

# THE DRAGON SNAKE

## A Solomon Islands UFO Mystery

*This former RAAF engineer's startling experiences, along with his knowledge of the Solomon Islanders' long history of encounters with strange aerial craft and alien beings, sparked him to search for hidden UFO bases.*

by Marius Boirayon © 2003

PO Box 148  
Eudlo Qld 4554, Australia

Email:  
solomongiants@optusnet.com.au  
Websites:  
<http://www.solomonsirius.com>  
<http://www.thesolomongiants.com>

**W**e had not long returned from the New Georgia group, where I had just bought a beautiful tropical island with white sand beaches and coconut palms, and we were desperately in need of new rental accommodation on Guadalcanal. My best friend Joseph had been helping me find a house that was preferably outside the Honiara area. As there was a shortage of livable housing, it had almost come to the point of taking what we could get.

Joseph told me of a house that he knew of at his village but he thought it wouldn't suit me as I'm a white man. I told him to stop that kind of rubbish thinking and that we should go and have a look. I knew of Joseph's village, but I couldn't place the house that he had been describing to me as we drove the roughly 70-kilometre journey westward along the coast from Honiara.

Upon arriving at Cape Esperance, Joseph pointed to the quaint little three-bedroom timber house that was on the eastern extremity of the village. It had a cement floor and a galvanised iron roof with an out-house near the grass-hut kitchen, and the most beautiful island sea view that anyone could wish for. There was a tap and shower outside with perpetual mountain spring water. It didn't bother me that there was no electricity, as I had a generator. I made up my mind to take the house, as I didn't have too many options left. While I was inspecting the house, the divorced woman who owned the house arrived, and so I formalised an agreement to move in the next day.

Late the next afternoon, we arrived at the house with a six-tonne truck and proceeded to unload all our possessions into the house. This attracted the attention of a good portion of the village folk, as I was the only white man ever to have come to live in their area.

That night, after placing a few fluorescent lights around the house, I started up the generator and sat back with Joseph and a few new friends to relax and have a beer. Later that night, when I was finding out a little more about the area, Joseph told me that I had to watch out for the "Dragon Snake" that was in the area. "Dragon Snake! What ### Dragon Snake?" Just to hear the name of it put a shiver down my spine! They then told me that it comes out of the mountains at night and flies around. They said that the Dragon Snake, with its piercing red eyes, has been feared for generations. It was responsible for people going missing and for killing people.

"What next?" I thought to myself. All I wanted to do was relax and do some fishing in a nice, peaceful, tropical environment. Now I had to contend with some mythological Dragon Snake. I thought no more of it and put it down to one of their superstitions, of which there seemed to be plenty.

### MY FIRST UFO SIGHTING

A few days went past as things started to settle down a little. I had become quite an enthusiastic fisherman with my fishing rod, and had been pulling scores of beautiful reef fish. Joseph was renowned by all in the village as being the best spearfisherman. One time he decided to do some night spearfishing, as it was easy to do at night by torchlight. So I decided that while Joseph was spearfishing, I would throw some lines in and see what kind of fish I caught.

I was cleaning fish with Ci-Ci, another good friend of mine, when Joseph came out of the water with his dugout canoe full of fish to add to our already large pile. While we were inspecting his catch, Joseph suddenly shouted for our attention: "There! There! There! The Dragon Snake! The Dragon Snake!" He was pointing to the right, down the beach.

As I looked down the beach, I couldn't believe what I seeing. About a kilometre away there was a very bright, luminous, white object flying slowly over the water. I remember asking myself whether I was really seeing it. I called out for my wife Miriam to bring my binoculars. After focusing in on the starlike, brilliantly lit object, I noticed that it was about 60-foot round and seemed to make no noise. We watched it for a couple of minutes until it submerged itself into the sea. Joseph told me to wait about 10 minutes and I'd see it come back out again—which it did! When it came back out of the water, it was glowing twice as brightly as when it went in. We continued to watch it with my binoculars as it returned to the coast in the direction whence it had come and until it disappeared out of sight over the top of the coconut trees.

