rooms with chores partially done only to return and find that they had been worked upon including the partial unloading of the dishwasher, with all the dishes set on the counter and another time with laundry folded after she left and returned to the room a few minutes later. I have had experiences under several circumstances, but mostly (insofar as I can tell) it has less to do with what I am doing/feeling, and more to do with my state of mind regardless of my circumstances. To be specific, it happens most often when I allow my mind the space and un-focus, if you will, to simply meander. It often happens if I am walking, ‘thinking of nothing in particular’ as they say, that I will hear music or chimes that others do not hear. I also, strangely, see bubbles. Not several at a time, just one – which has happened several times throughout my life. It is memorable because who sees just ONE bubble with no others around? I have had uncountable experiences

via dreaming (which I have a propensity for); either daydreaming or during sleep, and sometimes during a trance/meditative state. Whether it was the house, or my family (for my mother and I have had many experiences in the same places over the years, completely separate from one another and at least once together) I cannot say, but to this day I believe I saw what I saw and that my child's mind understood it then as my adult mind has the knowledge to better identify now.' 'It was person-sized, tall enough to be seen as walking by the window at adult height. It had a very distinct red jacket on but no other details were apparent.' 'I think that this was a fairy experience because of how my young mind instantly 'understood' the situation as 'seeing the bogey-man'. It occurred to me in this way, similar to how I think of 'dream knowledge' (i.e. the experience of being in a dream and 'just knowing' where you are or who you are with even if you cannot see faces or location markers). I 'just knew' or, as others might call it, intuition. My four-year-old brain didn't have the savvy or worldly knowledge to be so intentionally or dishonestly inventive.' What are fairies: 'They are two things: a) people who have descended from ancient races (not limited to the Tuatha of Ireland), b) the essence of creativity, imagination, ingenuity, ideas, dreams; ever-changing, always evolving and existing right alongside the mundane, like an invisible layer enmeshed and atop the average everyday world.' 'I could elaborate on other experiences if desired, but I chose this one because it was my earliest memory of any such happening in my life.'

§887) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; 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.* 'Above me while on the couch. There were several.' 'Colorful.' 'They seemed friendly and very small. Hovering above me.' Fairies are 'supernatural beings from another realm'. 'I enjoyed it'.

§888) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; sad; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'It happened the first time in either summer or autumn 2012. I was asleep in bed and home alone. Normally I live with my mom, but she was out of state. It was so strange. I woke from a dead sleep to the sound of a woman crying. It sounded like she was right outside my bedroom, in the hallway. I could sense her presence, could feel that there was someone there. I could hear her just sobbing, but I couldn't move or speak. It felt so strange, I felt awake, but almost drugged. Anyway, a few weeks later my grandmother and great grandmother died. It happened again in 2017, hearing the woman sobbing. This time my mom was home, but she didn't hear anything. And again, a while later my great uncle died. I didn't feel scared or anything, just very relaxed and almost, as I said, like I was drugged and couldn't move.' 'It made me think of a banshee.' Fairies are 'like us in ways, but very different too, and that caution is wise when dealing with them.' 'I thought maybe a

banshee was attached to part of my family? We've had loads of people die and I never heard it for them, so for some reason just those three? I've never really talked about it because who'd believe me? I mentioned it to my mom and that's it, but she said it was probably the neighbor woman downstairs. However, what I heard sounded nothing like her and I strongly felt a presence. So, who knows.'

§889) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; friendly, aloof, mournful, 'saying goodbye'; 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, 'doing some sort of ritual/divination reading'; 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 moving out of my parent's house where I had lived my entire life. I was sitting in my bedroom on my laptop and I suddenly turned my head to the right and there was this being. It looked like Dobby mixed with a root vegetable with big black beadie eyes. He looked back at me and put his head down and disappeared into my duvet. A moment later I saw him on the floor running into my closet.' 'Head looked like a potato, long spindly limbs, almost green, long nose, long ears, black beadie eyes, approximately a foot tall.' 'I have experienced Fae folk on the property before, just not like that.' 'I had done a spell for the troop on the property to come with me on my journey, however I think that this being was a house spirit coming to say goodbye.' Fairies are 'otherworldly beings that share our world but in the next dimension'.

§890) US (Washington State). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I was taking pictures outside and saw something in the corner of my eye and I saw these things flying through a tree and took a video of it and after I looked at it closely, I saw they were fairies.' 'They are real if you believe.'

§891) US (Washington). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful, 'primarily, she emitted a sense of duty and responsibility'; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported ['I had just completed the first step in my meditation process but had not gone into a trance at all']; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was meditating and had made a point of pushing energetic 'impurities' or 'vibrationally dissonant' energies out of my body through the soles of my feet (I was laying down in my bed). My dog was lying next to me. We both noticed movement at the foot of the bed at the same moment. Surprisingly, the dog DID NOT BARK. She looked confused, though, and she carefully watched the being the whole time contact was happening, as I did. I focused hard to be able to see what was moving. It was a one and a half foot tall, wood-looking person. Might have been what humans

consider female-shaped, but that is unclear. Sturdy build. I felt the soles of my feet being either brushed or gently scraped. As if I had successfully pushed SOMETHING out of the soles of my feet and this being was happy to remove it and take it away. The being finished the process of removing whatever had been on the soles of my feet and took it outside: a process of leaving my room, going upstairs, going out the door. I did not hear the door open or close, but the cold from outside came in with 'her' when 'she' returned. When she did return to my bedroom, she settled into a full basket of clean laundry in the dark corner of my room under the house's furnace. The being shifted a few times later during my meditation and I had to ask 'her' to settle down, as I was trying to focus on my task. Oddly, 'she' didn't shift again, and does not seem to have left. I have known this sort of being is in my personal space in the house for about six years now. This is the first time I've SEEN IT in any clear way.' 'She looked as though a tree trunk had become animate.' 'I do know my house is on the 'most haunted road' in Washington State, USA. Our back garden once hosted a Night Market. Most people do not see them. Nice group of beings.' 'None of the aliens, transdimensional beings, self-declared gods, or any other being I have encountered do little domestic things like the little wooden lady did. Therefore, I assume she is one of the Neighbors as I understand there are stories in Europe about such people enjoying house maintenance tasks as much as she seemed to. I may well be incorrect.' Fairies 'are unseen peoples indigenous to the Earth. I have no idea, other than that.' 'The question about how many books about faeries have I read. I have a degree in Comparative Studies from the *** University. My focus was on indigenous world religions with special attention to where religions come from in the first place. I have not ever used European fairy faith info in my studies (as my interest mostly was in South Korean worldviews for Reasons). However, being a white skinned American citizen, I was raised on European fairy tales. So, there is an awareness of basic fairy types I would not have had were I from, say, Eritrea or Tibet.'

§892) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; many hours; friendly; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My children and I attended a Ramtha event. He asked the children if he could send them fairies. They agreed. We lived on ***'s farm at the time. We went for a walk in the forest, and I started to take pictures. What was seen was awesome! The camera took pictures in infrared. The children were surrounded by thousands upon thousands of little lights. My youngest daughter had an orb with a visible baby's face at her feet. I showed the children. Unfortunately, the camera was stolen a few days later before I could develop the photos and also unfortunately, I

didn't share with a group or send the photos to anyone.' Fairies are 'beings from another plain or dimension.' 'My children went to a Waldorf school, and it was common to talk about fairies, elves, and the elementals. Often, we would have mushroom rings in our garden. My children would also build fairy homes and leave shiny gifts for them.'

§893) US (Washington State). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; it was a dream, this is my most recent experience; friendly, joyful, calm; regular supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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 sudden warmth before the experience.* 'It was in a dream that was, so strange, so realistic, I honestly would not have thought fae until someone I knew mentioned something from an old Celtic story. I was, still am with a person who is emotionally abusive, I try to see the best, think people don't know better. But I remember there was this man who looked so young but wise, lovely long blonde pale hair, light skin that almost had slight glow. I was so upset earlier in real life. The man calmly approached me, and I somehow knew it was ok to hug him. He was dressed in light-colored regal robes with some circlet type head piece on, his eyes were light-colored, I remember looking into them, and just hugging him and crying, he smelled subtle like a faint hint of jasmine and something else pleasant. He said nothing, just hugged me back and comfortingly stroked my back. I seemed to cry and cry for hours. Like I had to let something out. But the man was ok with it, I knew that somehow, he understood. You see I have Aspergers, I had not so good a life, and I cannot take care of myself fully, kind of an adult cat. So while I have not had this exact experience again, I will dream when it's too much when I'm so close to breaking that someone will let me cry and let me ask what I did etc. Sometimes there are just regular looking people, but I wake up feeling calmer like I have the strength to get through whatever is going on, they are rare... Yet I find the dream ones to be different than other in the world encounters.' 'It was just like the man was trying to give me peace and comfort, I felt no ill will from him.' Very beautiful tall man, he almost looked unisex, yet there was enough there to see he was male. He was really pretty though.' 'I only recall hearing small noises in the wooded area with a castle or some nice stone structure in the background.' 'I have no idea if this area has any fae things tied to it.' 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? 'I just knew, it didn't seem to fit these other things, something about the man and the autumn leaves and lighted area and he himself, just seemed to say afe [?] of nobility or higher ranking? I am no fae expert.' Fairies 'are whatever they are, as long as they do not harm me I have no ill will to them, they seem to be protective and mischievous mostly.' 'I would love to know what the man was, or if I can thank him. You know that really helped me.'

§894) US (Washington). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; 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.* 'It was back in December 2012. I had gone with my husband to the *** Reserve on *** Island. It was a clear day. We had decided to take a different path than our normal route (as we would go there often). I remember walking past this area that was quite dense with foliage, but in the near distance was a tree stump covered in moss and other plants. I remember having a strange feeling that something was watching me, I got my camera out and took a photo, I didn't zoom in on anything, just a simple point and shoot photo of the area I was looking at. I really didn't expect to find anything on the photo, but the feeling was very real. I get home, and upload the photo to my computer, to take a closer look, and wow. I even get goose bumps remembering what I saw. It was a face looking back at me, but a masked face, like the Fairy had a mask that was almost cat like, but all green, maybe a Green Man face mask. I have looked at my photo so many times. Also, I have been back to the gardens but for some reason I can't find the area I took the photo in! which has added to the mystery.' 'I do feel it wanted me to see it, or take a photo and then find it within the photo.' 'It was an experience that actually led me to research Fairy folklore much more closely and then find the connection with Alien experiences people have had. It changed my whole UFO/Alien research, for the better! and it opened my mind to a much deeper way of thinking about these strange phenomena that people experience.' Fairies are: 'Another race of beings that we are yet to understand fully.' 'My main area of research is about UFOs and Aliens, also Bigfoot, this was not like any of those experiences. I have always been interested in Fairy Folklore and its connection that some have put together regarding Fairies and Aliens, Jacques Vallee to name one of them. The only other time I can say I have seen a Fairy is when I was very little, in my bedroom, he was a tiny man with a red and white stripe jumper on, blue trousers and was dancing and playing a flute.'

§895) US (Washington State). *Male; 1960s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was about five years old. It was late summer. My grandfather and I were walking in a neighbor's woods across the street from his place, just off their country driveway at the bottom of a large, wooded hill. Grandpa was talking to the neighbor on the road, and I wandered off a little way on my own across a bright, grassy field. There was a very large maple tree at the bottom of the hill. I walked into the shade beneath it as the day was quite warm and [I] met a little man. He was about three feet tall, rotund, had a long white beard, a ruddy smiling face, and was dressed in mustard yellow from head to toe-boots and a tall hat with a wide brim and a flat top. I, being only five, thought he was just another neighbor and said 'Hello'. He just

smiled at me and gave me a nod with a wide toothy grin, he had very sparkly, happy hazel eyes (rather like my own!) and took a long drag from a clay and wood pipe similar to an old Bavarian style. I found him enchanting. We stood there for a minute or two just enjoying the day in companionable silence, until Grandpa called for me. I waved at Grandpa, and turned back to my new friend, but he was gone. I told Grandpa all about him and asked him if he knew the little fellow. He looked around to see if anyone was there, then laughed, and said 'I'm afraid I don't! Sounds like you met an old elf!' We went home and never spoke of it again. Years later when I was eighteen years old, I got a job chopping firewood and helping out another neighbor who lived at the top of the hill. He had a five-year-old son, and one day I noticed he was drawing something interesting. My heart leaped into my mouth as I recognized the little yellow-clad man! I asked him who it was, and he told me 'It's the happy little man who lives at the bottom of the hill under the big maple! I see him sometimes, he's nice!' I laughed and said, 'I've seen him, too!' I started to look around for him while I was working, but never saw him myself again.' 'Like a jolly little gnome.' 'It was a fairy I feel sure.' 'I felt the fairy I saw was a kind of guardian of that place, and meant well.'

§896) US (Washington State). *Female; 1950s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; sad; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was sitting under a tree in the garden when a fairy came walking around my feet. She was hurt, clutching her shoulder, face grimaced in pain. I looked in the direction she was looking and saw a bit of her wing under a leaf on the ground by my hand. My mother called me to dinner, and I jumped up and left the garden.' 'My experience opened the door to my imagination in a very conscious way. It was profound and has been with me ever since.' 'The experience led to my future and led me away from my parents' belief system.'

§897) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'Looking out my window and saw these flying things and videoed them and zoomed in and saw that they had wings. Prior to this took picture of a statue I have and when got picture back the fairy statue was different.' 'Small palm size wings.'

§898) US (Washington State). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; inside a private house; 'my children were sleeping on my bed while I was folding laundry'; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; anxious and frantic; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'It was between eight and ten pm close to the summer solstice date. I was listening to a podcast in my bedroom while I was folding laundry. My children were sleeping. I had a large salt lamp and my bathroom lights on. There was plenty of light. My bedroom door was open, and my husband

was across the hall on the computer. A shadow that had the frame of a five-year-old child started to appear in my room. My room is small. The shadow was next to my patio door and in front of my bathroom door where the light was on. The shadow was spinning and blinking in and out of sight every time I would turn to look at it head on. I honestly thought I was just tired and tried to forget about it. But it caused a feeling of anxiety. It was an anxious energy. That same night my husband was sleeping in the office because all of the children were in bed with me (three young ones). He came into the room and told me he was scared because he thought our four-year-old had been running and jumping through the office while we were sleeping. That's when I knew I was not just seeing things. We don't have a ghost in our house. We have been here for many years. I had a series of instances after this. It stopped around the end of July of two thousand and twenty-two.' 'On a nightly basis following this event I would wake up between 11 pm and 3 am and I would see something floating in the air between my bedroom door and my bed that looked like how ink would behave in water. It also looked like lichen. It was black and it looked like it was almost hanging like a net. It was never completely solid. Occasionally I would see small ball shaped forms with eyes and mouths that were almost like watercolors. I felt like I was being observed. It happened every night until around the end of July two thousand and twenty-two, beginning immediately after the first incident. I started to dread going to sleep because of these events. My three young children were also sleeping in bed with me. Twin one year old boys and a boy who will be four in November. He's big for his age.' 'About a year ago a large ring of mushrooms appeared in my front yard and a perfect circle of clover appeared this year.' Fairies are 'spirits that belong to the earth'. Why a fairy as opposed to something else? 'I have been trying to figure this out.'

§899) US (Washington State). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I watched it in real time on my night vision surveillance camera on my front porch in the middle of the city. At three in the morning I [was] just watching my camera on the monitor. I recorded. It's all on video.' 'About ten-inch-tall male seems to be wearing clothes which is weird. Dragonfly wings. Clearly has four limbs and did amazing acrobatic flying in a few short seconds. But when I slow down it's just insane the amount of manoeuvres.' 'I know I get lots of paranormal photos and videos. There might be a vortex there I don't know. A lot of spirit energy though.' 'In my opinion it's a fairy. Nothing else that I know of flies like that it's clearly got two arms two legs and a head. There's a chance I could be mistaken but I doubt it and I happen to be researching fairies heavily that week or two. Coincidence? I doubt it. I think that when you're open-minded to certain things they let themselves be seen

because your awareness opens up'. Fairies are 'a type of species of small winged humanoid creatures or multi-dimensional elementals or fourth dimensional beings not certain.'

§900) US (West Virginia). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 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; no special experience reported.* 'I was lying in bed with the light off watching TV. I had shelves above my bed. I saw movement out the corner of my eye. I see vaguely this time pixie-like shape moving around on my shelf. I just saw her for a moment before she realized she was caught. When she knew I knew I blinked, and she was gone.' 'Tiny maybe as long as your middle finger. Vague human shape with wings.' 'Why a fairy?' 'The size and shape. I have had ghost experiences before. They tend to seek attention. I just caught her moving by accident.' Fairies are 'fascinating and dangerous all in one'.

§901) US (West Virginia). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in woodland; 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; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I've had many sightings, but this is the most recent and the most memorable. I have a picture of the nature faery my nieces and I encountered on a walk. We were taking photos to go home and look through them for fae but whilst taking a photo of a pine tree, there was a vine hanging down and we saw a green, winged being blending in with leaves through the eye of the camera. We couldn't see it with our naked eye as it was greatly camouflaged but we watched it for a couple minutes and took several photos of it standing among the vine leaves. It was amazing, the first time I could see the faery body and not a twinkle of light flying by.' 'It was perhaps the length of my hand; it had a round face and eyes and mouth could be seen. It was various shades of green, blending well with the ivy it was on. It had wings similar to butterfly though not as wide and the length of its body. It had two arms and two legs as well.' 'I hear drumming late at night.' 'Yes, definitely faery, as I've experienced them all [ghosts, aliens, angels etc].' Fairies 'get a bad rep [rap?]'.

Canada

§902B) Canada. *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; can't remember the time; 'ongoing over years'; joyful, loving, caring; 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.* 'They moved and swirled like multi coloured pinpoints of light. They would come together to make patterns and pictures. They made small sounds. They were loving beings.' 'Tiny tinkling sounds like pins dropping. They were communicating with me and one another.' 'I was quite young. As I grew older, I researched to understand.' 'I'm sure it was fairies or angels, although I feel they exist in the same dimension.' 'I have great respect for [fairies]. They have faded from the earth as They faded from human consciousness.' 'I believe that they exist in a parallel dimension to earth. Perhaps fifth to seventh dimension? They are entities of Earth who belonged to another age. They faded from earth as humans forgot about them, like the old gods. I also think at times, or in certain places the veil between world is thin. This allows encounters to happen. They seem to exist in folklore all over the world and the belief is strong still in some places like Mexico where they call them Xolub or in Canada, First Nations have many traditions about them. I think that they exist for those with the eyes to see.'

§903) Canada. *Male; 2020s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; two to ten minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long time, you were very sad; 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 sudden chill before the experience.* 'I am constantly surrounded by interactive energies. This particular incident began with the familiar feeling of something close. As I took out my camera intense multi-colored flashes of light brightened the living room area. With an indescribably sharp, piercing sound comparable to the inner squeal directly after an intense blow to the head (ears ringing) but much higher pitch. Emanating amongst the plants in front window was an almost shimmering butterfly type of light consisting of neon blues and purples. It slowly approached, then seemingly traveled through my chest and encircled me a few times and vanished.' 'A translucent glowing neon blue and purple butterfly.' 'Intense high-pitched ringing in the middle of my brain.' 'Constant manifestation of elementals/energies.' 'I have photographs.' 'An energy being existing within an alternate layer of reality.'

§904) Canada. *Female; 2010s; 11-20; on or near water, in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 am-3 pm; 'we stood in and outside of a spot that revealed the experience which we entered and exited multiple times'; angry; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; loss of sense of time, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'We were wandering down a stream in a forest by the ocean. The banks of the stream got higher and higher until they were cliffs above us. Then suddenly the

gentle trickle of the stream became pounding and there was a waterfall before us. A large log was laying over the two cliffs and when I walked under the log towards the waterfall, the sound of the waterfall became deafening, and I could barely form comprehensive thoughts. The longer I stayed, the more panicked I felt. It felt as if the two cliffs were drawing closer together and would trap me. My companion didn't mention any similar sensations and was more alarmed by my panic and a feeling of otherworldliness, as it seemed. She eventually had the idea of leaving an offering of sorts (nice looking leaves, flowers, berries, etc.). As we started away, the rock seemed to almost move behind us and we sprinted back to the beach, a much easier journey than hiking out there. We didn't look back for a feeling of greater terror than we'd felt yet.' 'Water pounding at a greater intensity than would be expected of a stream that size'. 'I had wandered out there before, but turned back before I reached the place where we had the experience.' 'My companion was sure that the experience was a fairy portal, I am not knowledgeable in these types of things.' 'At this time, I have no opinion as I do not believe in fairies but when I did believe I knew that they took many forms and I did not have a solid image'

§905) Canada (BC). *Male; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; mischievous, aloof; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn't slept for a long 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 [a Canadian] had been camping with friends but could not sleep. As I was walking around the campground, I noticed some sort of creature sitting on a log. As I drew closer, I realized it was not a bird nor an animal. Rather, it was a dark, wizened little man less than a metre tall wrapped in furs. He wore a peaked fur cap, his eyes seemed to glow in the moonlight, and his ears were long, twisted, and ended in points. I stared in stunned disbelief. He smiled at me, displaying a row of ragged and sharp teeth and began to laugh. I then ran away, sealed myself back in my tent, and stayed awake until morning.' 'Dark skinned, fur robe-like clothing, twisted and pointed ears, sharp teeth, glowing eyes.' '*** Island is a well know location for mysterious experiences.' Why fairy? 'I really don't know what it was. I imagine one extraordinary category is as likely as another.' What are fairies? 'I have no opinion on the matter. I am merely reporting what I saw.'

§906) Canada (BC). *Female; 2010s; 41-50; on or near water, in woodland, on a country road ['on a paved road between houses beside boulders the that stacked up a steep hill with a small waterfall']; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; serious ('He was all business'); 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, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'We believe a Thorn Warrior showed himself to us one evening near sundown in July 2011. My son had his Learner's Driver License and he had driven up *** Mountain and down

through our neighborhood of *** twice. The second time he drove up the mountain road we both got a sudden chill and it felt like there was a presence on the mountain. He looked at me and said 'Wow, what's that?' I replied, 'maybe we felt a cougar or a bear looking at the car as we drove by'. He said, 'Maybe a cougar, that's no bear.' We see a fair number of bears and they run away when they see humans. Because we both felt we were being watched by sinister eyes we put our car windows up. He said he felt a bit shook up and he wanted to stop driving. I asked him to go down the mountain closer to home and we'd find a place to stop. Then we could switch up and I'd drive the rest of the way home. He pulled the car over lower down the mountain and it was a wild and striking spot. Tumbled boulders stacked up the mountain we had just driven down from. There was a small waterfall. You could see the imprint in the land where there would be more water flowing in winter when the rain came. As we sat in our car at the side of the road we rolled out windows down part way to see the striking little waterfall against the wild undergrowth and rugged boulders. He said: 'Are you sure we should roll down the windows? That thing we crossed paths with up there might still be around.' I replied, 'We're being silly. We live here and I've never felt that before.' For a couple of minutes, we sat silently in the car with engine off and windows partly down. Then he went rigid in the driver's seat and so I did too. He was looking out the open driver's window. I had to lean over to see. There on the brambles beside the boulders of the waterfall stood a warrior in battle gear. The warrior had on a helmet of something hard with spikes lapped all over to like a kind of bird with its feathers puffed out. The helmet had pieces that protected his ears kind of like a Roman helmet. His face was uncovered and he had no beard. He was covered neck to knees in brown leather with ties at his elbows, wrists and knees. He was all the colours of brown like an owl. He carried a spear in his right fist and I had the impression that he was further armed but not showing it. His hands were big. Work hardened. He glanced at me, but he was looking intently at my son. They locked eyes for a couple of moments then he said: 'Ok.' He turned to me and said: 'We got to go. That thing is passing through. We're in the way. Let's go.' So we didn't switch seats and my son started the car and drove us away. We didn't go straight home. We drove all the way downtown *** to discourage, my son said, anything from following us. We didn't get home until a couple of hours passed. Should've been home by nine thirty pm but arrived back after midnight I asked my son 'what did the warrior say to you?' He told me, 'he says he's a Thorn. There's a lot of them around here to protect us. Our driving distracted that Thing and they could get into position to fend it off, encourage it to pass through without stopping.' What was that thing. Did he know? 'He's seen it before, Mom. We needed to get out of his way. No kidding.' I asked my son: 'Have you seen him before?' 'No.' 'How do you know he's a Thorn?' 'He told me. Mind to mind. He didn't have time to explain. We needed to go. So, I got us out of there. We won't see him again. He'll make sure of it. He knows who we are. Even the little people talk.' Since then I ensure we keep our garden welcoming. I keep mason bees and foster native plantings. And I make sure I say out

loud to no one in particular how grateful I am to live in this safe place on the edge of the wild. But so close to the city. Thinking about the Warrior. He was about six to eight inches tall. Right-handed. Medium skin tone brown hair. He looked tough and highly capable. Was much more interested in my son than me. Some man to man, I felt. He was dressed for war, no question. But the weapon and his armour was all shades of brown like beak claws feather leather and bone. No metal that I could see on him. Perfectly camouflaged. I can only guess he showed himself because he saw it as an acceptable risk. He was deadly serious. I should also say that my son takes long walks alone through our area. It would [not?] be surprising that the warrior recognized him from his frequent long walks.' 'Warrior with spear and other weapons. Helmet similar to Roman helmet butt brown. Maybe made of beak claws feathers and leather.' 'Heard water rushing. We were beside a small waterfall.' 'The warrior was small, no bigger than the length of my hand. But he was all business. He was focused and present and deliberate. He showed himself to us because he had a point to get across.' Fairies are 'entities that live in nature. And who have a different relationship to nature than humans do. Possible they live in other dimensions that sometimes overlap with us.'

§907) Canada (BC). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a city; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; excited; 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.* 'As I was walking down the road, I noticed to me left side, out of the corner of my left eye, that a silvery glitter was bouncing in the bush alongside me. It wasn't shiny. It was glitter. It was almost fragmented, similar to what you would see with triangular lines of a stained-glass window. It would disappear for about two seconds, reappear; bouncing off of whatever was next to me as I kept moving and then disappeared as I reached the gas station that was busy with patrons.' 'It was actually my friend who suggested it after I described that it wasn't just a ball of light, it was as though it was made of glitter.' What are fairies? 'No idea'. 'I was thinking about my uncle who was like a father and my last piece of family who had just passed and was feeling a sense of longing'.

