

HAUNTED

D I G I T A L M A G A Z I N E

ISSUE 11

IF THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD
WHO YOU GONNA CALL?
GHOSTBUSTERS TURNS 30



**PARANORMAL ACTIVITY
AT THE ANCIENT RAM INN**



**THE STRANGE LITTLE
HARPER OF INVERARY**



THE EIFFEL TOWER



**IS THIS ENGLAND'S
MOST HAUNTED MAN?**



THE BRUMDER MANSION



FEATURING SPECTRES, PHANTOMS, PHONIES AND FRAUDSTERS:

**CELTIC DARK LORE
ON THE HIGHWAY TO HELL
WHO IS JON DONNIS?**

**THE SECRET
GHOSTHUNTER
THE LOWDOWN ON
WITCHES**

**PARANORMAL ROGUE
TRADERS
NYCTOPHOBIA
AND MUCH MUCH MORE...**

"I FIND HER INTERESTING BECAUSE SHE'S A CLIENT — AND BECAUSE SHE SLEEPS ABOVE HER COVERS. 4 FEET ABOVE HER COVERS!"

A.M. KEEN

"THE BEST
PARANORMAL NOVEL
OF THE PRESENT
DAY" - UK HAUNTED



FOREWORD BY SYFY'S *BILL MURPHY* AND GHOST
HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL'S *BARRY FITZGERALD*

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ARE YOU READY FOR THE HAUNT?

THIS MAGAZINE IS FOR ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES ONLY

Welcome to Issue 11 of Haunted Digital Magazine, your paranormal pleasure-dome and your non-stop ride into the unknown. It has been five years since a little unknown print magazine ectoplasmated into existence that had an ethos and a vision to change the way that the paranormal was viewed, breaking down the fuddy-duddy style of paranormal reporting, making it more appealing to people who weren't that interested in reading how much the temperature had dropped 2 degrees in a minute but we're interested in the history and the mystery of the paranormal all packaged up to give it a makeover and more of a "lifestyle" and light-hearted approach to it that came across as fun, fresh, informative, interesting and entertaining.

Our ethos and vision remains the same since day one, mixing quality features with

quality design is an essential part of our way. There are more paranormal magazines than ever before (most of them digital with a spattering of print ones left); this shows that the paranormal remains a fascinating topic and shows us that we need to remain on the top of our game if we want to be the favourite paranormal magazine of choice. As Ricky Gervais says "we'd rather make something that is the favourite of one million people rather than the fifth favourite of ten million".

A lot has happened since you were last with us, not least the return of the paranormal TV show which changed the perception and direction of the paranormal. It had the chance to come back and blow the socks off of the American paranormal shows that grace our screens and put the Brits back on the map, sadly it didn't bring its sat-nav with it and apart

from the faithful fans it is now perceived as mere "pantomime paranormal" and has become a spoof of itself. Even the words "this show is for entertainment purposes only" that are splashed across the screen prior to the show seem to have no place there and the word "entertainment" looks embarrassed to be there but there's no such thing in the paranormal world as "bad publicity" and Really TV will be rubbing their hands with glee as the paranormal, once again, divides itself into even more argument and debate than ever before.

Issue 11 brings you more and more paranormal, far from scratching the tip of the ghostly iceberg, we've spent the last few months hacking at it and are digging deeper than ever before.

We hope that you enjoy the magazine as much as we enjoy producing it for you.

Paul

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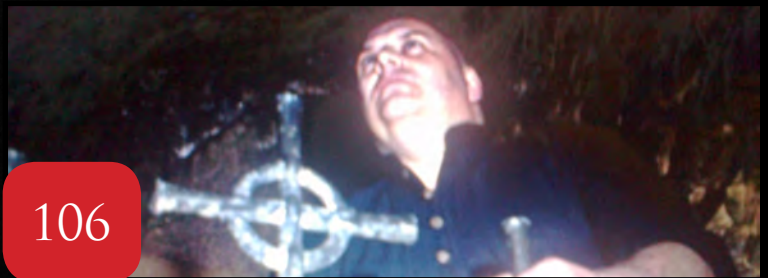
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Anathema Photography and Andy Soar

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LAST ORDERS AND A LOCK OUT?

WITH CALAMITYVILLE HORROR

SPOOKY GOINGS ON AT THE SKIRRID INN

The small village of Llanvihangel Crucorney lies in the shadow of Skirrid Fawr, also known as the Holy Mountain. Legend says during Christ's crucifixion, a violent storm severed the mountain. Jesus Christ Superstar obviously doesn't have nature's special effects budget. The village is home to not only the oldest pub in Wales, but also the most haunted – the Skirrid Mountain Inn.

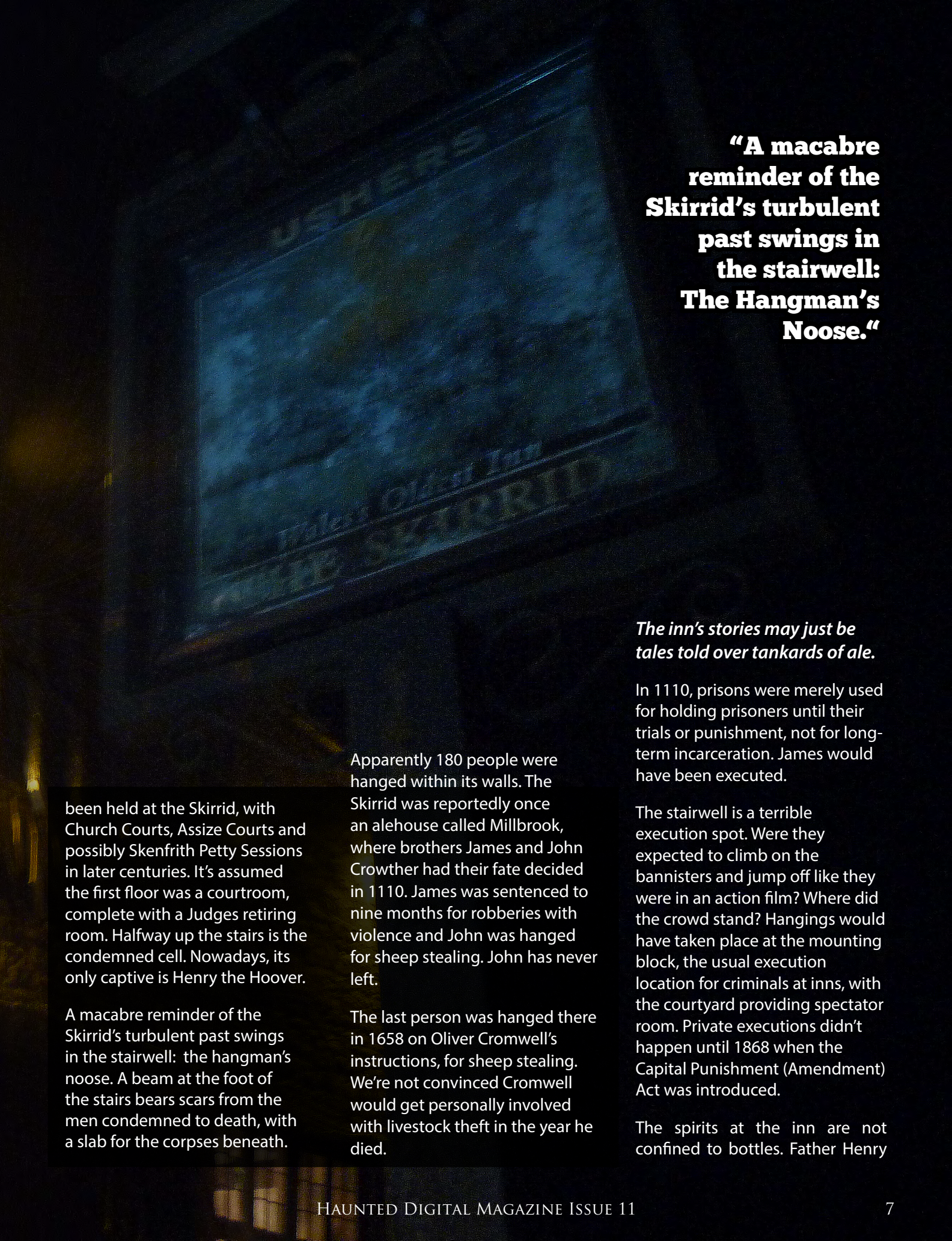
The atmospheric interior boasts oak beams from ship's timbers, containing original peg holes. The dining room's panelling is from a British man o' war when Drake and Raleigh prowled the Spanish Main. Although it seems odd to salvage wood from ships when a forest lurks nearby. Welsh hero (or rebel, depending which side

of Offa's Dyke you live) Owain Glyndwr (1359-1416) allegedly rallied his troops in the cobbled forecourt before mounting his horse from the mounting stone to march on Pontrilas. Unfortunately, the mounting stone is the same age as the pub, which Cadw believes dates from 1640-1700 – 230 years *after* Glyndwr's death. Maybe he hijacked the Tardis and travelled to the future to make the mounting stone famous.

Wales is cloaked in myths and a common one was for innkeepers to leave 'Devils Brew' for the devil, hence "to sip with the Devil." The Skirrid's Devil's Brew

tankard inhabits a shelf above the fireplace. Innkeepers would also place a jug on the doorstep every night to appease a mischievous sprite. Every website that mentions this, says the jug contains pwcca, but pwcca (or puck in England) is actually the sprite. It waylays travellers and leads them into ditches or off cliffs. Such a prankster! Perhaps our talent for getting lost isn't due to incompetency, but a pwcca leading us astray.

Between 1100 and 1485, Manorial Courts are believed to have



“A macabre reminder of the Skirrid’s turbulent past swings in the stairwell: The Hangman’s Noose.”

The inn’s stories may just be tales told over tankards of ale.

In 1110, prisons were merely used for holding prisoners until their trials or punishment, not for long-term incarceration. James would have been executed.

The stairwell is a terrible execution spot. Were they expected to climb on the bannisters and jump off like they were in an action film? Where did the crowd stand? Hangings would have taken place at the mounting block, the usual execution location for criminals at inns, with the courtyard providing spectator room. Private executions didn’t happen until 1868 when the Capital Punishment (Amendment) Act was introduced.

The spirits at the inn are not confined to bottles. Father Henry

been held at the Skirrid, with Church Courts, Assize Courts and possibly Skenfrith Petty Sessions in later centuries. It’s assumed the first floor was a courtroom, complete with a Judges retiring room. Halfway up the stairs is the condemned cell. Nowadays, its only captive is Henry the Hoover.

A macabre reminder of the Skirrid’s turbulent past swings in the stairwell: the hangman’s noose. A beam at the foot of the stairs bears scars from the men condemned to death, with a slab for the corpses beneath.

Apparently 180 people were hanged within its walls. The Skirrid was reportedly once an alehouse called Millbrook, where brothers James and John Crowther had their fate decided in 1110. James was sentenced to nine months for robberies with violence and John was hanged for sheep stealing. John has never left.

The last person was hanged there in 1658 on Oliver Cromwell’s instructions, for sheep stealing. We’re not convinced Cromwell would get personally involved with livestock theft in the year he died.

CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE SKIRRID INN

Vaughn, a local clergyman has been seen, but his ghost is friendly - like *Casper*. Fanny Price, who owned the inn during the 19th century, is particularly active in Room 3. She died of consumption in 1873, aged 35. Other ghosts include the White Lady, soldiers in the courtyard, rustling of a lady's dress and a powerful scent of perfume. Ten to fifteen glasses are broken weekly after flying off the bar. We're guessing the insurance doesn't cover 'acts of poltergeist'.

Visitors have experienced choking sensations, followed by rope burns around their necks. Guests become overwhelmed with dizziness, nausea or fear on the stairs, or complain of a presence passing them. The malevolent spirit is thought to be the hangman, stalked by his victims. The dizziness and nausea is explainable – the stairs are bowed and slope in different directions, creating disorientation. Eight late night drinkers witnessed money levitate around the bar before crashing to the floor. There are knocking sounds, footsteps, cold spots, and doors slam or shake violently before flying open.

The most famous ghost, according to medium Derek Acorah is Bloody Judge Jeffreys. 'The Hanging Judge'.

George Jeffreys (1645-1689) was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1683-1685 then Lord Chancellor from 1685-1688. He was famous for the Bloody Assizes following the capture of the Monmouth Rebels. James Scott, the Duke of Monmouth was Charles II's illegitimate son. In 1685, after living in the Netherlands, he recruited poorly trained, badly armed supporters in Dorset to overthrow James II. They fought the king's army at Sedgemoor near Bridgwater in Somerset and



CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE SKIRRID INN



lost. They were tried in Winchester and other towns in the south west of England. The majority were transported to Barbados. Some died awaiting trial and 200 were executed in Somerset. *Not* the Skirrid Inn.

There is no evidence Jeffreys visited the inn, but as he dealt with cases from Chester to Montgomeryshire and Somerset, maybe he stopped for a drink. However, the last hanging supposedly took place in 1658 – Jeffreys was 13. Children don't sentence people to death.

We spent the night with Beyond the Grave five days before Halloween in 2012. First we did a vigil in Room 1. People reported feeling cold spots. However, after sitting still for an hour, you get cold.

We moved to the nearby graveyard. The group conducted a vigil but we wandered off to find Fanny Price's grave. Until a scream dragged us back. Girls saw a shadow flitter amongst the trees. We later suspected our big camera light was responsible. Countless ghost hunts have proved we often inadvertently cause 'paranormal' activity.

We found Fanny's grave by accidentally standing on it. She was buried beside her husband and three other Prices. Her gravestone says 'of the Skirrid Mountain Inn'. Lynx tripped, landing on Fanny's grave in a disrespectful manner. Our temperature gun registered 0 degrees. In other words, bloody cold.

