

**SKINWALKER RANCH
THE UFO FARM**

RYAN SKINNER

ALSO BY RYAN T. SKINNER

SKINWALKER RANCH, PATH OF THE SKINWALKER
&
SKINWALKER RANCH: NO TRESPASSING

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Cover by Ryan T. Skinner

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INTRODUCTION

Prior to writing this book, I had published two previously, each dealing with the subject of Skinwalker Ranch in Utah. Since then, I have participated in multiple media programs—on television, through radio, and online with various Paracasts—sharing my experiences and encounters with the paranormal and UFO community. Here for the first time I have chronicled in print those conversations and narratives, making them available for those who prefer to read and internalize at their own pace.

The first part of the book seeks to detail in narrative form the experiences which I shared in my first book, Skinwalker Ranch, Path of the Skinwalker. However, here I have done so in a much more straight forward manner devoid of my own thoughts, supposition, and philosophical interpretation, providing only the exact details of those encounters.

The second part of the book is a narrative form of each of the interviews and media programs which took place following the publishing of both books. I have made a concerted effort to enhance each of these interviews with new perspective based on what I have learned and experienced since their airing. Also included are two contemporary conversations I had recently with individuals intimate with the Ranch. Both detail information which can be found from no other source.

Finally, the third part of the book provides a generous selection of some of my favorite photos, renderings, and sketches of the Ranch, the surrounding area, structures and places which play a part in my books, and the paranormal entities and creatures encountered by me and others. Each photo is presented with a detailed description, stories of interest, and brief historical reference.

THE ENCOUNTERS

PREFACE

Prior to 2006, I had never heard of Skinwalker Ranch or had occasion to travel within its vicinity. I had no reason, therefore, to expect my life would undergo significant change as a result of my experiences there on I-70, south of Roosevelt, Fort Duchesne, and the greater expanse of the Uintah-Ouray Indian Reservation.

My first book, *Skinwalker Ranch, Path of the Skinwalker*, grew from my desire to share these specific encounters with those of the paranormal community, and readers in general, and in a way that conveyed the deep psychological and emotional imprint they had on me.

Following publication, however, and despite the relative popularity of the book, I have received a fair degree of criticism as to the writing style—particularly the figurative language and references, and therefore made the decision to present the content of that book in a more straight forward narrative.

Here follows each one of those encounters, starting with the entities which pursued us along that isolated highway, my first visit to the ranch, the spirit which intruded upon my home in Wisconsin, and ultimately my face-to-face meeting with the Skinwalker itself. I have also included, for the first time anywhere, an isolated encounter which took place at a later date, and which may or may not have been a UFO.

FIRST ENCOUNTER

I had my first encounter with Skinwalker Ranch and the associated anomalies in 2006 while driving with my significant other from Wisconsin to Las Vegas. We are in my car on I-70 south of the Uintah-Ouray reservation in Utah. I have been driving the whole time and decide I am in need of a break. We pull along the side of the road and my companion—my wife-to-be—takes over behind the wheel.

We have been back on the road only for a short while when she says there is a red light behind us at quite some distance but moving up quickly. I look back through the rear window and see it too. However, it defies logical explanation. It is too high up to be an emergency vehicle, such as a policeman or ambulance, and too low and too small to be an airplane or helicopter. At the time, though, it remains little more than a curiosity, and we go back to the task at hand, which is getting to our hotel in Green River.

Within moments my companion is again concerned with the presence of this light anomaly. It is not only in clear view, but has gained on us considerably. However, before I can position myself to get a really good look at it, it again disappears.

Somewhat curious, but not yet alarmed, we resume our travel, driving along a few more miles before the inside of the car is suddenly brightly lit by the sudden reappearance of whatever it is that has been following us. I have my companion pull the car over and I get out. Even to this day I'm not sure why.

