



The Cattle Mutilators, Chapter 18 Excerpt, Part One

© 1980 by John J. Dalton (pseudonym)

Manor Books, Inc., New York, New York
(out of business since 1988.)

During research for my first book about my animal mutilation investigations, *An Alien Harvest* © 1989, I received a copy of a paperback from TV writer, Tracy Torme. The title was *The Cattle Mutilators* © 1980 by Manor Books, Inc., New York, New York. Tracy asked me if I knew anything about the author or the source of his conclusions in the extraordinary final Chapter 18. The author is credited as John J. Dalton and his knowledge of animal - and human - mutilation details is impressive. So is his description of the grey, non-human creatures described as responsible for the surgery. The book is dedicated to "Doctor Roy Kropinak and his little moths in striped shirts." Nowhere on the cover or in the book is there a clear categorization of non-fiction, or novel based on fact, or fictional novel. The fact that a manuscript would end up in book form in 1980 means it had to have been written *prior to 1980*.

Earthfiles, news category.

The protagonist is a medical doctor in New Mexico who is confronted with the mystery of bloodless animal and human mutilations. In his search for the mutilators, the doctor encounters a grey creature with "overly long fingers," "dull red eyes," a "dank, acrid" odor, "mind-to-mind communication" and the ability to float above ground. The doctor demands to know where the creature is from.

I did some research on Manor Books. Eventually I had a phone number for an office in New Jersey where I talked with a man who said Manor Books was going out of business. When I asked him about the title and author and my desire to quote from the work with Manor Books' permission, he said he would do some research and call me back. The man did phone back with the tantalizing information that "the manuscript was from an unsolicited pile that happened to get published and there is no record about the author." Speculating, the book might have been "planted" for publication by a United States government agency and John J. Dalton could be a pseudonym for one or more intelligence operatives assigned to test public reaction to the disturbing content in *The Cattle Mutilators*.

The Manor Books contact told me to reprint whatever I wanted from the book and I selected brief excerpts for pages 131-132 in *An Alien Harvest*. It is now fourteen years later and most of the content in Chapter 18 seems important now to share with Earthfiles.com subscribers who are trying to understand the truth and implications of non-human interaction with our planet. Maybe this is fiction. Maybe it's classified U.S. government Top Secret truths hidden in the name of national security. Or maybe a combination.

J. (Jerry) L. Brandon, M. D., is the medical doctor trying to get to the bottom of who is mutilating animals and humans and why.

The following picks up in Chapter 18 where Dr. Jerry Brandon is trying to force

a physical confrontation with the grey beings. He is sitting in his jeep parked in a meadow at night. He is waiting for something to happen and listening to a radio news broadcast which is suddenly interrupted by an unidentified voice, written in italics. Italics are also used to indicate the *thoughts* of Dr. Brandon.

Chapter 18 - Excerpt

Radio news program: "Southern New Mexico is bad with no relief in sight. Without any rain ... *We Have Come For You* ... the entire crop ... *We Have Come For You* ... is expected to be lost. The government ... *Please Come With Us* ... say federal aid ... *Come Now Please* ... in the depressed areas..."

"What the hell!" Brandon adjusted the dial.

Something ice cold grasped his arm. He jumped with fright. A gray hand held his (Brandon's) arm firmly. Two overly long fingers encircled his forearm.

"Please come with us." The being stood inches from Brandon's face. Jerry balked at the sudden nearness. The dank, acrid breath the creature expelled burned his nostrils. It was more hideous than had been described to him. He was puzzled by the mind-to-mind communication.

God, I'm scared. This was a stupid thing to do.

A second Meue (the name the grey beings have described themselves to Brandon) approached the jeep, his long neck craning forward. "Do not be frightened. We knew you were coming."

Brandon turned off the radio.

That's strange, no interference.

"There is no power being produced by the lab," the first Meue commented.

"Where is the vehicle?" Brandon asked.

"Behind you." (The Meue) tugged on Jerry Brandon's arm persuasively.

"Where?" Brandon turned. The meadow appeared empty. He could see grasses and the dark outline of the stilled pines on the perimeter. "There's nothing there."