**"We spent our EVP session
making inappropriate
Fanny Jokes!"**



CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE SKIRRID INN



We spent our EVP session making inappropriate Fanny jokes. It was more *Carry on Ghost Hunting* than *Calamityville Horror*. Despite the cold, there was no wind. Until we asked Fanny to give us a sign she wanted us to leave. Wind picked up strongly. We laughed. The wind died. We continued making jokes and the wind stirred again. Then we noticed the silence.

The group had vanished. We were alone in the graveyard at midnight like Goth clichés. We could almost hear Wes Craven cackling with glee.



**We returned to the inn.
We were locked out.
Either nobody noticed our absence or
Fanny barred us.**

They took pity on our knocking and let us in. Everybody was upstairs so we commandeered the bar while the iOvilus said things like 'moist', which was a tad insensitive to poor Fanny. We did EVP and crystal sessions below the noose on the slab where bodies were laid, but nothing happened. We headed upstairs and heard people trooping down. So we squeezed into the cramped condemned cell and stayed silent. In hindsight we wished we'd jumped out. That would have made hilarious viewing and created more ghosts on the stairs.



In Room 2, the planchette was as dead as Roland Rat's acting career. Cat's stomach kept gurgling so we concluded she was Fanny's communication vessel. We returned downstairs. They asked if we'd been jumping on the beds because they heard thumping. We'd never be that unprofessional. We were doing Gangnam Style. Seeing as our methods of communicating with ghosts fail, perhaps we could use the medium of interpretive dance.



We did EVP sessions in Rooms 1 and 3 then returned to the bar for another EVP session with the iOvilus on the Devil's Brew tankard.

Is the Skirrid Inn haunted? We had no evidence from our EVP sessions or cameras and the K2 didn't respond. The wind at the grave was Mother Nature, not Fanny.

We contacted Abergavenny Local History Society, who said the stories surrounding the Skirrid are hearsay. No records exist proving another building occupied the land. There's no trace of Father Henry Vaughn. The Sheriff of Monmouthshire from 1647-1648 was called Henry Vaughn but he wasn't a priest. The Judge Jeffreys rumour was debunked with a quick

CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE SKIRRID INN

Google search. Fanny Price is the only provable story. Is she still watching over her inn? We can't explain other people's experiences, though we were disappointed not to feel the noose.

The Skirrid Inn might not be the afterlife hotspot of Monmouthshire, tainted by its dark past, but it's a fantastic place and worth a visit. If anyone encounters Fanny, it's probably best not to mention us.

Useful links:

www.skirridmountaininn.co.uk

www.beyondthegrave.org.uk

Facebook:

www.facebook.com/CatsTalesOfTerror

Twitter: @CalamityHorror @clraven

Blog: www.clraven.wordpress.com

Watch the episode:

<http://youtu.be/2Wrw4u9iJHg>

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TERRIFYING TALES



When you are admitted to a hospital, they place on your wrist a white wristband with your name on it. But there are other different colored wristbands which symbolize other things. The red wristbands are placed on dead people.

THERE WAS ONE SURGEON WHO WORKED ON NIGHT SHIFT IN A SCHOOL HOSPITAL. HE HAD JUST FINISHED AN OPERATION AND WAS ON HIS WAY DOWN TO THE BASEMENT. HE ENTERED THE ELEVATOR AND THERE WAS JUST ONE OTHER PERSON THERE. HE CASUALLY CHATTED WITH THE WOMAN WHILE THE ELEVATOR DESCENDED. WHEN THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED, ANOTHER WOMAN WAS ABOUT TO ENTER WHEN THE DOCTOR SLAMMED THE CLOSE BUTTON AND PUNCHED THE BUTTON TO THE

HIGHEST FLOOR. SURPRISED, THE WOMAN REPRIMANDED THE DOCTOR FOR BEING RUDE AND ASKED WHY HE DID NOT LET THE OTHER WOMAN IN.

THE DOCTOR SAID, "THAT WAS THE WOMAN I JUST OPERATED ON. SHE DIED WHILE I WAS DOING THE OPERATION. DIDN'T YOU SEE THE **RED** WRISTBAND SHE WAS WEARING?"

THE WOMAN SMILED, RAISED HER ARM, AND SAID, "SOMETHING LIKE THIS?"

Celtic Dark Lore

WITH
RITA SCOTT OF THE CRYPT

When we think of Ireland, we visualise its beautiful green fields that stretch for miles and miles, we recall tales of mystical fairies, leprechauns and the land of Tir Na Nog. But, for all the light that shines from the Emerald Isle there is also a darkness that lies beneath.

The Crypt takes a look at some of the creatures and lore that dwell in the darkness of the land of saints and scholars.



Oweynagat, Cave of the Cats

Buffy the Vampire Slayer came to our screens in the 90's with the tale of a Slayer who protected the town of Sunnydale from the evil that arose from the hell mouth it was situated on. A door way to hell envisaged as the gapping mouth of demonic creature.

Deep in the midlands in county Roscommon lies Ireland's very own hell mouth, a gate way to the other world known as The Cave of the Cats. Christian monks believed that devils and spirits resided within the cave hence it became known as 'The Gateway to Hell'. There are no cats connected to the history of the cave therefore the reason for its name is unknown. It is said to be the seat and birthplace of the Celtic Warrior Queen Maeve and the royal site of the ancient Kings of Connaught.

It is said that within the walls of the cave lies The Morrigan (the earth spirit aspect of Maeve and also a trio of Goddess' Ana, Badb and Macha). She is the Phantom Queen of fertility, battle and strife often appearing in the form of a cow, crow, wolf and eel.

It is from the Cave of the Cats that spirits are believed to emerge on Samhain (Halloween) to roam the human realm. The entrance to the cave is quite small so if you visit it you have to crawl into it but once inside it opens up to a high space. I would avoid visits on October 31st as you never know what you might come up.



The Dullahan

The Dullahan is Ireland's version of the headless horseman and is translated as 'Dark Man.' He is the sign of impending death. He roams the lonely rural roads of Ireland upon his black steed, dressed in a long black cloak, collecting souls. He holds a whip made out of a dead man's spine in one hand and holds his head under his other arm.

What one must fear is when he stops riding his horse for it is said that the point at which he stops riding is the place where the soul will perish. He calls out the name of the person who is to die through his mouth of razor sharp teeth.

He does not like to be watched so if you are caught looking at him he will either throw a basin of blood in your face or rip your eyes out with his whip made of human spine. He does have one weakness and that is gold, even the smallest piece can drive away this dark lord of the night.

Sluagh

Sluagh are malicious spirits who hunt down dead souls. In life they were the darkest and vilest of sinners. These souls were so malevolent that even hell itself rejected them. Forsaken souls denied by both hell and earth they were cursed to fly high above ground which they could never touch in a flock of birds frozen together for all eternity. They would drift on the westerly winds waiting for a soul who was close to death. If a door or window was open in the home of the passing soul then they would sweep in and steal it when it's time came to cross over. In order to protect the souls of their loved ones, people would make sure all the westerly windows and doors in their home were kept shut to prevent the Sluagh from entering and allow the soul to pass over to heaven. Should the Sluagh succeed in capturing the soul it would be damned to an eternity with the unforgiven.



The Changeling

We hear so many wonderful stories about fairies but there is a far more sinister side to the little people of Irish Folklore. It is said that some fairy babies have a tendency to be born quite sickly so in order to have a healthy child (or even just someone to play with), fairies will go to the home of a new born child and swap it with their sickly child known as a Changeling. Most of the time the parents will not notice the swap at first but soon the signs of the Changeling will begin to show. These include a ravenous appetite, a vengeful temper, troubled movement and incredible knowledge.

In Irish folklore it is believed that if someone looks upon your child with great envy then that child will be susceptible to being stolen by the fairies. It is believed that if you leave a crucifix or iron object in the babies cradle it will ward off the fairies as they fear these objects. Changelings do not survive for too long in the mortal realm and will normally die within 3 years however, if you can drive the changeling from your home then the true child will be returned.

For every Yin there is a Yang. While Ireland has great tales of eternal youth, romances and great heroes there is also the dark side, those creatures that lurk in the dark bringing omens of death and tragedy. Not forgetting a gateway to hell where other worldly creatures wait in the dark for all hallow's eve when they can roam the earth once more.

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**“A LITTLE MORE
CONVERSATION,
A LITTLE LESS
ACTION
PLEASE!”**

**A conversation
with Cal Cooper
about conversations
with ghosts**

BY
JASON J. WHITE

Hi Cal! Welcome to Haunted Magazine. Please can you introduce yourself in the manner of a magician who’s just realised he’s forgotten how to perform magic?

Thank you for the invite. I am a psychologist and parapsychologist based at the University of Northampton, and an author (of two books currently, working on the third alongside Steve Parsons) when it comes to writings on paranormal phenomena. Being a parapsychologist means I look into aspects of human behaviour and experiences which currently appear to be beyond what conventional

science understands. This involves anything from telepathic to precognitive experiences, people who claim they can move or influence things with their mind (psychokinetic), or cases suggestive of survival for the mind beyond death - mediumship, ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists, etc. I'm based within the University of Northampton's Centre for the Study of Anomalous Psychological Processes (CSAPP), a team of specialist researchers in parapsychology and transpersonal psychology (the latter involving spiritual and religious experiences).

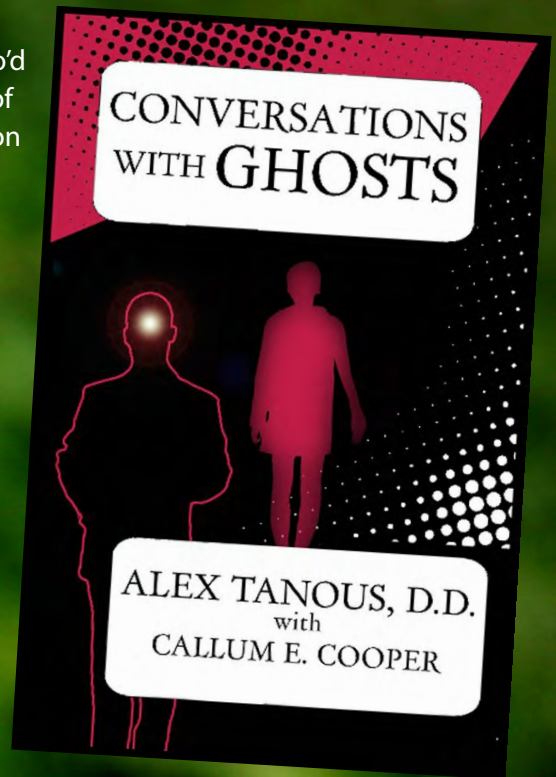
Can you tell me how you first became interested in parapsychology? You hold degrees in psychology and social science methods. How is your lecturing going and what does your typical day consist of?

I was born and raised in Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, and since an early age I was always fascinated in the local stories of ghosts and hauntings. My interests came from the hauntings I'd heard about at Newstead Abbey (being the former home of Lord Byron) and from the work of a

local writer Jane Peters who'd written a lot about ghosts of 'Sutton' and 'Ashfield'. Sutton library introduced me into the wide world of strange fortean phenomena, everything from Bigfoot, to UFOs, to the case of talking mongoose... but it was the hauntings that always fascinated me though. Especially reading about Harry Price's investigations of Borely Rectory.

My typical day could involve a number of things. Recently we saw a class of 60 3rd psychology students take on the 3rd year parapsychology module and learn about its history, phenomena, methods, criticisms and current issues. At other times I could be based in the laboratory testing for various forms of psychic abilities with willing participants. Most notably in recent times I was working on Remote Viewing research which was very successful in demonstrating an effect. In other words, something was indeed going on suggesting remote viewing was possible beyond any natural error or fraud. This research was presented at conferences in Paris and Sheffield.

Sometimes, the CSAPP research team and myself are sent out all over the country giving talks, interviewing people, or conducting



research into unusual phenomena and claims. At present, we're very interested in clinical parapsychology issues, and experiences that appear to be therapeutic and beneficial to those who have them. For example, mediumship and its links to acting as a form of counselling.

Are Zener cards still in use in paranormal experiments? I believe they were used to distinguish a person's psychic capabilities. Would this be something you would use in your research or is this now looked down upon in the community?

The short answer (besides what Wikipedia may state), is YES.

“At present, we’re very interested in clinical parapsychology issues, and experiences that appear to be therapeutic and beneficial to those who have them. For example, mediumship and its links to acting as a form of counselling.”

In my own research I have not needed to use Zener cards. I have demonstrated their use to students and public audiences in the past, and it is only in recent times I have been preparing some new experiments with them. Normally, in modern research, the cards are done away with and it is all worked into a computer based program - the selection of 1 in a possible 5 cards (Circle, Cross, Waves Lines, Square, Star). The probability of selecting the right card out of a shuffled pack of 25 is 1 out of 5, by chance you'd get 5 out of 25 correct just from pure guessing. The computer instantly weighs up the probability of each guess and correct answer to produce overall scores for each participant. Zener cards are not regularly used, but they do still have their uses. In fact, a colleague and myself are currently designing a couple of new studies involving them.


For anyone interested in trying this out at home and 'testing your abilities' Zener cards are available online from such places as the Rhine Research Centre.

Conversations with Ghosts is a posthumous book from Alex Tanous, which you have edited. Can you tell me about Alex and his work please?

Dr Alex Tanous was based in Portland, Maine (USA) and was a lecturer at the University of Southern Maine, introducing the first parapsychology module to be taught 'with credit' which counted towards the overall degree taken at that university (before, parapsychology classes were just for special interest and were not given credit and included as part of the course curriculum). Dr Tanous was a very well educated man and held five degrees to his name. From an early age he'd had various psychic experiences, which included predicting the death of family members and friends, and 'seeing' imaginary friends which later turned out to be visions of deceased relatives. His family (and particularly his father) were aware of his special gifts and embraced them. This is all documented in his book *Beyond Coincidence*.