Once outside the car, almost irrationally, I examine it for any sign that the source of light is the car itself. It is then that I notice I am bathed in a glow. Turning around, I find myself confronting this ball of light, almost like a red-flamed fire—a road flare suspended in mid-air, hovering only feet from me and about eye-level. For a brief period of time after it is as if my will is not my own, that this intelligence—this thing—has taken over my mind and body so it, in turn, can get a look at me.

The next thing I remember, my companion is shrieking. By this time she, too, has gotten out of the car. Her cries draw my attention to three other balls of light out in front of the car, still at a distance, and approaching. Near panic, I instruct her to run around to the passenger side and I jump in the driver's seat and we speed away.

From there we come across a roadside rest area. These lights still pursuing us, we pull in with the hope that the presence of others will scare it off. Sure enough, the lights by-pass us and disappear up and over a ridge. The rest stop, however, though populated with multiple vehicles—mostly trucks, is completely deserted. I flash my headlights, beep the horn, and yell out some, but there's no response. Not a single person shows himself. The whole thing goes beyond explanation.

With no other choice, and seeing no further sign of whatever was following us, we take back to the road in proximity to Thompson Springs, only a half hour or so from Green River. We have been back on the road only minutes when we start passing isolated cars parked off the shoulder of the road, all with doors or windows opened, but no one in sight.

After we passed the first two, which are fairly close to each other, I have Iryna, my fiancé, slow the car as we approach the next one. I try to get a look for any signs of distress. But other than the look of having been left behind—and keep in mind we're in the middle of the desert with nothing around, there's nothing. Finally, as we come across yet another, and this all

within a mile or so, I have her pull over and I get out and investigate. There upon the back seat of the car are some items which clearly belong to a child and an article or two of clothing. But again, no sign of any person or where they may have gone to.

With no other recourse, we get back on the road—I'm driving, intent to get to Green River as quickly as possible. Only minutes later, my companion sees the light anomaly again coming towards us, this time from back in the desert out off to the side of the road.

My first instinct is to get out of there at top speed. Iryna, however, chides me for my timidity, and throws up in my face the number of times I have wished for just such an encounter, and now that I have one, I don't have the nerve to play it out. So I make the decision not to flee, but instead to use the camera I have in the bag in the back seat to capture this thing on video. I then put the car in reverse and drive backwards, the wrong way, on the highway.

However, when I get back to the spot where I believe this thing to be, there's nothing there. Disappointed, I put the car back in drive. Only moments later, my companion again warns me that these light anomalies have returned. I tell her to start recording with the video camera, but she's scared and complaining that with the window open it's too cold.

The situation then develops that there are three of these anomalies, each coming at us from a different direction. I make the decision to stop the car and basically confront them. At the moment, it seems like the thing to do. However, we do remain safely within the vehicle.

As has been the routine up to this point, all three of the anomalies again disappear. Within seconds however, they're back again, all three there in formation and glowing red. I have my companion roll down her window so I can get a better look; they are on her side of the car.

Right before our very eyes, these three balls of light suddenly start to materialize into alien-like beings, very similar to those depictions often seen in movies and media reports: anthropomorphic, thin-limbed, and with large almond-shaped eyes—you know the ones. They, too, look to me to be wearing some sort of wetsuit-like garb with elongated tubes coiled around from one side to the other.

As shaken as I am, I attempt to communicate with them, but receive little more than a curious expression in return, and this by only the tallest of the three there in the middle. The other two, given my position in the car, I

can't see as well. Regardless, they are just standing there, neither appearing hostile nor making any attempt to get at us.

At this point, I make for the camera which my companion has replaced in the bag on the back seat, point it at the passenger side window and press record. The battery light initially shines green and then immediately blinks to red. The battery is dead. This I am thinking at the time is not possible. I had fully charged it before we left and had used it only for a couple of seconds since then.

With no other option, and still afraid to a degree of what these alien-like beings may do, I decide not to try to drive away, but instead tell my companion to roll up her window. But she is non-responsive. I notice then that she's frozen, as if with fear or in shock. Her mouth is agape and her eyes wide. I reach across her and roll it up myself.