§908) Canada (BC). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own ('alone outside but many people were inside'); 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous; 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.* 'Now, I don't know if this counts as fae, but the folkloric origins are so close that I feel like this may work. My parents were having a house party, and I didn't want to be around all the people. I went out onto the back deck, where a single low light was the only thing, I used to see. Running alongside the yard is a long shed, which I could access the roof of with

a bit of clambering from the deck. I sat up on the top to look at the stars, when I heard a noise. Let me reiterate. This was a shingled shed with only one possible roof access. It would be difficult for a HUMAN to get up there let alone a dog. But there it was. A big black dog. Staring at me from the other end of the roof. I froze, because listen, even as an eleven-year-old, I still had the common sense to know that this was not right. No one on our street had a dog like that, and even if they did, this guy was HUGE, and its eyes were bright golden. And then it began to run towards me. It ran, across a SHINGLED SHARPLY ANGLED NARROW ROOF, towards this horrified little kid who was too afraid to jump out of the way. I was pretty sure this was how I died. A big naughty puppy. It didn't reach me, though. When it was only a few feet away, the dog vanished. It didn't fall off the roof. I checked. It just up and disappeared. I did the reasonable thing and bolted. I tried to tell my mum, but she was distracted with her guests. By the way, this whole time, the dog made no noise. I looked it up the next day. I hadn't known of Shucks/Grims beforehand, so I'm sure I didn't imagine this.' 'Drifting off in thought, though my attention was extremely sharp (which is odd for me) when the dog appeared.' 'Big black dog, shaggy coat, glowing amber eyes.' 'It seemed more curious than malevolent now I think back. Just an excited heckpupper.' 'No death followed this, soon after I would end up falling into a spirit of depression and other mental health issues. I don't know if the dog caused it, was just there to warn, or has no correlation, but I don't want to risk writing it off, just in case.' 'I mean, the woods around my town definitely have something in them. It's very likely that the European travellers brought some stowaways. There are definitely native spirits, though I've never encountered one. And as I said, I was not aware of this particular spirit until then. (No, not even through Harry Potter. Why does everyone keep saying that).' 'Again, not the traditional fae, but this kind of tale has always fallen into the realm of fae folk, at least when it wasn't being taken by Christians.' Fairies are 'creatures and spirits that stem from the same type of origin, though they could be found in many different cultures. There's some sort of criteria that seems to pop up all over the world, and it's quite interesting that all these isolated cultures seemed to create such similar stories.'

§909) Canada (BC). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; can't remember the time; 'this one lasted about ten minutes, but I had many more'; friendly, mischievous, angry, joyful, aloof; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was a little baby in a crib. I was lying awake in my crib. The floor in my bedroom opened up and a bunch of little troll people came up from the ground under the floor. One of the trolls kept looking at me through the crib bars. I was scared. Another time in the same bedroom and in the same crib. I woke up in the middle of the night when my family were all sleeping. I heard many voices

talking, and sounded like a banquet taking place, as I heard dishes moved around. It sounded so big. I climbed out of my crib as I thought the people were in my living room, and there was no-one there. The sounds of the banquet moved just beyond the front door to the house. I tried to open the door by standing on my tip toes, and couldn't reach it. All of a sudden, I got scared and ran back into my crib and hid under my covers. I had many more [experiences] as I grew up.' Fairy occurrences happen spontaneously. During common daily experiences.' What did they look like? '1) Trolls; 2) Children; 3) Native Indians; 4) Regular people/men; 5) animals'. Fairy music. 'Full-orchestral – perfect'. Why fairies? '1) I am a small child in a crib, I knew nothing about fairies; 2) Later, I would have sounds of children laughing while walking in the woods; 3) Later a spirit physically stopped me from walking and twirled me around and pushed me back to walk back out of the woods – this spirit may not have been a fairy. So, I am not absolutely sure what type of spirit I am interacting with – there have been too many to count.' Fairies are 'people that live in our world that vibrate at a frequency that humans cannot see. Earth beings that live with humans.' 'I would like to learn about the fairies of British Columbia, Canada.'

§910) Canada (BC). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in a garden; with two other people, one of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; 'focused/ kind of unaware of us'; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I was sitting at the table in the living room, eating breakfast with my mom and brother, on a weekend, I think. From the table we could all see out [of] a large window onto our deck and into our yard to the forest behind it. The deck had lots of potted plants and flowers on it and was in the back of our house. I suddenly but very clearly saw a small winged humanoid form fly past the window, going from west to east. She moved very fast and was gone in a split second, but I somehow saw her really clearly. She was perhaps eight inches tall, with brown skin. Her wings looked like burgundy Japanese Maple leaves and she wore clothing made from the same. It appeared to be a skirt and top, although it didn't cover much. My mom agreed that it had been a fairy while my younger brother said he'd seen a butterfly the size of both his open hands.' 'One of my childhood friends reported seeing a different fairy in the garden by the columbines.' 'She looked like what I had been told was a fairy, so I believed it. Now, I have found no other explanation.' 'The Good Neighbors are real and exist in many forms and places.'

§911) Canada (Manitoba). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 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.* 'I walked into the ditch by a corn field to take a picture of the sunset. It was still quite light and there was snow on the ground. I did not realize I was taking a video. I did not see the fairy with my naked eye. When I looked at my pictures a couple of days later, I realized I had taken two videos. Now I am not sure why I would take a video of the ground or of the sunset. I

feel that it just happened. When watching the videos, you can see a green light dancing in and out of the grass. On the other video you see a very bright almost neon green cone shaped light. I swear you can hear its wings fluttering in the video. It is right in front of me and then drops down into the grass very quickly. It then pops back up and flies around. I zoom in and you can really see it dancing around. Up close it looks like tiny white lights for the head and then green near the bottom and red by the feet. It's very cool and if you like I can send you the video so you can see it yourself.' Why a fairy experience? 'because I had written a short story on my life and did it in a fairytale and I was a fairy.' Fairies are 'caretakers of the earth'.

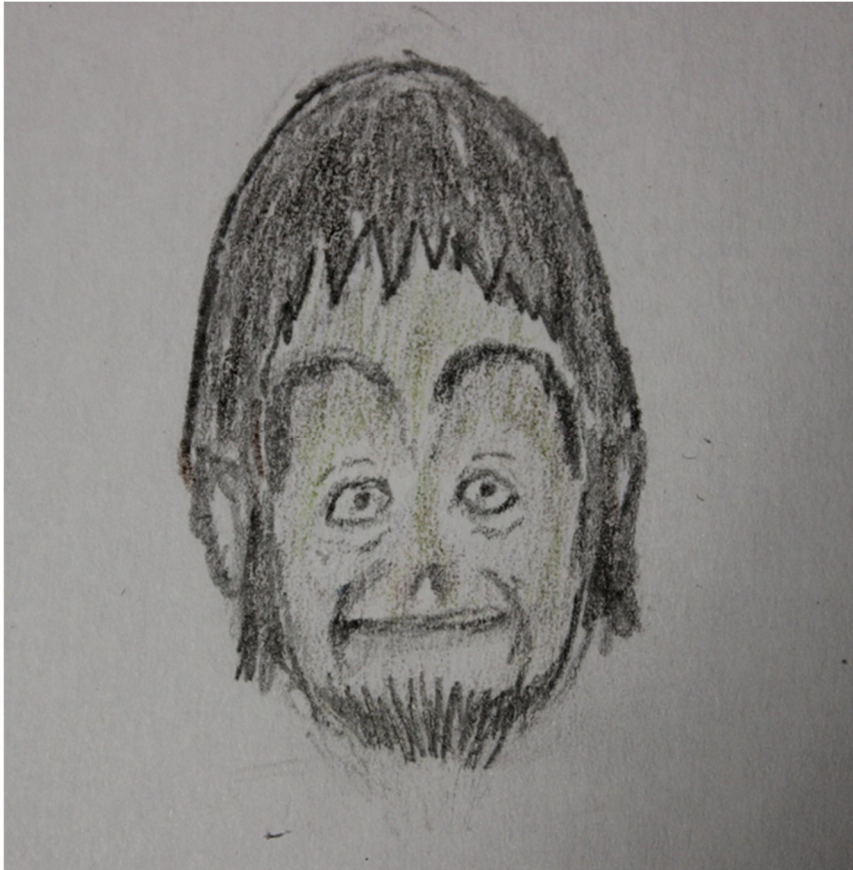
§912A) Canada (Manitoba). *Male (third person); the witness is dead; family; 1940s; 21-30; 'plane fuselage'; on their own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; special state reported.* 'Witness 'B' was twenty-one years old training for his pilot/navigator commission at *** RAF base in Manitoba, Canada. Date was 10th December. B was on a solo night training flight in an Anson twin engine aircraft; He was flying west of *** near the town of ***. He had completed two hours and forty-five minutes of a flight involving turns at a number of control points. B noticed two strange bumps, one on either side of the nose of the aircraft. He had never seen these bumps before, he concluded that they must be tiny exhaust pipes and he decided to check them over when he landed. Suddenly, B noticed the bumps were moving and now they looked like hands. To his amazement, a small creature resembling a pixie or elf pulled itself up over the nose of the plane. It stood up, totally unaffected by the wind pressure outside the speeding plane. It stood around eighteen inches tall. The entity moved nonchalantly and came to within twelve to fifteen inches of the windscreen. B could see that the pixie was dressed in a green garb comprising tunic and trousers. He had pointed shoes made of a material like velvet and the toes of the shoes were turned up. His clothes were not blowing in the wind. B was now shouting and gesticulating, trying to catch the pixie's attention. Shouting was pretty hopeless with the roar of the engines. B had the impression that the little man in green could not see him at all. B recalled that he had a kind face with a thick, short and trimmed beard. The face was that of an older man. After about thirty seconds, the pixie sat down, looked below the wing and with a little push from his hands slid forward and over the side of the nose. That was the end of the encounter. When B landed, he recounted the story and received much ribbing from his mess colleagues. However, the next day, he was visited in his barracks by a senior officer who wanted to re-assure B that others at the base had seen these things and he should not concern himself over the incident. Note: In a much later account of the incident published circa 2001, B states that the pixie suddenly appeared outside the aircraft. The reference to the entity pulling itself up over the nose is omitted.' 'I personally feel that he entered a dream-like state. The witness would absolutely not accept this idea!'

§913C) Canada (Ontario). ‘When I was three there was a little man about three and a half inches who came into my room each night. He frightened me. I still remember a few of the nights quite clearly, especially one night when he brought another little person with him. Some other information about the visits I had, I got from my mother as I used to complain to her about this fellow, when I was little. It was all quite real and I was not asleep. For many years I put it off as just a childhood hallucination. However, there were some things about the encounter that make me now think it may have been real. I was born and raised in Canada. We are of English, Scottish stock and a dash of Nordic blood in us as our Scottish ancestors come from the area where the Vikings and Scots interbred, and the last name of those ancestors were names of those that mixed. My life was divided up into sections because we moved so often throughout the province of Ontario, in Canada; because of this it has been very easy for me to remember what I was doing at each stage and age of my life. I can remember eating in my highchair; my father feeding me baby food. I can remember my sippy cup; it was blue with a white top. The first four years of my life were spent in the same house where I encountered two little men; one who told me his name was Bonnie. My parents told me that as soon as they had moved into this house, they would hear voices in my room at night (keep in mind my parents were not into hocus pocus stuff; they are very meat-and-potato type people and always had their feet on the ground.) At the time, my mother attended the Anglican Church, and my father was member of the Presbyterian Church; both of which, during the 1950s had become quite mainstream and not fanatical. I share all this information to make clear the atmosphere of the family’s outlook on spiritual things. Anyway, my parents would take me out of my crib and put me in between them in their own bed, because the voices, coming from my room, frightened them. It would only be a couple more years, when I was three, that Bonnie would start coming into my room at night. I believe there are six aspects of my encounter with the little men that make me believe they may have been real and not just some childhood imagination. 1. I was very, very afraid of the one man; the main one who came to see me, in my bedroom at night. in fact, he was the only one who came with the exception of ONE time when he brought another little person to see me. 2. Bonnie was about three and a half inches tall. His eyes bothered me; they had very high ridges around them. His head was slightly elongated. No pointed ears. No elf hat. He seemed to have long sideburns (something odd for 1959 even Elvis’ sideburns were not like these back in the 50s). If I had seen any cartoon or picture in a story book, of an elf or fairy, then it doesn’t seem to make sense that I wouldn’t see pointed ears, on this fellow, if this man was really just my imagination. While it was dark in my room, with the door only slightly open allowing some light from the hall to come in, his skin seemed to be darker than mine. Almost a greyish or bluish brown colour but not too dark. His skin was light enough that I could see his facial features including the ridges on his eyes that, for whatever reason, seemed to bother me. 3. The man told me his name or at least told me what he was. I don’t recall the night he told me, but my mother informed me that I told her the man’s name was Bonnie. There are two problems with this name; until very recently, when I decided to do some research on the name, Bonnie, I had always thought that Bonnie was a girl’s name, but I now know that it is also a boy’s name. But I didn’t know anyone with that name when

I was three and as far as I know, and as far as my mother knew; our family didn't know anyone by that name, either. Also, I can remember when I was three and had a hard time saying the words, television and telephone. I can remember trying very hard to pronounce them, and just couldn't get them right. I have often wondered if this little man told me he was a Brownie and I couldn't say the word correctly and so, my mother thought I said Bonnie. Again, I don't remember the night the little man told me this, but my mother told me that was the name I gave her, when I was telling her about him. I actually do have some memories of the guy, but I don't remember him telling me his name; I got that information from my mother. 4. At night I would pretend I was asleep because I was so afraid of him. I could feel him jump up and grab my blanket and I could feel him climb up the side of my bed; I could feel the little tugs on the blanket. This doesn't seem like something a three-year-old mind would create if it was just his imagination. How would a boy that age know that a tugging feeling would be felt if something was climbing the side of the bed? It may be possible, but I just find this a bit odd to conceive. Also, the tugs seemed to indicate that it was a hard climb for him. He didn't climb fast. it wasn't overly slow, but as an adult, and having at one time been rather fit, when I think back to his climbing, it seems as if it was an effort for him to climb up. 5. If I pretended to sleep, then Bonnie would walk upon my pillow; I could feel him walking on it and then he would tell me he knew I was awake. If I didn't move and didn't say anything, then he would pull one of my hairs, which of course, hurt me, and then I would either lift my head up and brace myself on the bed with my forearms or I would sit up all the way, cross legged on my bed. Most of the time he would just say nasty things to me, about how bad I was. I guess a Freudian psychiatrist would have a field day with that, perhaps suggesting that Bonnie was nothing more than an imaginary projection of the forming super-ego of a young three-year-old child. Anyway, Bonnie would tell me that he had been watching me throughout the day and he said that he thought I was a stupid boy and he would point out when he felt I had been bad and tell me he should hurt me as a punishment. 6. This is the most important point that makes me think he was real. (For some reason, I remember this night more clearly than any other). On one occasion Bonnie brought another little man with him. But, the other man was almost a full inch TALLER than Bonnie. Bonnie told the other little man that I was the boy he had been talking about. Bonnie then started to tell me what a little brat I was and that he should punish me. The other little fellow then said to Bonnie; 'Leave him alone. Stop scaring him!' Then, Bonnie turned to him and shouted for him to, 'Shut up!!!' Bonnie then went on to tell the other little man that he (Bonnie) wasn't doing anything wrong. TWO things about this night make me believe that Bonnie had to be real. (1) I was shocked that Bonnie, being smaller, was yelling at the other little man, and that the other little man, even though he was much bigger, seemed to be afraid of Bonnie, because, after Bonnie yelled at him, the other man backed off and didn't say any more and actually seemed intimidated by Bonnie. The other man didn't interrupt any more even though Bonnie continued to try to scare me. I don't think small children consider it normal for a smaller person to be able to boss around a larger person. Sure, once we get older and have more life experience, we come into contact with smaller people who are quite aggressive or assertive and who do boss around larger people, but, I just don't think my three-year-old mind would have

thought that way. (2) Also, there was the morality aspect to what they were saying; first, the other fellow tells Bonnie to leave me alone and not to scare me. This seems like a moral judgement. Also, Bonnie defensively but assertively replies that he isn't doing anything 'wrong'. Again, this speaks of moral values. It just seems odd to me that my three-year-old mind would think these two fellows would debate the right or wrongness of Bonnie's act. Rather, I would think that if this was really just my super-ego forming, that it would have focused solely on my behaviour and not that of Bonnie, who was a super-ego projected manifestation. Well, my story might not be that great, but it has puzzled me my whole life. Perhaps I should add that my parents told me that I was a very well-behaved child and so, that also makes me doubt that Bonnie was a manifestation of a developing super-ego; it is not like my parents had to keep disciplining me. Thanks. [I asked the respondent, now aged sixty-four, about his adult life. I was interested to see whether he had had other supernatural experiences.] I worked part time as Christian pastor for many years and was always drawn to the more mystical aspect of the religion. My story of Bonnie is the only real strange story from my childhood, however, when I grew up, and especially throughout my twenties and early to mid-thirties, I actually encountered a fair bit of poltergeist activity; enough that it frightened me, even as a Christian minister. I ended up contacting a professor, back when I was around twenty-nine. Sorry, I cannot recall his name, but suspect I could find it, if I tried. He was some sort of investigator of poltergeist activity – he thought it was psychic energy, but I didn't buy that for some reasons I won't go into, right now. Why I bring this up, is that on three occasions, at different locations, the poltergeist activity would focus on me and no one else. Others witnessed what happened, but it never happened to them. Secondly, I have worked with the poor and the homeless in Canada, for decades. But, what got me interested in the homeless was two things; (1) I felt sorry for them, but also, (2) they tend to come up to me, even if I am in a crowd of people. They will push right through everyone else and come up to me and ask for money or help. Friends who know me and have walked around with on the streets, find it fascinating when they see this happen. So, I have always wondered if I gave off some sort of signal; you know, some body language (in the case of the homeless) or some energy (in the case of the poltergeist) that attracts both. One more thing. Shortly after my father died, he started coming to me in dreams; this is odd, because my father and I were not close later in life. He told me that my mother was in trouble and that the man she was seeing was going to hurt her. In one of the dreams, I realized I was dreaming, and I told my father, in the dream, that he should go into my mother's dream and tell her. He told me that he tried to but that she couldn't hear him. He said he tried everyone in my family, and I was the only one who could see and hear him in my dreams. Again, like Bonnie, I have no idea if what I experienced in the dream was real, but what I do know, is that I called up my sister to see if my mother was in fact, dating someone. I wasn't close to either of my parents – they had become fundamentalist Christians many years earlier and I remained an Anglican. They thought I was going to Hell and basically stopped talking with me and so, I had no idea what my mother was doing. Turns out my mother had just began dating a man from her fundamentalist church. I did NOT contact my mother, to tell her about my dream, as I felt she would just think I was nuts. Sure enough, the man she was seeing, told her to sell her house

and they used the money to travel throughout the USA. when she ran out of money, they came back to Canada and the man went back to his ex-wife. My mother's pastor found out about this and made the two of them stand up in their church and confess their sins and repent. I don't agree with what my mother did, but I would never go to a church that made me do that, if I screwed up.' [in a later email] 'I haven't lived [in the house] for more than half a century, now. But, I drive by once in a while, and even fifteen years ago, I knocked on the door and the folks, that live there, now, took me in to look around and feel some nostalgia. To be honest, when I went into my bedroom, I half wondered, if he [Bonnie] was still around.'²¹



Respondent's impression of Bonnie

§914) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 1960s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 3 am-6 am; two to ten minutes; 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. 'A tree came to life and spoke to me. I had asked the tree to look after a book I placed at its roots.' 'I believe in fairies.' What are fairies? 'otherworldly beings'. 'I can remember the feelings as if it just happened. I felt a serene, happy feeling when I had my experience.'*

§915) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had*

²¹ The respondent got in touch *via* email and gave permission for his description and image to be published in the *Fairy Census*.

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, a sudden warmth before the experience. 'I was just a small girl of about six or seven, I was waking up in my bedroom, I remember the light quite well, it was early dawn and some sun was coming in through my window, at the end of my bed and to the right there was an orb, but almost like a sparkle. I would say it was white and yellow. I knew it was a fairy. The being seemed vibrant and lively, it was only there for a second or two. I believe I told my mom about the experience but did not get much in response and so it's not something I've talked about much.' 'A sparkle, orb.' Why a fairy? 'It was just something I felt, I knew then as a child that it was a fairy, at that time I would not say I was particularly interested in fairies nor thought about them.' Fairies are 'beings that live here but on another plane.'

§916) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland, in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; relaxed, peaceful, 'he seemed unbothered by my presence'; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; no special experience reported.* 'Was taking pictures of flowers in my garden. There was a tiny boy. Tiny. Sitting on a leaf, he had brown pants and brown hair and was slouched leaning up against the stem of the columbine flower spike.' 'I got a photo and my husband saw that, it is of course missing now.' 'Young, very small, think as tall as one finger segment. Brown hair, brown pants, light coloured loose top. He was dozing or relaxing leaned up against the upright stem of a flower, sitting in a leaf branch, one leg hanging over like a person sitting up in a tree would do.' 'I was pretty enthralled by the beauty of the garden. It was my first garden, and I was always out working in it even in the dark. I was photographing flowers.' 'Didn't believe in fairies and didn't talk about it except to show my husband because I knew no one would believe me.' What are fairies? 'I don't know. They like nature, so do I. Beyond that I'm not well versed in the complexities of their existence.'

§917) Canada (Ontario). *Male; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; a few seconds; amused; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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 both auditory and visual. It was a nice summer's day. I was in my backyard playing guitar when I heard giggling from a tree branch. I looked up in time to see a sparkle fall from the tree and heard the soft thump as it bounced off the ground to more giggles. Even though I live in town, the backyard is wild and has been curated to be that way. It has a fireplace, and a metal frame gazebo with a shack like wood frame and partly shingled roof over it. There is wildlife in the yard. I have long felt there was something there and often glimpsed something out of the corner of my eye. I live in Canada but was born in Scotland. I blame my grandfather for at least trying to open my eyes.' 'A sparkle bigger than a golf ball, smaller than a baseball.' 'I have wondered if they followed [from Scotland?] or found me.' Why a fairy experience? 'Because it felt like it. I've had enough weird experiences to

categorize them.’ ‘Not sure [what fairies are]. But they are like Tolkien’s elves. Not interested in humans because they have other business/interests.’

§918B) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; inside a private house; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; ‘it happened about once a year for a day or two’; friendly, mischievous; 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 vivid memories of the experience.* ‘From the age of six to ten I often had out of body experiences in the middle of the night. One night, when I was about seven it happened just as normal, but it felt like I was being pulled towards my closet. My closet was small and had a little cubby on the right side. I looked around before noticing a small human-like figure sitting in the ‘cubby’. It was a little man, about two or three feet tall. He was thin and wrinkly with a large nose and small black eyes. He kind of looked like a house elf from Harry Potter. I jolted awake after that and checked my closet. There was no little man in my closet anymore, but a few things that I owned went missing such as a necklace, and stones that I had brought in from outside. I didn’t think much of it and went on with the rest of my day. A few weeks later I kept seeing things out of the corner of my eye. By this time I never saw it completely but it seemed about the same height as the man I saw in my closet. Some strange things would happen a little while afterwards. I would often feel someone tapping on my shoulder or drawing shapes into my back. I would also lose things often and they would be returned a little while after. On the evening of my eighth birthday me and some friends had a sleep over at my house. We were all just sitting there when I hear the bathroom sink keep shutting on and off. I went to check it out and as soon as I got to the bathroom, I heard footsteps running past me into my room. None of my friends noticed any of this and all thought I was going crazy. I still see shadows of a short thin man that couldn’t be cast by anything in my room.’ ‘Short, thin, old, big nose, small eyes.’ ‘I heard tiny footsteps it sounded like a child running barefoot across tile’. ‘I’ve had quite a few ghost experiences, but this just felt very different, when ghosts are present the air almost feels heavier and I did not notice this during this experience.’ ‘In my opinion fairies are creatures who are spirits magical spirits who have never lived as a human, sort of like spirits of nature I guess.’

§919) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; aloof; regular supernatural experiences; you had taken alcohol or a medicine or drug; 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.* ‘For years everyone has either been at school or work. The house is completely empty during the day. So they must have gotten used to there being no one in the house at

two o'clock in the afternoon. I started staying home after I was finished high-school. I didn't really recognize it at first, but everyday, on the dot, my anxiety would spike at two pm. One of these days I had decided to sit in the living room and read a bit, but I kept seeing something moving in the corner of my eyes in the rooms entranced. I'm one of those people who constantly see figures moving around. Ever since I was a child to this day. But again this wasn't the normal grey blur whizzing by. This was more solid. Every time I looked directly at it I couldn't see it. There would be nothing there. So I would have to look at it through the corner of my eyes. It's tall and willowy. Maybe seven to eight feet tall. Long limbed and a neck that can stretch inhumanly around corners. The standard pointed ears. Their face is sharply featured and long. Very feminine. Her hair thin but black and sort of ratty. Like she doesn't brush it often. Her eyes large and dark brown like a cow's or deer's. Skin olivey and ruddy. The clothing she tends to wear are brown neutrals and greens. I know that Brownies and Kikimoras are said to be tiny, but I think she's a House Fae of some sort. She has that very homely look to her. From two to three pm she will show up and wander the house. I'm not sure what she does exactly, but I get the gut feeling she is very independent and does not want to be bothered. I don't try to talk with her. I let her do what she needs to, and make a point to leave the house at two to give her some privacy.' 'Ghosts feel like faded memories, Aliens in my experience feel colder. Angels burn with joy. The being felt ancient and tired in the way a tree does. She felt more like part of the house. She was other, but earthy.' 'I have so many opinions on the Fairfolk I could write a book. In simplest terms I think that they are somewhere between physical and spiritual. Their origins being far closer to the natural world and they accept that gladly. They choose what they are and do not apologise for it.'

§920) Canada (Ontario). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a city, in a garden; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; 'I could well have been sad as I was grieving my mother'; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I went out to my back deck and noticed a glowing red light in my garden (the light would get brighter, then dim, then get brighter again). The light was next to a large cedar hedge that was next to the road, and I was concerned someone had thrown their lit cigarette into the hedge: in retrospect, I don't know how a cigarette could have made it through the thick hedge into our yard, or why it would glow red. I approached the light to put it out and as I got close it stopped. I waited a bit and looked around but didn't see anything. When I returned to my deck and looked back, the light had started again. Since I don't know of any insects that glow red, or anything else it could have been, I believe it was a fairy.' 'I saw only a glowing red light.' 'While I do believe in fairies, spirits, gods, and magic, I also believe in science. I have a good imagination but I'm not prone to flights of fancy. If there's a logical explanation, I

will accept it. But I also know there are things science doesn't understand. I know humans will rationalize away things they've seen/experienced so they don't seem 'crazy'. There's more to this world/universe than we know or can explain.' 'Not sure I believe in ghosts. I don't think aliens have visited earth. Angels are just christianized fairies/spirits, as far as I'm concerned. I don't know what else could have glowed red (with the glow getting brighter and dimmer), then stopping as I got close, then starting again as I moved away. I'm open to other explanations but I believe it was a fairy.' Fairies are 'supernatural beings that mostly occupy another plane/realm but occasionally cross over into our world when it suits them.'

