

to glance at the zenith which
was clear and was surprised
to see a small object bright
in the sunset. It might have
been half of the smallest
of clouds but its shape was
angular, more like a piece
of torn paper. This shape
changed as the object floated
north easterly before the wind;
sometimes it appeared to
have a bite taken out of it,
Several times it reminded
me of a hand. I called
my husband and sister and
later on housekeeper and a
friend of hers.

As the object grew smaller
it seemed to be on fire, an