I'm not sure how long we sit there, the windows all fogged up by condensation, but as the sun begins to come up, the aliens seem to dissolve into thin air and are gone. I turn the key in the ignition. The vehicle starts right up. And we leave.

To make short of the rest of this part of the experience, we have no more encounters with strange phenomena the remainder of our trip.

SECOND ENCOUNTER

After my fiancé and I return from our trip, and with my curiosity piqued, I do some investigating on my own as to UFO and unexplained encounters in that part of Utah. It was then that I uncover the story of the Sherman family and their ranch, which, coincidentally enough, is only about 60 miles north of the highway where I encounter the light anomalies and the alien beings. I decide this is as good a place to start as any. Although there is more to the story in terms of developing a greater familiarity, I ultimately reach out to another individual who has significant experience in and around the ranch and we make arrangements to meet in person. I fly out to Utah. He meets me at the airport in Vernal. I rent a car, and I follow him out to an area in proximity to the ranch, which I believe at this time, may be the source of my encounter.

With this individual joining me in my investigation, our intent is to access a specific part of the property. However, it is well-known that the ranch is patrolled routinely by armed security—all ex-military or police—and that trespassing is discouraged. Trespassers are not treated kindly.

Anyway, it is dark by the time we pass through Fort Duchesne and reach the point in the road where we have to turn into the desert. My fellow investigator is immediately concerned about security and we proceed basically without our headlights off road and in the direction of a nearby creek. Once we reach the creek, we are obligated to drive across it and move deeper into the stark landscape in order to reach the point where the ranch is accessible by foot. The crossing is minimally adventurous, but without serious incident we reach the place we are looking for. We set up a basic camp site consisting of a fire pit and a couple of lawn chairs. The plan is to sleep in our individual vehicles.

Shortly after 9:00 pm, we start off on foot towards the ranch property. It is called both Skinwalker Ranch and UFO Farm. We have only been out in the desert for a brief period, walking up a ridge line, when we hear clear, sharp voices—tense and authoritative. It sounds as if orders are being barked through a bullhorn, but not in any language I have ever heard. My first thought is that it is the local police, the Ute police, speaking in some Native American language. We even see red and blue lights lower down the ridge and flashing from behind some hills, much in the way official lights would look. I am convinced at this point that we have been detected and we will be arrested.

Unsure of what our next move should be, we crouch down and take cover beside a rock formation and wait for the inevitable. The voices go on for a matter of minutes, and then just like that, both the sound and the lights are gone. Curious, I leave my place of concealment, make my way over to the hill beyond which the light was coming, climb up and over to the other side, and find absolutely no sign of anyone having been there. I had expected to see, at the very least, tire tracks. I learn later on that disembodied voices are one of the more common anomalies associated with the ranch surroundings. I have no clear explanation that provides for the lights.

That particular experience behind us, we then move further up the ridge where we come across tall towers from which are strung the high-tension wires providing power to the area. While these are mundane enough, as we get beneath them, they start to glow and hum in a way I have never seen or heard before. The noise is near-deafening, like an approaching train, and electrical charges are clearly visible as they run in streaks of bright white and bluish-white along the wires, every now and then arcing from one wire to the next. It is as if some power is trying to keep us from going any further.

Ultimately, we decide that is as far as we will go that night and instead return to our campsite.

The weirdness out there, however, is not quite done with us. We are sitting outside our vehicles, a small fire upon the ground, smoking cigarettes and talking when I notice these small blues lights, as if embers from the fire or some kind of liquid electricity, but instead of sparking up into the air and then descending to the desert floor, it seems as if they are originating there upon the ground and then climbing on their own up into the night sky. So animated are they that I thought they might be fireflies. But instead they are like little balls of energy. I try to record them with my camera, but for some reason they don't show up. Nevertheless, they become a common sight at night while we are out there; as if unconcerned with our presence, they simply go about their business.

