



October 6, 2026

Location: South of Deming, New Mexico / Northern Mexico

Status: Preliminary Field Observation

I got the message late yesterday afternoon.

It came from one of the guys I know who hunts the desert country south of Deming. He spends more time out here than almost anyone I know, and he isn't easily impressed.

His message read:

“You've gotta come see this shit. You not goin' to believe it—man this is strange even for Mexico!”

That was it.

I called him.

He wouldn't explain much over the phone. Just told me where he'd been and gave me enough landmarks to get close. If you've never been in this country, “landmarks” is probably too generous a word. A hill. A wash. A rock formation that looks different from the other hundred rock formations you've already passed.

I drove as far as I reasonably could and started walking.

Eventually I crossed into Mexico.

I'm intentionally not providing the exact location. There are several reasons for that, including the fact that I'm not entirely certain I could give you precise directions if I wanted to.

This is enormous country.

There are no convenient signs telling you where you are. No buildings. Very few roads. One stretch of desert can look almost identical to another. You walk for an hour, turn around, and suddenly everything behind you looks different.

But I'm reasonably certain I had been through this same general area only a few weeks ago.

That's important.

Because I don't remember seeing the stones.

THE STONES

I saw them from slightly higher ground.

At first I didn't think anything of it. There are rocks everywhere out here.

Then I realized these weren't random.

Someone—or something—had arranged them.

I walked closer.

There appeared to be **five separate formations**, each made from individual stones placed on the desert floor.

My first reaction was that they were symbols.

Then I moved farther away and looked again.

That's when I saw something else.

Letters.

Maybe.

The first formation looked something like an **A**.

The second could be a **V**.

The third resembled another **A**.

Then something like an **R**.

And finally another **A**.

AVARA

Except they aren't really letters.

Not exactly.

Some of the lines don't connect where they should. Some extend farther than you'd expect. There are stones in places that don't make sense if somebody was simply spelling a word.

So maybe I'm doing what humans always do—looking at unfamiliar shapes and forcing them into something familiar.

Maybe they're symbols.

Maybe they aren't symbols or letters.

Maybe it's nothing more than somebody playing games in the desert.

But if that's true, somebody went to considerable trouble.

I WAS HERE BEFORE

This is the part that's bothering me.

I'm almost certain I passed through this general area a few weeks ago.

I don't remember the stones.

That doesn't prove they weren't here.

Not even close.

It's ridiculously easy to become confused about location in this country. A few hundred yards in the wrong direction and you can miss something completely.

So I'm not making the claim that these formations suddenly appeared.

I'm saying something much narrower:

I don't remember seeing them before.

That's all I can responsibly say.

I photographed every formation individually and then took additional photographs from farther away to document their relationship to one another.

I did not move any of the stones.

I didn't dig beneath them.

I didn't take anything.

For now, I wanted the site exactly as I found it.

SOMETHING ELSE

There's one observation I'm reluctant to include because it isn't evidence.

But these are field bulletins, and the point is to record what happened—not clean everything up afterward.

Standing there made me nervous.

Not frightened exactly.

Nervous.

There wasn't anything obviously threatening about the place. No sound except the wind. No movement. No people.

Just rocks lying peacefully in the desert.

And still, I wanted to leave.

I've spent a lot of time alone in desert country. I've been lost. I've been caught without enough water. I've encountered animals I didn't particularly want to encounter.

This wasn't any of those things.

I know it's not scientific, but **I got chills looking at those peaceful stones. Something made me very nervous.**

Maybe it was simply because my brain had already decided those shapes meant something.

Maybe it was because I thought they spelled a word.

AVARA.

Or something close to it.

I don't know what Avara means.

I don't know whether that's actually what the stones say.

And I have absolutely no idea who put them there.

But I'm sending the photographs to TRC.

And I'm going back.

—T.J. Clayton

Field Investigator

The Mesilla Files

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