For the most well documented part of his life during the

1960s-80s he spent time as a regular participant for the American Society for Psychical Research (ASPR) in a series of studies investigating the Out of Body experience. Dr Tanous claimed he could do this at will and so put his abilities to the test. He was also tested for 'light project phenomena' in which he claimed he could project light from his eyes, many people claimed to have witnessed this seldom heard of ability. And for around twenty years in league with the ASPR, Dr Tanous and Dr Karlis Osis spent their time investigating reported cases of hauntings, including the Amityville case when it was first brought into public attention. Many, if not nearly all of Dr Tanous notes on his investigation of hauntings and the use of his psychic abilities in such instances, were never published; many notes and interviews remained as typed out documents within the Alex Tanous Foundation for Scientific Research. Recently, due to my close connection with the Foundation, as sponsors for my PhD, I offered to complete Dr Tanous' unfinished manuscript entitled "*Conversations with Ghosts*" and fill in the gaps. Now Dr Tanous finally has his 4th book out, 24 years following his departure from this life.



“My own personal interests are with bereavement (and subsequent paranormal experience of the bereaved) and the psychology of death and what happens to the brain in this process.”



What the hell is Thanatology? It sounds like an illness! Can you explain please?

The term 'thanatology' is more regularly used in the USA. I prefer to use it as it's just quicker to sum up in one, rather than saying every time that I have interests in and teach on 'death, dying and bereavement' issues. Thanatology is essentially the scientific study of death. This can be looked at from many different angles, such as how society treats death, what actually happens to the brain during the dying process, funerary processes and many other things. I teach on all such aspects at the University of Northampton in a module entitled 'The Developing Adult' and obviously these issues are discussed towards the end of that course. My own personal

interests are with bereavement (and subsequent paranormal experience of the bereaved) and the psychology of death and what happens to the brain in this process.

Some see parapsychology as a Pseudoscience. What is your viewpoint on this and how would you approach a debate on this matter?

I have had to be dragged into these issue numerous times. Normally the people viewing parapsychology as a pseudoscience are not actually involved in parapsychology. Nor have they conducted research in the area, nor have they read the relevant literature and so one. Armchair 'cynics'. Even sceptics such as Professor Chris French have argued that parapsychology is a science due to the very

'methods' that it uses to test the claims being made. First and foremost I am a psychologist, and so I use social science research methods to test the claims of paranormal abilities and experiences, via questionnaires, laboratory based studies in controlled conditions, interviews, field investigations, and other such techniques. If this is still found by cynics of the field to be a 'false' science, I'd like to see clear evidence of what any other science is doing that is different to test their phenomenological claims and hypotheses.

People may argue that it's the phenomena itself which is 'fake' or 'false' which makes parapsychology a pseudoscience, exploring an invisible ability of the mind that isn't there or chasing shadows in old buildings. The bottom line is that for as long as

there has been documentation of human life, people have report extraordinary abilities and experiences. Not all of these are understood. Even dreams have a large question mark hanging over them from psychologists and relevant researchers as we don't really know what they are or what they're for! It would be foolish to not test the claims of people seeing ghosts or having psychic experiences, we cannot assume that there are conventional explanations for all such cases that we are already aware of, it's biased and unscientific. There are many aspects of parapsychological phenomena that are still not presenting an explanation for their occurrence that we can explain via current scientific knowledge...

If you could hold a dinner party for 6 guests who would they be and why? They can be alive, dead or fictional. Your choice!

Many people might find this boring of me, but I'd have to invite along some of my heroes of parapsychology and psychical research. D. Scott Rogo, Raymond Bayless, Alex Tanous, Eileen Garrett, Harry Price and Frederic Myers. All I've ever had are the writings of these people, and in some lucky instances some brief video clip or audio of them. I think together they'd be an interesting and enjoyable group of people to spend a dinner evening with, but one evening

would not be enough. I'd just let them talk and I'd listen, I'd want to know so much from each individual and ask loads of questions.

Ouija Board or Spirit Box? Your arguments for and against for both please? Who is the winner?

If anyone wants to know detailed explanations about these they can ask me in person on this one. In short, both of their effects are created through human psychology (unconscious muscular movement and auditory pareidolia effect). I have no arguments for, only against, and I'd make sure neither won! I'd strongly advise everyone to not use these as 'serious tools' to investigate the possibility of survival beyond death, but to use them light-heartedly and for entertainment only.

There are numerous paranormal shows on television across the globe. Is there a particular one which is your favourite or should the subject be left behind closed doors?

Some of the earlier shows such as "Ghost Hunters" were great and can still be bought as box-sets. These simply involved interviews with people who'd had experiences in haunted locations and opinions from psychical research authorities on the phenomena - including the late Professor Archie Roy. With some of the modern stuff that is being produced, I think about 95% should be firmly kept out of sight or never made in the first place. It has created too many interest groups of amateur ghost hunters, and because of this a lot of data gets lost in being submitted to "real research



IN CONVERSATION WITH CAL COOPER

organisations” and “genuine researchers”. So in stepping back it appears that in recent years there has been a decline in paranormal phenomena - so the studies and statistics show. My personal opinion is that it is still all occurring at a normal rate, it's just people don't take it seriously or it gets lost within interest groups (amateur ghost hunters) if they offer to investigate the house of someone who claims to have had paranormal experiences. They're not qualified to do so and could cause potential further psychological damage to the percipient, and they don't publish reports either (some publish videos of night-vision footage on YouTube, that simply isn't good on many levels - or even how it should be done).

Is it possible to have a telephone conversation with a dead person? Your book Telephone Calls from the Dead talks about the subject in great detail. What is your fascination with this subject and how long did your book take to research and write?

The research took two years in total, in which time data was collected and analysed (cases of such telephone calls) and as much literature on the subject as possible was gathered to see how much change there had been in the phenomenon, since the first book was produced in 1979 by D. Scott Rogo and Raymond Bayless (Phone Calls from the Dead). I already mentioned I'm a fan of Rogo and Bayless and have read many of their books. This was

the only one they had written together looking at 50 cases of such phone calls. During my time as an undergraduate, I obtained a copy of this book and found that people are still reporting this phenomenon, and yet nothing knew had been written on the topic since 1986. Due to the introduction of mobile phones, text messaging, and emails, I wanted to know if any changes had taken place in the 30 year period. After publishing several papers on the topic, I felt it was time for a new book on paranormal phone calls to be produced, so I wrote my findings up into what is now “Telephone Calls from the Dead” (Tricorn Books, 2012). Acting as a new edition to the original book.

In some cases, with conventional explanations considered (like many other psychic experiences), some cases do appear to highly suggest that there was communication with the dead taking place.

Have you ever encountered someone who holds a Book of Shadows? I wouldn't want to mess with anyone who possesses one myself. How would you approach someone who pertained to the owning of one?

Declined to answer

If I had the power of Telepathy I would be scared that I would



hear constant ridicule from people passing me in the street! I would rather possess Telekinesis instead! What paranormal power would you love to possess?

I would have to agree with you that telekinetic/psychokinetic (PK) powers would have great advantages to everyday life over other forms of psychic abilities. So I'd join you on that! But would you use your powers for good?

Can you tell me your perspective on Demonology? I have a particular interest as my horror writings are mainly based around demonology. Do you believe in Heaven and Hell? What is your concept of both of them as places or entities?

Demonology is a term derived from the USA (predominately). We are not as religious in the UK on the whole as the USA, and there is greater belief in Biblical "beings" such as demons and angels as studies have found. In many poltergeist cases, this has been assumed to be demonic forces, rather than a form of PK being produced by someone present. I'm not a fan of the term at all, I think it presents a false picture of haunting cases when a demonologist is involved, which may further confuse or even psychologically damage the people involved. Again, relevant researchers should be called upon, rather than jump to the

irrational conclusion that strange happenings about the home are caused by demons...

I don't believe in heaven and hell, though I enjoy reading about it in all forms of religious literature, especially that of ancient Egypt and the path to the afterlife in looking at the depiction of 'judgement'. My own personal opinion is that heaven and hell is an early concept from religion, in order to police society into being good through presented commandments of "does and don'ts". For many people, this seems to work and help them live a life honest and true. Though I don't believe in heaven and hell I would never want to impose my opinion on others, or take someone's belief in 'a better place after death' away from them. It wouldn't be right for me to do so, it's their life, their choice, and their belief, against mine - both are to be respected.

Are there any further plans to upload any You Tube videos for Parapsychology101? It seems to have gone a bit quiet by all accounts?

More coming soon, I hope! Do watch this space. Another documentary was done recently in the UK where I was interviewed regarding ghosts. This should be uploaded soon!

Halloween is my favourite time of the year! I love celebrating

Halloween not only for the dressing up and being able to wear make-up and scare people, but for the festival of Samhain. I believe that the dead do come back in one form or another on All Hallows Eve. What is your opinion of Halloween as both an event and as a commercial commodity?

I equally enjoy Halloween; it's good to have a little scare now and then. It's also brilliant to experience Halloween in the USA where it is embraced even more so. I have no problems with it as an event or commercial commodity. Halloween used to be the busiest time of year for D. Scott Rogo, and it seems to be the case for several parapsychologists who are involved in the media, including myself. Various radio shows often want a specialist on ghosts and the paranormal to be a guest and comment on traditions, experiences and theories.

Who is your biggest inspiration? How have they inspired you and how do they continue to inspire you in everyday life?

I guess my biggest inspiration is D. Scott Rogo, by the age of 40 he'd produced 30 books, over 100 research articles on issues of parapsychology, and had been one of the main tutors on the MA parapsychology course at John F. Kennedy University, the first course of its kind completely on parapsychology in the 1980s. His entire life

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was driven by his passion to write and research and I think in reading his books his style has rubbed off on me. People often say I've developed some of his writing style which I take as a compliment. He certainly had a colourful career and many editorial jobs, including for FATE magazine.

How do you chill out on your days off? Is there a particular activity you're fond of? I'd love to know!

On my days off (which don't really exist) I like to read books which have been sitting in my personal library for too long, go swimming, or out on my motorbike on sunny days. And most of all, watching movies of all kinds (especially comedy or horror, or even a mixture of both). Apart from that, drinks and conversation with good company.

Who would play you in the film version of your life story? Who would you like to write and direct it?

No idea. I think Richard O'Brien should help with the writing

though, just to add a good musical spin on things, in a Rocky Horror style...

Finally, how can people contact you if they want to talk to you on a radio show, television or other media?

They can contact me at callum.cooper@northampton.ac.uk or contact@calcooper.com,

Visit www.calcooper.com or write to me at Callum E. Cooper, University of Northampton, Psychology Division, Park Campus, Northampton, NN2 7AL

Cal, once again, thank you for allowing me to spend some time with you today. It's been an absolute pleasure!

Callum E. Cooper holds degrees in psychology and social science research methods. He is a PhD candidate at the University of Northampton where he also lectures on Parapsychology & Anomalous Experiences and Thanatology. He is a member of organisations

such as the Society for Psychical Research (and on the Survival Research Committee), the Parapsychological Association and the Centre for the Study of Anomalous Psychological Processes (CSAPP, University of Northampton). Additionally he has appeared on UK and USA radio and TV shows as a representative for parapsychology. He can be contacted at contact@calcooper.co.uk

Or write to him at the following address: Callum E. Cooper, University of Northampton, Psychology Division, Park Campus, Northampton, NN2 7AL

You can purchase the book from Amazon http://www.amazon.co.uk/Conversations-Ghosts-Alex-Tanous/dp/1908733551/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1407938471&sr=8-1&keywords=conversations+with+ghosts

CONVERSATION OVER!!



'You show me auras and I'll show you mine.'
<http://www.shelleypalmersuddenlypsychic.com>

"If you can't trust the Universe to give you the right advice, who can you trust?"

Divorce was a catalyst that increased my psychic abilities but one I lacked was the ability to see auras. I practised by staring hard at strangers in the street but without results, other than those of accusations of me 'eye-balling' them aggressively (did I really look like a thug?). Or one who responded in a more positive way by offering me sex (a better response but not desirable from a grey-bearded, ninety-year-old. Had he been beardless, I might of course, have considered his offer). Friends tried to help me when they visited, by standing against a blank wall for long periods, as recommended in psychic books, but their auras remained unseen.

All of this took place in the pre-cosmic-ordering scenario but I was way ahead of my time. I struck a deal with the Universe, who I referred to rather familiarly as Un, which was in effect, 'You show me auras and I'll show you mine.' Un didn't mind my little puns and gave me the idea of going camping, which I didn't appreciate one bit. I'd tried it once and vowed never again. I really wasn't the naturalistic type.

Anyway, not having any better ideas and realising that good old Un was merely trying to 'get me away from it all' in order to clear my mind, I enlisted the help of a friend far more naturalistic than myself (she'd gone to a nudist beach once) and off we went. And would you believe it –

once we had reached our destination and organised the tent and ourselves I came over all peace-orientated and 60's and felt a massive 'Kum Ba Yah' coming on! I had to resist the idea to rush off and buy a guitar or channel Peter, Paul and Mary, particularly as they were all still alive at that time. I mean, if I had succumbed to this overwhelming urge, where would it have ended? I could have easily ended up singing 'Puff the Magic Dragon' and with the voice of a crow, Puff would never have been quite the same again. Not to mention the detrimental effect it would have had on my friend.

The following day, I persuaded my friend to go off in the woods and 'do something' – not sure what – in order to give me even more space. Then I finished off the sausages she had left from breakfast before I sat and gazed at the clouds. I wondered why most clouds looked like male genitalia, or perhaps they represented the sausages I had just eaten? My friend had said she would eat them later so I guess the guilt had to manifest somewhere. Damned guilt was cluttering my mind. I then tackled the guilt by convincing myself, that as the sausages were loaded with fat I had saved my friend from a whole load of cholesterol being deposited in her arteries. But it was no good my mind still wouldn't clear.