That next night, we again try to access the property. This time we make it all the way up the ridge and to the fence line around the ranch. Despite the No Trespassing sign, I pass through the barbed-wire and onto the property. My partner refuses to follow. He assures me, though, that he will maintain contact via walkie-talkie.

Alone, I make my way deeper onto the property and beneath the heights of the electrical towers, which within seconds start their infernal chatter and disturbing light show. Continuing on toward the ridge, I become aware of this pale glow which appears just beyond a hill there before me. It begins as little more than a halo barely cresting the rise. But then it materializes in form much in the way of those that we encountered out on the highway, though distinctively different. As if it has a will and mind of its own, it starts directly towards me. I am immediately overcome with a sense of dread and the impression that it intends me harm.

Nevertheless, I stand my ground, access my camera, and prepare to capture this entity on video. However, just as I prepare to record, I feel as if I myself have been blasted in turn, a flood of dread and fear like I have never felt before coming over me. I lose all sense of time and place. At this point, all I can think to do is turn and run—even if thinking is not the right word. It is more a clear message which materializes in my head on its own. That message is move now or die.

I run down the slope of the ridge and back towards the fence, feeling the whole time that this thing is in pursuit. My instincts taking over, I extinguish the infra-red light that I am using to light my steps, and in the pitch-dark of the night, dive beneath some low branched trees and brush at

the base of these car-size rocks. I lay there barely breathing for fear I'll give myself away. However, whatever it is, I have given it the slip or it has on its own departed.

Eventually, my isolation is interrupted by the voice of my companion coming over the walkie-talkie. Shortly thereafter, I am back in camp, no worse for the wear, other than the destruction of some of my equipment in which I have invested no few dollars.

THIRD ENCOUNTER

After returning to Wisconsin, I start having these weird, unexplainable, and routine intrusions. It starts with late night knocks on the door, which of course when I go to answer, have no origin. At first I think its kids in the neighborhood knocking and running. But logic tells me it's too late at night for kids. Besides, there aren't that many kids where I live, and given the size of my property, as big and as open as it is, there's no place to run to.

These episodes then elevate to an unmistakable presence in my house, and always late at night as I make my way to bed. The cat, however, seems to be quite aware of these intrusions, often acting spooked or hissing when there's nothing there to be seen. Many nights consecutively I find myself waking to the sense that someone is in the room with me, that something is standing over me, or that I am being watched.

These paranormal events go on for a matter of months, until after one particularly disturbing episode in which this entity, perhaps considering making its presence known in some way more substantial, stations itself outside my bedroom door, squeaking the floor boards as it shifts its weight from foot to foot. Having had enough, I yell out to it that its nonsense is no longer an issue for me, it can continue if it likes, but I will no longer pay it any heed. Shortly after that, all indications of its presence cease and I am again alone. My wife, having lost patience with my growing occupation with the paranormal and its seeming interest in me, has by this time taken our child and moved out.

FOURTH ENCOUNTER

Following the paranormal encounter with the entity there at my house in Wisconsin, I convince my brother to take a trip with me out to Utah. I feel the need to go back to the ranch, as if drawn there by some power over which I have no control.

Once there, we rent a vehicle and make the drive out into the desert north of the ranch, and pretty much to the same spot as my trip with the other researcher. This time we are equipped with a small tent, some sophisticated night vision technology, and high end cameras—on which I spent quite a bit of money. We also have a liter of vodka.

Unfortunately, that first night, my brother drinks a little bit too much, well into a state of inebriation, and is probably not in the best shape when we set out that next day to do some exploring of the surrounding desert. He winds up twisting his ankle navigating the uneven terrain. As a result, he is unable to come along with me as I head out that night to approach the ranch. He, instead, crawls up inside the small pup tent we have. I leave him with one of the walkie-talkies, the range of which is serviceable, and we come up with some protocol for communicating, in case someone or something is listening.