§921C) Canada (Nova Scotia). 'To start, I am not a believer in fairies. However, I recently [2019] saw some creatures who were either very strange insects or, well I'm not sure. To be close to work, I am temporarily living at an apartment in ***, Nova Scotia, Canada. This is only while my wife, daughter and I move into our new home. It was here, while I was out, standing on the third-floor balcony, that I saw some blue jays (two jays) acting very strange. The jays were about a hundred yards away chasing each other in and out of a chestnut tree. I noticed that each blue jay had an insect? Being? flying closely next to them. This thing was a little smaller than half the length of the blue jay and thin. These things were green, the colour of a mantis. At one point one of the blue jays flew in through the tree, while the thing hovered outside of the tree. It maneuvered like a hummingbird. Shortly after both blue jays flew out of the tree and off to another tree roughly a hundred yards away from the first. The two things flew after the blue jays at a surprising speed. Once the two things reached the other tree, five or six blue jays flew out of the tree and off towards the horizon.'²²

§922) Canada (Quebec). *Other; 2010s; 21-30; In woodland, 'a small office at a nature reserve'; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, curious; occasional supernatural experience; 'I was relaxing after a day of walking in the woods, and not especially tired'; 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.* 'While walking the trails in the afternoon, I got the distinct impression that something was jumping from tree to tree, following me. That evening, while relaxing on the computer, I saw many pictures in a row of satyrs, and thought to myself, 'I would love to meet one'. A few minutes later, a flash of light occurred at the edge of my vision, about shoulder height, near the middle of the large office. I turned off my electronics, said 'hello', and offered to listen if the being wanted to introduce themselves. I felt energy run up and down my legs, and when I looked down, I had a vision. My legs were furry, those of the satyr that was here, as if I were him, looking down at his own legs. I also got an impression of what he looked like, and the village he was from. I tried asking

²² Received by email. Permission granted to publish.

more questions, but that was the end of it; just a quick visit, and then he was gone.’
 ‘The being looked like a satyr, which from what I understand, is a type of faery.’
 ‘Shaggy, wavy brown hair. Brown eyes. Tanned skin. Brown leather vest. Furry legs.’
 ‘I think many faery sightings go unnoticed, because the person is either not curious about what they are seeing, or doesn’t care to learn or experience more.’ ‘I’m not experienced or educated enough about [fairies] to have a fully-fledged opinion, but I think they can be helpful, mischievous or malevolent towards humans, just like humans are to animals. I would love to learn more to be able to have another experience someday, though.’

§923) Canada (Quebec). *Male; 1950s; 0-10; on a country road; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; 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 was on a religious pilgrimage. We were lost. None of us had ever been in this part of the world. It didn’t appear on our map. I was in the back seat of the car. My grandfather left us briefly to ask directions from a man in field. I heard a singing silvery voice say. ‘He doesn’t understand. He will speak French, but your grandfather will know where to go.’ My grandfather returned and said he didn’t understand anything the man had said, but he knew the way to travel. He did. We arrived at a dark shrine in a field. It was open and seemed nothing but corridors of dark stone. Although it was Christian, it seemed to have no wall. My grandmother was kneeling and crawling simultaneously up and down. There was bright singing.’ ‘Bell-like resonance after music.’ What are fairies? ‘Old spirits inhabiting certain places.’

Australia and New Zealand

§924B) Australia. *Female; 1980s; 41-50; in woodland, inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; less than a minute; joyful, curious; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I saw a group of pixies or elves sitting in a circle wearing little red hats and red tops with white peaked collars. In my lounge room. They were laughing. I saw a gnome in sage green trousers and jumper and wearing boots, with a pointed green hat and he walked in a plodding hilt [sic, lilt?] and looked in my front door and then walked away. In Denmark I saw the fairies like May Gibb the Australian author drew in the book *Snugglepoot and Cuddlepoot* with gum blossom skirts and others with dragon fly wings and another on a swing with roses entwined around it and she had butterfly type wings. Her skin was sparkling like fairy dust.' 'Tinkling bells.' 'Both places were near bush or had Eucalyptus trees hanging around them. A friend who was clairvoyant said he could see lots of fairies around my home.' 'If I see a spirit person or alien that is what they are. Fairies are different.' Fairies are 'elemental beings who live in the etheric realm/fourth dimension and who actually help mold nature in the physical realm. They represent earth, air, fire and water. They are influenced by human emotions, and they can mimic humans. How we are affects them.' 'My understanding comes from teachings of the Great White Brotherhood,²³ theosophy and my own experiences. I am sure I saw them as a child but have forgotten I saw cherubs etc and angels. I haven't any pictures or photographs as it was my own experience. Some of the beings in Australia are very different to the northern hemisphere as our land is very old, with Atlantean and Lemurian remnants.'

§925) Australia. *Male; 2000s; 0-10; in a city; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was roughly eight years old. I was playing alone on a street in the latter half of the afternoon, towards dusk. The light was still bright, only just easing into the long twilight of a Central Australian summer. I was walking home down the middle of the road, there were houses to either side but no cars or other pedestrians. A sky-blue light, orb-like but with indistinct, fading boundaries flew slowly from behind me into my field of vision, about a foot or two from my face. The light remained at that distance as I walked, then finally stopped with me as I recognised its oddity. As I watched it, I remember a great silence, as though no one could intrude into the experience even if there were others around. But that may have just been my fascination with the thing. Within a minute, the light coalesced into the shape of a feminine humanoid, about a handspan tall. It was insect-like, yet with a very beautiful

²³ The 'Great White Brotherhood' is a term used in various spiritual and theosophical traditions to describe a group of advanced spiritual beings or ascended masters who, according to believers, work behind the scenes of our physical world to guide the spiritual evolution of humanity. The term 'white' in this context does not refer to race but to the aura of light and purity that these beings are said to possess.

female face, unusually symmetrical. Neither young nor old. The fairy was spiked and plated much like a grasshopper, and there was a blur of dragonfly wings behind it. It remained the uniform blue colour. Although it had these features, it seemed to fade in the consistency of its form as if made from light. The face was the most concrete feature. It was smiling and laughing, I don't recall any sound. I felt suddenly elated, I knew it was an uncommon experience and I began to run and leap down the street with it zipping about me, as playful as I was. Then as I neared my house it darted away, seeming to return to its original, formless light. It seemed to be later in the day, towards evening, than the five or so minutes of my experience of the event indicated.' 'A uniform blue. Female face. Insect-like humanoid. Dragonfly wings. Aura of light.' 'I would call it a fairy experience because the descriptor matches the phenomenon best.' 'I don't presume to know with any certainty. Although its form phased into and out of light, I saw it as I would any other physical object. Perhaps its closest referent would be a hologram. I certainly don't think of it as unnatural, in fact it struck me as being incredibly natural, only rare to have seen. I lean to the belief that it was a nature spirit in the sense of a personification of a natural element or organic object.' 'I'm inclined to believe that the psyche of the individual plays some part in the appearance of the entity. I'm familiar with Aboriginal mythology from the region and there are plenty of little people types, but none that seem so Eurocentric as my 'fairy'. Furthermore, from talking to others, it seems like a certain mentality is more receptive to these experiences than others. However, that does not necessitate that the experiences are imaginary. What we see is always, in every circumstance subjective. Is it impossible that some phenomena are more likely to change appearance depending on our worldview than others? Especially when our concepts and categories are lacking in general agreement on it. Ask the physicist. I have no reason to consider this experience was imaginary whereas others of the same level of perceived physicality aren't. It's only modern convention that insists I deny it. In saying all this, perhaps it was just an English fairy that caught a ride on the colonial ships.'

§926C) Australia. 'I want to start by saying I am (or was?) a skeptic but there seems to be evidence of fae. It sounds so farfetched but it's the truth. I want the opinion of someone who knows more and possible steps to take. My best friend lives alone, she has OCD and her jewellery drawer is very neat and ordered to the point where all her jewellery is in little boxes and neatly arranged. I once looked at one, put it back but on the wrong angle and she reorganized. All her jewellery is from cheaper shops and websites. Anyway, today she went through her jewellery drawer and found a new box at the bottom with a necklace she's never seen. She asked her friends and none of them left it. She is certain she never bought it but it was neatly placed in there. A jeweller said its pure silver and was very surprised to see it saying its worth \$1200. Furthering [?] that she never bought such an expensive item. I jokingly said a fae left it because we were talking about faes and fairies last night. It has Celtic symbols on it,

which she told me fae lore is commonly Celtic. Now I'm actually wondering if a fae left it. Does that match what they may do? I've done a little research and Fae don't normally just leave gifts do they? If they do something may [be] expected in return.²⁴

§927) Australia (Adelaide). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own*; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; inquisitive; regular supernatural experiences; 'I had an underlying deep sadness in my twenties from the loss of my boyfriend in a car crash but on the day I saw faeries, I was quite happy and content'; 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 at a party, and it was August (Spring) time in Adelaide. I went outside to get some fresh air and a break from the noise of the party. I was standing by a heap of firewood at the side of a shed and I was deep in thought about my life when I felt as if a ribbon of energy went through my head entering around my left temple and exiting out the right. I felt like I could almost hear someone speaking like a whisper of a whisper or the ribbon of energy had words attached to it and it claimed my attention enough to bring me out of my reverie so that I looked to my left but didn't see anyone, so I went back to contemplating where I was headed in my life. And then the energy came again, stronger this time into my left temple and out my right and this time I could fathom the words and the words were 'Come over here'. Again, I turned to my left expecting to see someone from the party or perhaps a spirit because that had happened to me before too. But there wasn't anyone there, nor a ghost. But what I did see was the tree in the back corner of the yard and it was ALIVE with a presence I had not perceived before and I used to spend a fair bit of time at the house I was at. It was moving beyond the little bit of wind in the evening that night, it looked like it was dancing. The branches were swaying with intention and the leaves were glowing a deep dark green and the whole of the tree was encouraging me to move towards it and so I did. I reached the tree and stood in front of it and I was completely captivated by the beauty of it and by its efforts to communicate with me because it had a personality that was curious, engaging and immense. I felt increasingly more and more appreciative of its magnificence, and I noticed that it was a Locust tree and it had some buds of fruit emerging. I felt attracted to the bud of fruit and I wanted to pick it but thought better of being selfish and just picking it for no reason and that is when the tree said to me: 'it's OK. You pick my fruit to feel my pain' and my hand reached out to the fruit and as I touched it, a feeling very different to anything I had experienced ever before began and it was that my hand and arm began to become one with the tree and it was like my limb was actually a branch of the tree. I felt interested and peacefully astounded and then unfortunately fear crept in and as the

²⁴ This was submitted to the Fairy Census but as it was about a third person I have classed it as 'C'. I include though the rubric here: *Male; 2020s; 21-30; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; can't remember the time; no duration given; no fairy mood reported; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; no special experience reported.*

feeling reached my elbow, I became too fearful for it to continue on and I think I stopped the progression of it happening. As soon as I did that consciously, the whole experience immediately stopped, and I was in usual reality feeling annoyed and disappointed with myself for being afraid and also bereft as the presence of the tree had retreated completely and I felt grief over my inability to stay with the experience that the tree had chosen me for. What are fairies? 'I'm not sure. I have read a few things since about them I probably think they are best explained by the people of Findhorn – one type of nature spirits.' 'I have had a few Supernatural experiences. I often wonder why. I'm still a normal person with a normal life and a job and get bogged down in the harsh realities of this world we live in. I wonder if there is a point to me having these experiences. No specific answers have been forthcoming. I feel distressed actually that I am meant to be doing more with it than I have figured out how to do/what to do. I feel like I might be letting the team down – the team of Mother Earth and Nature. I feel like Humans are killing the world and the other beings that are in it.'²⁵

²⁵ There was an earlier submission. **Australia (Adelaide).** *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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.* 'August 1991 I was at a party and a lot of people were smoking cigarettes and marijuana which bothered me so I went outside to get a break and some fresh air. I was quite sad at the time as my boyfriend had died four years previously and I'd had a rough time with it and was prone to melancholy at times when not distracted. I fell into a trance like state looking at the wood pile and wondering what my life was about when I felt a presence nearby which had happened to me before, so I looked up but didn't see anything. So I went back to looking at the wood pile when it came again stronger this time and entered my left temple area, drifted through my mind like music and I felt a gentle tug along with the words 'come over here'. I looked around and didn't see anything so again I went back to looking into the wood pile when it came again more insistent this time. When I turned to my left I saw down in the back corner of the yard a tree which was glowing with an unusual light and appeared to be gently moving like it was dancing. So I went to the tree, I felt a pull towards it and I stood in front and admired its beauty. I can remember feeling like the tree was one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen and I looked intimately at its leaves and its fruit and I realised it was a Locut tree which was significant because when I was sixteen I had a neighbourhood boyfriend who lived at the diagonally opposite corner to me and when I went home from his place one night, I stopped at my gate to wave to him as he always waited for me to get home turn around and wave at each other but this night I was waving at a green leafy glowing being standing in the same spot my boyfriend usually occupied. The next day when I saw him I said 'Did you stop to wave to me last night' and he said 'Oh no sorry I had a phone call from my Taekwondo master and I had to go in' so I think it was the spirit of the Locut tree at his house that I was waving to that night. And then here we are again eight to nine years later with another Locut tree experience so I didn't feel too worried about it all as the other one was perfectly fine and was entranced and happily communing with the tree. It was very happy and loving towards me. I saw it had a beautiful golden seed pod and I reached out to take it but then I thought 'Oh no that belongs to the tree' and the tree said 'That's OK, you pick my fruit to feel my pain'. I took the seed pod and as I did, my arm began to become a part of the tree. The sensation went up from my fingers to my elbow before I got spooked and took my hand away and as soon as I did that, the other wordliness stopped abruptly and the tree returned to its usual reality. I was immediately sorry I had become scared and I tried touching it again but nothing happened and I went inside to the party. And then when I walked in everybody went quiet and I said 'I've just had a tree talk to me' and no-one said anything then in fact conversation started up again like it had been when I first walked back inside.' 'It was [a] gentle but insistent voice, no malice but with a sense of encouragement.' 'I have more stories to tell.'

§928) Australia (Melbourne). *Female; 1990s; 0-10; in a garden; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; aloof, shy; occasional supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience.* 'I was playing games with my cousins in the backyard at night time. We were playing a game where we pretended to activate superpowers, and to do so we stood in a circle and held hands. Something told me to look behind me. I'm still not sure what it was. I did so, and what I saw on the small tree behind us was a tiny figure just a few inches high, with wings, definitely female, a small dress. However, she was really a silhouette, rather than a freely visible being. I screamed 'fairy!' She threw her arms up in surprise and immediately disappeared. When she vanished, silvery bubbles, irregular in shape, almost like the bubble in a spirit level, took the place where she had been, and floated down onto the slender branch and burst in little balls of light. No one believed me, of course. I've had several other encounters which I might enter into this survey as well. They were all as a young person.' 'At the time, I didn't believe in Ghosts or have any interest in horror topics. I didn't really think about aliens or Angels. I was pretty much obsessed with fairies and fairies alone. I'm not sure what I would have made of it if I had seen a ghost. She certainly looks like a fairy, textbook almost. Only a couple of details were different than what I expected, for example her surprise seemed somehow human.' '[What are fairies?] I don't know. If I had to say I would say that they are various species, some physical and some spirits will, which live in and around our world. By 'around' I'm referring to the other world. I don't believe they're all good I don't believe they're all evil, I don't believe they're the spirits of the Dead, and I don't really know what else to say. My belief in them is based largely on my experiences of them in real life. That's probably the only reason I still believe in them as an adult. Couldn't even begin to tell you what they really are.'

§929) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; on or near water, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; 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.* 'I was looking across a river (several hundred metres away) at an old grain silo, when I saw a big sparkle. It was very much like the sparkle of Christmas tinsel but only one little stripe of light. I think it was golden. I just remember seeing it and screaming and running to tell my parents. It was night-time. But I could faintly see the old silo (that looked like a princess tower on a traditional nursery rhyme castle). It was only a second, but it was bright! I also saw this once again as an adult in **** in Queensland outback in Australia. But this time it was inside my house! I had been asking the fairies both times to show me that they're there and I thanked them afterwards.' 'A golden sparkle about three feet long and maybe one foot wide but probably less.' 'Ghosts come to me in different forms like moving things or opening doors etc. Fairies are always light based and much faster'. Fairies are 'earth spirits'.

§930) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 2010s; 11-20; on a country road; with two other people who didn't share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; joyful, ecstatic; occasional 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, a sudden chill before the experience.* I've had many experiences, but this is one of the more recent one that happened when I was around twenty. My Mum, brother and I were all going to live in another state, we were heading to Queensland and were about halfway to the Queensland Border, when we had just exited a town and were driving through wooded areas. But when I looked out the window, I saw a group of riders on strange horses that seemed to be sopping wet? That's the best I can describe it, they were the shapes of horses, but if I looked at them head on, they seemed more terrifying than anything I had ever seen before. I have always been interested in the Fair Folk, but I'd always brushed off any experience I'd had. Either way after this experience I started paying more attention to my experiences that I had previously brushed off as imaginary. But this group was full of lanterns even though it was the middle of summer here in Australia and the lanterns, you could see the lights coming off them. Not only were there riders galloping and actually keeping up with the car but there were dancers who were keeping up with the riders. When my brother needed to rest, we found a rest stop and got out to stretch our legs and go to the toilet. At that point it had been about forty minutes of watching this parade (I guess is one word for it)? Either way the rest stop was just before a country town and as I got out, I looked around for the parade and could barely see their lanterns in the distance as they headed further into the bush. (What we call the forested areas here in Australia). I never saw them again and I am glad for it, because that night all I could hear was this haunting music and laughter and voices telling me to go outside. I didn't (thank the gods) but I barely got any sleep that night. I've never told anyone because they might think my mental health has taken a downturn. But I know what I saw and experienced that day and night was real. Mainly because in the morning we went outside to continue on our journey but next to our cars, just between the two there was this flower. I'm pretty sure it was a flower because it smelled heavenly and looked like a flower but if you stared at it for too long it almost shifted into a thorn, a very large thorn. That morning both my mum (a gardener) and my brother (a technology-obsessed guy) both commented on the flower and how there had been no plant there the night previous. All the lights in front of the inn were on so we could all see that someone had recently redone the concrete driveways. Yet in the morning there was a flower right in the middle. Right where we had been walking the night before. I said that it was a pretty flower but that we better hit the road. I've never seen any flower like it since and to be quite honest I don't want to. I know enough about the Fair Folk to know they aren't always nice, and any gift comes with strings. We made it to the new city that day and even though we've traveled near that area I've never seen that parade again. But whenever we cross the border into New South Wales, all I can do

is watch outside for the parade. I know from the stories what happens to some people who spot them.’ ‘The ‘Horses’ looked like they had been drowned and the people were all different types. There were dark-skinned and light-skinned and tan-skinned ones that stood a head taller than the highest horse. They all wore the most beautiful clothing I have ever seen.’ Fairy music? ‘Haunting.’ ‘The music and voices I heard the night after. As well as the flower.’ Fairies ‘shouldn’t be messed with or offended.’

§931) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; annoyed; 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 sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I was down by the creek in the bushland on the acreage we lived on. I was skipping stones on the creek when the stone I had just tossed stopped and floated in place in the middle of the creek. A small head emerged from the water, and it became clear that it was this creature who had caught the stone and was holding it just above the water. Its face was pale and luminescent, almost glowing. Its hair looked like little weeds that were everywhere by the creek and its eyes took up most of its face and were large and dark. It looked to be about the size of a blue tongue lizard, so quite small. The creature looked at me with an annoyed look on its face before throwing the stone back towards me, where it landed by my feet. When I looked back the creature had disappeared again and there was a little ripple on top of the water where it had been.’ ‘Its face was pale and luminescent, almost glowing. Its hair looked like little weeds that were everywhere by the creek and its eyes took up most of its face and were large and dark. It looked to be about the size of a blue tongue lizard, so quite small.’ ‘It just felt more like some kind of nature spirit or magical being and very mischievous.’ ‘Creatures of nature, spirits, magical beings.’

§932) Australia (Sydney). *Female; 1970s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; mischievous; 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.* ‘I was about five years old. My mum kept the clothes-horse behind my bed as I used to play ‘tents’ with it. I woke up in the middle of the night (I always slept with a light on) and sitting above me on the clothes-horse was this fairy. It had stolen my dummy. I remember feeling indignant and at the same time scared. I knew it was a fairy. And I knew it had stolen my dummy. I said to it, ‘Give it back to me.’ And it just shook its head. So I said again, ‘Give it back to me.’ And I reached up and snatched my dummy back. I jumped straight off the bed and ran into my mum and dad’s bedroom, waking them up with, telling them what had happened. Mum just pulled me into bed with them and I spent the rest of the night in their bed. She could see I was scared. I have never forgotten it. It was totally real to me. I have never seen one since, but have had many other ‘interesting’ experiences throughout my life.’ ‘This is where my memory gets a bit fuzzy because I was scared,

and I was also indignant and was really focused on getting back what it had stolen and then getting the hell out of there and into my parents' room. It was about fifteen centimeters in height.' 'I was only little, so probably had books on fairies. It's what a five-year-old relates to.' 'I often wonder about the alien connection. I have a scar on my leg and I remember when I was young, about eight or nine, asking my mum what had happened to my leg and she said told me nothing had ever happened that would have caused the scar.'

§933) Australia (Sydney). *Female; 1990s; 31-40; in a city; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; aloof; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was staying at my brother's place in suburban western Sydney. At the time there was a vacant block next door to his place, which was mainly grass but with a small rather stunted tree in one spot. That particular night I woke at around midnight because I heard his two dogs barking in the kind of way that where I live, in country NSW, means there's a snake or other undesirable about. The kind of sound that tells you their hackles are rising, that something is there that shouldn't be there. It was a bright moonlit night and when I went to the window to see what was going on (the window of the bedroom I was staying in gave onto the vacant block), I saw a man standing stock still in the block, much stiller than I had ever seen anyone stand before. He was standing with one arm akimbo, the hand on his hip, the moonlight seemed to bleach him of colour so he looked greyish-silverish with patches of dark in his hair. I could see the whites of his eyes shining in the moon but I couldn't distinguish the colour of the pupils. He was dressed in ordinary looking clothes, a long-sleeved top and trousers and they too looked greyish. And he was standing there staring straight at me, absolutely dead still, his gaze never blinking. It was only for a few seconds or even fractions of seconds that I stood there at the window unable to break the gaze. I wasn't scared, but my hair was rising on the back of my neck. Suddenly, my rational mind took over and I thought, there's an intruder, I have to wake my brother, and that's exactly what I did. The dogs were still barking and I said let's shout at them so the man knows someone's awake and goes away. So we did and then went back to the window to see if the man was still there – but he had gone and in the very place where he'd been standing was the tree – the tree that had always been there, the stunted tree. And the dogs had stopped barking. Still, twenty years later, I do not know precisely what it was. I wasn't dreaming or half asleep – I was wide awake. Twenty years later I can still see him as clearly in my mind as on that day. He wasn't malevolent. He wasn't necessarily benevolent either. He was just there. I know this isn't a 'typical' fairy encounter. But it was real and the being I saw that night was something quite outside my experience till that moment. I am a writer (a novelist)

and I have written about this encounter before but I still can't quite make up my mind about it.' 'Average size male, indeterminate age but looked youngish – around my age at the time, late thirties/early forties, dressed in long-sleeved top (sweatshirt type) and jeans/trousers. Hair was neither short nor long but fairly straight. I couldn't see the 'look' of his face very well, except for his eyes which were very bright, at least, the whites of his eyes were shining. I couldn't see the colour of his pupils. It was a bright moonlit night and the light seemed to bleach him of colour so everything about him – his hair, his body, his clothes – looked greyish-silverish, with patches of dark on his hair.' 'Just didn't feel like the other types of things [aliens etc] – though still not sure it was a fairy as such, it is simply the only 'label' that seems to even approximate.'

§934C) Australia (New South Wales). 'Well, this event occurred when I was around sixteen years old while I was still in High School. It was a Monday or a Tuesday and I was not very eager to attend classes so I decided to do what a lot of young rebels do which is to 'jig' or skip the day. That morning my mother left for work before me and left me breakfast. So as soon as she left, I got up happily that I wasn't going to school and instead was meeting up with other friends who were doing the same thing. Got up and jumped in the shower with a big smile. All of a sudden I hear my mother's voice. Saying: 'Hey Will!! Are you still at home ??!?!' etc etc. I was freaking out and thought, Jesus, I got busted by mum and now I am going to get told off. But no that was not the case. As I got out of the shower, I said: 'Mum, I'm sorry, I didn't want to go.' Seconds later I realised I was talking to myself. There was nobody at home. Something or Someone was mimicking my mum's voice. I started to panic and wonder at the same time. But then I thought maybe it's just my conscious playing games with me, so I turned on the cd player and went to have breakfast. As I'm having breakfast the cd players started to play backwards. I quickly went to the living room where the device was to check out what was going on. So I changed songs and left back to the kitchen. Seconds later it starts playing up again. I go back with my heart beating fast and turn off the cd player. I go back to finish my breakfast and as I sit, I start hearing a very annoying whisper in my left ear. It got louder and louder. It sounded like a foreign language. The whisper then left my ear and the sounds were emitting from the ceiling. I got up on the chair to hear closer. As I do that the whisper starts on my right ear. I am really freaking out by this point and quickly go my room to dry up well and put my clothes on in order to get going and leave the house quick. As I'm getting dressed, I feel the presence of something behind me. I turn around and right above the entry of the room I see this abnormal being. A gnome, big nose like J.P. Morgan used to have kind of. Big feet with big round boots. Long grey beard and its eyes were like flashing marbles like energy. He also had a cap, a gnome cap. He was thick and overweight. One could tell it wasn't

tangible as its form was constantly waving like sort of when you look at a highway and you see the effect of the sun light hitting the concrete. I took courage in my Christian faith and shouted at him what on earth was he doing in my house in God's name. In a fraction of a second his body moved and his image froze for another mini second and left towards the living room laughing imitating the laughter of a playful naughty kid, a smartarse laugh. Tried looking for him in the living room but never saw him or it again. I told my friend and his mum and they came back to my place to pray for evil spirits to leave the house. Apart from them, I only told my parents and few close friends about my experience as its funny now and people might think that I might have been under the influence of some sort or might have some mental problem. I hope to have entertained you with my story although I am not a professional writer and not very academic. Now I am reaching thirty-three and work as a carpenter in Sydney.'²⁶

§935) Australia (New South Wales). *Female; 1990s; 11-20; inside a private house; with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 am-3 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; 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 probably just a month or two shy of fifteen at the time this happened. It was the summer school holidays and I was visiting with my grandparents at their seventy-five-acre farm by the river on the mid-north coast of New South Wales, about a four-hour drive south of where my family and I were living at the time. The land was mainly cleared as my grandparents ran dairy cattle and had a market garden, but there were pockets of Eucalypt here and there, and two old China Pear trees where the old farmhouse once stood. My Nanna was an avid gardener and grew a cottage garden around the 'new' farmhouse (it was built in the nineteen thirties), which she tended to when she wasn't helping with the farmwork, or running around after the grandkids. She was also a conservationist, and when her youngest child of six, my aunt, died of a rare cancer at the age of twenty-two in 1986, my Nanna set aside an acre and began to plant a forest of trees native to the area in her honour. That acre is a full-grown forest today. About fifty metres behind the house was a large thicket of bush, probably about thirty metres by ten metres, which as a small kid freaked me out. I was sure something big and hairy and not cow-related lived in there, and so I'd wander all over the farm, but I'd steer well clear of that thicket. (By this time, I was well aware of yowies – Australian Bigfoot – and although they were in my dreams often, I don't recall seeing one by that stage. We had lived in the State Forest at one point, and a friend of the family who had lived in the highlands of Papua New Guinea, and had encounters there, had told my parents to be mindful of letting my brother and I play in the bush unattended). I never understood why my Nanna and

²⁶ Sent by email with permission to publish.

