



Dear Brian, Jean and Family,

I heard on radio this week that Erik Von Pannikin has written another book.

He claims there have been weird happenings in a village close to Castlemaine in Victoria, Australia, and I thought you might be interested.

It seems that the locals claim that a group of strange people appeared in their area recently and there has been speculation about their origins.

The group is led by an extremely old being whose age is estimated by some to be between four hundred and five hundred years. There has been a suggestion that he is a re-incarnation of Sir Walter Raleigh because he has an inexhaustible supply of tobacco leaf.

His wife is considerably younger and must have run a restaurant at some time, because she spends most of her time preparing vast quantities of food.

There is a mysterious and charming young woman with them who is said to grow herbs and spices of the type used for making magic potions.

Another member of the group is a young man who must be the old man's great-grandson. He is claimed to be allergic to sunlight because he comes and goes in darkness.

The group was noticed over a number of years visiting a hill in the area in an old gold chariot. Sometimes a larger group would come, but summer or winter they would worship around a large open fire.

An amazing event took place about two years ago. According to Charlie Bloggs of Castlemaine - "I went down to town for a coupla days by train. As we got near the Chewton cutting I noticed a mob of about six kangaroos grazing on a hill to the north. Blow me down, but on the return trip two days later there was a ruddy great mansion sitting on the same spot. Gave me quite a turn, it did."

Word quickly got around and people made a point of staring and speculating when passing on the highway or in the train. How many slaves would be needed to build such a structure in such short time?

It was at this period that it was first suggested that the new people were bird-worshippers. Somebody noticed that the patriarch spent most of his days constructing a slightly smaller building that would presumably house another family. On completion, it was clear that this was a temple, as a special white bird was installed in it and every day members of the group would visit the bird and exchange gifts.

Then there were the maidens. No-one knew where they came from or where they went. They were generally flaxen-haired young women, but one was a flaming red-head, if you will pardon the expression! The maidens often brought with them exotic trees, shrubs or flowers which were quickly planted, no doubt to remind the group of their homeland - or planet.

Some of the local people believe that the main reason the group is in the area is to obtain minerals. The great-grandson recently bought a large area of land which includes old Chinese mine sites, and he is known to have been studying mine blasting. He and the leader have been making enquiries recently about excavating enormous quantities of soil. It is logical to assume that when the railway closes down the line will be bought by the group and used to transport the minerals to the coast for shipping elsewhere.

A small machine used at present for mowing grass could very quickly be converted to a uranium-powered locomotive for hauling the trucks loaded with minerals.

There is no doubt that Erik is on to something!

Regards,

*Allen Walker*