Talking back and forth with my brother most of the way, he complaining about his sore ankle, as well as his stomach and a headache, I hike across the open desert, up the ridge, find my way through the barbed wire, and make for the spot which overlooks the ranch property. Prior to passing through the rocks, I let my brother know we'll probably be out of range for a while, and I suggest he gets some sleep. He agrees, but assures me he'll leave the walkie-talkie on as a precaution.

By the time I get myself settled down it is getting dark. All I can see without the aid of the night vision glasses is the indistinct forms of some cattle down in the fields and the soft glow of the lights to the house and the security trailer.

As I nestle there between the rocks, confident that I am out of sight of any potentially spying eyes—ranch security, I use my night vision glasses to scan across the property. First, I fix upon the bait pen in field one for a while, but it's empty. I then look out towards the trees to the south and west, but there's no activity. There's also nothing of interest back towards the house and trailer. Overall, it is really quiet and I'm not seeing or feeling anything out of the ordinary.

Just when I'm feeling disappointed and thinking I'd head back towards my brother, I suddenly hear this thumping noise coming at me from the direction of the ranch and echoing off the rock surrounding me. I can't help but notice it is coming nearer. Now straight up over my head, it takes on the sound of helicopter blades. However, I see nothing that would suggest there is a helicopter anywhere above my position—no lights, no nothing. I

notice, too, that the cattle below me within the pasture are showing no reaction to the noise.

Convinced that I've stumbled upon some advanced military technology—or it upon me, I sit down on the rock, light up a cigarette, and wave vaguely to a pilot I can't see, but I'm sure is looking down upon me. I'm sure he's communicating with the ranch and it's only moments before security descends upon my hiding spot and I'm handed over to the local authorities. But instead, the sound clearly starts moving off, heading out into the desert. As it does, I notice it sounds less like the muted chop of helicopter blades and more like the slow, ponderous flapping of a pair of gigantic wings. Regardless, I sit and finish my cigarette. No one is coming for me.

No sooner do I grind the orange embers of the butt into the stone, the walkie-talkie comes alive and it is my brother. He is very intense. Barely able to control himself, he tells me that all kinds of weird stuff is happening all around him.

First he tells me that after we broke off contact, he dozes off. He then starts having these really intense dreams, so vivid he thinks they are real. He tells me the details. Then, he hears a car engine, loud—as if it is right outside the tent, and whoever it is, he is revving the thing as if he wants him to know he's there. He says he wants to get up and check it out, but he finds he has no control over his body, as if he is paralyzed. Then as suddenly, it is gone. Shortly thereafter his limbs and extremities again start to respond and he is able to move.

Intent on taking a look around, he grabs his flashlight and exits the tent. Almost immediately, the brush and low-topped trees around him start to come alive, rustling as if with thousands of birds. Suddenly, the space above the brush fills as the birds, all at once, lift from the branches. As they rise, they form into this one massive triangular shape, as if becoming a singular body with extensive wings. Higher into the darkness it lifts and then begins to fly off. It is then that he raises his flashlight to shine upon its form, and just as immediately, and as if by a huge spot light, the kind that needs to be mounted, his entire surroundings are lit up. It too, however, lasts but a second and everything again goes dark.

As we are talking, then and there, his voice fills with the closest thing from him that I ever heard nearing fear, and he tells me the thing with wings is descending upon him. Everything then goes silent; he's taken his finger from the walkie-talkie.

With no option but to wait it out, I sit there. Only minutes later, he is back, his voice really excited, and not in a good way. He tells me whatever it is flying around, it is now gone. It takes me a moment or two to get a word in, but I tell him it's cool, that all this stuff is normal out here. I tell him I'm a good two miles or so away, and that I'm heading back.