Pop never cleared this thicket though. Still, for my entire life, I had always felt a Presence on that land, centred in that thicket, although I couldn't articulate what it was. When I was much older, I did go exploring in there and only managed to find a Satin Bowerbird's nest – these Australian native birds are famous for their proclivity for acquiring blue objects which the males fill their nests with in order to attract their mate, including numerous plastic blue clothes pegs stolen no doubt from my Nanna's clothesline. The particular night this incident happened everyone had gone to bed, and I had also drifted off to sleep. I remember waking up to the sound of a low, consistent hum coming from outside in the yard. The house was in darkness, and I could hear the gentle snores of the more nocturnally vocal members of my family coming from the other bedrooms, and my younger brother was sleeping soundly in the bed next to mine, but this hum, this deep and reverberating purr caught my attention. At first, I thought it was the old refrigerator on the veranda singing its tired, ancient song, but I soon realised that this hum that I was hearing was coming up from the earth itself. I could feel it vibrating throughout my whole body. It was a hot and sticky, midsummer night, so we all just slept with a light cotton top sheet covering us, yet the sound felt ominous to me, so I pulled my sheet and a blanket up over my head. Sweating like anything, I lay there under the covers with all of my senses on high alert but willing myself to go back to sleep. Well, I couldn't sleep now. Particularly then as I heard the front door open. And then I heard the screen door open. At the front of the house was a bathroom with toilet and shower that had been added on when my aunt got sick. Previous to that, the toilet and shower were in the laundry/outhouse about twenty metres up the garden path. The new addition was built as an enclosed porch. To enter the house, you came in through the screen door (which usually got locked at night), and the door to the new bathroom was on the left, a wall with a window in it to the right, and then you came through the front door (which never got locked). I hope that makes sense. Well I heard the front door open, and then the screen door as if someone was going out, but I didn't hear anyone moving about inside or walking to the front door to go out. It wasn't until after I heard the screen door open, THEN I heard the footfall of someone coming inside the house! I remember thinking that was really weird, so I very gingerly poked my head out from under the covers. The bedroom that my brother and I slept in was in the middle of the house, an enclosed veranda ran two sides, so we had the main bedroom door which opened onto the lounge room, and a sliding door (which we left open) and a window that looked out to the veranda. This is the veranda that you step into when you come in the front door. Farmhouses were built with some odd designs back in the day, although I suspect this one just kept being added to with each generation. I suspect it probably only began as a two-room cottage. Anyway, when I poked my head out from the covers and looked out the window, I could see a soft green glow outside. It wasn't moonlight, or some other lights, just a strange eerie soft green glow, coming out of the ground, illuminating the garden, as if there were millions of glow worms out there. This, along with the hum, and the weird sounds of

someone either coming into or leaving the house were a bit much for me and I threw the covers back over my head and willed myself with all my might to go back to sleep. I guess I did. The next thing I remember was hearing my family in the kitchen having breakfast. I got up, feeling very groggy and foggy, and a bit disoriented and went out to join them. I asked if anyone had gotten up during the night to go outside. No one had. My mum asked me if I had been chewing on a pen. I said 'no, I just woke up. Why?' She told me that I had a small blue dot on my bottom lip, and also one on my chin. That's weird, I thought. She then started brushing my hair to braid it, and asked me again, 'Are you sure you haven't been playing with ink?' Again, I said no, I'd just woken up. And anyway, where would I get ink from? I did like to draw and had brought some art supplies with me, but I only ever used pencil. My hair was long, down to my hips, and my mum held up the bottom end and said 'look, the bottom three inches of your hair has blue strands running through it. You better go and wash it out.' My Mum and my Nanna thought I or some of the cousins were playing a joke. But there were no bottles of blue ink, or blue pens, or any ink stains on my pillow or my clothes, or anywhere else. And I couldn't wash the blue out of my hair, or off my face. Mum ended up cutting that part of my hair. The blue dot on my lip has however remained. The one on my chin is still there but has faded a little. To this day, no one knows how they got there or what happened during that night. I do remember one dream of that night where three very tall luminescent beings were standing next to my bed. I called them Elves. They seemed to me to come out of the Earth rather than outer space. I don't recall any other details, except they look like those Australian indigenous rock art paintings of spirit beings.' 'I only saw these beings in my dream (of which I have always had many, and have also experienced long-term sleep paralysis, and other supernatural experiences). But I have a strong sense that what I saw in my dreams was a memory from that night. The beings were very tall and luminous.' 'Members of my family have had other experiences there, and someone once told me that there had been aboriginal presence on that land.' 'I felt it was fairy because it felt very connected to the Earth.' Fairies are 'the other, inter dimensional beings, neither inherently good nor bad'. 'I often get asked about the blue dot on my lip and what its significance is or why I chose to get a tattoo there. With most people, who ask or comment, I am very reluctant to tell them the real origin of its appearance, but it does trigger an emotional response. I feel a bit on the fringe of things as it is, so it's nice to be able to share my experience without judgement. So thank you for providing this platform.'

§936) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2010s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly, mischievous, aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I looked up from my computer screen and just above it I saw a pair of wings fluttering extremely fast with what appeared to be a little body attached. But it moved so fast I couldn't get a good look at the body part. Only the wings. I thought it was a bug so I looked around for a little while but

there was nothing there. It was completely gone! There were also no bugs that fit that description of the wings around in that time of year.' 'I had been making fairy gardens and there are always fairy rings around this town.' 'The wings were about two inches long possibly slightly more. Long, slender with rounded ends, kind of like a dragonfly's but wider. They were beige with slightly darker veining on them.' 'Ghosts appear differently to me. Fairies are always fleeting and very fast. Ghosts are slower and more deliberate. They don't mind being seen and spoken to. Angels give a warmth around you when they're here. They're also much, much rarer.' Fairies are 'earth spirits'.

§937) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I awoke from sleep to see three Faeries hovering over my bed. They looked as one would imagine Faeries to look like (wings, little dresses, etc). They had the appearance of being made of water or the effect that is used in movies to make people appear invisible to others. They hovered for a minute or two and then disappeared. I have not seen them again.' 'I had been inviting Faeries into my space for some time.' 'They were definitely Faerie in form and I had been inviting Faeries into my space for quite some time.' Fairies are 'Living Beings/Energy from another Realm.' 'My belief in Faeries came long before I ever saw any. They have always helped me in different ways and pointed me in directions I needed to go, even though it might not have been what I thought I wanted at the time.'

§938) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 1990s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; 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.* 'I had been living in *** for some time when I decided to move back to Adelaide. A friend suggested we stop by the *** where a guy named M** lived who had an incredible garden in amongst the rainforest. I had been to M**'s place twice before and had been amazed at the growth of his fruit trees and flowers and vegetable garden. He too was amazed and indicated that it was inexplicable but most welcome. M** lived in a hut without walls on the side of the mountain. He ate and lived very simply and was jolly and happy but a bit intense at times. We had lunch and the people there got out the marijuana and so I said 'I'm going for a walk'. There was a path that led from M**'s place to a main path up the mountain marked by an enormous fallen tree. As I walked up the mountain I began to muse on leaving *** and going back to Adelaide and how things would change and be different. I began to think of my friends in Adelaide one by one and each time I thought of someone I would stop and look down at my feet and there would be a quartz crystal just lying

on the ground. So I figured they were gifts and I picked them up and pocketed them to take back to Adelaide. I got to the top of the mountain and looked down and around at the treetops and felt an immeasurable sense of peace and wellbeing. I sat down to rest when, all of a sudden, my body got up of its own accord and walked over to the opposite bank whereby my hand shot out and plunged into the dirt to bring out in my hand a hidden milky white quartz crystal that was not visible prior. It all felt so right and correct and meant to be and not at all unusual. I was a part of Nature and I had been awarded a special gift. After a while sitting looking at the crystals and feeling Blessed and relaxed and complete, I got up to make my way back to M**'s place because my friend was driving me to Brisbane and I walked down the mountain the same way I came (there was only one way) but I couldn't locate the big tree that marked the path to M**'s place. I walked up and down where I thought it should be a number of times before I gave up and rationalised that it must be further down so down the path I went until I came to a flatter area with a fallen log to sit on and look out over a dense piece of forest valley. The sun was shining, the air was warm, there was sound of insects and although I knew this was not the way to M**'s place, I couldn't resist the pull to sit on the fallen log and so I did and after about a minute of silence, I heard a low continuous note that sounded for about five seconds and it was a sound that reminded me of Pan pipes and I became expectant and excited that not very far away the God of Nature was in the forest and I might catch a glimpse of him if I was lucky. I was convinced that he knew that I was there. So I waited but after about five to ten minutes nothing else happened and the feeling had subsided so I got up to try and find the fallen log back to M**'s place. I had walked about five to ten metres when all of a sudden, the sound came again and there were some bright white moving lights in front of my eyes. I thought I may have got up too fast, but they didn't go away and I turned a three hundred and sixty degree circle and saw that there were a multitude of these buzzing lights all around me at head height until I came back to the start whereupon they all disappeared. In an altered state similar to the one I had been in up on the mountain I thought 'I have just seen faeries' and again it seemed perfectly sensible and right and correct. I proceeded to walk back up the mountain to find the tree to mark M**'s path to his place and this time I found it no trouble. I came into the area where his house was and I opened my mouth to speak and blurt out what had happened to me when my friend at the time G**, caught my eye, raised his finger to his lips and indicated 'shhhhh'. I acquiesced because G** was supposed to drive me to Brisbane and I thought I would get a chance to speak to him about it and find out what he knew but that didn't eventuate and I have been left since with a sense of disappointment that I didn't get to talk to him about something that he obviously knew about even though he wasn't with me when it all happened. I stayed the night in accommodation close to the airport and my room was at the top of stairs which had a big gum tree growing right next to the stairs about halfway up. I made a few trips going up with stuff I was taking back to Adelaide and I remember putting out my hand to touch the tree and silently say

'hello'. I'd had this habit since I'd had a tree talk to me in August 1990. I woke before dawn the next day to get ready and as I descended the stairs to the waiting taxi, as I passed the tree, I put my hand out again and at that exact moment the sun broke into the colours of the beginning of dawn and I heard the same low sound as I had heard the day before.' 'I think it was a combination of Earth experience and Pan and fairies because of the crystal in the side of the hill, the sound of pan pipe making the low sound and the fairies as little white buzzing balls of light and the tree the next day at dawn.' 'I think fairies like the ones I saw they are involved in the realisation of the Earth's framework for Nature. I think there are levels of the Fae and the ones I saw were probably connected to the mountain and the crystals I had collected and in bringing plants to life, helping things to grow and to be abundant.' 'I have always had an affinity for trees, and I think that has followed me through from childhood to being an adult. As a child, one of my best friends was the Willow tree in the front yard. I would sit and play in it for hours. I felt completely at home and safe in its branches. I grieved when Mum had it cut it down. I don't remember anything specific to being a child and being with the Willow tree in relation to fairies, but I think the Earth and trees have remembered me since then and I have a special connection to tree communications. I was very interested to learn recently that science has caught up with me and it is an accepted thing now that trees talk and are in relationship. I have heard from trees on a number of occasions. One time when I had a dog that wouldn't stop harassing the chickens the lemon tree in my backyard at the time told me to put her on a rope and let the chickens out around her and I did that and never had a problem since. Also just the other day I went to connect with Faerie with a friend who took me to a tree cave near the river where there are vestiges of old original landscape and after making an offering at the bottom of a tree I noticed it was paperbark and I went to take some of the paperbark to write a fairy letter for next time and the tree said to me 'gentle hands please'.

§939) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; can't remember the time; less than a minute; friendly, joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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 have had many [experiences]. However, I will share the experience my son and I shared knowingly for the first time. He was born with second sight and could see them in full which I didn't know he could, and I had been seeing flashes of light which I thought were angels. After he told me he sees angels and monsters, one day I was sitting with him watching TV and saw a flash of light towards the ceiling in a corner of the room and I felt the beautiful cool peaceful energy I always felt when I saw these lights. I whispered in my son's ear 'is there an angel in the room?' and he didn't shift his gaze from the TV and pointed casually to the exact spot I had seen the light and said, 'yes there'. It was years later that we worked out they weren't angels but fairies. He had thought they were angels because they looked like little

Christmas tree angel decorations. 'To me as I only saw a quick flash of light all I saw was an irregular shaped light flash. I later worked out it was the shape of the fairy and wings that gave it an irregular shape. My son could see the fairies in full like everyone and everything else.'

§940) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in open land (fields etc); two other people who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, helpful; occasional 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.* 'My ex-husband and I were helping round up a small herd of cattle at my brother's property. Both men were complaining about how hard the job was going to be because of two rogue heifers who did not like being penned who always led the others away just as they were about to be yarded. Off the cuff, I asked them to give me a few minutes while I asked the local Gruagach for some help. Of course, I was scoffed at. I politely asked the Gruagach to help yard the cattle. The two men then began the round up and had it finished within minutes, as the two rogue heifers were the first into the yards and the other cattle followed without any trouble. Again, I was laughed at, the men insisting it was a fluke, even though it had never been this easy before. Shortly after, I had to leave to collect the children from school while the men finished tagging the cattle. When I returned over an hour later, both men were in awe, stating that within minutes of me leaving the two heifers began acting up and made the rest of their job very difficult. They did not laugh when I put an offering of fresh milk in a shell and left it for the Gruagach.' 'The Faeries have always helped me or pointed me in the direction that I needed go, even if I have thought that is not what I want.' Fairies 'are Beings/Energy of another Realm'.

§941) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; 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.* 'I drove into my front yard in the pouring rain. As I pulled up, wipers going, I saw an Elf/Pixie looking at me from behind the leaves of a bush. I turned the wipers off to get a better look and he had disappeared.' 'I had been welcoming the Faeries to my place for some time.' 'Faeries have helped me and also steered me in the direction that I needed to go, even though I didn't think I needed to go that way.' Fairies 'are Beings/Energies from another Realm'.

§942) Australia (Queensland). *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly, aloof; 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.* 'Whilst camping by myself, I asked the local Faeries if they would let me know they were there. I had two different experiences on two different

nights. The first night was a small fountain of silver white light on the floor of my tent, before I settled down to sleep. The second was different shapes and texture looking energies above my bed in the tent when I awoke one night. The next two nights I was playing a game on my phone before sleeping and saw nothing. On the third night, I apologized to the Faeries for using the electronic device in such a natural setting and read a book (on Faeries) instead. During the night, the wind awoke me and outside the mesh door of my tent was a bright pink, slender light in the shape of a Faerie with wings and wearing a long dress.’ ‘The pink shape was pulsing gently.’ ‘I have always felt the magic of Faeries in this place’. ‘I had been asking the Faeries if they would show themselves to me and as I was in their place and relaxed and authentic in my wishes, they obliged.’ ‘A bright pink pulsing light in the shape of a Faerie with wings and wearing a long dress.’ Fairies ‘are Beings/Energies from another Realm’.

§943) Australia (Victoria). *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; ‘startled, curious and a bit annoyed’; 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.* ‘I saw what looked like a dark red dragonfly flitting in and out of the branches of a holly tree by the side of my house, which also bordered on a church – but it turned its little head to face me, and I saw a human-like face, and then human-like arms and fingers. I watched it for a few moments and then it flew deep into the tree and didn’t come back out.’ ‘A dark red dragonfly with human-like face, arms, hands and fingers.’ ‘At the time it looked close to what I knew of fairies from books and movies, but not quite – not really properly clothed but not naked either. It was more like an insect-human.’ ‘The answer to that question [what are fairies] changes over time. At the moment I think there is something untapped in our brains that allows us extra-sensory abilities and also an extra strong ability to inspire, bewitch or engage others and to explain this we may say these abilities come from another world and another race. But maybe there is no other world, no other race – maybe it is just us, and we label it as some other-worldly thing because we are not ready to accept it of ourselves just yet. Or maybe there is another world, and other beings.’

§944) Australia (Victoria). *Female; 2010s; 31-40; in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* ‘I had been meditating regularly going into the faerie realm in meditation with a group of friends for a year or two. I was coming home one evening past the gardens and saw my faerie friend at the gate. I recognised her from my meditations, and she had a glow about her that was not from any other source (streetlight etc). There is also a St Kilda faerie that walks around the neighbourhood. A number of people have seen her. This wasn’t her. Although they both have blond hair.’ ‘Tall, blond hair, with a shimmering quality.’

‘Also, the St Kilda Faerie walks round in daylight, has a rather bizarre fashion sense and also has blond hair and is tall and thin, I’ve seen her with ringlets and emerald-green eyeshadow but not in a way I’ve ever seen anyone wear it.’ ‘Faeries are beings like us that live in a separate realm to us.’

§945) Australia (Victoria). *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were extremely happy; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I was about four years old, camping with my mother, stepdad and friends. We were preparing lunch and I was curious to find one of the family friends sitting below a tree staring into the tree. From what I saw nothing was in the tree but yellow buds. I sat with her and asked what she was doing. She said she was watching the fairies. I was very surprised and remarked there were none. She told me to look closer. I focused on the yellow buds and saw there were about ten tiny pixie-like men fluttering about, they were all a bright golden yellow. I was so excited and shocked I bolted inside to show my mum the fairies and begged her to come outside and look but she dismissed me as being silly. I sat back out with the friend, and she gave me a tiny clear crystal-like orb with rainbow colours in it and said they had given it to her but wanted me to have it. I kept it until I was about six or seven, but it just disappeared one day. I never gave doubted this experience and have remembered it vividly since it happened.’ ‘I was young, it felt like an innocent safe experience, very joyous and I saw it all very clearly.’

§946) New Zealand. *Female; 1980s; 0-10; in woodland, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; ‘friendly, mischievous, joyful’; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, unusually clouded memories of the experience.* ‘I wandered into the hills from the place we were staying. I came across a large clearing with an abandoned collapsed building. I heard laughing and singing and then what I thought was a young girl came out from behind the building. She was a little shorter than me, had pale skin and long blonde or white hair. I stayed and played with her for a long time – we didn’t talk – I think it was telepathic? I could hear a lot of others behind the building but I was told I couldn’t go to – I felt a sense of danger. I went back every day that we stayed in the area – about two weeks and I played, sang and laughed with her. On one journey back down the mountain at the end of the day I got stuck in sinking sand. Things went blurry and I believe they pulled me out of the bog.’ ‘Music’. Why fairies? ‘I don’t know – they were there – I was there in the same place, they didn’t feel threatened by me.’ Fairies are ‘other dimensional or intradimensional beings’.

§947) New Zealand. *Female; 2020s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; joyful; never or almost never has a supernatural experience; no special state reported;*

unusually vivid memories of the experience. ‘Heard a ‘thank you’ and saw a gold streak fly past my face.’ ‘Gold colour’. Why a fairy? ‘Size and speed’.

§948) New Zealand. *Female; 1980s; 0-10; on or near water, in woodland; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; ten minutes to an hour; friendly, mischievous, aloof; 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, 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 out on a commercial fishing boat with my best friend and her family. The night before we had seen a strange light in the sky – the adults were scared but us kids were fine. The next morning, they dropped us off onto a marine reserve island so we could run around – me, my best friend (same age nine) and her older brother twelve or thirteen. Since it is a marine reserve, you are not supposed to go on it but I guess they didn’t pay too much attention to it. We rowed over in the dingy, beautiful clear and calm day in summer onto a smallish island that was covered in trees. Just us kids landed onto the island and once on the beach we decided to play hide and seek. We all split up and I remember walking through the bush – wasn’t dense just a lot of trees – up towards a hill. As I got closer everything seemed to fuzz but also get clearer and brighter as I came to the top of the hill there was a beautiful green huge tree, at the base of this huge tree were three beings: a tall long-haired blonde man to the right, a small ball of light like tinker bell to the left and in the middle, there was a wee brown man. For lack of descriptive words, he was brown all over his face, his hair and his clothing which was old fashioned looking with big brown buttons and his hat was old and battered, his pants and shirt were coarse looking material but well worn. He had kind but twinkling eyes – mischievous but definitely kind. Of the three this was the one I was most drawn to but it was the tree that I had a conversation with and the wee brown man (maybe half a metre tall with his hat stocky but all in proportion) and I agreed to do something for them – all three of them that had something to do with trees but I can’t remember what. I just remember after that I was always talking to trees and very respectful. It only seemed like a few minutes but what made me leave was I heard my friends calling for me and they sounded scared. I said my goodbyes and turned away happily to go see my friends. Apparently, I had been gone a good half an hour and they had been yelling for ages but couldn’t find me. I didn’t say anything to them, and we wandered back to the dingy and went back to the boat.’ ‘Very tall slight blonde man, very short wizened brown man and a shining light.’ ‘I’ve had ghost experiences, they run in my family on my mum’s side – not keen on them and tend to just be respectful and ask them to go away.’ ‘I believe in fairies but don’t always believe when other people share their experiences.’

§949) New Zealand. *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on a country road; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; 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 walking down my driveway when I saw a cluster of yellowish golden-with-a-glow faeries swirling around at the end of my driveway. There were around five of them or perhaps seven. They had very upright tall slender wings and long slender quite feminine bodies. They were much longer than a dragonfly for size. I was trying to at first see if they were some sort of insect. But no, they were definitely faeries. I stood there for the awhile and tried very hard to make my eyes as wide as I could, so I didn't miss the sight. They swirled around like a tiny tornado together and flew up to the forest which is about two minutes' walk from my home. I really think they are thanking me for weeding and taking care of the forest.' 'Slender golden yellow all over with a glow'. Why fairies? 'Because they looked like what I would describe as faeries.' Fairies are 'almost like spirits'. 'I think we need to start being more caring toward nature.'

The Rest of the World

§950B) Argentina. *Female; 1960s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; many hours; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep, 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, unusually clouded memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'My name is *** and this happened to me when I was a child: My parents let me play in the garden of Parque ***, in the Barrio de ***, surrounded by flowers. This was a very colorful and picturesque large public park. In those days I remember that as a child I was approached by small translucent gnomes who claimed to be my friends. They played with me to drink tea, with dolls and other children's games. They also talked to me and handed over berries from the hawthorn tree (*Crataegus monogyna*). I remember trying to touch their beards or arms several times, but they would fade (in the places where I touched a slight sensation of static energy or something accompanied the touch). What I remember most is that although they had wrinkled faces, long noses and ears, they did [sic?]. What I have most in mind are his eyes, which were very clear and large, a kind expression emanated from them, and it was extremely captivating. For many days they were my friends and I shared game mornings with them. They asked me not to forget them as I grew up and that's how it was. Today I believe in these beings and the experience marked me forever.' 'Dwarfs with red caps, as if they were old men the size of a child, with long white beards, rustic hands, clear and sympathetic eyes.' 'Peaceful and friendly.' 'The place is not known for this type of event. I didn't know anything about him.' Why a fairy? 'Because they themselves manifested at some point that they were linked to plants and trees, that they were beings of nature. Over the years, when I was older, I was able to find a relationship between what I saw and the phenomenon of fairies.' 'I believe that [fairies] exist and are beings that are part of a parallel reality, which from time to time interacts with our world. Playing an important role in our evolutionary development.' 'I have turned to study the subject since I was a teenager and I began to take notion of what I saw at that time. Then I live many other experiences, but these were the most vivid and beautiful, because since then I promised not to forget them and spread the subject in my country, Argentina.'

§951) Belgium. *Female; 1990s; 21-30; in a garden; with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My family [British] were living in *** and I had come to visit them from London. I was about twenty-one years old. The house was an old (and very haunted) townhouse in central *** on a fairly busy street. The garden was very small with ten-foot walls and surrounded on all sides by a large apartment block. I was stood on the patio with my father and sister – I think they were doing something, but I was just standing around chatting to them. All of a sudden, I saw and heard quite a large bumble bee and there was very clearly a tiny man riding on its back. He was sat very upright and there were

some kinds of reins in his hands. He didn't look at me and just flew on past and out of the garden. I remember feeling quite shocked but also a giddy sense of wow! I can't believe I just saw that. I think I asked them if they'd seen the bee but they hadn't noticed it so I didn't mention the little man. I can still clearly see the scene as it happened, but because it was a very bright, sunny summer's day, and it happened so quickly I couldn't take in much detail of the man other than the reins and that he had dark brown or black hair.' 'The man was very tiny. I did have another very strange experience (maybe a ghost or alien) in the same spot, but they felt completely different. There was no fear in this experience, but the other experience was absolutely terrifying.' 'I'm not sure [what fairies are] but maybe nature spirits/elementals.'

§952A) Brazil. *Male (third person); in touch with witness; family; 2000s; 0-10; in a garden; on their own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'My son saw a gnome in the garden of his school, amid the trees, and talked to him. He would have been nine or ten years old. He told me that when I picked him at school, at lunch time.' Why a fairy? 'Because it looked like a gnome. Later my son begun to see ghosts, so he knows the difference.' 'It was a Waldorf School, but the teachers and parents didn't talk about fairies.'

§953) Brazil. *Female; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; neutral; 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 four or five years old. I was sleeping in my bedroom and I woke up in the middle of the night. I used to have a night lamp on because I didn't like to have an all-dark room, so I could see very well my surroundings, despite [it] being dark outside. I looked at my closet door and I saw many colorful orbs moving over its surface. There were at least five of them, each one of a different color. I remember the colors green, yellow and pink (and maybe blue and white). I was more intrigued than afraid. The orbs never went away from the closet door. I called my mother who was sleeping. When she entered my bedroom, the orbs disappeared! She asked me if I looked at my night lamp, because it could be that common effect that happens when you look at bright lights, where you see colorful spots everywhere you look, even when you close your eyes. But it was not the case, because I could only see the orbs when looking at the closet door.' 'It is very similar to other experiences where fairies later showed themselves, although I can't really prove it wasn't caused by other phenomena.' Fairies are 'elemental beings related to the earth element'.