Three hours later and vaguely wondering if my friend had

DIARY OF A PSYCHIC DIVORCEE

WITH SHELLEY PALMER

encountered a weirdo with a chainsaw in the woods, I started to pack up our camping gear. I realised that even if we'd camped out for a whole week, I would be no closer to clearing my mind and seeing auras. Un had got it all wrong. And if you can't trust the Universe to give you the right advice who can you trust? What's more there were all kinds of insects that had homed in on me, obviously trying to bite me to death. I scratched and scratched and by the time my friend returned I was a bleeding mess! Retribution for the stolen sausages? A bit harsh of Un, I thought.

Once home, I then tried another idea of Uns'. I played some nice spiritual CD's. You know the type with the sea or a waterfall in the background. Or ones with strange chants that sounded like the joy of Native American Indians who had just died and had reached the Happy Hunting Ground. The water ones made me want to rush off to the loo every five minutes and the Indian ones just depressed me.

There were other ideas too. Un apparently has an endless supply. I tried them all and I still can't see auras.

And as for the Universe (or Un as I used to call him) – well I am no longer on familiar terms with him!

www.shelleypalmersuddenlypsychic.com/

ON THE HIGHWAY TO HELL

WITH PHILIP SOLOMON

It's a famous song, isn't it - We're On the Highway To Hell by ACDC? But some people believe the UK's longest Motorway the M6 is just such a road. For sure, not leading to hell as we know it, but it's had it's fair share of ghosts and haunting that has caused many an accident and the deaths of far too many people! The road itself runs right from the heart of the English Midlands, almost to the Scottish Borders, and people have reported some pretty amazing visions over the years that have included soldiers marching alongside it and actually on the road itself that could be described as Roman Legionnaires, sometimes with a lead rider on a black horse, others as just foot soldiers.



There have also been reports of a woman who suddenly runs out into the road causing vehicles to swerve, and even a large lorry hurtling towards traffic on the wrong side of the carriageway. I'm sure that would be a hellish vision for anyone to suffer!

Some expert psychologists, etc., of course would suggest that most of these experiences are to do with over-tired drivers or tricks of the mind and of course this must be considered. However, recently I have been asked to investigate a stretch of road between Walsall and Wolverhampton in one of the old Black Country's most haunted towns, Willenhall in the West Midlands, that regularly seems to have accidents that happen in the same spot just outside a very famous a la carte restaurant called Ye Olde Toll House, visited by many celebrities and with a history that goes back many years as being a haunted building.

But it is outside the restaurant that one certainly has to wonder what is going on. One particular instance a few years ago saw two international footballers just about surviving a terrible crash, while a third person in the car lost their life. More recently the present owner and chef, Trevor Greenway, has seen numerous minor accidents and even more strangely, three times in just a few months vehicles have crashed into the wall of the car park just to the right of his restaurant.

The Olde Toll House itself has a long history of being haunted by both adult male and female ghost or spirits, children and even a cat and people have often spoken of the ghost of a blacksmith who operated in the building many years ago to the left



THERE HAVE ALSO BEEN REPORTS OF A WOMAN WHO SUDDENLY RUNS OUT INTO THE ROAD CAUSING VEHICLES TO SWERVE, AND EVEN A LARGE LORRY HURTLING TOWARDS TRAFFIC ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE CARRIAGEWAY.

of Trevor's restaurant where people have described bright flashing lights like those produced by welding equipment, and a pounding noise that sounds like a hammer crashing against steel.

Other people travelling that road say they have seen ghostly car lights on the wrong side of the road or unusual shimmering mists that suddenly seem to be in their car's pathway and there is also the tale of a runaway box van that moves at very fast speed but then suddenly vanishes just short of the entrance to the car park. I do know from research and other snippets of information, that it is possible people may have been buried nearby during the time of the cholera epidemic that blighted the ancient town of Willenhall, and this could be creating the energy that have caused these visions to be seen by those sensitive to such things.

There are many other roads that are said to be haunted highways too. If you are up in Scotland you are advised to take care on the A9, for this road has its fair share of all sorts of spooks and unexplained happenings, and if you are the other side of the country and drive along the B3314 close to Tintagel, the place claimed by many to be the ancient home of King Arthur, then watch out for the figures of warriors and men in armour. When in Wales the B4293 near Devauden is a place locals say it is best to be careful on when driving, especially at night, for this is a time when those from the other world might unintentionally - or otherwise as the case may be - interfere with your driving.

It is believed that simply sprinkling these places with salt water and saying a prayer for balance can help such highways to become safer areas, so if you are of an empathetic nature, perhaps it would be worth giving it a try. But please be very careful if you feel so drawn, we certainly wouldn't want anything to happen to you on the UK's haunted highways to hell!

PHILIP SOLOMON



WHO THE FK IS**
JON DONNIS?

Jon Donnis, Skeptic, Atheist. First person to expose Derek Acorah and Most Haunted. Owner of BadPsychics.com, BadReligion.co.uk and founder of [Birmingham Skeptics in the Pub](#) & [Greek Skeptics](#).

Jason White caught up with Jon, this bad, bad man who has exposed more people than the resident page 3 photographer of The Sun!



Hi Jon, thanks for agreeing to talk with me today! Can you introduce yourself in the manner of a bad psychic (See what I did there?)?

Nothing I enjoy more than tooting my own horn so to speak. I am Jon Donniss - International Celebrity Skeptic! And by that I mean I once met Bobby Davro on the beach, and I have lived in more than one country. More seriously though, I am an active skeptic that specialises in exposing psychics and mediums. I was once referred to by the SNU (Spiritualist National Union) as the "Single Greatest Threat to Spiritualism since Houdini", that was many years ago, I doubt they care these days.



Talking of bad psychics, what's this I hear about Sally Morgan? She appears to have made herself look like a bit of a fool recently hasn't she?

She has been making a fool of herself ever since I started exposing psychics, her latest bout of stupidity is covered at <http://badpsychics.com/2014/05/a-rather-embarrassing-night-for-self.html>, basically she messed up a reading during a show after being handed a photo, of someone she assumed was deceased, and then spoke to said spirit, only for the woman in the crowd to admit she was confused by the instructions of "bring a photo" and had handed in a photo of herself!

All mediums make mistakes like this, it just so happens that when you are a little more famous it tends to get reported.

If I could bestow you with a magical power, which magic power would you want and why? I'd want the power of seduction myself!

My magic power is a simple one, to turn any person who claims they can communicate with the dead for money into stone, it would instantly solve most of the world's problems, not only would we pretty much wipe out all religion (the cause of most wars), it would also leave us with some lovely statues of the likes of Derek Acorah, Colin Fry and of course Sally Morgan, and what better fate for those three than to be left with birds sat on their head leaving droppings 24/7

Although your blog is called BadPsychics, are you a sceptic or a believer? What is your definition of them both?

I am a Skeptic (notice the US spelling there, the word sceptic always reminds me of climate change deniers), my sites name was inspired by BadAstronomy.com an excellent site by Phil Plait, a man I truly look up to, and someone everyone should make themselves familiar with!

For me a skeptic is simply the name for someone who is open minded, willing to change their mind once evidence is presented to them of something they previously did not believe. A believer is someone who is close minded, their minds already made up, convinced they are right that their beliefs are the right ones, whether it be in God, a cult leader, a medium, whatever. All a skeptic ever asks for is proof, and that is how science should always work, someone presents a hypothesis, then a theory is presented, peer reviewed, replicated and so on, and if proven science then changes and evolves.



I have to admit though, that after spending over 10 years looking at the paranormal, I can be

WHO THE F**K IS JON DONNIS?

cynical at times, but my skeptical heart will always be the final word.

**Who is the real Jon Donniss?
Explain in 5 words please!**

Legend, Maestro, Leader, Heroic and Humble



**Does Mary love Dick or Fanny?
It's a genuine question honestly!**

Mary clearly loves Dick; well that is what Derek Acorah was directed to say anyway.

The night vision on one particular show now appears to have been fraudulent and in all essence a scam. Apart from money, what do you believe the motive to lie to viewers would have been?

They never lied! This is a mistake people make with Most Haunted, what they did was never ever a lie, does Henry Cavill lie when he tells you he is Superman? Is Hulk Hogan lying when he says he has 24 inch pythons? There is no difference between paranormal investigation TV shows and movies, wrestling or soap operas, everyone is playing a part, they are directed.

Most Haunted was never presented as a real investigation,

"It was me who got OFCOM to release an official statement saying that Most Haunted was merely an entertainment show, yet some gullible fans still believed it was real."



it was even based on the classic BBC spoof GhostWatch, it was the fans who claimed it was real. It was me who got OFCOM to release an official statement saying that Most Haunted was merely an entertainment show, yet some gullible fans still believed it was real.

Most Haunted is and was always a spoof, and much like Pro Wrestling, even if someone is telling you it is all real, you know that that is just part of the show.

As for why they used green tint, simple, they filmed it in the day time, as they did a lot of things, but needed it to look like it was being filmed live, they had a small budget so was easier to do it this way.

Bit like Home & Away, they film many "summer" scenes in the



winter, or spring, and then use filters to make it appear sunnier.

Would it be true to say that there is no one in existence that possesses genuine psychic abilities? What riles you the most about psychic mediums in particular?

Historical and Scientific fact states that no one in history has ever demonstrated psychic ability when the chance to cheat has been removed, during a credible test, never not once, no anomalies, no "how the hell did they do that" not once.

And with over 100 years of serious credible scientific study, it is pretty safe to say that mediumship and psychic abilities are impossible, it would take an entire re-write of the laws of physics and nature for there to be so, and I simple can't see a middle aged housewife from Birmingham, selling readings out of her front room doing that any time soon, can you?

As for what riles me most, that is simple, they take money to pretend to talk to the dead, your memories of the dead are the most precious thing you have when a loved one dies, and mediums in particular rape those memories, and for me that is a sick thing to do in the name of entertainment.

Can you name the best and worst films you've ever watched please? Can you also please explain your reasons behind each choice?

Best film is Jason and the Argonauts, a true classic that has inspired hundreds of film special effects since. Ray Harryhausen is a man every movie fan should really make an effort to learn about. Not only are the special effects incredible for a film made in the 1960s, but it is excellently acted and has never been matched in my opinion, you can follow my Movies Twitter account @BeenToTheMovies

The worst film has to be Paranormal Activity, consider that I have watched thousands of films in my life, as part of my work in the movie industry, as a reviewer, as a PR worker and so on, when I say a film is bad, it holds some weight! And Paranormal Activity is without equal as a terrible film. It is like a bad episode of MH but without the comedy of Acorah, the over acting of Yvette Fielding, and the stupidity of Stuart Torevell

Lamb, Chicken or Shish Kebab? Are the stories true about what's really in Donner kebab? Please tell me they aren't!!!

Lamb Doner is my choice, but it must be Greek Cypriot made and not Turkish. A good Cypriot Doner is made with pure lamb, with spices etc., Cypriots love their food and wouldn't put anything dodgy in there. I would never eat any meat that is Halal, so no Turkish kebabs for me. I like



my meat, but I really don't want to eat an animal that has had its throat slit, hung upside down and left to have a slow painful death while someone says a prayer to a made up God.

I think James Randi is a God! What is your viewpoint on him? He's exposed a fair few fakes himself hasn't he?

He is not a God, and from what I know of him, he would not want to be worshipped. He is just a hardworking man, who much like me wants to expose frauds. He is a magician so he knows the tricks better than most. I might not agree with all of his methods, but he has done a lot of good, and his books are always on my recommended list. Just a shame that despite exposing Uri Geller, Geller still went onto make millions using 4 very basic magic tricks. I do believe that if Randi had ignored Geller, that Geller would not be as famous or

well off as he became. After all any publicity is good publicity if you are in the money making market as Geller is.

What would your autobiography be called? Mine would be called "Shit, he's insane!"

My Autobiography would probably be called "The Donnis Position" or "The Donnis Chronicles" no idea why, just two names I have used in the past for various projects that I never really followed up on. I like to think The Donnis Position would also be a great addition to the Karma Sutra. Hard, Strict, and never gives up.

The Fox Sisters have to be respected for creating a genuine hoax with "rappings", which they admitted was a hoax. How come we still believe in rappings then? Seems like their admission only made rappings more accepted in the spiritual mediumship world?

WHO THE F**K IS JON DONNIS?

I don't respect them at all, they were kids who fooled some locals, it then got out of hand, and they admitted what they did. I respect that they admitted their fraud, just a shame that it was too late by then and True Believer Syndrome had already kicked in.

Are you on the hit list of any respected paranormal investigation shows? I think you probably are as you appear to have exposed quite a few lies on your website!

I am always on a hit list of someone, I tend not to waste my time giving free publicity to shows these days, as I like to think the vast majority of the public know all these shows are faked anyway, which is why Most Haunted can't get commissioned on TV these days and has to rely on internet only sales. (note: ReallyTV DO NOT commission TV shows and for the tens of people who paid for the show online, an edited version of that was the first episode of "new" Most Haunted on ReallyTV).

Who would you go clubbing with? God or Satan?

Neither, as they don't exist. But if they did, definitely Satan, he has killed a lot less people than God after all.

What will you be doing to celebrate Halloween this year? It's early I know, but I thought the question would give you food for thought.

I will dress up like a prat, go out with friends and get very drunk; followed by eating one of those lovely Doner kebabs I was on about earlier.

Have you got a favourite spiritual medium? I'm sure there's one you do have a soft spot for?

Yes, Derek Acorah, I have met him a few times and I am friends with his wife too! I could tell you some stories! But alas I keep my word, so what was said by Gwen, stays between me and her, well at least until Derek releases his book.

I'm a warlock and you piss me off! You've pissed me off so much I've transformed you into one of the following: Vampire, Werewolf or Zombie. Which one would you prefer and why?