No sooner do I get these words out, I hear coming from the rocks up over my head the sound of voices, very similar to those that I heard that first time I was here. The tone is commanding, in a language with which I am unfamiliar—it sounds like a cross between Native American and something eastern bloc, amplified but localized—meaning it is not echoing or bouncing off the rock, and as if coming down out of the sky. I hush my brother and tell him I can't talk, I'll get back to him as soon as I can. I then turn the volume down on the walkie-talkie almost as low it can go.

There in the dark, I have no idea who or what is up there, whether in the rocks or hovering in air, and all I can think to do is crouch low, press up against the rock, make myself as small as possible, and await that one chance to make a run for it. Then seconds later, the voices are gone, and all I hear is the silence of the desert canyon. That's when I hear the walkie-talkie burp, and then my brother's voice. I can barely hear, but it sounds like he says, "It's got me." I turn up the volume, but all I hear is static and what seems to me to be garbled speech, but as if removed or distant. Afraid that he is in some sort of trouble—my first thought is the reservation police, I gather up my gear, make my way through the narrow pass, and start jogging back towards camp. But even at a steady stride, it's about two miles and twenty minutes or so.

Despite the heavy boots and the equipment, I keep up the pace without too much effort—the night is cool and there's only the slightest of breezes. Probably within fifteen minutes, I recognize the lay of the land: the campsite is just ahead. As I get to the top of the rise, the SUV comes into sight, the light from the moon reflecting from a variety of surfaces. As I start down, and only a few hundred yards away, the walkie-talkie springs alive. My brother's voice comes over comparatively strong and clear. He says there is something there with him, something trying to get at him. Again, the walkie-talkie falls silent.

Running as fast as I can, I cover the last bit of distance to the tent, my brother nowhere in sight. Passing the vehicle, I throw myself into a slide right up to the front of the tent. Finding the zipper to the flap, I tear it down and fling the flap aside. There sitting in a pure state of panic is my brother, staring off into the nothingness and the bottle of vodka held upside down by the

neck and raised like a weapon. But other than that, he is alone. There is nothing there.

Keeping back beyond arm's length, wary of the way he is holding that bottle, I say his name and let him know that I'm there. I have to repeat myself a number of times, but I manage to bring him back to the present before he cracks me over the head. For the next few minutes, I assure him he's okay, that there's nothing here, nothing trying to get at him. I tell him he was probably sleeping, and it was all sort of a nightmare. But he's not buying it, convinced it was real. He tells me that he was sure he was being attacked by something and all he knew was that he was ready to fight for his life.

After that, we stayed up most of the night, sharing with each other what it was we experienced over the last couple of hours and making sure the contents of that bottle were put to good use. In the morning, both of us with a bit of a hangover, we pack up and leave.

Since that trip, I have been back to the surrounding area multiple times, and as a result have built wonderful relations with no few neighbors who have been generous in sharing with me not only their own experiences with the ranch and the other entities for which the area is known, but also stories and encounters they have heard from others. As for me, I have experienced many different wonders myself and will continue to go back to the area until I have satisfied all the questions that remain.

FIFTH ENCOUNTER

I have a flight to catch back to Wisconsin after spending an extended period of time camping out in the desert surrounding the ranch. I am delayed by a number of minor issues and arrive at the airport too late and miss my departure. As I can't arrange another flight until later the next day, I decide to catch up with one of my fellow investigators who is still out there and go out to the ranch one more time. As soon we meet up, we waste no time driving out to the point that provides access to the ridge overlooking the property. Skipping the part about getting myself settled in, come twilight we make our way along the ridge intent on getting to a site which brings us as close to the ranch property as possible and which offers a direct line of sight overlooking the fields.

Significantly more familiar with the lay of the land than the previous trip here, and with significantly enhanced gear and equipment, the fellow researcher and I head out towards Werewolf Ridge. We make good time up the landscape, pass the barbed-wire fence and no trespassing sign, along the

ridge, along a length of rock slab that looks like a bunch of dominoes lain side by side, as if it is the remnant of some ancient road, pass among dozens of different rock formations of various size and shape, and eventually reach the top of the mesa leading to Werewolf Ridge. Aware that we are clearly visible to ranch security in the open flat land that lies before us, we take off jogging towards the ridge, intent on getting under cover as quickly as possible. We expect ranch security to appear at any time.

