

# ALIENS

For as long as she can remember, extraterrestrials have visited Tracey. Now she knows why ...

## gave me a special gift

I ran to tell Mum the news. "The Father Christmases came to see me again last night," I said excitedly. "They took me into the sky on their sleigh."

Mum shook her head. "It's ages until Christmas," she said gently. "You were dreaming."

I was only five, much too young to understand about extraterrestrials, so I equated the strange visitors to that other person who came from the sky – Santa Claus.

The ETs visited most weeks, arriving in my bedroom in Geraldton, WA, in a blaze of light. I'd feel my body become heavy and lie paralysed in bed as they lifted me upwards, passing through walls and into the sky.

The beings "spoke" to me telepathically. I'd wake up on a strange craft where the beings pointed their long, lean fingers at drawings of ancient-looking symbols. It felt completely natural and I wasn't scared.

But my dad, a manager at

a local mine, my mum and little sister put my stories down to a vivid imagination.

"They're not real," others insisted.

So I stopped sharing my secrets, but my ET encounters gave me a special gift – a talent for creating amazing artwork well beyond my years.

At five, I would sit at the kitchen table painting likenesses of the local wildlife, flowers and scenery.

"They're wonderful, Tracey," Mum gasped. By primary school, I was winning awards in school art competitions.

"That's really amazing, Tracey. How did you do that?" my teacher asked, entering my work in a prestigious state

junior art contest, which I won.

My artistic talents grew with my ET encounters. I'd be shown intricate symbols, scientific texts and maths equations, which I re-created in my art. But by the time I was nine, the Father Christmases' visits had stopped.

Now, new visitors came in their place. Some were transparent beings filled with light, some were bald, brown, wrinkled creatures. But my most regular visitors were small with enormous almond-shaped eyes and grey leathery skins.

At first I'd felt fearful. "Why do you do this?" I asked, as they paralysed me.

"So you don't move and hurt yourself when we transport you through solid dimensions," they explained.

At 15, I woke on a medical table. A being approached

and poked my arm with a long instrument which put me to sleep. I woke the next day to find a triangular shape on my arm and small symbols on my shin. Over the coming days they faded.

Three weeks later I woke with similar markings – three geometric circles on my upper arm. I knew better than to show them to my family.

"They represent star constellations and their link to the earth, which I learnt on one of my ET visits," I'd told my high-school friends when they asked about my drawings.

"You sound nuts," they laughed, telling me I was weird.

Then in my late teens, I joined an ET discussion group in WA. It was there I met Andre, a scientific researcher at the uni examining ET activity.

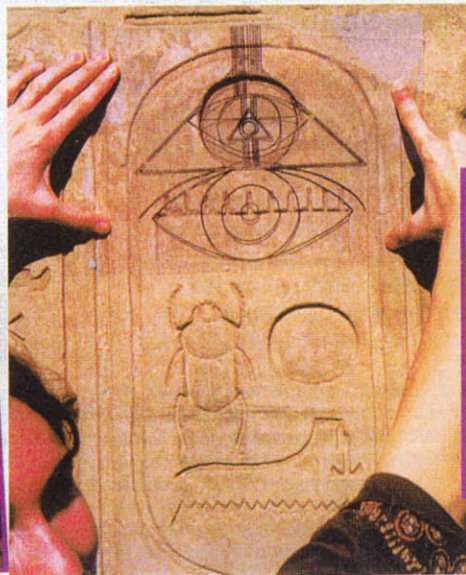
"Do you mind looking at something?" I asked, showing him my artwork.

"Where did a 17-year-old get this stuff?" he asked, shocked. "This is cutting-edge quantum physics. It's all new!"

I shrugged, not sure he'd believe me. It had been many months now since ETs had visited me, but I felt I was



Stars rained down on me and Marco.

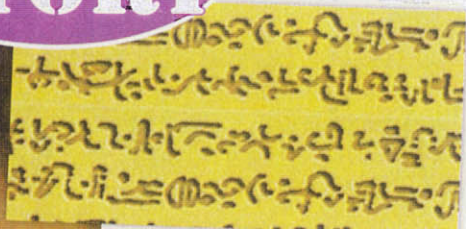


In Egypt, my sketch matched an ancient Egyptian one (left).

My art is like quantum physics. **Below left** The visits started when I was five.

# my STORY

*'The ETs would arrive in my bedroom in a blaze of light'*



**Above** This is an alien language I've been taught to read and write.

made a documentary about my experiences.

At Mary's meetings I felt safe. There were 30 of us, all from Perth. Some of us could communicate telepathically. Sometimes we spoke in alien languages. At one meeting, another woman studied the sketches I'd drawn in Japan.

"They fit together," she said, sliding the sketches into place like a jigsaw. "They're star constellations."

My family was supportive. "If you say you see them, then you do," Mum said.

In early 2002, aged 25, I felt drawn to visit Europe and live in England. I worked that summer as a waitress on the Isle of Wight and had just handed in my resignation, when I had the overwhelming urge to snatch it back. A week later I felt a strong energy behind me in the dining room.

"Hi, I'm Marco Macedo," said a heavily-accented voice. Marco, 28, was Portuguese. Our connection was instant and powerful and soon we became an item.

"There's something you should know," I said, revealing

my alien experiences. Marco shook his head. "If you say so."

His indifference changed in September 2003, as we sat outside a pub in the Cotswolds, England, studying the night sky.

"What's that?" Marco gasped as a bright light overhead flashed towards us.

Suddenly, the star grew brighter and emerged surrounded by smaller stars. We were showered with bright beams of light which spanned across the sky, then vanished.

Then last summer, in Egypt, Marco and I explored the ancient temples of Luxor. I'd traced some of the drawings I'd done in Australia and brought them with me.

On one of the smaller pyramids I was amazed to find a perfect match.

"Look at that," I whispered, placing my tracings over the ancient carvings. My ET experiences were teaching me about links between the ancient and modern worlds.

Today, I'm in England being filmed for a documentary version of the fictional TV drama about alien abductions, *The 4400*. I finally understand my role is that of a messenger – bringing information from other worlds into this one. Now I can finally accept who I am.

**Tracey Taylor, 28, Geraldton, WA.**

being "downloaded" with new knowledge as I slept.

It was a distraction when, aged 20, Dad entered me in a local modelling contest. To my surprise, I won a contract with Sydney agency, Vivien's Model Management, and was sent on an assignment as a catwalk model to Tokyo, Japan.

It was in a Japanese hotel in the summer of 1999 that I began waking each night with the urge to draw as though my hand had a life of its own. The lack of sleep left me exhausted and, after four months in Tokyo, I returned home.

"You have chronic fatigue syndrome," my GP said. But I was convinced the cause of my exhaustion lay in my head. So I saw a shrink.

"So, you're having alien encounters, eh? You're probably depressed," the psychiatrist concluded, prescribing antidepressants.

In August 2001, I spotted a

book about ET encounters in the window of a book store.

It was by a local author, Elizabeth Robinson. "She's coming in next week for a book signing if you want to meet her," the assistant said.

The book could have been about me. When I met Elizabeth, she told me to contact Mary Rodwell of the Australian UFO Research Network.

"You're not mad and you're not alone," Mary said at our very first session. "Encounters with aliens have happened for many generations."

She showed me books of aliens and craft I'd been familiar with since childhood. They were in everything from Aboriginal art to the pyramids.

"So I'm not the only one?" I said in amazement.

"No, others in my group have drawn the same things as you," said Mary, who later



**Above** A film about me won an award.



Aliens use me as a messenger.

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