Werewolf, as they are the only one that is alive. And much like dealing with my ex-girlfriend, I would only



need to be concerned once a month with locking myself in a room to stop the terror being released!


What's your favourite holiday destination? Can you talk about some of your favourite holiday please? Include the naughty bits too!

I don't really go on Holiday; I live in Greece for much of the year, near a tourist destination, so such places are very normal for me. Cyprus is my true home though; it is just a shame that the Northern 3rd has been illegally occupied by Turkish Troops for 40 years while the rest of the world does nothing. It seems that Mass Genocide is easily ignored by Europe and the US as long as no oil is involved. Not really naughty, but had to get that in there.

Finally, if I slit a chicken by its throat, smear the blood all over my body and hammer it onto an enemy's door, will I possess the power of voodoo?

No, but you might get a job at a Halal slaughterhouse!

TERRIFYING TALES



A FEW YEARS AGO, I WAS PUTTING MY FRIEND'S ONLY DAUGHTER TO BED FOR THE NIGHT. SHE WAS ABOUT 3 YEARS OLD AT THE TIME. SHE ASKED ME WHY SHE HAD TO GO TO BED, AND I SAID, "BECAUSE IT'S LATE AND TIME FOR LITTLE GIRLS TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP." SHE THEN POINTED AT NOTHING ACROSS THE ROOM AND SAID, "WHAT ABOUT THAT LITTLE GIRL?"

The Life of a **GHOST HUNTER!**

What goes on when Ghost Hunters aren't Ghost Hunting?



While on events I often get asked "what do I do for a day job?" When I reply "I run a Ghost Hunting company" most look at me in amazement. I know Haunted Events UK is not the biggest company in the world BUT I like to pride the company on quality not quantity. After 10 years as a Police Officer the shift work, the quality of jobs I had to attend and paper work that goes with it, running a Ghost Hunting Company is a breeze, time consuming but a breeze.

So, what do I get up to during a usual week?

I am lucky as I can work from home which means I can spend as much time as I can with my family and children. First job of the day is usually getting the kids ready for school and doing the school run. After that it's play time.

Social media is a HUGE part of any company these days and running a Ghost Hunting company is no different, I can honestly say if it wasn't for Facebook and Twitter I wouldn't have a business. First jobs on the list would be to hit the social media site and get the latest posters, deals and events out there. I always find Twitter the easiest way to get the message out there by just using hashtags such as #ghosthunting #wollatonhall etc... The power of twitter is amazing.

Facebook is a little more time consuming, Profiles, Pages and Groups all to be updated. I have roughly around 70 groups I advertise on and as it stands that can take me nearly 2 hrs to go through each one, insert the posters, paste the text and upload. Then you have to think of timings, no good posting at 9am as everyone is either at work, bed or on school run, so Mid-morning, Mid-Afternoon and Evening posts are needed, that's 6 hours work alone!

Once the advertising is done I turn my attention to other projects The Haunted Events UK Group page, The Haunted Radio Show, The Haunted Channel and writing for Haunted Digital Magazine.

The HE:UK group was something I was very reluctant to start, I always found pages to be the better



business model and the groups could get out of hand if left unattended. However after launching the group in mid June 2014 2 months later we have just smashed the 3000 member's barrier. Pete Cox who is my Brother in law and team Leader at HE:UK and I decided that we would make the group more light hearted and fun, rather than the usual paranormal groups out there. You can find our warped sense of humour rub off on the group and it seems to work. One of the big hits of the group is our regular video updates, whenever we get the chance to do something silly or make ourselves look fools we will do and post it on the group, like when we are at the coast and we go for a swim in the freezing cold UK East cold sea or when we went camping and got caught out in the rain. This along with the usual Paranormal Chat and the other HE:UK team member chipping in as well as guests makes a good recipe for a friendly fun group. To join go to:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/HauntedEventsUK/>



The Haunted Radio show is a new project, I host the show via BlogTalk Radio on the internet on a Tuesday evening 8pm-10pm (BST) again it a mixture of chat, fun, paranormal topics, music and me larking about!. We have currently done 3 shows and all 3 have been VERY successful and growing in listeners each week. This again is not only a 2 hour presenting job but I have to prepare the show to go live on the net, think of a topic for the show and upload new music each week. To listen to the show go to:

http://www.blogtalkradio.com/p_s_hradio

The Haunted Channel is a new project in association with Haunted Digital Magazine and Haunted Events UK. We wanted to create a place where people can come at their leisure and watch the best Ghost Hunting shows out there on YouTube that want showcasing, a one stop shop for all paranormal shows. This alone is probably the biggest challenge, the channel alone runs itself and

we just need to point you in the right direction for the shows. However we wanted to bring a prime time viewing slot one night a week and chose **#WICKEDWEDNESDAY**.

During 8pm-11pm (BST) we have a playlist go live and during the night new videos unlock giving YouTube viewers 3 hours of non-stop Ghost Hunting shows. We don't just accept any show however we look at what is out there and also what is submitted to us and choose what is going to make the best viewing. So far we have already shown UK-Haunted, Haunted Finders, Calamityville Horror, Haunted Ruins, Translating Phantoms, EerieEvents and Scariest Places and have more lined up to show too. If you have a show and want to be involved send your link or show to submissions@thehauntedchannel.tv.



I also present a link in-between each show, so recording, editing, publishing and uploading the links is a full days job alone, not to mention uploading the new videos to be shown, creating the playlist, scheduling each video and getting them all in order. Again another half a day's job!

To watch The Haunted Channel simply go to YouTube and search The Haunted Channel and if you have an account subscribe to us. On a Wednesday don't forget to get involved and log onto the relevant playlist and press play all at 8pm.

The Haunted Channel is just a toddler at the moment learning to walk and how far we can get before we run, there is a lot more to come from the channel as we grow and expand.

Now we have the advertising complete, the radio show prepared and presented, the Haunted Channel presented, recorded, uploaded and viewed we then have to catch up on all the social media comments, replies and messages about all the projects. It never

The Life of a GHOST HUNTER!

What goes on when Ghost Hunters aren't Ghost Hunting?

ends! That is all without mentioning the Haunted Digital Magazine, meetings with locations and other projects I cannot mention at the moment,

I do this because I love my job, I wouldn't swap it for the world and I am so lucky that I can do this on a regular basis, I am not complaining, I know how hard it is out there and I'm thankful that my job is so enjoyable and flexible. All these projects are at the moment done for FREE all with one aim, to promote and get guests to experience the awesome Ghost Hunts by Haunted Events UK.

And so after a busy week we begin to prepare for a weekend of Ghost Hunting again, most think we just turn up and do what we do, if that's how it seems I am happy as we look combatable in what we do. The truth of the matter is that it's like a mini military exercise the day of events. The guest list has to be typed and printed off, the equipment counted, checked, charged and logged, if any food at the events that has to be purchased and prepared. Then we get to the guest groups and how we will split them up and which member of staff will work on what vigil. Once all sorted it's time to load up the vehicles and set off to the

venue, usually arriving 2 hours before so we can do a little filming, get ourselves prepared and ready for guests to arrive.

Once the guests arrive it's all systems go and I go into auto pilot. Want to know what happens during an event? Yes... then go to www.hauntedeventsuk.com and get yourself along to one.

After the event it's off to be and we start all over again. Not a bad weeks work if I do say so myself, so you can look at it as I never have a day off or I like to look at it as I am always off, doing what I love.

I would like to mention the team Mary-Anne, Pete, Catherine, Helen, Rosie, Richard, Simon, Katheryne, Louise and Rachel as without you guys the events wouldn't be able to run and they all give up their own time to travel and host the events with me.

Anyway I better crack on; I have a lot to do!

Lee Roberts

@MrLeeRoberts www.officialeeroberts.com

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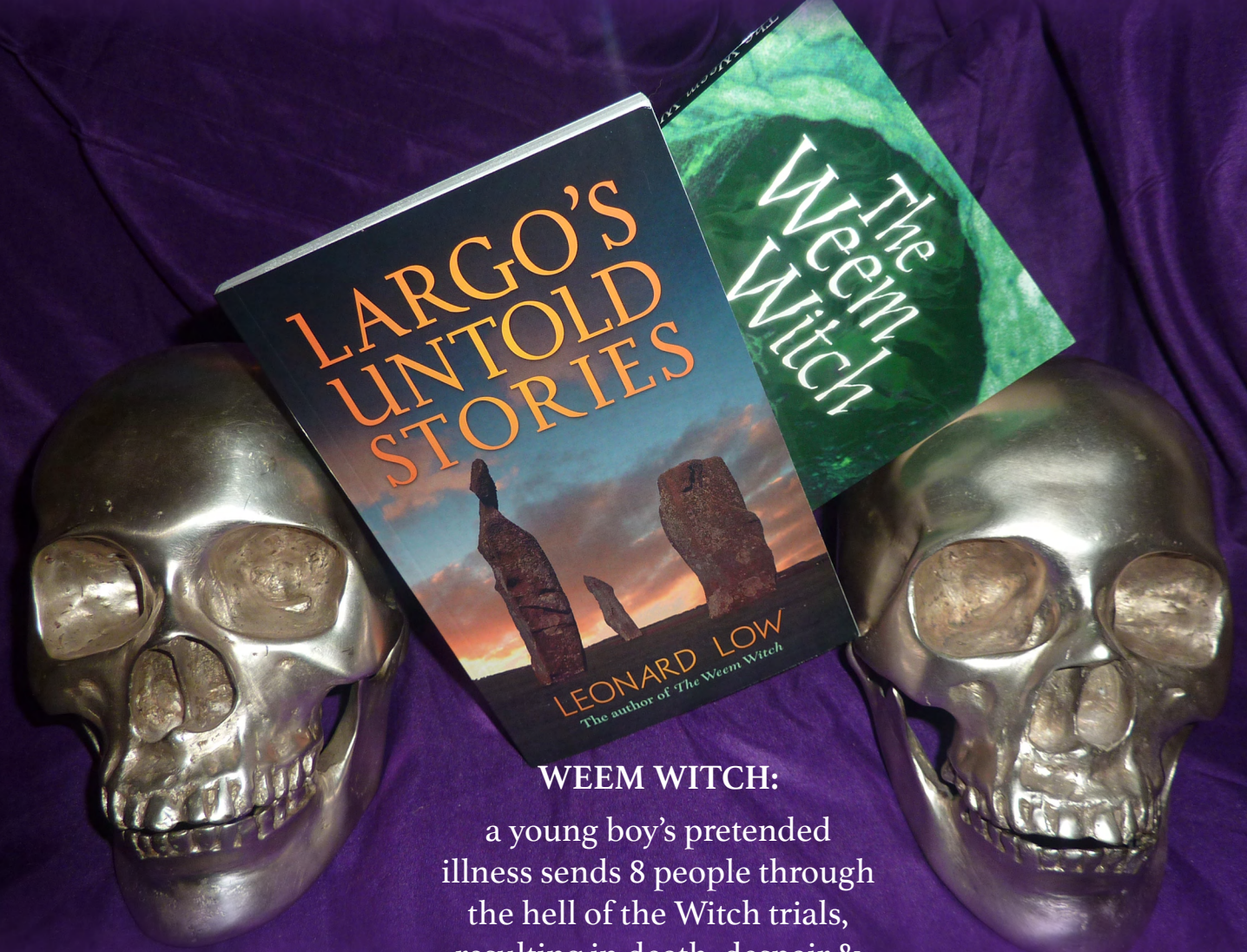
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PARANORMAL ACTIVITY AT THE ANCIENT RAM INN

WITH CALAMITYVILLE HORROR

Crouched at the roadside like a predator poised to pounce on unwary prey, the Ancient Ram Inn in Wotton-under-edge, Gloucestershire, is ghost hunters' Mecca. With secret tunnels and tales of harbouring highwaymen, the Ram belongs in a Gothic novel.

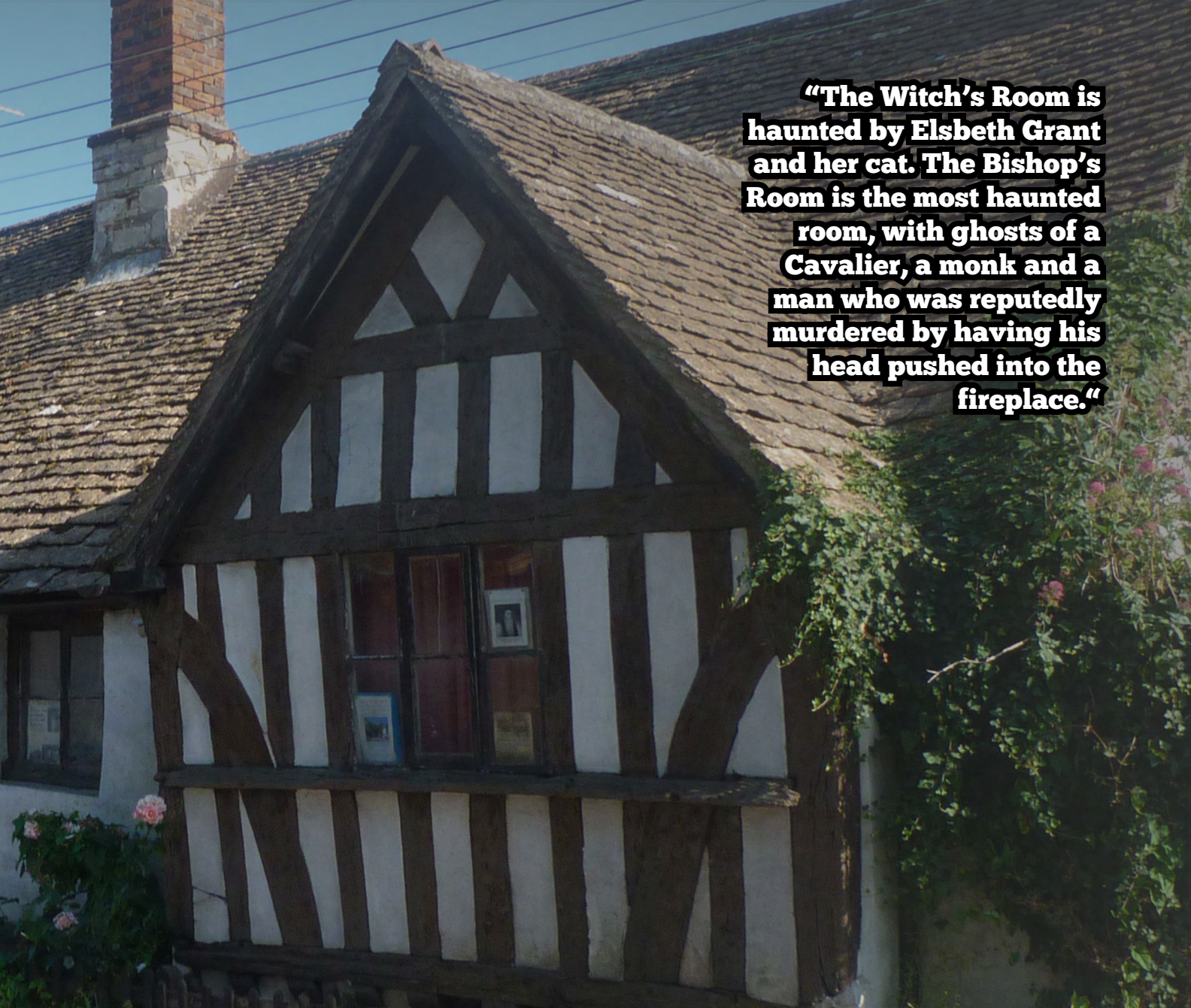
But are the tales true, or works of fiction?