Somewhat startled by this experience, we went back into the house and sat talking about this "Dragon Snake" until the early hours of the morning. They told me that if you didn't see it one night, you were quite likely to see it the next. They were right. In fact, over a seven-month period, I lost count of these sightings when they reached the 60 mark. So while we sat talking about this object, I explained the structure of the Universe to Joseph and Ci-Ci. I showed them my copy of a Time-Life book called *The Universe*, with its space-type pictures, and said that these so-called "Dragon Snakes" are what white men call "Unidentified Flying Objects". They were absolutely amazed, as they had spent their whole life fearing this thing with superstition and having no real understanding of it. Yet, for that matter, I was also a little fearful.

This sighting was the first of well over 60 more to follow, during which time I investigated the UFO waterfall lake base of northwest Guadalcanal and later the UFO bases of the central east coast of Malaita and central Small Malaita. This first sighting, though, had completely changed my mind about the existence of extraterrestrials, and a little investigation revealed that this so-called Dragon Snake had been in the area for well over a century. I realistically began thinking in terms of extraterrestrials inhabiting our planet.

My extensive investigation into the presence of extraterrestrials on Guadalcanal and Malaita has revealed that these supposedly "hidden to the eye" aliens have displayed unacceptable and unfriendly behaviour towards the Guadalcanal and Malaita people; indeed, there have been several outright abductions and murders. Because of this, they can't be considered friendly. For example, the grandfather of a good friend of mine was incinerated by one of these UFOs around the early 1900s. Several independent sources have verified this. Countless horrific stories can be heard throughout these islands.

### **PLOTTING UFO ACTIVITY ON THE MAP**

During the next two weeks, I saw the UFO three more times at the same place as my first sighting. This made me question myself several times as to what I was actually seeing. It also raised many more questions. What was so interesting for the UFO down in the sea where it was submerging all the time? And where did it go when it wasn't flying around?

The part of the sea that was right in front of the village was where the Allied Forces had encountered a Japanese fleet in a great battle that resulted in the biggest loss of Allied ships during any naval engagement in World War II. This battle included the

Australian heavy cruiser, the HMAS *Canberra*, and the American heavy cruiser, the USS *Chicago*. I won't go into the sad details of how they went down, but it was all a tragedy and many men lost their lives. Actually, it would be a really good idea if someone could produce a documentary about it with the submersibles they used in finding and documenting the wreck of the *Titanic*.

A few days later, Joseph and I went to Honiara to obtain a 23-foot fibreglass boat with engine. While we were there, I went to the historical archives to look up information about where these ships had actually sunk. Much to my surprise, I learned that the UFOs were submerging in exactly the same area where the HMAS *Canberra*, the USS *Chicago* and other ships had sunk. This was no mere coincidence, or at least I didn't think so.

At that time, I did not know there were several of these things flying around. Why the UFOs had so much of an interest in these old warships became a somewhat baffling problem for me at the time. I do remember speculating about any remaining gunpowder, but questioned myself as to why these aliens would have a need for mere gunpowder. Somewhat curious as to all these perplexing goings-on and mysteries, while still trying to maintain some form of sanity, I formulated an ingenious plan. And so I went to the nearby Department of Lands and purchased a 1:25,000 topographical map of northwest Guadalcanal.

Meanwhile, Joseph's wife had given birth to a boy, their 10th

child—a remarkable achievement, I thought, for a couple in their late 20s. The child's christening was to be held the following Sunday, and Joseph and his wife had decided to name him after me. It was Joseph's normal job to hold the Sunday mass at the village church. Lord knows why! Joseph was the biggest rascal of them all! On this particular occasion there were five babies to be christened, and so a white Catholic priest from Honiara had been booked to perform the ceremony. I had bought two pigs from the Honiara abattoir especially for this event and

sent an invitation to two chiefs from the area to come to my house for the feast, which was to be held on the grass outside.

The christening ceremony went ahead as planned. The pigs had been butchered and were cooking away in the hot stone oven when the two chiefs and their company arrived. It was quite a large turnout. The Catholic priest from town made a special effort to talk to me and find out what religious denomination I was.