§954) Brazil. *Female. 1980s; 21-30; 'a cave'; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences.* 'I was excited because it was the first time I was going to climb inside a cave'; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience. 'I was with a group that studied spiritual issues. We went inside a cave to explore and at the

entrance there was a fairy.’ ‘She looked like a guardian that takes care of the cave, but was misty.’ Why a fairy? ‘Because I’ve already seen ghosts and aliens and I’ve just had many out-of-body experiences, so I can distinguish them.’ Fairies are ‘entities that also live in the world.’ ‘Last year I began writing about fairies, so I’m researching and reading a lot about them.’

§955) Brazil. *Male; 2010s; 41-50; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; many hours; friendly, angry, erotic, neutral; occasional supernatural experiences; I was sleeping, this was a dream; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I wrote this down as soon as I woke up, so it is fresh from memory, not a recall. Some details on places were added after transcription from a draft, which was left otherwise untouched. The environment of the dream was in Porto Alegre, capital of Rio Grande do Sul, where I once lived. I was near *** School, in the street that leads you to the *** tunnel if you keep going forward, with the school at my right. And I started to go to the *** Bus Terminal, passing through the square next to another nearby school, ***. When I was at the square, I decided to go faster to avoid robbers at the tunnel. There is something odd here. The tunnel is located just before the square, when you are coming from the first school. I might have been tricked. Anyway, I was at the square and decided to go faster to not have my cellphone taken by robbers near the tunnel. Not noticing this at the moment, I started to run very, very fast. It seems I went flying, or in a long jump, in the direction of the bus terminal. From above I saw something rectangular, white, featureless, crossing a white road (which I thought to be the tunnel road) going out of downtown. The road was a straight line in a pitch-black environment. Then I was inside a bus, by my own will (the rectangle thing). I think there was something pursuing me before I entered the bus. The scenery outside the bus was strange, abnormal. It was really dark out of the bus. Dangerous. These persons were walking in the sidewalk of the road where the bus was passing, and they were white, bright, featureless silhouettes. Then a monster tried to enter the bus. I closed the windows to not allow the monster to enter. His arm was inside, and it got cut off. Eventually, I arrived at the entrance of a tunnel made of trees, and I got out of the bus. I knew the monster was left behind, but he was coming closer. And he was angry. There was ‘butter’ at the entrance, which one needed to use as ointment to be able to enter the tunnel. But there was not enough butter for everyone at the tunnel. There was another person with me, and I split the butter between both of us. I used it as an ointment, but the other person ate it – and I don’t remember seeing this person again... I entered the tunnel, which was round, and made of trees. Their leaves had several colors, and everything was very bright. No trunks nor branches were visible. Maybe there was a white ground. Or not, and all was these leaves. Who knows? Then I arrived at the entrance hall of a building, with clear light. Not exactly day level, but also not dark. Inside this room, there were several of the monsters that attacked the bus, but they looked more humanoid. I felt, and their expressions showed it, that they were annoyed by my

presence there. Half the height of an adult, big heads and noses. Sparse, balding, long hair. Somewhat big eyes and nose. Somewhat decaying. Somewhat melting. Past the hall, there was a library. In the bookshelves I saw copies of the same volume of a book collection I owned in the past, *Enciclopedia Juvenil*. I asked the female librarian if there were other ones, but she told me only that one was available. I told her that I would miss my books; they would be sold or made into fertilizer (since I knew I never would come back). I gave her a copy of *Triste Fim de Polícarpo Quaresma* (The Sad End of Polycarp Lent), a Brazilian book published in 1911, where a patriotic public worker ends up being executed by order of the then president Floriano Peixoto. The librarian, or another person, told me that my life there was normal. I asked someone, a man, if it was possible to escape from here. This man (who I thought could be the female librarian – don't ask) told me that albeit not impossible, it would be difficult, and it could cause madness or panic attacks. Outside of the library, I went to a corridor that led down to a bright room, where a girl – after the dream, I thought she could be one of the monsters – half my weight as well, with small but noticeable breasts, short – but not like man short size – straight, black hair, slightly overweight, wearing a shirt with long sleeves and a skirt, both gray, started to flirt with me. She had a childish voice. I don't remember her face. It seems she didn't have much detail. I don't remember seeing her hands, or her legs. Actually, her face lacked details. I pretended not to notice her advances and went out of the room. Furious, she started to tell another slightly shorter girl with light colored hair, that 'I didn't get it'. I told myself that I got it very well, yes. And then I woke up. I think this was some kind of setup to lure me. After entering the tunnel, I never sensed any danger – this environment felt completely safe; that's what I thought. Or rather, I didn't think anything. How recognizing the same monsters at the hall didn't send me into full panic is beyond me. And I never noticed the girl could be a monster before waking up. The black-haired girl's chat was quite garbled and also lacking details, so to say; only her complaints to the other girl she talked to when she exited the room were much clearer and understandable. I had a sense that I chatted to the black-haired girl inside a room, but I actually saw nothing.' 'I might have read too many books on the subject, from Fortune, Briggs, Keel... Fairies, I think, may be a part of spiritual growth. Elementals merge into fairies, which then become human souls, in what is a kind of continuum, through many cycles of reincarnation. Maybe the glamour defects arise from our perception of fairies as incomplete humans. Some of the fairies would be undifferentiable from dead human souls.' 'The women were more humanoid, but less detailed. The men at the hall were more defined, but less human, the monster at the bus was a more animalistic version of the man at the hall.' Why a fairy experience? 'Because they were humanoid, and no advanced technology could be seen anywhere. I have read many books on the overlap between fairies and the UFO phenomenon'.

§956) Chile. *Male; 1990s; 21-30; on or near water, in open land (fields etc); on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was visiting a well-known outdoor natural museum in the region called Natural Monument Valle del Encanto (enchantment valley.) The place has ancient petroglyphs and rupestrian art, depicting shamanic ceremonies and small animals. It is a rocky place with hills and slopes covered by cacti, acacia trees and bushes, around a winding brook that go along the site. There was peace and tranquillity since there were no other visitors. The atmosphere was delightful with just the sounds of nature, the bubbling brook, the birds chirping and soft wind blowing on a perfect cloudless sky. After setting up my camping site I went for a walk in the area. I went down a path surrounded by thickets and some willow trees heading eastward to a boulder which is terraced in the slope of the rolling hill. It is a massive egg-shaped stone that I wanted to climb. I had a strange feeling that I was been guided to that place. Every nook was, like, calling me and leading me to the rocky spot. When I reached the top, I felt like just sitting and sensing the place, although I didn't mean to do meditation or contemplation. I felt like the place was gradually relaxing me until I just closed my eyes to feel the whole valley. I don't recall how long I was in that state, but something suddenly makes me open my eyes, like a presence next to me and I was shocked when I saw a thirty-centimeter tall native-looking like little man. A smiley face with the sweetest and most gentle semblance I've ever seen. Hair like yellow straw and copper nuances, sun-tanned cinnamon skin, naked torso with bracelets in both upper arms, small river-pebbles necklace, wearing short pants in green and sandals. He had a tiny bongo drum hanging aside and a little rounded purple bag in the belt that was just a piece of fine thin rope. I had mixed emotions, thrilled but peaceful, excited but calm. In some way I knew that I'd seen this little man before, since I had experienced encounters with pixies and faeries when I was child. However, my previous childhood experiences I took them as normal and natural as it was part of my childhood stage. This time was an overwhelmingly happy reunion, although this little fellow looks completely different from the ones I used to see in my childhood. He was quite translucent in the beginning, but as I stared at him without even blinking, he become gradually more tangible. I was able to talk to him and he responded, but his voice I could hear inside my brain, like a high-pitched little voice. We talked and he revealed to me something unbelievable; that moment we had scheduled in past lives and it meant to happen because I have a connection with the little people, the gnomes. They want me to manifest them into visible form and transmit their messages. After this reunion, I called him 'little bongo' and we are in contact and working together up to the

present, [I] modeling them in terracotta clay, writing a book about my experience, my work with elemental beings and Little Bongo's teachings. Now before ending my story, a few words from the little people to humankind: 'We love you deeply.' Looked 'like a little South American native man'. 'There is a petroglyph which is called 'the little pixie' by the park ranger.' Why fairies? 'because it was clear for me (my senses and intuition)'. Fairies are 'spiritual entities made of flower scent and air element'.

§957) Colombia. *Female; 2010s; 61-70; in a garden*, inside a private house*; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; 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 came out to the balcony to turn off the lights before going to bed. After I turned the lights off, there was a light traveling from the pasture on my right, out to the woods on my left. The light was an elongated tube-like form, shining brightly, like a neon light bulb. It moved fast as it traveled across the air right in front of me. I was surprised by the swift appearance and disappearance. I couldn't think, let alone try to make contact. I tried to decipher its nature. As it disappeared, I was left wondering. Was it an insect? No. It was way too big to be a firefly. It seemed to try to pass by in [a] coasting fashion right in front of me, at the level of the balcony (second floor). I concluded it must have been a faery, even though it had no human or insect form. I stood in the dark looking in the direction it had disappeared, wondering if it would come back, but it didn't. I waited a while before going in wishing the light being would show up to contact me. But it didn't. The whole experience must have taken a bit longer than a minute.' 'It was hard to choose between this, and one other experience I had about a year before. At that time, I was cleaning the chicken coop's yard at dusk, when I saw a human figure with the corner of my eye. The figure was wearing light brown flowing material. It was about my height, and passed by my right side in a dance-like quick leap.' 'Both sightings were in different places. Both places had a reputation of being haunted by ghosts.' Why a fairy? 'Because there was a sense of playful joy.' 'Fairies are spirits of nature that live around us as if in another dimension.' 'I am excited to find that there is a serious interest in the Fae, and that I am not the only one who believes in them.'

§958) Columbia. *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in a garden; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; 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, a sudden chill before the experience.* 'My grandma who is a witch had a huge garden of flowers and vegetables in the roof of our home. She used to water them at twilight. She asked [me] to join her and started to tell me how the fairies help her to keep the flowers beautiful. She then told me to listen to the church bells and focus only on the sound. Then the usual breeze of the evening started to blow, and then she told me to ask permission to see them.'

She started to sing like a whisper, and then I could see two fairies moving between the roses. They would kind of show themselves and disappear, and lasted a couple of minutes. My grandma says she sees them constantly and she was always talking to them. She also says that during the night she is taking [talking?] in her sleep and they teach her many things mostly how to heal with plants. My house was full off fae activity. Some were kind. Others were not. I heard them running during the night and breaking dishes. But this was the first time a saw them clearly. They were white and pink and had some golden sparkles. I was so young so I can [not?] detail it but that is what I remember.' 'They had the color of the roses in the bushes where they were. I remember seeing two that had the head looking like a rose bud.' Fairy music? 'I didn't [hear] on this occasion, but a few times I've heard them. But in Finland where I live now and its drums and wind instruments mostly. Sometimes there is a female singer.' 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? 'Because I have had experiences with other creatures, and I can tell the difference.' Fairies are 'beings that can move freely between dimensions and have a deep connection with earth'.

§959) Costa Rica. *Male; 1990s; 11-20; on a country road; on my own [two friends 'had to pull me out of a trance-like state, the experience']; 9 pm-12 am; ten minutes to an hour; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was with a couple of friends on a country road in my home town, in ***, Costa Rica, circa 1993. My friends were having a fight, they were a couple, and I went and sat on a rock nearby but long enough to give them space. I was staring into a coffee plantation which was completely dark due to the time (around nine PM). Suddenly I started seeing small lights between the coffee bushes, at about seven feet from where I was sitting. I initially thought the lights were fireflies, but then they started moving as if they were dancing, and every once in a while, one or several would playfully 'jump' up and down in mid-air. I could only think they were putting up a show just for me and I was delighted and receiving a joyful and positive vibe from them. I'm not sure how long I spent enjoying the light show, but I started hearing my friends calling at me and then I got out of a trance-like state, and they were yelling at me and saying they had been doing so for a couple of minutes and I wasn't responding. Overall, I deeply cherish that experience and remember it dearly.' 'I was just sitting on a rock staring at the dark coffee plantation bushes across the country road.' 'Small lights dancing in mid-air about seven to eight feet from me.' 'I believe it was a fairy experience'. Fairies are 'elemental spirits of nature.'

§960A) Costa Rica. *Male (third person); witness is still in touch; family; 1990s; 31-40; in woodland; with one other person who shared the experience; 3 pm-6 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* 'This

happened in the South part of Costa Rica, in a place called ***, in ***, which is a District of the Puntarenas province. This might have happened before I was born or when I was very young, around the late eighties or early nineties. I was born in 1991. People usually call this experience ‘getting lost’ but implying that there was something supernatural affecting your perception of reality. Some people say that *duendes* – a kind of Fey creature common in Latin American stories – are responsible for this. Other people say that it is because of witches. And some say that it usually happens where there are native burial places. Thus, what happened to them may have been any of those things because it happened in the middle of the mountain, close to a place where there is at least an important native burial place. But it is also a place around which people have reported seeing *duendes*. It was one of those times of the year when they had to go fix the water connection in the mountain because they were not getting any water at home. But only my stubborn father would consider that going around five in the afternoon was a good idea – the sun usually sets at six pm here. It gets very dark on the mountain, with all the tropical, hugely tall trees covering the light. Yet, there goes my father, followed by my brother, and their dog, Milú. My father always carries a sharp machete, which is an important tool to have, being a farmer and eventually having to defend himself against venomous snakes. They were already on the path, in the middle of the mountain. My father was leading the way, my brother was behind, and the dog was the last one in the line. Suddenly, out of the blue, they heard the sound of some leaves moving and they found themselves inside a circle of piñuelas. Piñuelas are a kind of plant similar to a pineapple plant, but they grow wild in the mountain. The scientific name is *Bromelia pinguin*. The curious thing is that the dog was outside the circle. It was whining, trying to get to them, but he couldn’t get inside the circle. My father, on the other side, was trying to cut the leaves of the piñuelas, and his machete seemed to have lost all its sharpness. It was simply not cutting any leaves. They spent several minutes there. Nothing seemed to work. It was getting darker and darker. My father resigned and told my brother that they would have to stay there and sleep under one of the trees. My brother says that he had been the entire time telling my father that they had to take off their shirt and put it on inside out. Now, this is a belief in rural areas in Costa Rica: there are many recipes to break the spell or whatever happens during one of these events of ‘getting lost’. People say that if you are wearing at least one piece of clothing inside out, you can’t get lost. Or if you get lost, you can break the spell by putting on your shirt inside out. My father is stubborn and tends not to listen to people. So, he was ignoring my brother. My brother got tired of it, took off his shirt, put it on inside out... and the moment he did that, he heard the noise of leaves again and suddenly, there was the path, visible again. Everything looked as if nothing had happened. They decided to leave the water connection fixing for the next day, during daylight hours, and went back home. Both of them have told me, every time they tell the story: ‘I didn’t believe in the supernatural until that day.’ ‘They did not define what fairies are, but they consider it could have been caused by *duendes*.’ ‘Costa Rican oral tradition

tells that *duendes* might be behind the cause of this kind of experience.' 'It's the mountain. Strange things are usual in the mountain. I don't know if they knew about that place in particular, but now my family knows that this particular area has some unexplainable events happening now and then to some people.'

§961) Costa Rica. *Female; 2010s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland* ('a beautiful tropical forest near the ocean'); with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; less than a minute; friendly; no information given for supernatural experience; the witness 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, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'My boyfriend and I met while solo traveling [as tourists in] Central America. After meeting we decided to do the last country together and went to Costa Rica. We were leaving to go back home two days after this experience so we didn't know if we would see each other again as we were not from the same country. (We did). It was our last day on the coast before heading to the capital for our flight. For our last day we decided to do a magic mushroom trip as a therapy (in a spiritual mindset). So we went to the most beautiful and secluded spot we found the day before and ate the mushrooms at the start of the afternoon. We spent the afternoon on this beautiful journey, feeling emotions and working on our mindset to be ready to go home after five months on the road. The sunset was one of the most beautiful sunsets I've seen. Setting above the ocean, golden rays of light passing through the clouds. We were in a total state of bliss, and we were feeling connected to the earth, the universe, the Now. Just after sunset, an old woman arrived from nowhere. She didn't look at us. We [she?] walked to the edge of the cliff and started chanting (?) or saying things in a language we didn't understand. She had her eyes closed and she was throwing something in the ocean. At first, we thought maybe it was ashes. We observed her for a moment, completely fascinated by it and we both felt that something very special was happening, that we were 'supposed' to see her. But we were also aware that we were still tripping from the magic mushroom, although a few hours had already passed so we were towards the end of the trip. It was getting darker so we decided to head back to the carpark, where we had our scooter parked. (I know, driving a scooter while tripping on mushrooms isn't a good idea, but we were at the end of the trip and feeling 'normal' enough to drive, and, hey, we're alive.) Anyways we started walking and we had to go through a kind of forest patch with big trees everywhere. We were walking with our phone torches on. But we turned them off when we saw some fireflies flying around. We stopped and watched them for a moment. I turned my light on again and we started walking when we saw something different. At first, we thought that it was a firefly but it was much bigger. I turned my light back off as this ball of light the size of a bat or a small bird flew towards us. We both stopped

and were completely silent, just observing. The ball of light flew around us and I'm pretty sure I saw small wings and also heard like a vibration. When we saw it, it was like time had stopped. It was like this 'being' wanted us to see it, like it was showing itself to us, like it was telling us a secret. It flew around us and around the trees nearby, came back, then flew away and disappeared in a nearby tree. My boyfriend and I stayed silent for a few seconds, not really understanding what had just happened. The first thing we both said was 'what the f*ck was that'. For the next couple hours, we kept talking about it. We both saw it and we both felt the same feeling about this being. We tried to look for answers on the internet but never found anything (until today thank you). But we know what we saw and every time one of us is feeling a bit down because of work or something not very important in the big scheme of things, we remind each other that we saw a 'fairy', and that 'magic' is real, in the sense that it is not because we humans can't see certain things, it doesn't mean that they don't exist. Sometimes we get to peek into the hidden world, and we realize that there is a lot that we still don't know.' 'It flew around us like it wanted us to see it.' 'This day changed a lot of things spiritually.' 'I'd like to see more of them'. 'We called it a fairy to put a word on it. We have the feeling that it was a mystical 'being' or 'creature'. Not a ghost or alien.'

§962) Croatia. *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience.* 'I [Croatian national] was watering my plants on my balcony, and when I turned... by my right side, at the height between my elbow and shoulder I saw something that looked like a weird shimmering air mass, it was without a shape, but similar in appearance to hot air when emerging from hot asphalt. But it was not hot outside. It is actually hard to describe, because it was like tiny sparkles forming a mass, like a small ethereal cloud. I had never seen anything like it before. For the first moment I thought 'I'm hallucinating', but I blinked several times and averted my eyes, yet it was still there, moving (like millions of very, very tiny, shimmering transparent fireflies, forming a moving cloud). I don't believe in fairies with wings and sparkly little creatures hiding in the flowers, although I do believe in *Daoine Sidhe* and nature spirits, so this was quite a surprise for me. This cloud moved in place while my breath was taken away, trying to figure out if my brain is deceiving me, but my sight is great. I'm a completely sane person and I don't take any alcohol, or any sort of drugs. The strange thing was that I had a rush of some strange feeling that I can't quite explain, like I never felt it before, not strong feeling like sadness or happiness, just a different feeling, which passed through my whole body. Then I tried to touch the mass and these tiny lights, moved between my fingers. I removed my hand and then they disappeared. But it was definitely something I never seen before. It was not due to heat or gas mass evaporating. Those were not insects for they shimmered, and

it was not some sun reflection, for it appeared during the day. Light was good, but there was no sun, for it was a cloudy day. And that feeling I had, was something entirely strange. 'A cloud or a mass of tiny, ethereal, transparent. What should I say? Like fireflies but not fireflies, and they had shimmer, like air-plankton, they shimmered when moving. Maybe the mass was actually semi-visible form, it is hard to explain, but what I saw with my eyes was like a living, transparent cloud of shimmering plankton that moved.' 'My house was built by my grandfather, and before, and all around it were trees, before other houses were built. The apple tree was just beneath the place where I had this experience, and my family was very connected with all that grows, all trees and plants in our garden were planted by my grandfather.' 'I don't believe in little beings in sparkly dresses hiding in the flowers, I never had. I was raised believing and practicing pagan way of life and in our work, we often work with Gods and Goddesses, through channeling, meditation and 'beings' 'appear' through presence, they can be felt. My personal view of fairies is old-fashioned, for I have Irish ancestry, and I perceive them more as human-sized beings, or forms of energy, and not like not like sparkly masses flowing around the plants. But this I actually saw, not with my mind's eye, but with my real eyes, and I was completely sane.' 'I believe in different 'energy' forms, like essence, to avoid 'soul' word. And energy is everywhere, in all realms. I do believe in parallel realms, and I believe that each energy is different, and it can take different shapes. I believe there are different beings, and that some of them are much higher forms of life than mortals. I believe Fairies to be ancient gods, and I do believe they exist in between what mortals can perceive with physical senses.' 'I have a photo of a standing stone (Lough Gur Lios stone circle), where I felt amazing energy, when we visited few years ago. There was a slight hum heard, but I did not see anything, any shape nor form with my physical eyes. I did not felt presence, but I felt something quite unexplainable, it is hard to put to words. I took the photo of a stone, and there was some weird light on it, like emerging from the stone. I'm not sure if this is some light-play, but it is not a lens flare I usually saw on photos. I would be happy to send you the photo if required, for I'm not sure what kind of light is it, it maybe just some reflection, but maybe it is something else. I know for a fact, when I took the photo, I did not see that light on my camera, and it was not there in real life.'

§963) Dutch West Indies. *Male; 1980s; 11-20; on or near water, in open land (fields etc), on a country road; with one other person who did not share my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; 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 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 with an elder sister, going to my brother's house who lived about two kilometres from our home on a country road. It was around 7:00 PM, the sun had set and was dusky, but not dark as yet. At one point in the road, there is an intersection with a country path,

with one end going into the woods, and the other end ending in a gully. I saw seven people, all dressed like monks in dark blue robes, with their capes over their heads and their hands crossed and stuck in their sleeves. They came from the side coming from the woods, crossed in front of us, and went the other way toward the gully. I saw them, but my sister did not.' 'The wind was blowing through branches and leaves nearby, that sounded quite musical. No real music was heard, though.' 'The place has a reputation 'for ghosts'. 'I don't really believe in aliens, and I kind of believe angels are really someone's ancestors looking after them. I did not get a ghost vibe from the experience.' Fairies are 'either human-sized or child-sized spiritual beings attached to places, either natural settings, or man-made.'

§964A) Finland. *Female (third person); witness is dead; family; 1950s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who did not share the experience; 12pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; special state reported.* 'My late aunt was able to see fairies, gnomes, and other supernatural beings at will. In this particular instance, she happened to look into a tree stump while out hiking with her family as a young girl. When glance it into the system [sic], she saw a very friendly looking old man smiling back at her, while smoking an old-fashioned pipe. She knew he was the spirit of that tree still residing in the stump. She was not afraid, and simply continue to hike.' 'An old man, dressed in the fashions of the Middle Ages.'

§965) France. *Female; 2010s; 11-20; on a country road, in the mountains; several people all of whom shared the same experience; 6 pm-9 pm; ten minutes to an hour; 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 sudden chill before the experience.* 'I was fifteen, and my family [British tourists] and I were in holidays in our old family house, in a town of the French Southern Alps. We had seen in the newspapers that a little festival was taking place in a village nearby we had never been to. The festival was on in the evening, so around eight we left the house and went on the road. First, we recognized the road, because we also often followed it to go to another town we knew, and then following the road signs to go to the village, we continued on another road we absolutely didn't know. My father continued to drive ten, twenty, thirty minutes across the fields on a dirt track, and there were no more road signs. We began to worry, as it was written on the last road sign that the village was ten kilometres away. The night began to fall (which was strange, because we were at the beginning of August), and we saw lights. We reached a small gathering of houses, and a barn where people were coming from, apparently leaving a sort of family or neighbour's dinner. It was too late anyway to see the village. We were all freaking out and we wanted to go back home. So my father stopped the car and my mother asked directions to our town, and a very kind man showed us the road to follow. There was absolutely nothing weird about the people, they looked like normal humans in the French countryside leaving a celebration, and they even were quite taken aback when we said that we had driven around half an hour to reach them,

because our town was maximum ten minutes away. So we left again, and we followed the road the man had indicated, thinking we were out of the woods. But again, time was passing and we weren't seeing any light from the town. We had entered the high mountains, there was rock on our right side and a stream on our left one, night was pitch black. Only the car headlights were guiding us. Suddenly, my father hit the accelerator, in the middle of a succession of turns, and said to my sister and I: 'Girls, don't look behind.' My mother was as white as a ghost and looking in the rear-view mirrors. We spent nearly fifteen minutes driving at ninety kilometres per hour speed on a one-way road, high in the mountains, and then my father pushed the brakes. We had driven for an hour in total, on a single road with no intersections, for a journey that was supposed to be twenty minutes max, and we had reached our town by an old bridge crossing the stream we were going along, a bridge we had tried and we knew that it led only to a small part of the town with a dead end. Later, my parents told us they had seen a giant silhouette running behind the car at our speed, and glowing, red eyes as high as our car, which was a kind of SUV. We still don't know what happened to us, and how that was possible.' 'Giant silhouette with glowing red eyes.' Why a fairy? 'Lost track of time and space, as we were totally lost. It never happened with an angel.'

§966A) France. *Female (third person); witness is dead; family; 1970s; 11-20; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...)*; on their own; time not reported; duration not reported; friendly; never or almost never has 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.* 'Late 1970s. My youngest sister [British] was smart and good looking, with many friends, but also a heavy drinker who died of liver damage at age thirty-seven. As the youngest of three, she apparently felt the need to define herself as the rebel. Around age nineteen she went on a summer abroad program to Nice, France, and was partying and getting in trouble with the staff. In the midst of this she later told me that a 'magic boy' [a young man] appeared to her, multiple times in her dorm room over several days, initially sitting naked on her dresser. He spoke with her at length about her life, and later she felt him lying in bed next to her. I always assumed this was an angel, but after reading numerous fairy reports, it seems more like a fairy, based on her description of it as a young man with few to no clothes. She never thought of it as real and considered it a friendly apparition. No doubt she was using drugs, but not hallucinogenic on that scale.'