As soon as we reach the ridge, we pass between these rocks towering on both sides and come out in a spot overlooking a white construction-type trailer and a dirt road leading to a gate upon which is hung another no trespassing sign. A little further away there is a second trailer, also white in color, and the ranch house, which is nothing special—no different than the others I have seen on the surrounding properties. We also see, not too far off, one of the bait pens. Within this same perimeter, there are three wood poles upon each of which is mounted surveillance cameras and lights. Knowing that if we stay out in the open we can be spied from below, we move back into the shadow of the rocks and setup our camera equipment. We then settle in to wait patiently for any potential activity.

I'm not sure how long we are there, maybe a couple of hours. All I know is I am getting tired and, admittedly, a little bored. Then as we are contemplating calling it a night, I notice a single yellow orb, no greater than the size of a softball, moving among the grazing cattle, who seem to take no notice. I point it out to my companion, and he notices it too. Then we see another one, and then another, until there are eight or nine of them, maybe more. Wasting no time, we both grab up our cameras and begin shooting video and taking photos.

At some point, I put down my camera and pick up night vision optics. I train the glasses upon where the orbs are grouped together there below me. Suddenly, three of them move away from the group and make for the ranch house. While two climb up over the roof, the third heads for the pole upon which the lights and camera are positioned. The house lights up in a pale glow, and then a shower of sparks cascades down from the top of the pole. The house and trailer both go dark.

Moments later, the door to the trailer opens and one of the security guards exits, cursing and heading towards the post. Once there, he accesses a transformer box and seconds later the lights come back on. Oddly enough, I notice that he is being trailed by one of the orbs of light every step of the way, but he never stops to take notice. My imagination perhaps getting the

best of me, I have a momentary thought the two are somehow connected, perhaps even working together; or, at the very least, that it is some sort of technology for which at the time I have no rationale. My point is that there is no way I could conceive of that the guard can't see or doesn't know the orbs are there. Since that day, however, and given what I have learned, I am convinced that the guard was at that moment fully unaware of the presence of the orb.

Regardless, the power restored, the guard goes back inside the trailer and closes the door. The orb of light then poises there as if contemplating what to do next. As if decided, it turns and joins up with the others which have come back down from the roof of the ranch house. Together they move back towards the cattle and slip among the dozens of others which have since materialized out of the darkness. I turn for an instant to glance over at the other researcher and he is looking back at me. We're both shaking our heads as if we can't believe what we are seeing. As we turn back to the scene below, there in the middle of the field, we watch as three of the balls of light—could be the same ones, I guess—separate themselves and move straight in the direction of where we are concealed up on the ridge.

As they move towards us, we lose sight of them, the ridge falling away at an angle that creates a blind spot there below our position. They are out of sight for what seems like five minutes, during which the two of us both exchange the field glasses for the cameras. Then without warning, they silently rise up just above our position, not much more than an arm's length away and as if looking down upon us. We find we are immediately lit up by these beams of orange-yellow light which these orbs are pointing down upon us. I am as scared as I have ever been in my life, and from the reaction of my companion, he is feeling something similar.

Together we take cover behind the rocks. As we do, these balls of light settle to the ground just beyond where we are—no more than ten, maybe fifteen feet, bathing the stone all around us in this greenish-yellow glow. I am doing the best I can to get my camera in an angle to record what's happening while at the same time keeping as little of me exposed as possible. I'm too focused on what's going on to see what my companion is up to.