When he'd left, I made my way to the two chiefs and respectfully introduced myself. As we were talking, I brought up the topic of the Dragon Snake. My suspicions were right: the chiefs knew a lot about it. One of the chief's brothers had been killed by it when he was only a little boy. They told me several stories of deaths and abductions, all of which confirmed to me that these UFOs are definitely not friendly. They may be friendly in other places in the world, but certainly not here.

Excusing myself, I went to the house and then returned with my local map and proceeded to ask them where the Dragon Snake's "house" was located. Sure enough, they knew where it was! It took them some time to become familiar with the map and finally agree on what they were looking at. They then pointed out the place to me: an unnamed mountain that makes up part of the mountain range which includes nearby Mount Popori. This unnamed mountain, which for the sake of convenience I eventually named "Mount Dragon", is about eight kilometres inland as the crow flies. They

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told me of a big waterfall high up in the mountain, with a lake beneath into which the water falls. They said that inside that lake is where the Dragon Snake lives! A further study of Mount Dragon revealed that there is a small lake in the mountain that is the beginning of a river. These fellows had no idea of topographical map language, but their descriptions seemed to have some credibility.

If what they told me was true, then it raised more questions. What was at the bottom of this waterfall lake, and how many UFOs were there? I had to stop speculating on answers to these questions, as all of this was starting to sound a lot like a science-fiction movie and I was beginning to question the sanity of what I was doing. On many occasions it crossed my mind to tell somebody—but who was there to tell, and who would believe me? Yet as incredible as this story may seem, all you need do for any proof is go to northwest Guadalcanal and ask a few of the locals. You'd be surprised at what you find out.

### CLOSE CALLS AND CULTURAL EVIDENCE

Early one morning, not long afterwards, Joseph came to the house to tell me that a fisherman he knew was in hospital from injuries he had sustained from a UFO two nights previously. He was from a village three kilometres east of ours. After asking Joseph what kind of injuries the fisherman sustained, he told me that apparently he had burns to most of his body. We had all been planning a trip to town, anyway, as Miriam wanted to do some shopping and see her family, so we decided to go to the hospital and visit this fisherman.

After dropping Miriam off in town, Joseph and I went to the hospital. Following some enquiries as to where the fisherman was, we arrived at his bedside. He was covered in bandages from head to toe and was in a great deal of pain, but doped up with pethidine. Joseph began to speak with him in the Guadalcanal language to try to find out exactly what had happened to him.

He had been out fishing in his fibreglass boat at about 3.00 am, when he saw the Dragon Snake flying along. In foolishness, he started flashing his torch at it. That was when it flew over to him in an instant and hovered overhead. Panicking, he started the motor and took off to get away from the Dragon Snake, but it followed him as he "zigzagged" his way back to shore. It was during this short pursuit to the beach that it fired some form of light at him but it only partially hit him. A later inspection of his 19-foot fibreglass boat showed traces of scorching upon some of the boat's interior paint.

He said that when he drove his boat up the beach and ran into the bush, the Dragon Snake followed him to where he was hiding behind a tree and hovered above. When he moved around to the other side of the tree, it also went around to the other side. It was then that he literally got down on his knees and began to pray to God with his hands clasped in front of him. With that, the Dragon Snake moved on. After that, he stumbled his way back to his village and was taken to hospital.

It was an incredible story, but true. He definitely had no reason to be lying. These kinds of UFO encounters have happened on numerous occasions over the past century but, strangely enough, the Solomons being the way they are, reports have not been taken seriously.

After leaving the hospital, we went over to my in-laws' house to pick up Miriam. I began discussing the matter of the so-called Dragon Snake with my father-in-law, John, and explained how some of the white men believe that aliens from other worlds are the ones responsible for driving this type of flying vehicle. When I explained to John what they were commonly thought to look like—four-foot tall with big head, big eyes, four fingers, transparent skin, etc.—he told me there was a book in the Solomon Islands Cultural Museum with pictures describing this sort of being. Somewhat surprised, I asked John if we could duck into town so that he might show me this book, which he agreed to do.