"It is there. You will see it when it is made visible. Come now!" The creature floated backward until the long arm holding Brandon was fully extended. The second creature's red eyes glowed in the dark.

"O.K., I guess I have to believe you." Suddenly Brandon felt helpless, like a sheep being led to slaughter. Till now it had been a myth, an unknown, waiting to be discovered, but now it was real. There was no turning back. He got out of the jeep and the creatures led him across the brush-scattered meadow. He felt light-headed and disoriented. There was no breeze, no sound, just the labored hissing sound emitted by his captors as they breathed. Only his boots made a crunching sound as he stepped on dry brush. The Meues floated effortlessly and quietly.

"We must wait for a time."

Electrical charges filled the air. Brandon's skin prickled and itched. He could feel lanugo hairs grow erect on his skin and push against his clothing. Then a high-pitched, harmonic whirring reached the upper limits of his hearing. He looked for the source. The sound throbbed louder and thicker until he thought it would shatter his eardrums.

"Damn, what's going on?"

His captors were not bothered by the piercing hum. One of them extended his arm and pointed to an area fifty feet in front of them. "Watch!"

"What?" Brandon could not see anything at first. Then he spotted a small ball of brilliant blue light, the size of a golf ball. It grew from the center, like a stone dropped in the center of a calm pond. Within seconds, the light had gone through all the colors of the spectrum while growing. With each color change, the harmonic blaring changed pitch.

Brandon's eyes widened in astonishment. The color change stopped with a white-orange glow. The whining sound became pleasantly low, almost a chord-like tone. Jerry took his hands away from his ears and stared at the giant ship. "How did you do that? This thing must weigh thousands of tons."

"It was here all the time. Now it's in your dimension of existence. You may come aboard." The Meue's head turned a hundred and eighty degrees on its long rubbery neck. "Please come." The Meue walked ahead and waited outside the cone of blue light. He beckoned for Brandon to step through.

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Follow me." The Meue walked into the cylinder, then motioned for Brandon. Within the cylinder, the beings' skin took on a pale transparent-blue coloration.

Brandon strained his eyes, thinking he could see through the creature. After a short hesitation, he crossed into the cylinder. A mild electrical shock hit him when a stream of blue crackling electrons were drawn to his large silver-and-turquoise belt buckle. They began to ascend. The ground slipped away from his weathered brown boots.

Brandon's obsession to meet the mutilators was not a reality. He had sometimes thought of the consequences in passing, but the scientific inquisitiveness of his mind had put aside all intuitive instincts for survival.

"You will not be harmed; you are not here for sampling."

Brandon's head turned to face the emotionless being who had spoken. "You understand everything, don't you?"

"Yes."

The upward motion stopped. They stepped from the transporter beam onto a smooth seamless floor. Everything was exactly as the Crowleys (abductees) had told him. Leaving the sterilization room, Brandon was escorted along a cold, blood-red corridor. At the end, a robed Meue appeared from the thick red mist and greeted him.

"You are welcome aboard our laboratory." The Meue's head nodded slowly up and down. "I would shake your hand, as I believe is your custom, but I doubt you would enjoy it." He held up his plastic-like hands. "You may put your clothes on; they have been screened for particulate and microscopic pathogens." He pressed a button that exposed a compartment in the smooth wall.

"How did you know my name?" Brandon asked as he put on his clothes.

"We have known about your interest in us for some time. Your scientific powers of reasoning and deduction are rather good. I must tell you, though, that you are here only because I am interested in meeting you. No one on earth could communicate with us if we did not wish it. Come with me and we will talk."

The Meue walked several feet down the hall and turned through an open light-lock door. Jerry followed. The room was filled with the same dark-red misty fog. Three small molded chairs stood around a low rectangular table.

"Please be seated," said the Meue, easing himself into one of the chairs. The chair material molded around his body comfortably, like putty.

"Who are you? Where are you from?" Brandon asked, after patiently following the Meue's orders. He no longer feared for his safety. He had to learn many things before his fate was decided.

Continued in - ***The Cattle Mutilators, Chapter 18, Part Two.***

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