§967) France. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; 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.* 'My experience took place at the beginning of spring (2016), it was almost noon, and I was at the entrance of the apartment buildings where I lived. The entrance of the buildings has a garden that separates the

buildings from the street, then there is a driveway for two cars and across the driveway, there is a huge park with many trees and flowers. In the garden, outside the building, besides the grass and the trees, the gardeners had put red and pink begonias like every spring, but there were also dandelion flowers, buttercups, daisies, violets, and some mushrooms. It was sunny, strong and bright, but it was not very hot yet. I was waiting for my ex-husband to take the car out of the garage to go shopping for food. While I was waiting for him, I was taking a bit of sun looking at the begonias in the garden that were at the foot of one of the trees, at the entrance of the building. I was looking at the begonias and admiring how the sun made the petals appear as if they were covered in sugar, as they shone as if they had crystals; at the same time, I was thinking about my home country, about how nice it would be if in Lima (Peru) people also grew flowers and trees in gardens and not just grass, that we needed more flowers and trees and less cement and concrete... and about how beautiful plants are... I was in this [state] when I realized that, next to me, suspended in the air was a sphere of energy of transparent blue color, primary blue, almost an inch in diameter; it moved not far from me, between one to two feet away; it moved from side to side, as if trying to get my attention, at that moment, no one was passing by, no car, no noise... I kept looking at it and I was surprised that in broad daylight this transparent blue light sphere could be seen, I thought it was a joke reflected by some neighbor, but under those lighting conditions it was impossible, and besides, there was no one near or on any balcony... I kept looking at the blue energy sphere and then a tiny, thin body began to manifest inside the sphere, almost like an outlined drawing, very schematic in slightly darker blue lines, perhaps the body was also transparent in relief, it had pointed wings. I think two pairs. I think it was female, because I had the feeling it was, then, I said to myself 'it's a fairy!' I took out my mobile phone to try to photograph it. It kept moving from side to side and then disappeared. I couldn't photograph it.' 'A sphere of energy/light blue (primary blue bright) and transparent, about an inch in diameter; after a while, a small and thin body began to manifest inside the sphere, almost half an inch, with two arms and two legs, it was like a drawing in slightly darker blue lines, it had pointed wings, I'm sure there were two pairs. It was seen in profile. I felt that it was female, the little body was also transparent, but I don't remember details of the face, it was like a schematic drawing inside the energy sphere; it gave me the impression that it wanted me to know who it was, in the simplest way for me to understand. I think that if I had tried to touch it, it would have been like touching a light, perhaps immaterial, but since I didn't try, I don't know; but it looked like a presence. It was there.' Why a fairy? 'Because of the context in which it occurred, garden, flowers, sun, light, and above all, because I saw the almost human body, with wings, inside the energy sphere, and when I realized what I was seeing, when I thought it was 'a fairy', it disappeared. Perhaps it manifested as it did, because it knew that the only fairy I had known in image was the one from *Pinocchio* by Disney (a film I saw in my childhood). And also, because it left me with a feeling of peace, and not of fear, chills, dread or strangeness, as if it

happened with other beings I have seen, spirits and other things that I wouldn't know what they were.' 'Fairies are beings or spirits of nature that manifest for some reason, to certain people; in my case, perhaps it was to encourage or reward my thoughts on nature or to encourage me to continue promoting gardens, a place that I enjoy so much, because every time I meet someone and the occasion arises to talk about nature, or plant care, I tell them about the importance of helping even with small gestures... After that experience, I do believe in fairies...' 'It was an experience that changed my perspective about fairies, it also made me feel happy and honored that it had manifested itself to me. I did not read any fairy survey, or any book on the subject before answering this survey, to not pollute/interfere/change my memories.' 'I had walked down the stairs a while ago, five floors, slow, calmly and without running, I had walked slowly through the garden and had stopped a while before to take the sun while admiring the flowers. I was not happy, nor sad, just admiring and calm, perhaps happy and in peace, being in the sun, looking at the flowers. My personal situation at that time was in the process of divorce. My ex-husband took me shopping because we still shared the house, it was he who wanted to divorce for no apparent reason.'²⁷

²⁷ 'Mi experiencia pasó a inicios de la primavera (2016), era casi mediodía y yo estaba a la entrada de los edificios de departamentos donde vivía. La entrada de los edificios tiene un jardín que separa los edificios de la calle, luego hay una pista para 2 autos y cruzando la pista, hay un enorme parque con muchos árboles y flores. En el jardín, saliendo del edificio, además del pasto y los árboles, los jardineros habían puesto begonias rojas y rosadas como cada primavera, pero también habían salido flores de diente de león (dandelion), bouton d'or, pâquerettes, violetas y algunos hongos. Había sol, fuerte y luminoso, pero aún no hacía mucho calor. Yo estaba esperando que mi exesposo saque el auto del garaje para ir a hacer las compras de comida. Mientras yo lo esperaba, tomaba un poco de sol mirando las begonias del jardín que estaban al pie de uno de los árboles, en la entrada del edificio. Miraba las begonias y admiraba cómo el sol le daba a los pétalos la apariencia como si estuvieran cubiertas de azúcar, pues brillaban como si tuvieran cristales; al mismo tiempo, pensaba en mi país de origen, en lo bonito que sería que en Lima (Perú) la gente también cultivara flores y árboles en los jardines y no sólo pasto, que necesitábamos más flores y árboles y menos cemento y concreto... y en que en qué hermosas son las plantas... en eso estaba y me doy cuenta que, a mi lado, suspendida en el aire había una esfera de energía de color azul transparente, azul-azul primario, de casi una pulgada de diámetro; se movía no lejos de mí, entre 1 a 2 pies de distancia; se movía de un lado a otro, como queriendo llamar mi atención, en ese momento, no pasaba ninguna persona por el lugar, ningún auto, ningún ruido... la seguí mirando y me extrañó que en pleno sol se viera esa esfera transparente de luz azul, pensé que era una broma reflejada por algún vecino, pero en esas condiciones de luz era imposible, y además no había nadie cerca ni en ningún balcón... seguí mirando la esfera de energía azul y en eso se comenzó a manifestar adentro de la esfera, un cuerpecito diminuto y delgado, casi como un dibujo delineado, muy esquemático en líneas azules un poco más oscuro, quizás era en relieve también transparente el cuerpo, tenía alitas puntiagudas, creo que 2 pares, pienso que era de sexo femenino, pues tuve la sensación que era sí, en eso, me dije 'es un hada!', 'es un hada', saqué mi teléfono móvil para intentar fotografiarla, se siguió moviendo de un lado a otro y luego desapareció. No pude fotografiarla.' 'Una esfera de energía /luz azul (azul primario luminoso) y transparente, de una pulgada de diámetro aproximadamente; al rato se comenzó a manifestar dentro de la esfera, casi de media pulgada, un cuerpo pequeño y delgado, con dos brazos y dos piernas, era como un dibujo en líneas azules un poco más oscuro, tenía alas puntiagudas, estoy segura que eran 2 pares. se veía de perfil. Sentí que era de sexo femenino, el cuerpecito también era transparente, pero no recuerdo detalles de la cara, era como un dibujo esquemático dentro de la esfera de energía; me dio la impresión que quería que supiera quién era, de la manera más simple a mi entender. Pienso que si la hubiera intentado tocar hubiera, sido como tocar una luz, quizás inmaterial, pero como no lo intenté, no lo sé; pero se veía como una presencia,

§968) France. *Female; 2000s; 21-30; in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; 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.* ‘Little lights of different colors and also intense smell of flowers and sweet.’ ‘I see other entities they don’t have the same light joy happy vibe.’ Fairies are ‘spirits from nature’. ‘We went in the forest asking for the fairies to manifest themselves’.

§969A) Germany. *Male (third person); witness is dead; friend; 1960s; 21-30; in woodland, on a country road; on their own; 9 pm-12 am; two to ten minutes; aloof; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported.* ‘My close friend [British] was in the army stationed in West Germany from around 1959 to 1964. While walking from the camp to the nearest town around two to three miles away he was trudging along a quiet road through a wood in the evening. Ahead of him he could see a tall figure wearing a long coat walking in the opposite direction towards him. As he came close, he swore to me the figure although dressed in normal male clothes of the time had the head and face of a dog. He was shocked but just kept walking past him. He observed him for a while as he passed and walked out of sight. He observed this for four or more minutes. He saw the face for over a minute clearly. His recollection and story never changed. He was sober and not crazy. He has just come off duty and was going to town to the shops or the pub.’ ‘They didn’t mention fairies but I’m describing what they saw accurately.’

§970) Germany. *Female; 1990s; 31-40; an office; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; friendly [‘I think friendly but he didn’t express any emotion’]; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries); loss of sense of time.* ‘It was in the year 1998 when I was at work with my colleague who is now my life partner. We hadn’t known each other very well then,

estaba allí.’ Why a fairy? ‘Por el contexto donde se dio, jardín, flores, sol, luz, y sobre todo, porque vi el cuerpecito casi humano, con alas, al interior de la esfera de energía, y cuando me dí cuenta de lo que veía, cuando pensé que era ‘un hada’, desapareció...Quizás se manifestó como lo hizo, porque sabía que la única hada que yo había conocido en imagen, era la de Pinocchio de Disney (film que vi en mi infancia). Y además, porque me dejó una sensación de paz, y no de miedo, escalofríos, temor o extrañeza, como si sucedió con otros seres que he visto, espíritus y otras cosas que no sabría decir qué eran.’ ‘Las hadas son seres o espíritus de la naturaleza que se manifiestan por alguna razón, ante determinadas personas; en mi caso quizás fue para alentar o premiar mis pensamientos sobre la naturaleza o para animarme a seguir promoviendo los jardines, lugar que tanto disfruto, pues cada vez que encuentro a alguien y se da la ocasión de hablar de la naturaleza, o cuidado de plantas, les comento sobre la importancia de ayudar aunque sea con pequeños gestos....Después de esa experiencia, si creo en las hadas... ‘Fue una experiencia que cambió mi perspectiva acerca de las hadas, además me hizo sentir feliz y honrada que se haya manifestado ante mí. No leí ninguna encuesta de las hadas, ni ningún libro sobre el tema antes de responder a esta encuesta, para no polucionar/ interferir/ cambiar mis recuerdos.’ ‘Había bajado las escaleras hacía un rato, 5 pisos, lenta, calmadamente y sin correr, había caminado despacio por el jardín y me había detenido un rato antes a tomar el sol mientras admiraba las flores. No estaba ni alegre, ni triste, sólo admirada y tranquila, quizás contenta y en paz, al estar en el sol, mirando las flores. Mi situación personal en ese momento era en proceso de divorcio, Mi ex-esposo me llevaba a hacer las compras porque compartíamos aún la casa, fue él que se quiso divorciar sin razón aparente.’

and one day after he left his desk for a minute or two, I saw someone sitting there in his chair, looking at me. A little man, but not human, about one meter in height. And I just stood there and looked at him and after a few seconds he vanished into thin air. When my colleague returned and sat down in this very chair, I told him what I had experienced a moment before, and he answered that he had been on vacation in Ireland recently. Unfortunately, I can't remember exactly what this fairy looked like or what clothes he wore but I would say he resembled a leprechaun. I have been thankful ever since that he let me take a look at him before he faded away and I won't forget the intensity of this moment as long as I live.' 'He resembled most closely a leprechaun. I looked for pictures of fairies after my experience and a leprechaun resembled him the most. It could be he also wore a hat, but I can't remember exactly.' Why a fairy? 'Because the appearance of him fitted absolutely with the pictures of a leprechaun. The interesting point is I did my research... after this encounter and hadn't heard or read about leprechauns before it. Of course, I can't totally rule out that I had not seen a picture of a fairy like him before it took place. But I read about fairies after this because I wanted to get information about it.' 'I am pretty sure I can rule out hallucination because this encounter excited me very much. So why not hallucinate more of them? But this didn't happen again. Fairies are 'maybe other life forms that exist next to us. And when we are lucky and dwell in the right 'frequency', we are allowed to take a glimpse into a co-existing reality.'

§971) Germany. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a city, inside a private house; on my own*; 12 am-3 am; one to two minutes; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'My fiancé and I went to bed at around eleven pm. During the night I was woken up because someone was pulling at my bedsheet repeatedly. I thought it was my fiancé. I opened my eyes and for a short moment, I actually saw my fiancé's face just in front of me, but something seemed very odd about his expression. Just when I asked myself, why his face seems so wrong, his face actually changed into a strange being. Its face was covered with dark hair, but part of the hair seemed darker, like a short beard. The whole being also grew much shorter in size, the body though was not clearly visible. It had a huge grin. I felt frozen with fear and did not dare to move, (I also was not physically able to close my eyes, I just had to look and felt, as if I did not blink once). But at the same time, I had the feeling, that the being was rather mischievous and strangely amused about my puzzlement. Still, I had the feeling, that it might do something 'wicked' if I would react somehow 'wrong'. The face was about twenty centimetres distant from my own face and seemed to protrude out of the wall, at which my bed is placed to the right side. Then the being slowly vanished, it seemed to fade. Even though the being, its hair, was dark, maybe a dark brown, therefore not in the least colourful, it seemed, as if its colours were fading. Also, even though the room was rather darkish, I saw it very clearly – far too clearly in its expression, in front of me. After it had already

vanished, I still felt frozen with fear and did not dare to move. Only when I realised my fiancé was beside me in the bed did I feel able to move again. I turned around to him (he was asleep), away from the wall which I was facing before and saw the alarm clock, it was just some minutes past one AM.' 'In its final shape it was smallish (infant-size) and covered with hair, but its face seemed very 'human' despite all the hair. Some of the hair in its face seemed darker, almost like a short beard. 'I heard no sound at all, actually it was far too silent, as I live in the city, close to the centre and even during nights it's not completely silent outside. But there was no sound at all, neither did I hear my fiancé sleeping beside me.' 'It's a very ordinary flat in a building from the 1950s.' 'I had a ghost experience twice, when close people had just passed away and the quality of those experiences seemed very different, with a very different temperature and texture altogether. The thought of aliens never crossed my mind, to be honest and angels... Well, I guess, I would not picture those beings quite that hairy and mischievous!' Fairies are 'maybe something between heaven and earth, somehow between angels and man'.

§972) Germany. *Male; 2000s; 11-20; inside a private house; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were very sad; loss of sense of time, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'During a ritual I clearly saw moving shadows that could not have come from the light situation.' 'Fairy shadow pictures.' 'The schemes had their own structure, so I am absolutely sure that they were fairies.' What are fairies? 'Otherworldly spirit beings who live on a parallel plane of existence that overlaps with ours.'

§973) Germany. *Female; 2000s; 0-10; in a garden; with one other person who shared my experience ('later when I told the story, however, they said they didn't remember anything'); 6 am-9 am; less than a minute; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'When I was ten years old, I stayed at a friend's house. My friend had to leave the room for a moment, so I amused myself by looking out the window. In one of the neighbouring backyards, I saw a giant ginger cat. It looked identical to any normal pet cat, only the size of a fully-grown human. I called over my friend's younger sister, around five years old at the time, and she saw the cat too. It lazily crossed the entire garden and entered the greenhouse, barely fitting through the door. I kept watching for a while, but it didn't come out again. When I later told the story to my friend and her mum who were quite incredulous. Of course, the younger sister said she didn't remember seeing anything. Later that day I told my mum about the encounter, and she confirmed that when she was around my age, she too saw a cat in her grandma's village. Looking out the window she spied a human-sized cat passing by, its head and back protruding over the garden wall.' 'It seemed more plausible to me that the cat was a nature being somehow, rather than an alien, etc. I don't believe in angels.' Fairies 'may exist. Definitely fascinating.'

§974) Hong Kong. *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; 'in dreamscape'; friendly, joyful; occasional supernatural experience; 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, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life, a sudden warmth before the experience.* 'I was living in a rental apartment in Hong Kong. More than once I dreamt of happy giggling gnomes in that space. If I remember correctly on a mid-day I came to with this kind old lady by my bedside. She said I could ask her anything. I debated if I should ask about the wisdom of universe but in the end, I asked a lame question of when I would meet my husband. She answered, 'Ten months'. Then I woke up from the interaction. I only managed to sense or interact with them in dreamscape. I never ever met them again after I left the apartment. I had a strong feeling that the old lady image is one of its forms. The fairy appeared in the image that I felt most comfortable with. About what's happened ten months later I think she was right, I met my potential husband.' 'Gnomes, kind old lady.' 'Giggling.' 'Entities that radiate positive energy like happiness and healing. They are lightly powerful and light-hearted. Their energy strength is location specific.' 'I hope to logically explain my bits and pieces of strange experiences but there aren't enough scientific tools for that. Right now, I mostly rely on my subjective senses to explore this aspect of life.'

§975) Hungary. *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; 'the state necessary for these perceptions can now be induced in me'; 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 about eight to nine years old back then. My friend and I ran down to the city lake, which is surrounded by a beautiful park filled with ancient trees. It was around two or three in the afternoon. We were talking about whether Santa Claus was real, if he existed, and we were talking about fairies, which surely don't exist because we haven't seen any. We had a good laugh about how my mother said they do exist. My friend ran to the other side of the lake. I stayed, played with the rocks, and said to myself. If you exist or not, I will build a little house for you. As soon as I started to collect little rocks, leaves, branches for the house, something light flickered. I saw it from the corner of my eye, I looked at it, and as I was watching this little ball-shaped light, it started to transform into a tiny body. I was very shocked, I just watched! It was there next to me for at least one or two minutes, and since I didn't move, I didn't want it to end, so after about a minute, it moved, turned. I was just about to think that maybe I could ask, say something, but I didn't have time for it: This little creature zigzagged twice in the air, then disappeared among the trees. That's what happened.' 'It transformed from a ball of light into a human form. I didn't see wings or the like. Its whole body was made of light.' 'I didn't hear music, just a strange friction-like sound.' 'The place is a famous pilgrimage site.' 'To this day, I can't really decide if I saw a ghost or an angel back then, in my childhood... 1.) I

have seen a ghost; it didn't resemble my childhood experience. 2.) I didn't feel fear, rather friendship. 3.) I couldn't distinguish its gender. 4.) It didn't want to communicate with me, but it waited to see if I reached out to it in a harmful way. I didn't do such a thing. I remember the feeling that I wanted it to stay. 5.) I didn't see wings, as angels are depicted. Rather a stronger flash of light, as it left, and its light was stronger when its body formed from the ball of light. 'In my opinion, fairies may live on a plane close to Earth. They may have a passage to us.' 'I haven't thought about this until now, but as I was filling out this test, I immediately thought: Maybe they could be summoned? Could I find out who it was that I met in my childhood?'²⁸

§976) Iceland. *Female; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; two to ten minutes; frightening; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* 'I [American tourist] was staying at a bed and breakfast with a group. After dinner I went outside to walk along the river next to the building. I walked about a half mile down then turned back and closer to the building I went to the shore. It was night but the lights from the building illuminated the area well enough. Standing at the edge of the water I looked out and saw an older looking man dressed all in black standing hip deep in the water. He had a fishing rod and was casting, reeling in, and casting again without stopping, and walking forward towards a waterfall downstream. There was something eerie and otherworldly about him and it was unnerving. I froze where I was standing. He kept walking until he was perhaps a dozen feet from the waterfall, then he disappeared. He did not get out of the river on my side, the other side was a nearly sheer hillside; he simply vanished from sight. When he disappeared the tense air went with him and found I could move again. I walked on the shore downstream a bit past

²⁸ Úgy 8-9 éves kislány voltam még akkoriban. A barátnőmmel leszaladtunk a városi tóhoz, amelyet egy szép, ősrégi fákkal teli liget vesz körül. Délután úgy 2-3 óra környékén lehetett. Arról beszélgettünk, hogy igazi-e a Mikulás, létezik-e, és beszélgettünk a tündérekről, amelyek aztán biztosan nem léteznek, mert mi még egyet sem láttunk. Jókat nevettünk azon, hogy az anyukám pedig azt mondta, hogy léteznek. A barátnőm elfutott a tó másik oldalára, én maradtam, játszottam a kövekkel, és azt mondtam magamban: Ha vagytok, ha nem, építék nektek egy kis házíkot. Alighogy hozzákezdtam a kövekből, levelekből, faágakból összeszedett kis házhoz, megvillant valami fény. A szemem sarkából láttam, odanéztem, és ahogy néztem ezt a kis gömb formájú fényt, kezdett átalakulni egy apró testté. Nagyon megdöbbsentem, csak néztem! Legalább egy-két percig ott volt mellettem, és mivel nem mozdultam, nem akartam, hogy vége legyen, ezért úgy egy perc múlva, megmozdult, forgott. Már éppen arra gondoltam, hogy talán kérdezhetnék, mondhatnék valamit, de már nem volt rá időm: Még cikázott ez a kis lény kettőt a levegőben, aztán eltűnt a fák között. Ennyi történt. Egy fénygömbből alakult ki az emberforma. Nem láttam szárnyakat, vagy hasonlót. Fényből volt az egész teste. Nem hallottam zenét, csak valami különös surlódás szerű hangot. Nem tudtam, azóta sem hallottam hasonlót, de a hely híres búcsújáróhely. Ma sem tudom igazán eldönteni, hogy szellemet, vagy angyalt láttam-e akkoriban, gyermekkoromban... 1.) Láttam már szellemet, a gyermekkori élményemre nem hasonlított; 2.) Nem éreztem félelmet, inkább barátságot; 3.) Nem tudtam, a nemét megkülönböztetni; 4.) Nem akart velem kommunikálni, de várt, hogy bántóan nyúlók-e feléje. Nem tettem ilyet. Emlékszem az érzésre hogy akartam még, maradjon; 5.) Nem láttam szárnyakat, ahogyan az angyalokat ábrázolják. Inkább erősebb fényfelvillanást, ahogyan távozott, és erősebb volt a fénye is, amikor kialakult a fénygömbből a teste. Szerintem, a tündérek egy Földhöz közeli síkon élhetnek. Átjárásuk lehet hozzánk. Eddig eszembe sem jutott ez, de ahogyan ezt a tesztet kitöltöttem, arra gondoltam azonnal: Talán elő lehetne-e hívni őket? Megtudhatnám-e, ki volt az, akivel gyerekkoromban találkoztam?

the waterfall, but he was completely gone.’ ‘About six feet tall. White hair. Black clothes.’ ‘I could only hear the water.’ ‘I found out later the area had a reputation for the presence of the *alfar*.’ ‘The being seemed tangible, I could see the water flowing around him. He didn’t seem like an alien or angel but was not human’. Fairies are ‘otherworldly beings’.

§977) India. *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in a city, inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; aloof, weird ‘I was transfixed’; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; you were very sad; profound silence before the experience, unusually vivid memories of the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘I saw a glowing thing in the sky when I was looking at the sky in night it wasn’t firefly.’ ‘Small glow of light’. Fairies are ‘magical mysterious creatures.’ ‘I want to interact with fairies properly.’

§978) India. *Female; 2010s; 11-20; inside a private house*; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; joyful; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; you were extremely happy; a sudden chill before the experience.* ‘It was a dark night outside when I had this experience. When I was sleeping, I heard some charming bells sounds from nowhere. It happened about one to two minutes. It was so soothing. I was partially in an awakening state.’ ‘A flute sound and after that day I had a dream of fighting with goblins.’ ‘Because at that time my heart was saying they were here, and I was so enjoying that feeling of my experience.’ ‘Faeries are small people who were mother earth, small children and like our cousins. They help us in any kind of need in any positive way. They are so cute and sometimes mischief.’

§979) Italy. *Male; 2000s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc)*; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were very sad; loss of sense of time.* ‘Human figures appeared in a field. They were dancing and playing music I was literally spellbound and my legs were moving on their own and my friend almost ran into them... Chilling.’²⁹ ‘Incredible music’.

§980C) Italy. ‘Tree shadows. She never saw tree shadows before going to nature school aged about eight; but she heard voices. First heard voices when she was four or five or six. Always a feminine voice and always the same. The voice normally came when she was alone: sometimes in bed; sometimes when she was walking and she was in front or ahead of a group. She wasn’t scared but she ran back or forward to the main group. Now bigger (ten in 2021) she hears the voice less. Sometimes if she hears it she tries to listen to it properly. It just says her name. The voice is a woman’s voice. It is difficult to describe. It is sweet in one way but creepy in another. She thinks she first saw tree shadows when seven or eight. Unlike the voice she sees the tree shadows more than she did when she was little. She thinks she saw them before

²⁹ ‘Sono apparse delle figure umane in un campo...ballavano e suonavano la musica mi ha letteralmente incantato e le mie gambe si muovevano da sole....e il mio amico per poco non ci siamo finiti in mezzo a loro....agghiacciante.’

nature school, but it was much rarer. She doesn't notice this contradiction. The tree shadows are usually very tall. They are like a black figure. No ears or nose or mouth or eyes. No fingers just hands or weird shape where hands are. Ditto feet. Like in cartoons, you see them, then you turn back because you realise you saw something weird, and they have vanished. They go through a tree. But when you look on the other side of a tree the body does not come through. Sometimes they are a different colour. Like white or blue. Sometimes they are different shapes. Once she saw one that was like a cat. These types of tree shadows are much rarer. Tree shadows are like the voice. They are not nice, but they are not evil. They are between but they don't mean any harm. Not sure whether the tree shadows are the same thing. But the voice and the shadow never come together. A bit shocked by the question. Perhaps the same thing communicating in different ways. They make her think they are boys. But perhaps like God they are neither boys nor girls. The tree shadows never try and talk to her. They just go through trees. It is almost as if they are watching her in secret. When she turns around and sees them, they try and hide. Sometimes she talks to other kids and asks whether they hear voices. Many people agree that they hear their voice being called; but children don't see tree shadows. She has never asked about tree shadows. I asked which was better: seeing tree shadows or hearing voices. Two different experiences: voice makes you ask who is talking. Tree shadows give you the experience of... doesn't know how to explain, of being a bit suspicious. Usually, she hears the voice or sees the tree shadow when she is alone and walking in the wood. She likes being alone in the wood and sometimes it is very exciting because she can experience these things. When she was little these things did not make her feel special. Now they do. These things will stop. Does that make you sad? 'a bit' she says. She says she wants to stay in touch, but it is like when you make a friendship, and you want to stay in touch, but you know that you won't see them again. What are the tree shadows? Her mum says they are dead people who want to come and talk to you. She really doesn't know though. I didn't suggest and she didn't say spirits of trees. It feels weird when you see them. It is like a dream. Then they are gone. But it has happened so many times that it cannot be a dream. How often do you see the Tree Shadows? Don't know. Once or twice a month. Some people are able to dream when they are awake, I said. Yes, she does that, but she controls the dream when she is awake (i.e. a fantasy). This happened a lot when she was a little. She remembers when she went to school the first day. The teacher called her five times, and she was still imagining. She doesn't know if this is weird. She thinks she would dream of the tree shadows, but it only happens in the day when she is awake. I asked if she sees them only in the wood at her school and emphatically she says no. She has seen them in other woods. Are they different? They give her 'different vibes inside'. But they are not that different. She has one last thing to say after I read most of this through to her. When she was little, she thought it was normal and that many people had the same thing and now she realises that it is not a normal thing that people see every day. She explains the picture is of the tree shadow but the figure in the foreground is

probably the 'voice'. Updating this when the girl in question is aged twelve. She says these things happen much less now. I have the sense that it is part of a previous phase of her life.³⁰



§980C: picture by the young girl.