Upon arriving at the museum and after a few directions to this book, there it was! This 15-page book had 14 detailed hand-drawn sketches of aliens just like the ones we are all used to seeing on television. An islander had compiled this short collection of drawings for the museum from different eyewitness accounts of these strange-looking creatures. There was an initial descriptive verse saying that the drawings were of some Solomon Islands mythological beings. What I wanted to know was: how could the Solomon Islanders know anything about these kinds of aliens, when 99.9 per cent of them had never had any significant type of exposure to white man's media? Most of the old tribal people still thought that the stars were caused by pinpricks in the sky and that the Earth was flat, so how could these pictures of alien types be explained? At the

time, this became another little baffling mystery to me.

We picked up Miriam and on the drive back home I asked Joseph to tell me about the time when he, Ci-Ci and his brother Ben had encountered the UFO while out fishing. He said that the three of them were in their dugouts at about midnight when they saw the UFO. Initially, they were each separated by about 50 metres. As if curious about each of the fishermen, the UFO hovered over each of them for a minute and then departed at incredible speed toward the island of Santa

Isabel. By the time all three had finally reached shore, they were spread out over a kilometre's distance along the beach. Although Joseph described the story as being funny, there was a serious side to it.

### REALITY SINKS IN

During the following weeks, I pondered on all of the previous weeks' happenings. I realised that I was most probably the first human being to have been in the position to have experienced all these phenomena, and was able to understand the significance of the unique circumstances in which I had found myself.

I was the first person in the area who'd ever realised the similarities between UFOs and these Dragon Snakes. Also, to my knowledge, I must have been the first white man to speculate on the possible location of a hidden Dragon Snake/UFO base—though I needed to do further investigation to confirm my suspicions. These kinds of unusual realisations were starting to take their toll on my keen sense of logic, but the reality of it all was that these unexpected events had actually occurred. Prior to these sightings, I was somewhat sceptical about the existence of UFOs—but my position had now dramatically changed.

I also realised the possible consequences of investigating this matter any further. Some of these were very positive, but some were also extremely negative. One of these negatives was the

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impact on my precious well-being. I had initially only gone to the Solomons to enjoy an early, youthful retirement and certainly had not expected to be chasing UFOs. But as a former military man, I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that this UFO was continually coming and going near ships that had been involved in a great battle where thousands of men had lost their lives in the cause of freedom. It seemed as if this UFO was robbing graves. This weighed heavily on my mind for weeks.

One night, though, while I was sitting fishing, my indecision changed. I had been watching the UFO submerge into the sea near the wreck of the USS *Chicago* and then surface again shining more brightly. I had my binoculars fixed well on it when I saw the lights of a ship that was travelling toward my direction. From the trigonometric perspective, the UFO couldn't see the ship because of the point that was shielding its view. However, I had both the UFO and the ship in my field of view. After about 30 seconds, when the UFO *did* see the ship it instantly vanished. The UFO didn't seem to go anywhere; it simply vanished as if it had turned off its lights. I took my binoculars from my eyes. I was not sure if the craft had instantly accelerated or had somehow cloaked itself. Yet it seemed that the UFO didn't mind the indigenous people seeing it, but it *did* mind when someone saw it who would possibly know of its real identity. If there's one thing I hate, it's sneakiness!

In any case, I made up my mind right then and there to gather intelligence on this so-called Dragon Snake by doing some reconnaissance on its movements. Switching into soldier mode, I went to sleep formulating my plan.

My subsequent investigation into the UFO's ability to cloak itself revealed that this characteristic was commonly known by all within the area and had become part of the superstition about the Dragon Snake. There are just too many stories about the Dragon Snake's sudden "disappearance" to discuss here.

## EXPEDITION TO MOUNT DRAGON

The next morning I went up to Joseph's house to tell him of my plan. My intention was to place ourselves at night, high up in a panoramic position so that we could familiarise ourselves with the UFO's movements. With the map out, we began to study the area for possible positions.

From where "Mount Dragon" was situated, there was really only one way to the coast that the UFO could take without being detected flying over mountains. That was via a five-kilometre-long valley that runs in a northward direction past Mount Dragon. Earlier discussions with some of the people living a few kilometres east in that direction had well confirmed this to me. After searching the area for a suitable position that afternoon, we chose an accessible 800-foot mountain that had all the requirements we needed. And so we went home to prepare for what was becoming a military mission for me.