The Ram was built in 1145 on a 5,000-year-old pagan burial ground. A disturbed grave lurks

in the bar, where children's bones and ceremonial daggers were found. The University of Bristol confirmed the daggers' authenticity. Children's skeletons were unearthed beneath the stairs, and visitors report hearing a baby's cries. Spectral monks have been spotted in the Bishop's Room, which fit with it being originally owned by St Mary's the Virgin church. St Mary's was built on foundations of a 10th century Saxon church, and a tunnel supposedly connects it to the fireplace in the Ram's bar.

One website claims maps show a tan yard was once attached to the Ram, along with a workhouse, which became an infants' school, then a mortuary and car park.

The Witch's Room is haunted by Elsbeth Grant and her cat. The Bishop's Room is the most haunted room, with ghosts of a Cavalier, a monk and a man who was reputedly murdered by having his head pushed into the fireplace. His screams are still heard. Horseshoes and other items were found in the chimney, supposedly evidence



“The Witch’s Room is haunted by Elsbeth Grant and her cat. The Bishop’s Room is the most haunted room, with ghosts of a Cavalier, a monk and a man who was reputedly murdered by having his head pushed into the fireplace.”

of its satanic past. However, burying items in walls was a good luck tradition. Newton House in Dinefwr has a cat skeleton, Tiddles, under the floorboards.

The Ram’s infamous resident is the Incubus — a demon who rapes women to impregnate them with its Cambion offspring. Merlin from the Arthurian legends is the most famous Cambion. Incubi were popular explanations for unmarried women becoming pregnant. Conveniently, Incubi often possessed someone they

knew. Saying ‘a demon possessed me’ probably enabled men to rape these women without punishment. Or claiming ‘a demon did it’ spared women the shame of unmarried pregnancies. In times of sexual repression, the Incubus/Succubus explanation for sexual encounters or erotic dreams was used frequently. Does an Incubus haunt the Ram? Unlikely. Though the owner, John Humphries claims it attacks him regularly.

The Ram is built on ley lines – straight lines connecting

ancient sites. The one beneath the Ram leads to Stonehenge. Ley lines contain Magnetite, which is found in human tissue in the skull. Electromagnetic fields allow humans to detect magnetic changes, resulting in skin tingling. Vibrations produced by the low frequency cause dizziness, headaches and nausea – symptoms associated with spirits being present. Magnetic fields disrupt electrical appliances, which could explain why electrical equipment behaves erratically in haunted sites. Buildings situated

CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE ANCIENT RAM INN



on ley lines report the highest amount of paranormal activity.

Is the highwayman rumour true? There was a highwayman, William Crew (1747-1786) who continuously returned to his hometown, Wotton-Under-Edge. After murdering an elderly lady, he was executed in Gloucester on 21st April 1786 in front of ten thousand spectators. His notoriety meant he had to roam at night. It's possible he hid in the Ram.



Our friend, Neen is linked to the Ram. Her uncle, Rob has stayed there many times since 1988 and once felt something jump onto his bed and stand on his chest. He fled and hasn't stayed since. He's been interviewed by students and the Discovery Channel about his experiences and now, Calamityville Horror.

This was our first solo overnight investigation and we were more excited than Jason Voorhees with an axe and a bunch of screaming teenagers in Camp Crystal Lake!

John has dementia so forgot about our visit, but was happy for us to stay. When we regrouped in Neen's camper, we heard a thud on the roof so Cat climbed up to investigate. There was nothing. We met Rob in the pub then returned to The Ram. John forgot whom we were but showed us round. John's a hoarder so downstairs is crammed. The towering piles of junk are probably more hazardous than the ghosts. John only

"We returned to the camper for food and plotting then at 10pm, began our investigation. Except John had locked us out. TWICE!"

CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE ANCIENT RAM INN



ventures upstairs when ghost hunters visit. We returned to the camper for food and plotting then at 10p.m., began our investigation. Except John had locked us out. Twice. Luckily, Rob got his attention; otherwise we would have investigated the car park. John had no idea who we were but let us in and retired to bed.

We ventured up to the attic, where the highwaymen apparently hid. The stairs are so weak we went up one at a time. After a while, the K2 beeped. The needle rose to red so we conducted an EVP session. Cat asked "Will Crewe, the highwayman, are you here?"

When we played it back, we heard a voice.

The light bulb above the grave was missing, so Ryan climbed over a fire grate and screwed in a bulb we'd found. Despite claims an evil presence haunts the Bishop's Room, it was where we felt most comfortable so made it our base before exploring the Witch's Room. Something brushed Cat's hair so Lynx checked for cobwebs. There was nothing. Cat had left her JVC camera downstairs and when she went to fetch it, felt something crawling in her hair. Again Lynx checked it. Nothing. Rob also experienced this. Ryan joined us in using an Ouija board left on the table in the Witch's Room but nothing happened.

We've never captured an EVP and after replaying it on the DVR and Lynx's camera, all we understood was a raspy "I k-" We asked more questions but got no responses. The K2 fell silent. However, the JVC debunked it: it was Ryan clearing his throat. We were gutted.

We returned to the Bishop's Room for a vigil with the lights off. Ryan felt something brush his hair. We headed downstairs to find the bulb above the grave lying on a barrel, so Ryan screwed it back in. The light came on, meaning the switch was on. The bulb broke and shorted the electrics. We're not called Calamityville for nothing! After finding the fuse box, we fixed



CALAMITYVILLE HORROR AT THE ANCIENT RAM INN

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it. We suspect John was responsible, but the bulb would have been hot. We couldn't ask him, as he wouldn't remember. We're disappointed we hadn't left a camera running to solve the mystery.

Rob left at midnight so we held a vigil in the bar in the dark. We'd decided to conduct lone vigils, but after seeing a shadow move, Ryan and Neen wanted to stay together in the bar. Mocking their wussiness, Lynx chose the Witch's Room and Cat the Bishop's Room. We killed the lights. The Ram is lower than the road so the upstairs windows are pavement level. Passing drunks were more frightening than being alone with dangerous spirits.

Lynx heard footsteps clumping along the landing from the Bishop's Room to her room then stopping. Thinking they were Cat's cowboy boots, she called out to her. And got no response. She opened the door.

There was no one there.

She headed for the Bishop's Room and couldn't get in. The footsteps weren't Cat — she was shut in.

We regrouped and investigated the barn, the foundations of which date back 3000 years. The barn yielded nothing so we headed to the attic to recreate the K2's reaction. It remained silent.

We returned to the Bishop's Room for a Red Bull and cake break then killed the lights and switched on Ryan's iOvilus. At 1:26a.m. It said three words:

Demon

Hour

Run

John warned us 1a.m. was the witching hour. However, the stairs were dangerous, so it would take more than an iPhone's threat to make us run. We challenged the spirits to scare us. Moments later, something fluttered around Cat and Neen then tickled their skin.

Night vision identified the culprit as a Red Admiral butterfly. It was particularly attracted to the K2. We caught it in our food tub but the Ram's windows don't open so we couldn't set it free. We lifted the lid to give the butterfly air and it became our mascot for the night. When the 'demon hour' was



up, all that attacked us was the butterfly, leading us to conclude it was responsible for all spectral activity.

At 3a.m., nothing else happened so we retreated to the camper. There are beds in the Ram but there's also 30 years' worth of dust, and the risk of catching something was greater than the risk of Incubus attacks. As we left, we released the butterfly. We suspect now this pretty winged demon is free the hauntings will stop. If there is an Incubus, it clearly didn't find us acceptable hosts for its demonic offspring.

Come morning, we faced a new emergency: our bladders woke. The Ram was locked. John wouldn't remember us and nowhere was open that early on a Sunday. Plastic cups came to our rescue.

Following our adventure, we didn't sleep properly for two months. Maybe the butterfly followed us home...

Our first solo overnight investigation started at one of England's most haunted houses and ended with peeing into cups.

That's how Calamityville rolls.

Useful links:

Calamityville Horror's Facebook page:

<https://www.facebook.com/CatsTalesOfTerror>

Calamityville Horror's Twitter:

@CalamityHorror

Blog:

<http://clraven.wordpress.com>

“WHY IN GOD’S NAME DID YOU CHOOSE TO DO THIS?”

WITH DANNI TEAGUE



The Paranormal is both a minefield and a battlefield and yet to Joe and Joanne Public it represents an escape from everyday life where they can immerse themselves in a world of things that (might) go bump in the night. But what about the people who provide these events, what motivates them? We caught up with Danni Teague, who runs a fairly new ghost hunting events company and we sat her down and without the aid of a medium we asked her “why in God’s name did you choose to do this?”

My interest in the paranormal began at the tender age of seven. I spent my childhood growing up in my grandparent’s pub, which seemed to ooze paranormal activity and strange occurrences. It certainly wasn’t unusual to witness shadowy figures walking around hearing footsteps walking through the bar area when the pub was closed.

I remember watching programmes such as “*Strange but true*” Hosted by Michael Aspel and the American programme “*Sightings*”- I wanted their job! Ask any ten year old child what they aspire to be and you’ll usually get responses like “A vet” or “A pop star”, but not me, I wanted to hunt ghosts.


I spent my teen years researching and learning all about local legends and ghost stories and living in Herefordshire we weren’t short of a few of them! I even dabbled in a bit of spiritual development after being told by several mediums that I had “The gift”.

Fast forward eighteen years and I soon found myself addicted to paranormal investigating. My weekends would be taken up with

travelling the length and breadth of the country attending events at some of the most haunted places in the UK. In the last nine years I have probably attended well over three hundred investigations.

It was in 2012 when I first had my crazy idea, “*Why not set up my own paranormal events company?*” It was from this point on that the paranormal really began to take over my life and “*Ghostly goes on*” was born.

Since starting the company and probably like many other company owners, I have often come under scrutiny by the sceptics in the field. Questions such as “*How can you run ghost hunts if ghosts don’t exist?*” and “*How do you get away with charging people for this?*” Well the answer is quite simple; my company is about providing people who are passionate about finding out about the paranormal world with the opportunity to do so in a safe and controlled environment. What some people don’t get to see is all of the hard work and hours of research that takes place behind the scenes.



“I knew it was going to be a challenge, but I could never have prepared myself for what lay ahead”

It's certainly not just a case of booking a venue and taking twenty people there on the night.

My aim when I first started the company was to provide people with a genuine paranormal investigation that wouldn't cost the earth to attend. However, I have since found that this isn't always as easy as I first thought as I soon started to realize why ghost hunting was such an expensive past time.

Reputedly haunted venues soon started to realise how much money could be made from hiring

out their locations for this type of activity. It's not unusual for a venue to charge anything in the region of £800 for six hours hour. Then you have to take into consideration the amount it costs to purchase and maintain equipment. In order to establish a good supply of gadgets you are looking to spend at least £2000. Let's also not forget about the costing's to insure both the goods and the guests for each event.

I personally never started the company with the view of making a wage from it. It was started simply because I wanted to share

“WHY IN GOD’S NAME DID YOU CHOOSE TO DO THIS?”

GHOSTLY GOINGS ON

my passion of the paranormal with likeminded people. Yes, money is made but what is surplus gets put straight back into the business and goes towards booking new locations, updating equipment and paying out overheads. I’m certainly not sat on a fortune from it like some people like to believe we are.

Each week many hours of research are carried out by both myself and my team, we travel hundreds of miles to view new locations before booking them and great amounts of time is spent interviewing witnesses at the potential locations. It’s certainly not an easy task to complete, especially when you also have a day job to think about too.

Aside from all of this, company owners and fellow investigators have to fight a daily battle against a lot of negativity from other people surrounding the paranormal field. I like to call it “*Paradrama*”. I believe that there is enough room out there for all investigators and companies to work together in harmony to capture evidence of the paranormal world.

Unfortunately in the two years that I have ran the company, I have witnessed more and more people getting ripped off by bogus companies and groups who think that the paranormal is a way of earning a quick and easy buck. I firmly believe that it’s groups like this that give the genuine companies a bad name and we all end up getting tarnished with the same brush. But it’s really important to remember that for every “bad” group there are five more who will give you a professionally run event.