As I'm watching—and not through the camera lens—this black swirling mist materializes as if out of nowhere. It is dark and somewhat translucent, even gelatinous, with only enough mass to give it the look of something substantial. As I'm staring into this murky dark against dark, much like a shadow, it begins to take form. Then, as if it steps out of nothingness or

through some unseen portal, there standing before us on all fours, no more than three to five feet away, is the wolf. It is massive in size, with thick, black matted hair, a large bushy tail, also matted and dirty. It stands there looking at us, its eyes dark and flat. It shows no aggression and no fear. I'm guessing it stands there for about three minutes. All the while, I am thinking should I run, approach and attempt to pet it, or maybe try to scare it away. But I'm frozen in place. Then it just turns, walks into the darkness, and disappears.

Once it is gone, it is as if we are released from a spell. But before we can orient ourselves, or even exchange some words, we hear what sounds to us like the voices of the guards. They are coming over walkie-talkies and quickly approaching our location. Aware that to be caught here is more trouble than it is worth, we quickly gather up our equipment, scramble through the rocks, and set out to escape over the mesa and back to the cover of the desert.

It isn't until we get back to our campsite that we have the opportunity to check our cameras to review the video we managed to record. Even though we both admit that we were too distracted or scared to directly video the appearance and presence of the wolf, we are both certain that we had the cameras running at the time and expected to have not only something from the encounter, but also everything that we had videoed leading up until then. However, when we play back the recordings there is nothing. It was as if everything had been erased, as if the very time line never existed.

SIXTH ENCOUNTER

I am out in the desert with a group of other researchers not too far from the ranch. Since most of the activity, especially the orbs of light, occurs at night, we are all seated around the fire pit nursing a few adult beverages, talking among ourselves, and looking out into the landscape for signs of any anomalies. With nothing to report and the late evening turning into early morning, everyone else decides to call it a night and get some sleep. I am left to myself, sitting comfortably in my lawn chair, my video equipment at my side, and looking up over the ridge and into the star-filled sky.

As I'm watching—it's about 4:30 in the morning, marveling at how much different the sky looks out here as compared to Wisconsin, I get this premonition, almost like a voice in my head. It tells me to put aside my camera and video equipment and it will reveal itself to me. I know, it sounds crazy. At the time, I'm thinking so too. I look around, but there's no one

there. I'm by myself. However, as I have experienced quite a few things out here that defy explanation, I do what the voice asks. I gather up my gear and bring it over to my car, open the door, and put it inside.

Having complied, I return to my lawn chair and sit. Only seconds later, there over the rise, appears this football-shaped object, about the size of a car, and bathed in an orange aura. It is definitely substantial and quite real. It then begins to move in my direction, seemingly with caution, but steadily.

Unable to resist the need, I jump up from my chair and run over to my car, set on getting to my camera and getting photos of the object. As I see it, it is my one chance for proof that there are UFOs out here. I get all the way back to my car, get the door open, and even get my hand on the camera; all the while the object continues to move towards me. However, as soon as I bring the camera up and manage to point it in the direction of the UFO, as if it is watching the whole time, it immediately speeds off and is gone. I never get the chance to snap the shot.

THE INTERVIEWS

The PARACAST with Gene Steinberg and Chris O'Brien

On September 2, 2012, I had the opportunity to do an interview following the release of my first book, The Path of the Skinwalker. The interview took place on the Paracast with Chris O'Brien and Gene Steinberg. David Weatherly, another ranch researcher, was also part of the show, as was a Ranch security guard who for the purpose of anonymity is referred to as Chip. Here for the first time in print is a snap shot of the content of that interview.

As most readers are already aware, the Ranch came to the attention of the paranormal and UFO community after the Sherman family shared their story with Zach Van Eyck, a reporter from the Deseret News in Vernal, Utah, and after selling the ranch property to Robert Bigelow, in 1996. The Sherman's story was then turned into a book written by George Knapp and Colm Kelleher, called Hunt for the Skinwalker: Science Confronts the Unexplained at a Remote Ranch in Utah. While the book has been relatively widely read, and is accounted by some as a significant resource on the ranch and paranormal phenomena in general, it also, in parts, lends itself to questions as to credibility.

THIS ENDS THE PREVIEW

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