The next day, we gathered all the equipment we thought was required. I also loaded my 30-shot, 7.62-mm and my shotgun to take along just in case. There was also the danger of being gored by wild pigs, of which there was no shortage. My wife became

quite agitated by my actions, and a heated discussion followed.

Joseph and I left at 8.00 pm to travel to our vantage position. We knew that the UFO had the habit of appearing at around 10.00 pm or 3.00 am. After parking the car in the bush, with torchlights shining we climbed up to the top of the mountain. This turned out to be a perfect position as we had a 270-degree view of the area. Because of the orientation of the mountain, we faced east. With a clear view of the sea to the left of us and the valley's entrance to the right, there was no way that we were going to miss seeing the UFO when it made its appearance—and we didn't.

Having sat up half the night, watching and waiting and having a few beers to pass the time, at 2.35 am we saw the first glimmer of the UFO's light leaving the valley's entrance. There was an air of excitement between me and Joseph. While training my binoculars on the UFO, I noticed that it was travelling toward our direction at a fair rate of speed, which we estimated later to be about 100 knots. We had been watching it approach us for close on a minute when it came past at an estimated height of 300 feet, half a kilometre away. No sooner had this UFO passed by than it took an instantaneous 45-degree turn to the left and then accelerated away at phenomenal speed. I took the binoculars from my eyes, and we watched the UFO's light diminishing over the horizon within seconds while it was still travelling at near sea level.

This whole episode was a mind-fathoming experience, even when I think back on it today, seven years later.

All our efforts had paid off. This sighting confirmed to me the information that I needed to know. This UFO definitely *did* come from somewhere up that valley! This was the first time that the information the two chiefs had given me had started to be proved correct.

At that time, there was only one other course of action left for me: I had to make an expedition up the valley to Mount Dragon and try to document this UFO on film. I was extremely under-funded for

the manner in which I wanted the expedition to proceed, as most of my money was tied up in essential assets and I had been living off my fortnightly military pension. Even though I had most of the equipment necessary to commence, I was still short of a good video camera that could take pictures at night. I had a Kodak Instamatic, but it was useless for night work and certainly was not the calibre of camera that I required for this job. I was in a catch-22 situation. I couldn't borrow a camera; there was only one white man I knew well enough to ask, and he didn't have a video camera, anyway. As the weeks went past, every time I saw the UFO I became progressively more frustrated about my video camera situation.

One morning at 3.00 am, a couple of weeks later, Joseph and I were on the grass outside the house, husking coconuts around a fire, when we noticed the UFO. As we watched it, we observed that it was slowly moving in our direction. It started to get closer and closer, and it seemed to us that if it continued on the path it was on it would overfly us. As it progressively came even closer, we started to move to the door of the house. Both Joseph and I were standing at the door when it flew over the nearby trees and over the top of the house. The brilliance of its white light radiated the whole area as if we were standing amidst the light of a dozen arc welders

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at once. This was the first time that I could clearly see the vehicle's sphere with my naked eye. It made no noise as it eerily passed over us. In fact, at the time we made audible comments to each other about what was happening. After it went by, we both ran out to see it disappearing over the trees further on. Joseph had experienced this sort of thing before, but I hadn't.

After the reality of what had happened sank in, Joseph and I decided that we would go to Mount Dragon—with video camera or not. It was in my mind to confirm whether this mountain waterfall lake was really the UFO's base.

Around that time, a melancholy feeling of futile inadequacy and powerlessness started to dominate my thoughts, as though I was carrying around a heavy weight on my shoulders. This was due to my constant questioning of the reality of it all, and also because I allowed my thoughts to be weathered down because of my desperate need for a good-quality camera. I could not explain this to anyone, as there was no one I could explain it to who could understand. It was like being lonely amongst a crowd of a thousand people. I went through a time of considerable self-examination.

Strangely, I remember thinking to myself that if I ever happened to write all of this down one day, I should remember that particular time...

#### **SUBTERRANEAN UFO BASES ON MALAITA**

I would like to share some significant further research from my expeditions to Malaita in 1996, 1997 and 2002. Contrary to popular belief, NASA—or whoever that mob was—first made contact with the occupants of the subterranean UFO base in central east Malaita in 1961. This is how they began to gain what partial technology they have today. It was through blackmail. This happened because when the great geologist Mr Gropher was doing his few expeditions in the area between 1958 and 1960, he saw these UFOs and then reported back to the UK (the ruling colonial power at the time) about them.

