

In August 1979, a unit of soldiers on checkpoint duty near the castle were ambushed and blown up by the IRA. That awful night, eighteen young men were brutally murdered in what came to be known as 'the Narrow Water Castle massacre'.

Over a year later, but not on the anniversary of the atrocity, Mr T.M. was driving by as usual, steeped in his thoughts, when:

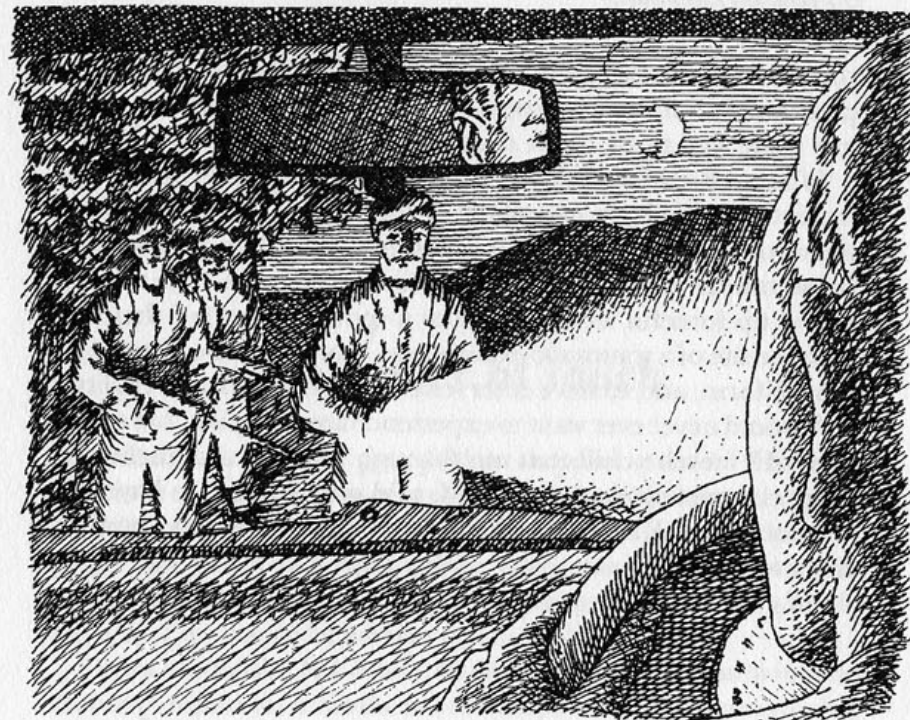
'Suddenly on the road ahead of me I saw an arc of light, like the one that would come from a powerful torch being swung round and round by hand.'

I was listening together with some of his neighbours. We all knew what he meant, as the torch was used by the security forces to let cars know that there was a check point ahead. This required one to dip one's headlights and slowly come to a stop and show one's driving licence or some other means of identification. I had indeed come through just such a check that very evening on my way to see Mr T.M.

Mr T.M. complied with the procedure. A soldier came to his car window. He saw other figures moving about under the trees. He thought he saw weapons. He assumed that his driving licence was in demand, at least he had the sensation of someone asking for it, and so he rummaged about for it and handed it out the window, before complying with a second request to open the boot. Now unsure as to whether he had actually heard a voice or heard 'something in his head', Mr T.M. got out.

Followed by the soldier, he went round and opened the boot. Almost immediately, he began to feel cold and uncomfortable. When he stood back, his companion was nowhere to be seen. Somewhat nonplussed, he went back to the driver's door, only to find his driving licence on the ground, and the road around him empty and windswept. Where was the soldier? Where were the other soldiers he was sure he had seen moving about under the trees? There was no one there except himself.

A chill and numbing sense of horror took hold of him. He bundled himself into the still warm car and drove off. It should be added that he was entirely sober and in full possession of his faculties when this incident took place. Try as he would, he could find no rational explanation for what had happened to him, but



*'Suddenly on the road ahead of me I saw an arc of light...'*

he knew what he has seen, and recalled the incident of the massacre a year earlier.

Between June 1980 and March 1981 two other similar incidents were reported. On each occasion there was more than one person in the car. These witnesses vouched that they had seen the solitary soldier, that the car boot had been opened and that the figure had then vanished, just as in T.M.'s case. They could also corroborate T.M.'s impression of 'men moving about under the trees'.

The massacre had been a traumatic event for the local community, and as one they came together to hold a vigil at the spot, at which prayers and rosaries were said. This action must have been 'cleansing'. But evidently it was not cleansing enough. After about three years, however, there were no more reports of phantom soldiers at the site, and there have been none now for over fourteen years. I know also of several psychic 'sensitives'