§981) Italy. Male; 2010s; 11-20; in a city; with one other person who did not share my experience [with one other, 'he saw something but he didn't understand what it was']; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported. 'It was late at night, we were walking down the road till we passed by a tree which was illuminated by a light pole, and something flew right in my face. It didn't hit me but was at five to ten centimetres from my face. It stopped just in time to not hit me and it flew away. At first, we didn't understand what it was, then we thought it could have been a bat. It could have been, but in that second that I saw it right in my face it looked like a tiny human body with wings to me. It didn't look like a bat if I am honest with myself. But I kept my opinion to myself. Oh, come on fairies! My friend would have laughed at me. Though that thing didn't look like [fairies] in the fairy tale, but was made of a light brown, how can I describe it... It is much easier to draw it to be honest. I did some research on Google and I found something much closer than a bat. I didn't know fairies could look like that, but it was too similar. I still ask myself if I wasn't confused and maybe it was a bat, but when I think about it and I picture what I saw, I can't stop asking myself, 'and if it wasn't a bat?' 'How can they hide so well? Why are they so difficult to see? Are they intelligent as we are? It makes no sense.' 'A little brown elf with wings I

³⁰ Sent by the girl's father and published with the permission of both.

guess. I didn't see the details, just a human form with wings. Slightly thinner maybe?' Why a fairy? 'because I don't know how else I could describe a little physic humanoid form with wings.'

§982) Japan. *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in open land (fields etc) ['as seen from a train']; with one other person who did not share my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'I [western tourist] was watching out the window of a train in Japan, and saw standing upright, unsupported, on a path between fields, a closed black umbrella. There was no one around and the full handle was visible above the ground. I glanced away and back, and it was still there. My companion was reading and missed it, though I tried to alert her.' 'A closed, black umbrella with a wooden handle. In Japan, hundred-year-old objects are known to become or be possessed by fairies.' 'I knew [fairies] existed in Japan and have a reputation for being common there.' 'Japan in particular has a reputation for objects that gain sentience. Other than that, it was standing upright and unsupported, it looked like an ordinary umbrella.' 'Flesh and blood entities, possibly capable of possession, able to hide very thoroughly and bend spacetime.'

§983) Lebanon. *Female; 1960s; 0-10; on or near water, in open land (fields etc); with several other people, none of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, 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, 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.* 'In an earlier experience when I was four or five this might have been a faery, at least I was sure then it was a fairy. A light flit across my completely dark bedroom, skirting the wall and out toward the window. It was of white light, smaller than a baseball, changed its shape continuously, was somewhat angular. But another event was when I was seven. It was 1961, spring, just before we [American nationals] returned to America from Beirut, Lebanon where we had lived six years. What is it that makes a moment significant? We all seek to make sense of the world and find a place for ourselves in it. An undeniable change occurs in your being from which there is no turning back. Our world interacts with us. This event was like something out of a story, but it happened to me. I cherished the memory. I was near the age of seven. My family had left America when I was eighteen months old, to live for a while in Beirut, Lebanon. At that time Lebanon was a beautiful country. It was spring, my parents and I went on a picnic. A basket held our simple lunch and a bottle of new wine from a nearby monastery. We climbed a hill overlooking a stream sacred to Adonis, God of Spring and rebirth. At the first spot we chose, we were annoyed by flies. My father suggested that we relocate to the nearby hilltop where the ruins of an ancient shrine remained. The floor was now green grass, and inside the circle sparsely outlined by the tumbled and broken columns, no flies came. In gratitude and romantic whimsy, my mother

suggested that I pour a libation of the wine in thanks before we began our picnic. 'Maybe', she said, 'it has been a long time since the god was brought offerings, he might be thirsty.' I remember pouring wine upon the earth in silence. Later, uninterested in my parents' conversation and having enough picnic, I wandered off to pick wildflowers. As I came closer to the edge of the hilltop, I could see the stream below. Scattered along the stream were the rounded, wide backs of women in the voluminous dress of the mountain people – their head scarves covering to their shoulders gave them an even rounder appearance, bent in timeless gathering, watercress perhaps. Beckoned on by wildflowers, I made my way down the hillside, and my hands became filled, timeless gathering. My path was along the side of the hill which was on my right with the stream on my left. Curious to see more, I came to where the stream divided and narrowed into rivulets. At the bottom I remember stepping-stones, but I didn't cross, and the walls of the ravine became high. There was a small clean ledge about chest high to me and near the water. This portion of the hillside seemed only rock and water. I decided to place my bouquet on the ledge, as a second offering to a forgotten god. I stood there, listening to the sounds of the river and looking at the bright flowers on the buff colored stone. Out of a crevice in the rock, at the back of the ledge, a large caterpillar crawled and went straight to the flowers. I may have been only a child, but I was not a foolish one. What was a caterpillar doing inside a rock crevice over a stream far from plants? It completely amazed me, and I never forgot it! Like an arrow of awareness, I perceived that my offering was accepted. Moreover, that communication occurs, and understanding could be received other than from people. If there had been no caterpillar, all would have been only a pretty gesture. Was it from this that I began to look at the possibility of the extraordinary in the ordinary appearance? Where a caterpillar serves as celebrant of a god of spring, or a devotee may appear as a caterpillar? I felt that I had been let in on a remarkable point of view that gave insight to my existence. This belief became a reference point for understanding, influencing my perceptions of other events. From then on, I saw myself as part of the great world; its accessible mystery contains unseen forces that interact with us. You who are reading this may be dismissing the experience because it was of an ancient god. But at that time and for years after, I thought Adonis was by fact of being a god, part of the pantheon that included Pan, a god of the wild and part of the magical hidden realm, a god always associated with Fairy beings. This experience gifted more to me than the flowers I gave. That summer we left Lebanon and returned to where I was born, ***, on *** Island. More remarkable things to follow.' 'In 2005, An orb of light about six inches in diameter floating about six inches above the floor in our hallway one afternoon. It floated beside me and disappeared before passing near my husband's shin. We were stunned and I wish I said or greeted this white light ball which seemed to have brighter light planes within it. My husband saw it also, but he only saw it glowing and didn't notice the planes of brighter or denser light moving within. I had been addressing the faeries of the place (land/home) for quite some time before this

happened.’ ‘I heard a voice quite different than all the other times I had been talked to. Before it was always only a word, maybe two, or an impression. This time, I was caulking a cupboard thinking to myself ‘ha ha! No bugs (cockroaches) are going to get in here!’ When I distinctly heard about six and a half or seven feet in the air, to my left, a man’s voice matter of factly say, ‘Fairies don’t mind beetles.’ (!!!) No way that popped out of my head. I have never before that referred to cockroaches as beetles. (We live in *** and cockroaches come in and we get rid of them.)’ ‘I felt there was extra light closer to the ceiling. Once a psychic lady came by and she looked to the corner of the ceiling where I first felt the happiness coming from and she said on her own without me having told her anything.’ ‘That evening after I heard, ‘Fairies don’t mind beetles’ (that happened in the kitchen) I was ready for sleep and stuck a book I was reading, horizontally under a shelf near the bed for safekeeping. In the morning on top the cover right in the middle was a tiny dead baby cockroach. (I mean beetle) Like, ‘Haha!’ ‘I don’t know why they are obviously here but not visible and why they are interacting more frequently with people.’ ‘My fairy wish: that they do whatever is necessary to elevate human consciousness.’

§984) Malaysia. *Female; 2000s; 41-50; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; joyful; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; loss of sense of time, profound silence before the experience.* ‘In a large garden, I was interested in the different plants, having never been to Asia before [British visitor], when I noticed a very bright shining ball of light around a flower head, about eight inches from the ground. It was if the flower was glowing with life. I said out loud to it ‘oh you are so beautiful, can I take your photo please?’ and it felt ok to do so, so I did. I then immediately decided to try another shot, without asking, and did so. The first image clearly shows the intense ball of light, the second photo just shows a normal flower, no light. Asking permission was an instinctive act, and I felt a little embarrassed for not asking the second time. I do have the photo, I printed it from my memory card. I do see things that others don’t, quite often, but to be able to photograph something, I thought was exciting. I have also managed this, with another flower, in Australia. That one was a rose in a friend’s garden. Again, my open admiration, I think was a key.’ ‘Glowing ball of light.’ Why a fairy experience? ‘Because I believe that fairies are energy-based beings, able to be perceived in differing ways.’

§985) Mexico. *Male; 1970s; 0-10; in open land (fields etc); with several other people, some of whom shared my experience [?]; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; 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.* ‘I witnessed a stone golem with one huge eye pounding the ground with a log. I saw him because I was curious about the noise from my home. I walked outside and my mother and her female friend heard the noise and came over to watch plus they were worried about me leaving the house because I was about four years old. My parents live in the hills that surround the city of Tijuana and there were some flat areas. This stone golem

was on one of these flat areas. I do not remember why the stone golem was pounding a log into the ground like a pile driver. I then do not remember what happened after watching the stone golem for a minute. I remember asking my mother when I got older, but she says she does not know what I was talking about.' 'Like a stone statue, with a triangular head and one very large eye that covered most of the head.' 'I just heard the log being pounded into the ground.' 'Honestly I am not sure if it was a fairy or an alien since it was very weird experience to be able to rationally say what it was.' 'I believe they exist though I think there is much disinformation about them.' 'I think the paranormal exists however it has been tainted with [too many] frauds and phonies to be taken seriously by any academic.'

§986) Mexico. *Male; 1990s; 21-30; on a country road; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 am-12 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* 'It was Maundy Thursday, and we were working on a project for the European Union. They sent us to the village of ***, and at the road junction of *** between ten and twelve in the day, we saw on the side of the crossroads a man covered in hair with very large hands and feet, holding a wooden stick with a bundle of cloth. As we passed by him to turn at the crossroads, he laughed in a chilling way. The Volkswagen started to slow down as he began to laugh, and it seemed as if time was stopping as we passed by him. We stopped about a hundred meters further on and when we looked back, he was no longer there. The two of us asked each other what that had been. Our bosses didn't believe us, even though the project director was from Bruges, Belgium. Time passed, and in 2014, in the city of Escarcega Campeche, I met some timber transporters who coincidentally told me that about a hundred years ago that crossroads was a road where wood was transported. The people of those times commented that at that crossroads a witch or herbalist had trapped a being and had locked it up and buried it on the side of that road. That's all I experienced.' 'What I saw was not a fairy.' 'I think it was an apparition and we were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.' 'Everything is possible as [fairy] legends even appear in Mexican traditions.' It 'was not a good being.'³¹

³¹ 'Fue el día jueves santo trabajando para un proyecto para la unión europea nos enviaron al poblado de *** y en el cruce carretero de *** alente las 10 y 12 de del día vimos a un lado del crucero a un hombre cubierto de pelos con pies y manos muy grandes que tenían a garrado un palo de madera con un atado de tela y que al pasar junto a el para dar vuelta en el crucero se rio de una manera espeluznante, el volkswagen se empezó a detener l empezar a reírse el, y parecía que el tiempo se detenía al pasar junto a el, Nos detuvimos como a 100 metros mas adelante y al voltear ya no estaba. y nosotros dos nos preguntabamos que había sido eso. Nuestros jefes no nos creyeron y eso que el director del proyecto era de Belgica de la ciudad de brujas. Paso el tiempo y en el año 2014, en la ciudad de Escarcega Campeche conocí a unos transportistas de madera que me contaron coincidentalmente que ese crucero hace unos 100 años atrás era un camino donde donde se transportaba madera, y que la gente de esos tempos comentaba que en ese crucero un echicero o yerbatero había atrapado a un ser y lo había encerrado y enterrado a un costado de ese camino. Eso es todo lo que viví.' 'Lo que yo vi no era

§987) Mexico. *Male; 1960s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; friendly; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; no special experience recorded.* 'The 'fairy' was a small being with no eyes and no mouth. No skin was visible because the 'fairy' was covered completely in a kind of burlap fabric.' 'A very fat infant covered in burlap fabric.' What are fairies? 'I have no opinion'.

§988) Norway. *Male; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; less than a minute; friendly; regular supernatural experiences; had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep; profound silence before the experience, a sense that the experience marked a turning point in your life.* 'I was waiting for the tooth fairy when I was seven years. In Norway we put the tooth in a glass or egg-holder of water in the window. In the morning coins are in the water. She looked exactly like Tinkerbell in real life, and I had only seen Tinkerbell from Disney in the Christmas special on TV at that time and this wasn't in the winter or it would have been dark outside and I saw her clearly sitting up slightly in the bed and the curtains moved as she pushed the curtains aside with her hand to see me. I saw her wings too and she had green leaves for clothes. Or a green short dress. I got scared and ran out, got juice from my mom in the kitchen and when I got back it was gone. I didn't get money from her.' 'Exactly like Disney's Tinkerbell'. 'The forest outside is mainly Scots pine and I've read fairies like that'. A fairy 'because it looked like a fairy, but it's always possible it pretended to be one'. A fairy is 'someone who loves and take care of nature. Who brings justice. Who try to be worshipped instead of God. Who is ready to bring magic into the world if mankind deserves it. Who tries to get souls to the fairy world instead of heaven.' 'Fairies could be more dangerous than demons because they are more attractive and no matter how good it's in the fairy world it's not heaven and it's for ever, I think'.

§989) Paraguay. *Female; 2000s; 0-10; inside a private house; on my own; 9 pm-12 am; one to two minutes; friendly, mischievous, joyful; never or almost never has 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.* 'It was late at night and I went to my parents' bed to wake them up but they were asleep so I went back to my bed and I couldn't sleep. At that moment I remember seeing many small lights coming though my window and they started creating some sort of soft material around it and I touched it (there was more detail to this story but that's all I remember as it was more than fifteen years ago).' 'I mostly remember the tiny colorful lights, but I think they looked humanoid.' 'My youngest sister would walk out at night and speak and laugh at something we couldn't see (she was a toddler at the time).' 'I'm not sure what it was, at the time I thought they were angels but fairies seem like a better description.' 'If they are like the creatures I saw I would say they are lovely and

un hada' 'Pienso que fue una aparicion y solo estauvimos en el tiempo y momento equivocados.' 'todo es posible ya sus leyendas aparacen hasta en las tradiciones de mexico.' 'No era un ser bueno.'

definitely an amazing experience to have to meet them. Their presence brings joy, and they are playful.'

§990) Peru. *Female; 2010s; 41-50; in a city, in a garden; on my own; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; friendly, joyful; 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 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.* 'This experience occurred one night (6-9 pm) in ***. I remember that I hadn't slept much the previous night, so I had fallen asleep in the afternoon. I woke up startled because, even though I had planned to take a nap after lunch, it was already dark and I had forgotten to water my plants, fearing they might suffer due to lack of water. I got up, bundled up, put on the white apron I use in the yard and in its pocket, I placed the flashlight from my mobile, which emitted a light that wasn't strong but came straight forward from the height just below my stomach (that's where the pocket was). It was sufficient to walk around the yard without stumbling over the pots. I started watering the plants, taking my time; it was a bit chilly, and the night was somewhat dark. While watering the geraniums, I saw a blue light to my left, similar to the one I had seen in *** (France). I turned my head to that side to get a better look, (and the flashlight light wasn't touching it). It was a blue light that moved in front of the plants, going from one side to the other, close to me, less than sixty centimetres away, even much less. It was a round light about an inch or slightly more in diameter, a light that was like a three-dimensional ball of transparent and blue energy. In the yard, there was no one around, as it's a third-floor patio with high walls, and no projection reaches that spot because it was far from any opening. This time I recognized it and said 'hello, it's great that you're here too, have you followed me from France? You already know where to find me.' It continued going from one side to the other, moving slowly in the air for a while, and then disappeared.' 'A small ball of blue energy, three-dimensional in appearance that emitted light, and was visible in the darkness. This time it didn't manifest a body inside the energy ball, which seemed both material and immaterial; it didn't occur to me to touch it, or make sudden movements, so as not to scare it. It was identical to the first time I had seen it in France, and I didn't think I would see it in Peru, nor had I thought about it.' 'In the patio of my house, which is a terrace on the third floor, I have many potted plants, where I've created a mini garden.' 'I don't recall any sound.' 'Why a fairy experience? 'Because in the first experience I saw a body drawn inside that same blue energy ball when I didn't understand what I was seeing; this time it was the same blue energy ball, but it didn't show anything inside because I recognized it. It also gave me a sense of joy and not of fear or strangeness like in other encounters.' 'Supernatural experiences do not always involve fairies, except for the two times I saw and maybe once I smelled the scent in the middle of winter; the rest were ghosts and other strange things.' Fairies are 'spirits of nature that are there

but only show themselves when they want to. I don't know how they choose the people to whom they show themselves, but in any case, I'm very happy.' 'It's hard to tell people that you've seen a fairy without them looking at you oddly or mocking you; but whenever I can, I tell it, so that people become aware of nature; and that fairies exist. Although before my experience, I didn't believe, but seeing is believing.... And thank you for doing the census, I feel less weird knowing that there must be more people who have had similar experiences. I suppose that fairies appear in different ways, depending on the people or how they want to make themselves seen or understood.'³²

§991) Philippines. *Male; 2010s; 31-40; on or near water; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 am-6 am; many hours; no fairy mood given; occasional supernatural experiences; you had just woken up or were just about to go to sleep ('other times were midday and family members were there to validate'); 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 [American citizen] was in the Philippines to marry my wife. We stayed at *** hotel in ***. In front of the hotel was a mountain and behind it was an aquamarine-colored*

³² 'Esta experiencia pasó una noche (6-9 pm) en ***. Recuerdo que ese día no había dormido mucho la noche anterior, así que me había quedado dormida en la tarde. Me desperté sobresaltada porque aunque había pensado hacer una siesta luego del almuerzo, ya estaba oscuro y había olvidado regar mis plantas y temía que sufrieran por la falta de agua. Me levanté, me abrigué, me puse el mandil blanco que uso en el patio y en su bolsillo puse la linterna de mi móvil, que dejaba salir una luz que no era fuerte, pero salía directo de frente a la altura de debajo de mi estómago (a esa altura estaba el bolsillo), pero era lo suficiente para caminar por el patio y no tropezar con las macetas. Comencé a regar las plantas, sin apuro; hacía un poco de fresco, y la noche era un poco oscura. En eso regaba las plantas y me sentía tranquila y contenta de hacerlo; estaba regando los geranios cuando a mi lado izquierdo vi una luz azul, similar a la que había visto en *** (Francia) [Para mas referencias ver mi test de hadas anterior], giré mi cabeza hacia ese lado para verla mejor, [y la luz de la linterna no le tocaba], era una luz azul que se movió delante de las plantas, iba de un lado a otro, cerca a mí, a menos de un 60 cm de distancia, incluso mucho menos; era una luz redonda de una pulgada o poco más de diámetro, una luz que era como una bola de energía transparente, tridimensional y azul. En el patio, no había nadie alrededor, ya que es un tercer piso con muros altos, y en ese lugar no llega ninguna proyección, porque estaba lejos de cualquier obertura. Esta vez la reconocí y le dije 'hola, qué bueno que estés también aquí, me has seguido desde Francia? Ya sabes dónde encontrarme'; siguió un rato yendo de un lado a otro, desplazándose en el aire lentamente y luego desapareció.' 'Una bolita de energía azul, de apariencia tridimensional que emanaba luz, y que se dejaba ver en la oscuridad. Esta vez no manifestó cuerpo al interior de la bola de energía, que parecía material como inmaterial; no se me ocurrió tocarla, ni hacer movimientos bruscos, para no asustarla. Era idéntica a la primera vez que la había visto en Francia, y no pensé que la vería en Perú, ni había pensado en ello.' 'En el patio de mi casa que es una terraza en un tercer piso, tengo muchas macetas con plantas, ahí he creado un mini jardín.' 'No recuerdo ningún sonido'. Why a fairy experience? 'Porque en la primera experiencia había visto dentro de esa misma bolita de energía azul dibujarse un cuerpo cuando yo no comprendía lo que veía; esta vez fue la misma bola de energía azul pero no mostró nada adentro porque la reconocí. Además me dio una sensación de alegría y no de miedo o extrañeza como en otros encuentros.' 'Supernatural experiences, no siempre envuelven hadas a excepción de las dos veces que vi y quizás una sentí el olor en pleno invierno; el resto fantasmas y cosas raras de esas.' Fairies are 'espíritus de la naturaleza que están allí pero se muestran sólo cuando quieren. No sé cómo eligen a las personas a las que se les muestran pero en todo caso, me alegró mucho' 'Es difícil decirle a la gente que has visto un hada, sin que te vean raro o se burlen; pero cada vez que puedo, lo cuento, para que la gente tome conciencia de la naturaleza; y que las hadas existen. Aunque antes de mi experiencia, no creía, pero ver para creer.... Y gracias por hacer el censo, me siento menos rara sabiendo que deben haber más personas que han pasado por experiencias similares. Supongo que las hadas se aparecen de maneras distintas, según las personas o según como ellas quieran hacerse ver u entender.'

river with large sand bars, as it was the dry season. We were there at the end of March. The two nights we saw the fairies something made me wake up around 2 or 3 AM and go to the sliding glass door. Our room was on the second floor, facing the river. The first night, a few seconds after moving the blinds to the side, I saw what looked like a fluttering light coming from across the river. It continued over the top of the hotel, heading towards the mountain across the street. Within seconds, another one, and another. Soon it looked almost like a roman candle firework. They were shooting off into various angles but all flying over the hotel. Eventually some started flying back down into the area they originated from. When one would fly close to the surface of the river, you could see the reflection. I woke my wife, and we watched these beings for two plus hours doing this. The next night around the same time it started again but only lasted one and a half hours. I wanted to record with my phone, but I was scared they would sense it and come to me. As I continued to watch them, my reverence for their beauty made me not want to record. I tried to estimate the location the next day that they were coming from, but the bridge crossing the river near the hotel is a ways away. If I had to guess, it seems that they had a task that they were attending. It looked like an airport timelapse video with them flying in and out of the ground, or maybe a very busy beehive.' 'Illuminated, shimmering, and very fast flying. They would go from ground level to over the top of the hotel in about a second. If I had to guess, this was a distance of two or three hundred yards.' 'My wife's family knows about the existence of beings just beyond our visual frequency sense. They have several stories of such, some as recent as a few of years ago.' Why fairies? 'Their appearance. The fluttering wings, the shimmering light coming from them.' Fairies 'exist and live their own lives'.

§992) Poland. *Male; 1990s; 0-10; inside a private house; with one other person who shared my experience; 3 pm-6 pm; 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.* 'I was, if I remember correctly, alone with my younger brother in our flat, it was evening, he called me because he saw "Tinkerbell" dancing on a flower-pot stand located on a wall near the ceiling. First, I thought that it was some kind of illusion or something like that (the room was dark without and artificial light just some city lamps outside the window, we lived on the third floor). Then I focused my sight on that "Tinkerbell". It looked a little bit translucent: like made out of light. A small human-shaped thingy doing its 'dance'. I can't remember how long it happened, but we just left and after we returned and turned the light on it was gone. Maybe it was something or just a light playing tricks on us?' 'My younger brother described it as "Tinkerbell" it was small and joyful, my first thought was that it's a fairy'. Fairies are 'Spirits of nature, beings from different dimension living with us'.

§993) Poland. *Male; 2010s; 11-20; in a city; with one other person who shared my experience; 9 pm-12 am; less than a minute; joyful, playful; 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, profound silence before*

the experience, hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience. 'I was a high school student when it happened around 11 PM in the summer of 2013. I was busy with homework in my room when my mother called me from the salon to come immediately. I found her standing by the window, looking up. Coming by her side we witnessed the formation of orb-shaped lights of warm colours (red, yellow and green) hovering above my street, quite above the highest building in my neighbourhood but below the clouds. Maybe a hundred metres or lower. It's hard to tell how big they were from that distance, but probably more than one metre in orb radius. Their light was strong and uniform in all directions, but not blinding. The window was open, but we didn't hear any sounds. There were no people on the road, and we never asked our neighbours if they saw anything that day. There were six orbs that slowly changed colours, flying in the sky in a manner different from drones, planes or birds. At they were gliding slowly forming a ring, then suddenly they broke the pattern into three pairs circling each other playfully, something like chasing one another. Then again, they separated and started moving erratically in different directions, some in zigzag patterns, some moving vertically, some horizontally. This movement was particularly odd because in that formation they seemed to be moving very fast, almost instantly, in any direction, without the limitations our flying machines have. After these motions, the lights once again formed the revolving ring, gaining speed until they flew upwards into the clouds, one by one. There was a one to two second interval between the orbs escaping the ring until they all disappeared in the clouds. The whole experience lasted no more than two minutes, though me and my mother weren't really thinking about counting time. We were really focused on what was happening, both felt quite calm and relaxed. Before my arrival, my mother told me that she had been checking our gateway when she had noticed the orbs descending from the clouds one by one, similarly to how they departed. My interest in fairies started a few months later for completely different reasons and somewhere along the way I connected my experience with fairy phenomena after reading about similar accounts of 'fairy lights'. The orbs felt more like living entities than devices or machines, their way of moving and changing colour felt playful and deliberate, like dancing or playing a game. Truth be told, from the academic perspective I'd prefer to witness more humanoid entities, but you gotta be careful with wishes, especially when fairies come into play! 'Flying orbs of coloured light, perhaps with light hiding something/someone beyond the glow.' 'It's an ordinary, busy street, though it was empty at the time.' 'I was never really into UFO stuff that seems to be a first 'logical' conclusion to things flying in the sky. The lights felt like actual beings having fun in the sky, without a particular reason for a visit.' Fairies are 'some kind of beings different in nature from us, but still belonging to this world. It seems we have mutual history, influencing each other in different ways.'

§994A) Portugal. *Female (third person); still in touch with witness; family; 2020s; 51-60; inside a private house; on their own; 9 am-12 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous; occasional*

supernatural experiences; no special state reported. 'My mother was cleaning my bedroom when she found devotional objects of my altar spread on the floor far from their spot. She thought it was odd, since nobody had been there and there was no reasonable way that [had] happened. When she took a step back. She wet her foot in a small amount water. When she turned her head to see where the water was coming from to clean it up, she noticed there were in fact several small (like childlike small but with an adult configuration and very thin) water footprints on my bedroom wooden floor. I'm currently working with members of the Fair Folk (my mother doesn't know about it) and I strongly believe it was an attempt to communicate.' 'She didn't think it was. I'm assuming this because I'm working with fairies and it happened with my altar, in my bedroom.'