Apparently, in 1961, a white man who claimed to be from NASA came to that part of the island and asked for assistance from my wife's relatives to take him to the UFO subterranean base entrances, which they did. I am the only white man ever to have married a woman from Kwaio, which is in that area. This NASA guy was gone a week and then returned, asking my wife's relatives for further assistance to take him back to these places.

There is a 50-metre-diameter, bottomless circular reef in amongst the surrounding 10-metre-deep coral reef a few miles north of Kwoi Island (which is on the border of the Kwaio and Kwara'ae tribes) and south of Namore'ere in central east Malaita. Singalangu Harbour is slightly further south. UFOs can be seen going in and out of that reef virtually every night.

My friends like fishing down this UFO hole during the daytime because it saves them from having to go out into the danger of the ocean and because there's a plentiful supply of big ocean-type fish that can be caught in its depths. They have let down over 200 metres of 100-pound line and still haven't been able to hit the bottom. I always think of this hole as having been made by a huge spaceship that hovered above it and shot a big laser into the crust of the Earth, for whatever reason!

On mainland Malaita, about three to four miles directly inland from that circular reef entrance is a lake which has two connected

entrances/exits. When the boys are out fishing at night, they see the UFOs going in one entrance and coming out the other. A UFO coming out of this lake at dusk incinerated my good friend's grandfather, and everyone in the area knows about it. The aliens have instilled fear in these people for generations, and many people have gone missing.

In the Kwaio and Kwara'ae areas, there are three entrances in their jungle mountains that I know of where these "ball of light"-type UFO vehicles can be seen entering and exiting. It is my belief that these entrances are not individual bases but are all connected, making up one big UFO base under the island. I may be wrong, but I also believe that one of the many reasons why they are there is that, for reasons of their own, they are mining a very rare type of gemstone under this kimberlite rock volcanic island.

The gemstones which my wife's relatives possess have a far higher specific gravity than that of diamonds, and a refractive index such that when you put the stone in light you see your mirror image in the centre of the stone. I once had a 32.4 carat "ET stone" with these characteristics. There are some old folklore stories supporting the interest in these unique stones.

Furthermore, as there are many remnants of the Ramo civilisation that can be found on top of the island and the aliens underneath, there is every chance there is a connection. And that goes for on Guadalcanal, too.

The waterfall lake UFO base of Small Malaita (south Malaita), where I have also witnessed their activities, is easy to find. Just ask the locals, but,

heading north up the passage with Small Malaita on your right, about three kilometres from Affiou, the main town, and about a kilometre up the jungle mountain is their base entrance, where they can be seen entering and exiting nearly every night and also brazenly and casually flying along the passage.

Many Solomon Islanders have told me of flat stingray-type UFOs with big round lights underneath them that hum as they go along. They sometimes see them flying low over the jungle and surfacing out of the sea near where they are fishing. The UFOs have landed near villages, and the (white or black) people who get out of them have strange grey uniforms, not seen anywhere else in the world. You can make your own deductions there.

Nevertheless, if there were ever a place that one could call "UFO Headquarters", it would have to be central Malaita. Mind you, these are only the ones I know of. Goodness knows what else there is in the rest of the Solomon Islands. ∞

#### **About the Author:**

Australian Marius Boirayon is the son of the World War II central France *maquis* (resistance) leader, and grew up in Mount Hagen in the Papua New Guinea Highlands. Following a career in the Royal Australian Air Force and as an aircraft/helicopter engineer working in outback Australia, he decided in 1995 to go to the Solomon Islands to live.

Marius Boirayon is raising funds for an expedition to the Solomon Islands to investigate UFO and other mysteries (see his article on the Giant Races of the Solomon Islands in Twilight Zone this issue). He can be contacted by mail at PO Box 148, Eudlo, Qld 4554, Australia, by email at [solomongiants@optusnet.com.au](mailto:solomongiants@optusnet.com.au), or via the websites <http://www.solomonsirius.com> or <http://www.thesolomongiants.com>.

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