April 10, 1954; Caracas, Venezuela

Evening. Sr. Emelino Martinez was walking back from hunting in the hills outside of the city when there was a sudden movement in the nearby bushes. Martinez stopped and stood motionless, shotgun at the ready, when the thrashing noise happened again. He waited briefly before resuming his walk toward his parked automobile. Next, he heard a blood curling guttural noise. Terrified, he dropped his day's catch and ran for his car. An unintelligible shout behind him indicated that whatever the creature was, it was close to him. He stopped for an instant to glance back toward his pursuer. He then saw two bizarre creatures running after him. They were short, and looked like they were half man-half monkey. They were covered with dark hair. Martinez reached for the car door handle, fumbling in his pockets for the keys. He dropped the keys and picked them up, and was attempting to open the car door when he was then suddenly grabbed from behind. He fell into a ditch besides the road, together with his assailant. He dropped his shotgun as two powerful arms closed over his throat, but he managed to break free and scramble back towards the car. The creature jumped on top of him, screaming, growling, and biting like a mad animal. He could not reach his shotgun, so he grabbed a large rock and repeatedly smashed his attacker on the head. Screams of pain slashed through the dark night. Martinez saw his attacker move backward, blood spurting from his head wounds. He then dashed to his car. He snapped the door locked as the two creatures lunged against the car, pounding their hairy fists against the windows in frustrated rage. He managed to start the car and drove away at high speed directly to the police station. The next day, Martinez and some friends returned to the site and recovered his shotgun; they also found some blood-stained leaves. They questioned locals and were told that strange disc-shaped objects had been seen in the area and that some cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs, and two young farmhands had disappeared on the mountain. The farmers reportedly had also seen black, bristly haired dwarfs that hid in caves, and kidnapped both livestock and humans. Martinez never returned to the area to hunt again. (Source: Albert S. Rosales, Humanoid Contact Database 1954, case # 2992, citing Warren Smith, Triangle of The Lost).