However, despite the hard times, the negativity and the long hours I count



myself lucky that I get to work in something that I love and that along the way I have made some lifelong friends, including those that also work within the paranormal.

Nothing gives me a greater pleasure than seeing my guests walk away from my events smiling and knowing that they have had a good time, and that makes everything all worthwhile.

Danni Teague

<http://ghostlygoingson.com/>

TERRIFYING TALES

TWO YEARS AGO,
I WAS LOOKING
THROUGH SOME OLD
PHOTOS WITH MY 5
YEAR OLD COUSIN.
WHEN WE WERE
AT A PAGE WITH A
2ND YEAR CLASS,
SHE POINTED TO
THE BOY'S PHOTO
AND SAID, "THAT
LOOKS JUST LIKE
NICHOLAS!". WHEN
I ASKED WHO
NICHOLAS WAS SHE
JUST SAID, "NICHOLAS
IS THE BOY IN MY
WARDROBE" AND
KEPT ON LOOKING
THROUGH THE
PICTURES. CHILLS
WENT DOWN MY
SPINE...



THE SPOOK REPORT

PARANORMAL ROGUE TRADERS EXPOSED

Haunted Digital Magazine is renowned for its light hearted approach to all things paranormal; it is something that we are very passionate about. You can write about the paranormal all day but to get the reader sucked into the feature you have to make it fun, interesting, informative and entertaining. When we first launched the magazine the paranormal was in a different place to where we are at now, yes there has always been the undercurrent of backstabbing and bitchiness and awash with fakery, jealousy and skulduggery, it had been that way since the Victorian age so it wasn't going to change. We came along and wanted to change the way the paranormal was viewed, read, reported and thought of other than a "members / believers club only" mentality.

As years have gone by we have all had our say on the "entertain-alism" of mediums, and paranormal TV shows and it is clear to see that it is us, Joe and Joanne Public that feeds the paranormal, gives energy to the paranormal and makes it come alive.

So, when the public are wronged and we mean wronged as in conned out of their hard earned money we feel that we have a duty to report it.

There's no levity in this, no subtle in-jokes, read it as it is intended – to make you aware that the paranormal is far from "love and light" and there are certain individuals out there who will stop at nothing to rob you out of your money. What you are about to read is 100% fact; this has been carefully investigated and written by undercover journalists on our behalf.

This is just the first part of something that is still ongoing and "live" in the paranormal world, there won't be a quick fix solution to this scenario, there'll be people encamped in both sides with their own versions of their story and it will get nastier than it already has become and if we're honest they may not have set out for it to turn into this debacle but it has happened and it's what happened after and how it was handled that has led to this feeling of injustice that has, so far, been played out on the paranormal pages of certain social network sites.

PARANORMAL ROGUE TRADERS EXPOSED

PART ONE

Picture this, you see an advert on a paranormal events page for the trip of a lifetime to a foreign country, investigating with one of the paranormals favourite investigators, at a location that has seen more than its share of grief, bloodshed and misery and all for the incredible price of £200. Well this is what 70 guests who travelled to Colditz, Germany saw and bought into. A ghost hunt at Colditz Castle in Saxony Germany with Compass Paranormal, Psychic Medium Kevin Bowen and Ghost Hunters Barry Fitzgerald, travel, food and accommodation at Colditz Castle all included.

However, this turned out to be the trip of a lifetime for all the wrong reasons.

Firstly let me explain that this story needs to be broken down into segments as it would be virtually impossible to include all the details of this horrendous trip in just one article. We have testimonies, interviews, screenshots and much more from guests, former team members and the previous owner of Compass. That being said let's start right at the beginning, back to the weeks leading up to the trip that nearly never was.



"I was at work one day approximately four weeks prior to the trip taking place and my phone rings, it's Kevin. He has called to say that approximately 25 people have pulled out of the trip and due to this there is a shortfall in cash to pay for the coach and various other expenses. Kevin asked me if I would be interested in buying shares in Compass and at first it seemed like a good idea and something I was giving serious consideration to. I asked Kevin how much he was looking for and he said I would receive a 20% share in Compass in return for £3,500 investment. I explained to Kevin that unfortunately I would be unable to raise that kind of money due to other projects that I had money tied up in. He then became desperate and began begging me to take out pay day loans that he assured me he would cover the repayment costs. I thought this was a man desperate but I wasn't going to put my neck on the line and my own credit at risk for a

company that was in trouble. I did however have some spare money and agreed to give him a personal loan on the understanding that it was paid back in full by the end of the following month. He agreed and I have it in writing that he understood the conditions of the loan. I then found out after transferring the money into Kevin Bowens account that he had also asked other team members to invest £3,500 for varying sizes of "stakes" in the business. Anyways I felt good that I was able to help Kevin and Janet Bowen and the guests in some way, for the trip to go ahead and no one losing out on money.



PARANORMAL ROGUE TRADERS EXPOSED

So it's now the last week of May and I'm getting prepared, after what I can only describe as a shambles of a trip that is Colditz, to be told that they couldn't pay me back. So I preempt this and tell Janet Bowen that I would make life easy for them and accept the loan in 2 payments. Janet was very grateful for this and I thought well at the very least I will get half of my money that I loaned them back. A couple of days prior to payment I am assured by Kevin that it will be paid not a problem. I was surprised when it was! So I thought to myself, fine they paid half surely I'll get the second half without issue. This is where things turn nasty. I find myself blocked from both Kevin and Janet Bowen, removed from the compass Facebook page and without way of contacting them. I sent various emails and messages and eventually was told that Compass had ceased trading due to what the Bowens were describing as "A witch hunt", they would repay me when and if they had the money. I'm now panicking because this was money that I loaned them in good faith and needed back, I'm not made of money and I put trust in them to do the right thing. It is now mid July and I am still without the remainder of my money. I am due £680 from the Bowens and I am finding out every day that more and more people are due money".

The above is a statement from a former team member of compass who has obviously been mistreated and ripped off by people that he considered friends.

So the trip itself which fortunately I had the pleasure of not being on, has been described to me as a trip from hell from start to finish. Everyone was told to meet at Ebbsfleet where they would be picked up by the luxury coach to whisk them away to the Eurotunnel Crossing to start them on their adventure to Germany. Well the luxury coach that the guests were sold never arrived.



Above: Luxury Coach sold

Instead what they got was a coach which wasn't fit for purpose and was due for scrapping on its return to the UK.

Below: Actual Coach



PARANORMAL ROGUE TRADERS EXPOSED

This was only the first of the disappointments of "A trip of a lifetime". Upon arrival at the Eurotunnel Crossing, The coach drivers realised that there was no actual booking for the coach to get onto the crossing to the other side. After a lot of discussion between Kevin, Janet, the bus drivers and various team members, both sides playing the blame game, a team member stepped up and paid the money out of her own pocket so that the coach could get booked on the train to cross. During this time the customers were told various different things about what the hold up all of which were lies, the most serious one was that a train had actually caught fire in the tunnel and they couldn't cross until the incident was dealt with.

After finally getting onto the Euro Crossing and touching down in France, the remainder of the trip should only have lasted approximately 6-8 hours. 12 hours into the journey and customers were beginning to ask questions, and quiet rightly so. After checking with the bus drivers, a team member reported back to the guests that they were approximately 2 hours away from the location. 2 hours come and go and still no sign of Colditz, the journey lasted 16 hours in cramped conditions with no on board functioning toilet, several guests with various ailments that put them in very uncomfortable positions.

Finally, arrival at Colditz Castle were an exclusive tour for the guests had been arranged. Turns out however that the tour was cut short due to the lack of time and the bus drivers approaching their legal driving time limits. This is where the first confirmed issue with payment takes place. Whilst the guests were on the tour, one of the team members had been asked to track down Kevin Bowen to make payment for the tour. This is what happened.

"I found Kevin after looking for around half an hour and told him he had to go to the gift shop and sort out payment for the tour. He informed me at this point that he didn't have any money to pay for the tour and asked what he should do. I told him I was unsure but he better think of something to tell them. Kevin's reply was that he would tell them that his bank card had been swallowed by one of the ATMs and that he would arrange payment when he returned to the UK on Monday. I thought ok at least he is going to make payment on return".

We have seen confirmation from Stephan who was the contact at Colditz Castle that this payment is still outstanding along with payment for other expenses which will become clear as the report unfolds.

We will leave things here until the next edition. We would like to make it clear that we have no association with the various groups that are on Facebook about compass paranormal events or Kevin and Janet Bowen. We are an independent organisation set up to expose companies that rip off, mistreat and con their customers. Find us on Facebook where you can follow our findings. We have agreed with the publisher of the magazine that we ourselves will remain anonymous to protect the work that we do so we will sign off under our organisations name. Thanks for reading and please check back in the next edition for more on this shocking story.

Written By JC of NOT so FAIR Trading.

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/NOT-so-FAIR-Trading/757518970966912>

A massive thanks to JC and his team from NOT so FAIR Trading for breaking this down into something that is readable, if you type in Compass Paranormal into Facebook you will see lots of groups and pages and rightly so as a lot of people are owed a lot of money. We can't promise that they will get their money back but we can promise that our features on this will be 100% factual.

TERRIFYING TALES

I BABY SAT FOR A FEW KIDS WHILE THEIR PARENTS WERE AT A MOVIE. I PUT THE YOUNGEST KID (4) TO SLEEP AND WATCHED T.V. TILL THE PARENTS CAME HOME.

THE NEXT DAY, THE PARENTS CALLED. ACCORDING TO THE 4-YEAR-OLD KID, I STOOD IN THE DOORWAY AND STARED AT HIM FOR A VERY LONG TIME, SMILING. I WAS SO CONFUSED, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



THE EIFFEL TOWER

A. D. Callaghan's "Haunted Anthology of France"

The Eiffel Tower is by far one of the most recognizable structures in the world, and is the most prominent icon of France. Located on the Champ de Mars, it is the largest structure in Paris, and the most visited paid monument in the world, receiving its 250 millionth visitor in 2010. It was erected in 1889 as the grand entrance to the 1889 World's Fair, and during its construction it surpassed the Washington Monument to assume the title of the tallest man-made structure in the world; a title which it held for 41 years before being surpassed itself by the Chrysler Building in 1930.



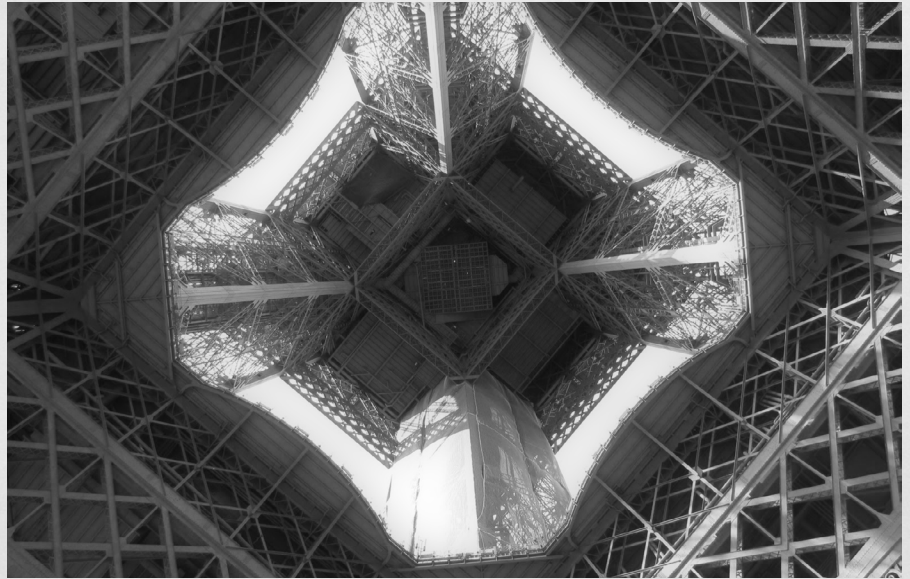
The Eiffel Tower's original design was drawn up by Maurice Koechlin and Émile Nougier, two senior engineers who worked for the famous French architect, Gustave Eiffel. Koechlin and Nougier's design came after a discussion about a suitable centrepiece for the proposed 1889 World's Fair, which would celebrate the centennial of the French Revolution. Gustave Eiffel was not overly-interested in the design at first, but after the head of his architectural department, Stephen Sauvestre altered the design, giving it embellishments such as decorated arches and a glass pavilion on the first level, Eiffel gave his full support. He bought the rights to the lattice tower design patent which Koechlin, Nougier and Sauvestre had taken out, and he displayed it at the Exhibition of Decorative Arts in the autumn of 1884.

“The Eiffel Tower was only permitted to stand for 20 years, after which it was to be disassembled when its ownership transferred to the Parisian authorities.”

A. D. Callaghan's "Haunted Anthology of France"

In March of the following year, Eiffel presented a paper on the project to the Society of Civil Engineers, claiming that the tower would symbolise 'not only the art of the modern engineer, but also the century of Industry and Science in which we are living, and for which the way was prepared by the great scientific movement of the eighteenth century, and by the Revolution of 1789, to which the monument will be built as an expression of France's gratitude'. On 1st May 1886, a budget for the Exposition was passed, and on 8th January 1887 a contract was drawn up, and finally signed for the site on which the tower was to be constructed. Gustave Eiffel signed the contract, which granted him 1.5m Francs toward the tower's construction expenditure, which was far less than the 6.5m Francs that was estimated budget for the project.