§995) Romania. *Female; 1970s; 0-10; in a garden; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; many hours; friendly, joyful, secretive; regular 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.* 'It was my first fairy encounter, the first in a long series of encounters that went on for about five years. I was about six, and lived with my parents and my grandmother in a beautiful house with a large backyard border by woods in the back. I liked to play in that backyard, but even more I loved venturing past the bushes and hedge growth at the bottom of our backyard. It was early May. I came from school and later in the afternoon I went outside to play. There was a wooden table with benches nearby the hedge in the back. I had my back toward these as I sat down on the ground to build a little fort, a favorite game of mine at that time. 'Hi!' The voice startled me. I turned around and saw a girl about my age, slightly shorter than me, wearing a sleeveless white dress, and white boots. It didn't occur to me immediately that it was too chilly for a white sleeveless dress; and much later when it did occur, I brushed off the thought. I guess when you are six it's much easier to brush off things that don't quite fit, and enjoy life for what it is. I would like to add that boots and sleeveless dress was not how someone would dress in Romania in the nineteen seventies. But I was more interested in making friends with the girl, and couldn't care less about what she wore. 'Hi,' I said, and asked 'What's your name?' 'I'm not telling you,' she said and laughed. I laughed too. We skipped the introduction part, and I asked her if she wants to build the fort with me. We sat here digging in the dirt. Years later, while thinking of this I am totally amazed on how she was the one asking one question after another, getting to know everything about me while saying almost nothing about herself. I remarked that we had the same color of hair, and she smiled and said that we also had the same eye color. My grandmother called from the house for me to get my afternoon snack. I told my friend to come with me but she said she'd wait there. I asked then what she'd like for a snack. 'Apples', she said. 'I like apples best.' I went quickly, told grandma that I would rather have an apple and asked for an extra one to give my new friend. I

rushed back with the apples. ‘Come with me, my new friend said after I gave her the apple. I know a much nicer place to play and make a bigger fort.’ We walked into the woods. I had never been so far away, but she knew her way around and told me not to worry because as long as she was with me, I would never get lost and nothing bad could happen. For the first time she felt strange to me. But she smiled, took a big bite from the apple and motioned her hand to point out that we were in a small clearing, a perfect place to play on a sunny albeit chilly May afternoon. We build two forts. Hers looked much nicer than mine, with grass and twigs blending into the rocks and dirt. It was getting late. My new friend said that she’d walk with me part of the way back. Interestingly, I could see our backyard in no time. I even wondered how [it was] that I never came across that little clearing before. I said out loud that we would meet again there tomorrow, but when I turned my head, she was gone. I ran home and told grandma and my parents what a fabulous playdate I had. I was met with raised eyebrows. Mom said that she could see me from the second-floor windows: she didn’t see anyone with me in the backyard, and I had walked toward the woods all alone. We had a discussion about imaginary friends, but I defended vehemently the reality of my experience. Next day, first thing in the morning I dragged my mom and grandmother with me to show them where I met the girl. We could see the place where we played, but there was no way to tell whether one or two children had played there. I heard a voice whispering ‘The clearing. Find the clearing.’ I ran into the bushes, with Grandma and Mom following as fast as they could. I found the clearing immediately. I pointed triumphantly toward the two forts. I could recognize my own, but the other one was just a pile of dirt and not the pretty construction I saw the day before. But more importantly, two apple cores were right there, near the forts. My mother was still not very convinced: after all I could have built two forts and ate two apples all by myself. But my Grandmother took me very seriously, and told me not to follow the girl again. I ignored her advice and played many, many afternoons with the lovely yet strange being who, as I understood later, was a fairy.’ ‘Girl, about six, dark brown hair medium length, brown eyes, white skin maybe a little pale (?), the face of a child but the expression of her eyes was more like that of a grownup.’ ‘Back then, I was convinced that I met a human actually. It was after talking to my grandmother that I came to accept that I had encountered a fairy. Part of me was still rejecting this fact, and cringed somehow at the possibility that it was a human. It’s a bit hard to explain, but consider that I was six, and I really liked my new friend. There was something fascinating about her. It was a warm, friendly presence, nothing that would describe a ghost.’ ‘I think [fairies] are diverse, as diverse as humans are. Some could be friendly, some others hostile. I largely stick to the description of fairies as they are presented in the lore in Romania, Ireland, Norse, [among] Native Americans.’ ‘My contact with this particular fairy being stopped abruptly when I said something very insulting to her. I haven’t seen her for about twenty years, but then [she] came back. Fairies play now a significant role in my

spiritual practice. Their role and presence have increased especially after I visited Ireland. Some very interesting things happened there.'

§996B) South Africa. *Female; 2000s; 21-30; inside a private house; on my own; 12 am-3 am; 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.* 'I lived in a house that seemed to have a very thin veil with the spirit world. In the bath I KNEW I was being watched. I wondered if my landlord's sons had somehow inserted a camera. Sometimes a towel would be pulled from the rail, or a shower so [?curtain] would fall. They were not positioned as if they should fall, perfectly placed. Once I heard someone go into the bathroom, close the door and run taps. I knocked and opened the door. There was no-one there. My door slammed shut on a windless night, my mother and I often felt movement on our beds and thought it was the cat. It was not. My sister stayed over and had the same experience. My mother watched a box of tissues being pushed to the edge of a table and dropping off. I was not surprised to see Fairies. I have always had a passion for them. They only appeared for a few seconds. One was tiny and silver, one was also tiny and orange, appearing to be of the fire element. They both looked like Tinkerbell, traditional fairies. I saw a slightly larger garden male being once in the garden there, the very pink of the geraniums we kept. Once I was looking in the mirror and a fairy, reflection and all, flew into my hair and made a slight crackling sound. Since then I often see brilliant lights of mostly white or blue, tiny and lasting only for a second, I know fairies often appear that way. I no longer live in that house but am in the same green area living along the river. It is like the country in the city.' 'It is very green, lots of trees, a Botanical Garden considered to have a gateway to Fairyland and *** Forest.' 'Really pretty and it was not scary nor astonishing, it seemed right for me to see them.' 'A slight crackle as one flew into my hair, but I was not harmed.' 'I suspect the house was haunted by the deceased owner. He left it and the house next door to relatives and there was a condition that the houses must never be sold. I think he was a ghost who was attached to the property. In the house I once watched my clock go backwards by a minute and if I prayed a lot I could multiply things, like an extra box of cigarettes.' 'Ghosts were included, but anyone could have seen that the beings were fairies.' 'What are fairies? 'Little angels. Some might be of the demonic realm such as imps, but the pretty kind are good. They help the good and harm the bad.' 'I do believe in fairies! I do! I do!'

§997) South Africa. *Male; 1990s; 11-20; in a garden; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous ('only because it didn't understand personal space'); occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; a sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you.* 'I came home from school one day and went into our back garden. 'While minding my own business, I saw a bright yellow thing zip/streak across our garden at an abnormal speed about two metres off the ground... It was going so fast that it left a laser-like motion blur trail, kind of like the superhero 'The Flash' except it was yellow and

about the size of a baseball. At this point I was quite certain that I had just seen this but was already questioning my sanity. The first thing that came to mind was ‘it must’ve been a low-flying bird or maybe a locust or something’ ...except it was waaaaaay too fast to have been any bird/insect. So, I’m looking in the neighbour’s big tree (the direction in which it went) for this so-called bird but couldn’t see anything. As I tilted my head downwards, I saw this yellow thing hovering by my stomach. I didn’t feel it climb up me or pulling on my shirt. I cannot give an accurate description of what it looked like because I only saw it for a couple seconds, but it was no bird or insect. Naturally, I freaked out and swiped it off of me. It had weight behind it so I wasn’t hallucinating. I then saw it hit the ground and dart off at a million miles per hour. Afterwards, I thought it may have been hovering by my stomach because I was born with my intestines on the outside (Gastroschisis). I have a semi large scar where most people have a bellybutton. For years I thought it was probably a Fairy, but I can’t say for sure and I don’t remember it having any wings. I think about this experience almost daily, it shattered my idea of what’s actually possible.’ ‘I only saw it for a couple of seconds, it was unlike anything I’ve ever seen. Mostly yellow with patches of black and white... It wasn’t entirely yellow.’ ‘I don’t remember it making a noise apart from hitting the ground. It might’ve squeaked when I hit it.’ ‘But I did have a completely different paranormal experience in our front garden a year or two later involving human-sized beings of light.’ ‘The being was really small and was seemingly impervious to gravity.’ ‘Very small alien creatures.’ ‘After I saw it zip across our garden, I somehow knew that it was still around. I thought that it knew that I saw it. I’d just seen the gob-smacking speed of it and realised that it could run ten circles around me without me even blinking.’

§998) South Korea. *Female; 1980s; 11-20; in woodland [‘on a mountainside overlooking a valley, at a ruined house so ancient that I had to dig to find the stones that told me it was a house site’]; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; Many hours; friendly, joyful, erotic; regular supernatural experiences; no special state reported; no special experience reported.* ‘Due to my grandfather’s training which he passed on to me, I [US citizen] am always in a near-meditative state. This may have an impact on why I’m rarely completely in this world. I had wandered about a mile away from the group I had come up the mountain with, along the ridgeline at first. As I got further away, I started feeling very much at home and also veering into one small valley. I began to sing in words I did not recognize but understood. It was not the Korean language. Someone else sang as well, in the same language I was using. A familiar, tenor voice, I did not know whose it was, and it did not belong to people I had come up the mountain with. I kept walking and saw in front of me a near palatial house of the sort common in the area roughly two-thousand years previous. At the gate of the house stood an extraordinarily beautiful man. He glowed. I was about four feet tall at the time (a very short thirteen years old). He stood at least seven feet tall. Though my perception of his height was likely colored by my shortness. He wore the most beautiful clothes I’ve ever seen, and

smiled when he saw me, and his smile brightened the entire afternoon forest around us as though he'd lit a military grade searchlight in the undergrowth. I wasn't afraid, though some part of me suggested I SHOULD HAVE BEEN VERY AFRAID, but I kept feeling like I know this one, THIS ONE won't eat me. He hugged me so tightly it was hard to breathe. The main emotion I got from him was relief and joy and an I'VE FOUND MY DEAREST TREASURE vibe. This happened in the mid-nineteen-eighties and I had not seen or heard of any supernatural romance stories at that time. There was a huge sadness to him, also. And my own heart was a crazy blend of the same feelings. No idea if they were MINE or if I just picked up on his feelings strongly. We went into the house and it was as though it were MY HOUSE. He treated me like I was the lady of the house, and kept calling me his Bride, his Mistress, his (fill in the blank with an extravagant title/compliment). It was strange. A feast was laid out, and, as I'm not an idiot, I complimented the beauty and smell of the food, but ate nothing. He put his arms around me to kiss me, I think (who knows, I didn't know what a prelude to a kiss was at that point in my life), and quite suddenly an elderly Korean man with a gravelly voice burst into the room saying, 'NOT YET, FOX! She is NOT of age in her world, there will be no liver for you today!' The old man hustled me out of the house, muttering imprecations at the *gumiho* (fox neighbor). The old man brought me to my parents again. I was angry they were digging up the mountain spirit's shrine. I told the old man I could not stop them from destroying it. He told me humans are like that – avidly visiting and being respectful one day, destroying everything they ever brought you the next. And that none of it truly mattered, because playing Janngi (Korean chess) with the other folk was infinitely more enjoyable than bothering with the 'children' who pass so quickly you barely recognize their descendants as being separate from the first one you met yesterday. I'm fairly certain the old man was a mountain being. He left me with a mirror that belongs on a shaman's costume. I still have it.' 'Fox: Very tall. Very physically beautiful. Carried himself like a warrior. Fierce yellow eyes of a predator. His hair was black and fell to his knees with an iridescence reminiscent of a raven's wing. Pale, pale, pale luminous skin. Traditional Korean clothes from roughly Silla Dynasty, from that he seemed to have a high noble social status.' 'Mountain Person: Wrinkly, considerably shorter than the fox. But still taller than my four feet high at the time. His skin was rough and dry. His clothes were wild, too. Like he'd been a scholar, at some point, but ran away to the mountains for a purer existence, and only patches were left, mended with forest bits.' 'No sounds other than the Mountain Person's voice, and my own voice in reply to the fox's thoughts.' 'It [the place] may have had a reputation, as twenty years later I saw a special on a Korean broadcaster investigating the presence of 'folklore creatures' in the region.' 'Having traveled in the Far East, and being of Irish and Cherokee and German extraction with an obsession with understanding what I experience – the various words 'faerie', 'yokai', 'dokkaebi', 'efreet', what have you – are describing if not the SAME BEINGS, then species who are remarkably similar to each other which are specific to that ecosystem.'

§999A) Switzerland. *Female (third person); lost touch with witness; passing acquaintance; 2010s; 0-10; in a city* ('town street with trees'); with one other person who did not share the experience*; 3 pm-6 pm; two to ten minutes; joyful; no supernatural experience frequency reported; no special state reported.* "The little girl was standing in front of an olive tree and took me by my hand – showing me the 'little girls' dancing around the tree. She was very earnest about it, and I have no doubt they were there. I asked her: do you mean the cat there? And she answered 'noooo I see girls, that's not the same as a cat'. I was impressed as I am not able to see, but [I] felt the presence in a way. I encouraged her to have a look at the palm tree next to the olive tree. There she said yes there was one, too, but now it's with the other two.' 'For her it was absolutely real, and I did not tell her that I could not see it the same way she did... The fact that it was around a tree and my senses told me these were fairies.' 'Little princesses.'

§1000C) Turkey (Ankara). 'I've had two unusual encounters that have left a lasting impression on me. While I'm uncertain if they can be classified as close encounters with fairies, I remember them vividly. Let me recount the first experience, which took place when I was around five or six years old. During that time, my father, who was an army officer, had night duty, so I slept next to my mother. Just before I fell asleep, a silhouette of a woman appeared at the doorway to her bedroom. The figure was illuminated as if surrounded by thousands of flickering candles. I immediately urged my mother to open her eyes and look at the woman standing there with the luminous glow. However, my mother, without opening her eyes, dismissed it as my brother's attempt to scare me and instructed me to go to sleep. I remember gazing at the mysterious woman on the threshold for some time. Years later, when the incident was brought up with my mother, she confessed that she had been too frightened to open her eyes that night. Now, let me share the second encounter, which occurred when I woke up one night. As I opened my eyes, I saw a pure white hand gently holding my own hand. Confusion and curiosity filled my mind as I examined my right hand, then my left, questioning whose white hand was grasping mine. Slowly, the hand dissipated, leaving me with a profound sense of wonder and my heart melting with a strange mix of emotions.'³³

³³ Received by email and permission granted to publish.

Appendix One:

Return to *Fairy*

Census 1

Occasionally in the Fairy Census a respondent writes twice or even thrice with the same experience. Here it must be remembered that years passed between *Fairy Census 1* and *Fairy Census 2* and it is quite understandable that people forgot or thought that I, the editor, had forgotten to include pieces! When I have ‘duplicates’ I put these in notes because they offer slightly alternative versions of the same event and give some idea of how a supernatural event evolves in memory. Here are the only four examples I have noticed of the same event being published in *Fairy Census 1* (as §10, §72, §115 and §360), which have now been submitted to *Fairy Census 2*. They are too good to waste...

§10 England (Cambridgeshire). *Other; 1990s; 21-30; inside a public building (e.g. church, school...) (occult shop); with one other person who did not share my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; less than a minute; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state recorded; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I saw a face out of the corner of my eye whilst talking to the owner of the shop, who was standing at the counter. I thought it was a carved wooden face, and turned to bring the face into full view, but there was nothing there. In retrospect, it reminded me of the face in the Richard Dadd painting, *The Fairy-feller’s Master-stroke*. The face was nut-brown and had slanting eyes.’ ‘I just saw a face. It was nut-brown and had slanted eyes. I initially thought it was a carved wooden head.’ ‘The shop owner said that candles frequently flew across the shop while he was alone. I did not know this prior to the sighting.’ ‘Because it looked like a fairy in a painting that I have seen.’

§72 England (Lancashire). *Other; 1980s; 21-30; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 6 pm-9 pm; one to two minutes; no fairy mood reported; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘We went to gather firewood for our campfire and saw a single-file procession of tiny beings, about an inch high. They were small and white and going somewhere purposefully. We both saw them.’ ‘Tiny, about an inch high, and clothed in white.’

§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; a couple of hours; friendly, mischievous, aloof, preoccupied; occasional supernatural experiences; you were tired and hadn’t slept for a long time; unusually vivid memories of the experience.* Preamble. ‘Me and a friend, age nineteen and seventeen respectively. Date: Early May 1983. We had been hitchhiking home from London all day only managing to get two lifts from *** to *** on the M4 by late afternoon. We still had over thirty miles to get home but decided to start walking as we both looked very dishevelled and thought it unlikely that we’d get further lifts. Much later, after midnight, we both started seeing things in the shadows. Tricks of the mind. Shadows that look like things

or people but when you get up close you realise 'it's only a shadow'. The sort of things you see when you're really tired. This was quite good fun as we were both pointing things out to each other as we walked along. As we got closer to the city at around four AM we were wondering out loud which way we had to go when what appeared to be a Victorian washer woman pointed us in the direction to go. As we got close to her, we realised she was only a litter bin beneath a sign post, another illusion, which we decided to follow. (Classic Alice in Wonderland!) If we hadn't seen her we probably would have walked straight on. Main Event. We turned down an alleyway which led down a short steepish hill to a large weir with a bridge across it, a medieval style nineteenth-century stone bridge. As the weir came into view we saw hundreds of sparkling lights dotted all around the water's edge in the plants and everywhere. It was quite dazzling and there was obviously some major event taking place. As we got to the bridge where you could lean over the parapet, I stopped to look at two fairy like creatures sitting in the forks of a tree or large plant. I was gobsmacked and just stood there staring at them. It was a male and female talking to each other and obviously enjoying the celebrations. Fairy Description. The female was slighter than the male with very delicate insect like wings folded along her back. The male seemed more like an elf with no wings that I remember, dressed in brown trousers and a leather jerkin or waistcoat. It's hard to discern their exact size, I would say between one and two feet tall with proportionally larger heads like young children. They were both drinking out of glasses that looked like upturned crystalline foxgloves. Both of their faces whilst childlike in proportion and look were quite brown and weathered making them appear very ancient. Almost reminiscent of old black and white photographs of Mongolian peasants. They both looked at me as I gawped from the bridge, I didn't feel in danger although my friend had started tugging me and saying, 'let's go'. They looked at me in a humorous way, the way you might look at a cow if it stuck its head through a bush and looked at you whilst enjoying a picnic. They then continued to ignore me and chat to each other. We decided to continue walking very reluctantly on my part. As we crossed the bridge, we looked across the weir at all the ethereal fairy lights dotted around. More *Wizard of Oz*... We continued to walk for another ten minutes and sat down on some benches outside a pub to discuss what we'd just seen. It was still dark. As we sat looking across to the raised graveyard opposite with a surrounding wall covered in thick ivy. As we sat there the ivy began to move and change shape. We watched as the ivy transformed into a moving image of Christ with his arms outstretched along the wall and surrounded by cherubs. Then a large old tree in the graveyard turned its large face towards us and pronounced 'it's the end of the World!'. We both jumped up and legged it along the road and up the hill away from the area until we came to a bus stop. It was just showing the first glimmerings of

twilight with the sky turning slightly grey. We sat at the bus stop and one of us said 'do you think it really is the end of the world?' at which point an angry goblin head poked out of a hedge opposite and said 'Yes, it is!' We both jumped up but were too tired to run and we continued walking in the direction of home. After about half an hour of more walking we were both by this time extremely knackered. The sky was definitely twilight now with everything appearing in all shades of grey. We were walking maybe one hundred meters apart now not talking and saving our energy with still probably fifteen miles to go. Above us the thick canopy of trees was crawling with goblin-like creatures and across the valley on the grey hills strode a monumental gorilla the size of a mountain, placing one foot in front of the other on every hilltop. It was like gazing at several interlocking dimensions all at the same time, each normally oblivious to the other. Nothing further happened other than an elderly neighbour in his garden down my street laughing out loud at my obviously bedraggled self, shambling towards home in the early morning sun.

Hallucinations? Neither of us were under the influence of any drink or drugs just tiredness. Psychology? If this were a case of my mind pulling images from the unconscious, I would think I should have been seeing aliens and spaceships as my main interest at that age was science fiction and not fairy folklore. 'The Friend. The friend who saw all this with me has practically refused to talk about this not even saying why, even to this day. Other. I have had a couple of other fairy experiences much later in the 2000s in summer but not as dramatic. Both were like hearing troops of school children going on an outing, walking very close past my tent whilst camping. Very odd, all chattering and laughing as they walked by. I just lay very still listening as they passed. If you have any questions, please get in touch.' 'The female was slighter than the male with very delicate insect like wings folded along her back. The male seemed more like an elf with no wings that I remember, dressed in brown trousers and a leather jerkin or waistcoat. It's hard to discern their exact size, I would say between one and two feet tall with proportionally larger heads like young children. They were both drinking out of glasses that looked like upturned crystalline foxgloves. Both of their faces whilst childlike in proportion and look were quite brown and weathered making them appear very ancient.' 'The visual experience fits exactly with the common understanding of what a fairy looks like, plus it was so vivid as to be without doubt.' What are fairies? 'I think they are one of many different beings that inhabit the world in other space time paradigms that we cannot explain.' 'We are not alone!'

§360 **US (Oregon)**. *Female; 2010s; 51-60; on or near water, on a country road; on my own; 9 am-12 pm; two to ten minutes; friendly; occasional supernatural experiences; you were undertaking a repetitive task (e.g. picking blackberries), you were extremely happy; a*

sense that the experience was a display put on specially for you. “Traveling from Oregon to California I stopped at a body of water to rest and photograph the birds and the scenery. I saw what I thought was a swarm of some kind of bugs coming towards me flying above the water. I could not make out what they were. They were quiet and flew smoothly. There was so many I decided to leave because I could not take any more pictures of the birds, there were too many of the ‘bugs’ flying around. I headed to my car, about twenty feet away and noticed the swarm was following me. I got in the car and took two photos of the flying things before I left. I didn’t look at the pictures until the next day and was shocked at what I saw!’ ‘Seen [fairies] but not able to make them out.’ ‘Not completely sure if fairy or Angel.’ Fairies are ‘A non-physical being’ ‘There is more to this story but not enough room.’

Appendix Two: The New Forest Deplorables

The following references were sent in over a few days in February 2021. There are a number of very good reasons for thinking that these were written by one author (in a style reminiscent of Ruth Tongue). They are fakes. I have, therefore, included them here as ‘deplorables’. Reader beware!

§Δ1) England (Hampshire): *Male; 1930s; 11-20; in woodland; with one other person who shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; two to ten minutes; mischievous, angry, joyful; 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, unusually vivid memories of the experience.* ‘I had been out walking through the forest [New Forest] with a friend when we came to a shade or small clearing in the trees. We found a circle of small men who looked like children but also elderly. They wore green and white and danced and sang, and music seemed to be in the air, but no instruments were visible. We watched them in silence for a while, amazed. When we tried to talk to them they turned to us angrily and vanished, the music stopping. We felt we should leave, and as we did so some white ponies appeared and chased us away, we ran and turning back saw the ponies turn back into the strange little men, laughing and shouting at us.’ ‘Small elderly children in green and white clothes, humanlike but strange’. ‘Very strange, bright and tinkly music, but also deep and earthy, like no instrument I’ve ever heard’. ‘There were many stories of fairies in the New Forest growing up from both old people and my young peers alike.’ ‘Oh they were definitely fairies, you could just feel it. Not ghosts at all, definitely fairies.’ What are fairies? ‘Little creatures from before humanity’.

§Δ2) England (Hampshire): *Female; 2010s; 11-20; in woodland; on my own; 3 pm-6 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous, angry; never or almost never has supernatural experiences; you were very sad; 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.* ‘Out for a walk in the woods [New Forest] round my house and I heard some weird music so I followed it and found what I thought were children dancing round to it, when I got closer I realised they had horrible old cruel faces, and I screamed. They turned to me and the music instantly stopped and they were suddenly all tiny and they all ran at me screaming and I closed my eyes screaming and when I opened them they were gone and I was alone it was horrible.’ ‘Children with horrible old wizened faces and cruel eyes, later much smaller about hand size.’ ‘Clanky and high pitched, like there were parts I couldn’t hear.’ ‘Lots of stories about pixies round here.’ ‘Just felt like nasty little pixies, not like ghosts or aliens, and there’s no such thing as angels!’ ‘Horrible monsters’.

§Δ3) England (Hampshire): *Male; 2010s; 21-30; on or near water, in woodland; with several other people, some of whom shared my experience; 12 pm-3 pm; ten minutes to an hour; mischievous, angry; occasional supernatural experiences; no special state reported; hair prickling or tingling before or during the experience, a sudden chill before the experience.*

'I've experienced what we call colt pixies many times, as have many of my friends. I am from what's called a 'commoning family' in the New Forest, which means my family have had rights to graze ponies on the common land of the forest for hundreds of years. All my life I have cared for our ponies, and ridden around the forest to keep an eye on them, and rounded them up in the drift every year. My father and my grandfather and my great grandfather did, back at least seven generations, probably more. I have regularly found my ponies being led astray by strange looking pale ponies, led into bogs, or caught in barbed wire, or led into the road. The colt pixie leading them usually disappears when you catch them doing it, but sometimes they run off faster, and lead the real ponies away with them too, and then you have to give chase. Sometimes they try to attack, but if you stand your ground they usually back off and disappear, all bluff. Once or twice I have seen them turn into strange little old men and run away, and other times they have lead the ponies straight into traffic and disappeared before any cars hit them. I have many friends of my age and older and everyone knows they exist, and my father and grandfather both grew up seeing them same as me, and my grandfather says his dad and grandad did too. Everyone here knows about them, but don't usually speak about them to people that aren't commoners, or at least farmers, as they don't understand it and won't believe it, and why would you waste the effort telling them!' 'Pale ponies, rough and matted, scruffy hair. Strange looking. Sometimes weird little old men too, also pale.' 'Yes, everyone here (all the commoning families I mean) know about them' 'Everyone knows what colt pixies are.' What are fairies? 'Nasty secret old creatures'.

§Δ4) England (Hampshire). *Male; 1990s; 31-40; in woodland; on my own; 12 pm-3 pm; one to two minutes; mischievous, angry, joyful; never or almost never has 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, 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 doing some work for the Forestry Commission, felling trees, when I moved aside some undergrowth and came across what looked like a pair of starved babies hugging each other. Initially I was horrified, but then I realised they were both alive, and were more like tiny old men, and they weren't hugging, they were wrestling! I stared at them gaping, amazed, and they kept grunting and straining and wrestling, until finally one pinned the other down and beat him. The one who was beaten seemed angry, and the winner was laughing, then they both turned to me at the same time, looked dead into my eyes, and disappeared just as a large tree collapsed! I jumped out of the way just in time, and heard it until it was almost too late (which is the strangest thing, as they're usually very loud and give plenty of warning). I hit the deck and looked up from the dirty ground to hear laughter all around me, but I could see nobody about! I told the lads when we broke for lunch, and the locals all nodded and said it was pixies, while the rest just made fun of me.' 'Tiny elderly babies.' 'Laughter, like a

child's mixed with an old man's, echoing everywhere all around me.' 'Didn't know before the experience, but apparently it's well known for it.' 'A lot of people I told agreed it was the pixies, and that's what it felt like'. Fairies are 'Little people, maybe an ancient species'.

Appendix 3:

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