

The Alien behind the legend

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THE ALIEN BEHIND THE LEGEND

Essay

(American English)

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*Dedicated to my father, who passed away prematurely.
For a long time, unbeknownst to me,
reader of texts on mystery archaeology.*

*To my grandmother, protagonist of an experience
of life as peculiar as it was scarring.*

Introduction

Fairies, mermaids, goblins, dragons, witches, monstrous animals, and many other legendary figures have always enriched folk tales from around the world, telling incredible and fascinating adventures. From the fantastic creatures of Irish folklore to the mysterious characters of Native American traditions; from the enchanted beings inhabiting the stories of our own country to the most diverse creatures belonging to other places and times.

This book represents the author's initial yet fundamental investigation into the existence of significant analogies between the different protagonists of ancient folk legends. Through this analysis, the goal is to hypothesize the existence of a core truth and embrace a new interpretative key. This perspective involves the so-called "Ancient Astronaut Theory" – a theory that suggests an hypothetical early contact between extraterrestrial civilizations and ancient human societies. It "translates" ancient deities and their flying chariots into an ufological framework.

Throughout the text, a recurring investigation method will be followed in this order:

*Fantastic figure from legends → Divinity from ancient texts
→ Ancient astronaut in the final interpretation, which has become the subject of new studies by various writers and researchers.*

This is an operation that, to my surprise, has proven capable of uncovering new and important clues – details

that reveal, first and foremost, evident analogies that had only appeared to be hidden within the stories passed down to us.

What appears as the fairy dressed in pure white in the numerous legends of ancient Indo-European peoples seems to correspond directly to “White Buffalo Maiden,” the female spirit of Native American tribes. She is described as wearing a white deerskin dress, presenting striking similarities not only in appearance but also in many other aspects, which we will analyze throughout this text. Before embarking on this journey of analysis and comparison, it is also essential to introduce the concept of “archetypal reading” of the content that is, to consider basic symbolic models as a possible foundation and essence of the various characters and events we are about to explore.

In this regard, it is appropriate to bring up the example of two major Greek deities, Zeus and Poseidon. The former rules the skies, reigning above (symbolized by the eagle), representing power and command. The latter, on the other hand, governs the abysses, reigning below (symbolized by the dolphin) and embodying wisdom in his role as a mediator between gods and humans. With these premises established, I can only wish the reader an engaging continuation, introducing the text with the legend of *La Fata dei Campi* (“The Fairy of the Fields”), a folktale from Southern Italy, specifically from the town of Ionadi in Calabria.

No choice could have been more fitting: this tale proves to be a valuable guide through which we can begin to analyze this fascinating hypothesis. Below is the text of our interest:

Perhaps the beautiful young woman who once wandered through our lands still exists, in another form. No one knew where she came from, as she never announced her arrival. She appeared in every town, in mountain villages and countryside hamlets, in the fields when the wheat was golden and ripe, shimmering like a yellow sea with waves of light. She was

there when young women sang joyfully during the grape harvest, and when snow covered the land in white, transforming trees and houses into cotton candy. The old farmers, and even my grandmother who was not a farmer, called her the Fairy of the Fields.

Sometimes she appeared adorned with garlands, her hair curled and falling over her shoulders in a cascade of gold. She wore a dress of pure snow, a sky blue cloak embroidered with stars, and green silk slippers: she seemed like a creature descended from the heavens.

Other times, she appeared in the guise of a young warrior: her armor, dazzling with light, had links that jingled with every movement; other times, she took on bizarre, original appearances and attire. Everyone longed to encounter her, knowing how generous she was in bestowing blessings. Children dreamed of her in the peace of their slumber; mothers invoked her as they rocked their little ones to sleep, making her the main character of lullabies sung like prayers. The Fairy of the Fields dedicated herself to healing the sick and comforting those who lived their days and nights in suffering. She supported and assisted the innocent and peaceful. Many times, in the guise of a valiant warrior, she humbled the arrogant; other times, she exalted the meek and the fearful. Although she was renowned as the Fairy of the Fields, she punished those who were insensitive to the suffering of others. She was desired and invoked by all as a spirit of goodness, but she granted the joy of her divine presence only to the innocent, the pure of heart, and the just, upon whom she bestowed the treasures of her grace. The elders spoke of her sudden appearances and miraculous deeds.

One evening, under the moonlight, a young peasant girl – simple and pure as a dove – was lying on a pile of straw in the courtyard of a farm. She was enraptured by the song of a nightingale when she suddenly heard a hiss and a rustling. From the nearby thicket, a monstrous serpent with fiery eyes emerged, slithering toward her with menacing intent. The terrified girl let out a scream and fainted. When she regained consciousness, she found a young woman dressed in white,

as beautiful as an archangel, radiating divine light. She gently caressed the girl's face and comforted her with kindness.

"I am the Fairy of the Fields," she said, "and I have saved you from the monster's treachery. From now on, be cautious; be good, and have faith in me, in my protection, and in my help."

Mounting a fiery steed, she disappeared into the dense forest to bring aid to other souls in need. From that day on, the people have continued to believe that the Fairy of the Fields still roams these lands, spreading her blessings. However, they no longer call her by the name once used by the old shepherds of Sila or the fishermen of Montauro. Now, the Fairy of the Fields is known by sweeter names, names that carry the warmth of a maternal presence: Mary of the Angels, Mary of Grace, Mary of Light, Mary of Aid, Mary of Melito di Porto Salvo. (Text by Achille Curcio)



LEGEND:

Bold text = Author's analysis.

Normal/Italic text = Quoted text from the stories.

CHAPTER I

ANALOGIES

Sometimes she appeared adorned with garlands, her hair curled and falling over her shoulders in a cascade of gold. She wore a dress of pure snow, a sky blue cloak embroidered with stars, and green silk slippers: she seemed like a creature descended from the heavens.

Many stories depict our legendary figures wearing garments and showing aesthetic characteristics strikingly similar to deities. For example, we recall the Olympian pantheon or the Norse gods, often adorned with garlands and long, flowing, white and shining garments. In the specific verse, it seems impossible not to highlight what appears to be a precise description of the Norse goddess Freya (or Freyja/Frèia), considered the goddess of love, seduction, and fertility, but at the same time, a young warrior from the Vanir tribe.

An alternative vision is presented in the bardic legends, where we find an important example of a form that appeared to Maeve, Queen of Connacht, on the eve of battle against the Ultonians (or the warriors of Ulster):

Suddenly, before the Queen's chariot appeared a woman, beautiful and tall. She wore green clothes fastened with a golden brooch, a golden ribbon on her head, and seven bright golden ears of grain for the dead in her hand. Her skin was as white as the snow that falls at night; her teeth were like pearls; her lips red as the berries of the rowan tree; her golden hair fell

to the ground, and her voice was sweet as the sound of the golden harp when played by a skilled hand.

"Who are you, woman?" asked the Queen, astonished.

"I am Feithlinn, the prophetic fairy of the Hill of Cruachan," she replied.

"Well, Feithlinn the fairy," said Maeve, "what do you foresee regarding my battle?" "I foresee a massacre, I foresee power, I foresee defeat!" answered the fairy. "My messengers have brought me good news," said the Queen. "My army is strong; my warriors are well-prepared. But tell me the truth, prophetic fairy, for my soul knows no fear." "I foresee a massacre; I foresee victory!" replied the fairy a second time. "But I have nothing to fear from the Ultonians," said the Queen. "For my messengers have arrived and my enemies are afraid. However, tell me the truth, prophetic fairy, so our enemies may know it." "I foresee a massacre; I foresee conquest; I foresee death!" answered the fairy for the third time.

"Then this prophecy of evil does not belong to me," said the Queen angrily. "Let it be yours and upon your head." And, as soon as she said this, the prophetic fairy disappeared, and the Queen never saw her again.

The mysterious creature in question, with her distinctive features – golden hair, fair skin, and shining cloche – also resembles the classic depiction of an angel in many religious traditions. In this story, she plays the same role as an emissary, a messenger. This is very similar to what often happens in the Bible when one or more "Angels of the Lord" reach certain protagonists of the sacred scriptures to communicate specific events to them: sometimes benevolent, such as the birth of a child, and other times entirely catastrophic.

Here are a few examples:

From Genesis, chapter 16 (The Birth of Ishmael):

6 Abram said to Sarah: "Here, your slave is in your hands: do with her whatever you think best." Sarah then mistreated her so much that she fled. 7 The angel of the Lord found her near a spring of water in the desert, the spring on the way to Shur. 8 He said, "Hagar, slave of Sarah, where have you come