The main structural work was completed by the end of March 1889, and on the 31st Gustave Eiffel celebrated



by leading a mixed group of government officials and press representatives to the top of the tower. Since the lifts were not yet in operation, they had to proceed on foot. The ascent via staircase took over an hour, as Eiffel frequently stopped to present various aspects and features of the tower to his audience. Once at the top of the tower, Eiffel hoisted the French Tricolour, which was accompanied by a 25-gun

salute, fired from the lower level. However, there was still a lot of work to be done, and the Eiffel Tower only opened to the public nine days into the Exposition, and even at that point the lifts were not in operation. 30,000 people completed the 1,710 step ascent to the tower's peak prior to the lifts entering into service on the 26th May. When night fell, the tower was lit by hundreds of gas lamps, and a beacon sending out three beams of red,

"France has one of the highest suicide rates in the world, with 17.5 suicide attempts per 1000 people. The third most common method of suicide in France, after poisoning and hanging, is jumping off of the Eiffel Tower."

A. D. Callaghan's "Haunted Anthology of France"



white and blue light, using two mobile projectors on a circular track. There was also a cannon at the top of the tower, which was fired to announce the opening and closing of the Exposition each and everyday.

The Eiffel Tower was only permitted to stand for 20 years, after which it was to be disassembled when its ownership transferred to the Parisian authorities. However, the tower was extremely useful for communication purposes, and it is due to this reason why it still stands today.

When people think of the Eiffel Tower, they think of the picturesque and panoramic views of the City of Light. Alternatively, there is a darker side that in some ways subverts such a wonderful and scenic monument. France has one of the highest suicide rates in the world, with 17.5 suicide attempts per 1000 people. The third most common method of suicide in France, after poisoning and hanging, is jumping off of the Eiffel Tower. It is also considered one of the World's Top Ten most popular suicide destinations, a grim and macabre reason for

paranormal investigators to visit the monument.

It is reported that in the last 90 years there have been 369 suicide attempts, the first of which was a man who hung himself from one of the Eiffel Tower's support beams. Two of the suicide attempters survived. One was a man who threw himself off of the tower, but was blown by a strong gust of wind onto a rafter not far below him. The second, was a young woman who landed on the roof of a car, and in an interesting twist of fate, she married the driver of the car after she recovered from her injuries. Princess Anna Troubetzkoy, a newlywed, jumped to her death on Bastille Day in 1931. It was believed during the investigation that it was an accident, however, her suicide note was found in her bag clarifying a clear intent on suicide. In an attempt to reduce suicides, six-foot tall barriers have been introduced to the tower, and although there has been a substantial reduction in suicides at the Eiffel Tower, there are sadly still, on average, four successful attempts every year.

"In an attempt to reduce suicides, six-foot tall barriers have been introduced to the tower, and although there has been a substantial reduction in the suicides at the Eiffel Tower, there are sadly still four successful attempts every year."

There have also been accidental deaths at the Eiffel Tower. An Austrian tailor and parachute pioneer, Franz Reichelt, decided to test a suit he had designed that would act like a parachute. He leapt from the tower from the first deck, arms stretched, 60 metres above the ground. His suit didn't work, and he died on impact. There was also a Pilot named Leon Collet who was killed after flying beneath the arch of the tower, and his aircraft became entangled in an aerial belonging to the wireless radio station.

Finally, there is the sad legend of a young woman, whose ghost is said to haunt the Eiffel Tower. Allegedly, a young couple met at the top of the tower one night. The young woman was determined to end her relationship with the young man. The young man, on the other hand, was keen on proposing to the young woman. They declared their interests at the tower's summit, and it is claimed that the young man reacted angrily to the young woman's decision. He told her that if she didn't marry him, he would kill her; but she was adamant that she wasn't going to change her mind. In a blind rage,

the young man pushed the young woman from the tower, ending her life in a sick, brutal, and horrific manner. Interestingly, visitors to the Eiffel Tower have heard a woman's laughter, and sometimes this laughter is accompanied by screams that originate from the top of the tower, and seem to resonate throughout the tower's structure.

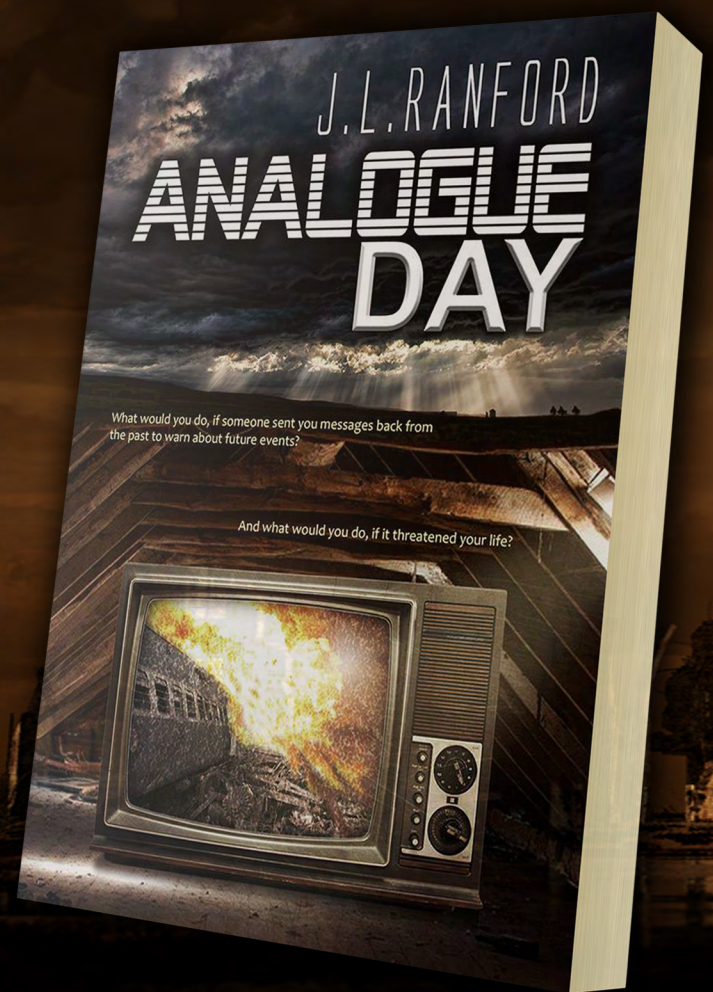
The Eiffel Tower is a dynamic landmark. It is a record-breaking structure and tourist attraction, but is also a major suicide destination and is possibly haunted by the ghost of a young woman who was murdered by her jilted ex-boyfriend. The reports of paranormal activity at the Eiffel Tower are few and far between, regardless of the amount of paranormal investigators who visit the site every day. There are more reports of UFO sightings than there are ghost sightings at the Eiffel Tower. Maybe one day, a ghost hunter with their trusted digital camera in one hand, and their Electro-magnetic field meter in the other, will find some spectacular evidence to help bolster the claim that the Eiffel Tower is haunted.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE SENT YOU MESSAGES BACK FROM THE PAST TO WARN YOU ABOUT THE FUTURE?

Analogue Day is a Light-Hearted Adventure Novel which begs the serious question "How would someone cope if their TV could predict the future?"

Written by Jason Ranford, 'Analogue Day' weaves fact around fiction to tell the gripping story of a family who discover a television in their attic that can warn of future events. Moral dilemmas, terrorism and the government collide as this compelling discovery threatens to fall into the wrong hands. Readers will be left questioning how they would use the information and if they would even divulge it to anyone at all...



Television is usually just a passive past-time but, for the family in Jason Ranford's new novel, the discovery of very special television thrusts them into a world of unusual circumstances and dangers. Everything plays out in 'Analogue Day'; a light-hearted adventure novel that simultaneously leaves readers with plenty to think about in the real world.

SO WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

When the Hamilton family move into their new home in Cedar Grove,

Connecticut, they think that all their troubles are behind them. Then one day, young Timothy discovers a clip of his tennis idol, Brad Stevens losing the final of the US Open days before the tournament is actually supposed to be played on an old portable television set while looking around in the upstairs attic. At first his parents dismiss the transmission as nothing more than an old recording from an earlier tournament. But as they continue to receive strange messages from the past, they begin to wonder if the transmissions are in

fact real. Then one evening they discover a broadcast of a passenger plane and its flight details a week before it explodes in mid-air. They then see a broadcast of a train leaving a railway station a few days before it is involved in a terrible crash. Could someone from the future really be sending messages back to the past warning of events yet to occur? What starts out as an innocent curiosity soon sets off a frightening and disturbing chain of events as the family try to warn the authorities of disasters and dangers that will soon come to pass and face a race for their own survival as an unknown enemy tries to thwart their plan to bring the transmissions out into the open. This high adrenaline, action-packed adventure will keep you on the edge of your seat as you try to uncover the mystery that is *Analogue Day*.

"While its light and laden with entertaining quips, the narrative does present some very vivid moral dilemmas," explains Ranford. "For example, mother Shelly believes that the television's messages should be used for common good by warning people of upcoming events. However, at the same time, she also wants to protect her family from the scrutiny and danger

such revelations would bring."

Continuing, "It all falls apart when the family become prey for terrorists; made worse by a police information leak. I want readers to heavily question what they would do if they made the discovery. There are certainly a lot of options to weigh up!"

Reviews have been extremely positive. S. A. Fawcett comments, "The plot itself is extremely clever - not a new idea, by any means, but what Jason Ranford does is bring this scenario bang up to date, to an age where 'analogue' really does sound like a word from the last century. The story itself is fast-paced and imaginative, and the characters come alive immediately."

Debbie Kay adds, "I really enjoyed reading this novel. It was exciting, educational and not too scary which believe me, I don't particularly enjoy. I also loved the way the family got involved with adventures to ensure that the unknown attackers didn't pursue them any further, even though there was a nice twist at the end. I would thoroughly recommend this book for anyone who is interested in light paranormal fiction or family adventure."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

The author worked at the British Library for almost twenty two years before taking redundancy to pursue his dream of writing fiction. He lives in Plumstead, south east London. Jason has always been interested in the paranormal and time travel genre as well as programmes like Dr Who, Star Trek and The Twilight Zone shows. He draws inspiration from all within his writing.

We sent our man Jason to interview Jason, which is already very Twilight-Zone-ish, we tried our best to send messages from the past to Jason (the author) to warn him about these questions from Jason (our man) but they never got there!!

Hi Jason, thanks for agreeing to the interview today! Please can you introduce yourself in the manner of a chat show host who is interviewing someone he can't actually stand?

Hi and thanks for taking the time to interview me today. I can see by the look on your face that you can't wait to get started. Can I just add that you bear a striking resemblance to my old dentist?

He was always pleased to see me too. Especially when he was giving me a filling while he played ABBA non-stop on his CD player.

I wanted to let you know I've purchased your novel *Analogue Day* and wanted to say how fantastic I think it is. Can you let us know how you came up with the idea behind the story? It seems very bizarre having a T.V. which always appears to be the bearer of bad tidings! Firstly, can I just state that the T.V. isn't just a bearer of bad tidings. It transmits good stuff too but let's continue. About nineteen years ago, I had fallen asleep on the sofa in front of my old portable T.V. one night whilst living alone. A few hours later I woke up and saw what appeared to be a group of prehistoric dinosaurs roaming the earth. At first I didn't know if I was still asleep or awake as I was still tired couldn't lift myself off the sofa. The picture was also quite grainy which I put down to the fact that it may not have been tuned into the channel properly. This was before the days of Digital.

'Analogue Day' is available now:
<http://amzn.to/Um8YsQ>

INTERVIEW WITH J. L. RANFORD

Anyway I carried on watching the dinosaurs for a bit until the transmission ended. What struck me as strange was the fact that through the hissing static noise, the dinosaurs seemed to making a really loud drilling sound like you would expect to hear on a building site. The next thing I remember is waking up the next morning with the T.V. still on. Only this time instead of dinosaurs there was just a group of boring breakfast news presenters. A few months later, one Sunday afternoon, I tuned into a clip of a train station. For some reason though there didn't appear to be any voice over telling the viewers what was occurring, just footage of a few people waiting for their train to arrive. Then the clip finished to be replaced by static noise. About two weeks later I remember hearing on the news that there had been a terrible train crash in Germany. When I saw the picture of the train station I recognised it instantly as the one I had seen that Sunday afternoon. For years afterwards I always wondered if what I had seen was in fact real or just my imagination playing tricks on me. That's what gave me the idea to write about

it, but in a fictional way. I also remember stumbling upon a book called *Time Travel and Other Possibilities* by the paranormal researcher, Jenny Randles a few years afterwards. I think her book inspired me in some way to write my book.

Who have your influences been both inside and outside of the literary world? What made you want to become a writer?

Well let me be totally honest. If someone had told me twenty years ago that I would write my own fiction novel I would've thought that they were crazy. I was always one of those people that thought you had to have a Harvard law degree to be able to write a good story. But with the advent of e-books and online publishing, I think it gave me the confidence to have a go and see if I could somehow do it. I've always enjoyed reading sci-fi and horror novels by the likes of Dean Koontz, James Herbert and Stephen King and like most kids I imagine I grew up watching programmes like, *The Twilight Zone*, *The Outer Limits*, *Space 1999*, *Six Million Dollar Man*, *Bionic Woman*, *Wonder Woman*, *Sapphire and Steel*, *Star Trek* and

Dr Who. I think they all played a big part on influencing me to start writing.

Have you ever had a paranormal experience? Are you a believer or a sceptic?

That's a good question. A few years ago I was travelling home from work on a train when I noticed a young blonde woman in her early twenties standing by the exit doors as she couldn't find a seat. For some reason she couldn't stop staring at me. I didn't think too much of it as I guessed she thought that I reminded her of someone she knew. A day or two later while I was travelling home on the train I noticed a young man staring at me for quite a while until he got off at his stop. Once again I didn't think anything about it but I got the distinct impression that he recognised me. Anyway about a week later while I was doing Jury Service I saw the woman again. She was standing in the dock as a defendant. Later when the accused was standing in the dock I recognised him straight away. It was the man who was staring at me on the train. Did their consciousness pick up on the fact that I would be one of the jurors on their trial? I will never know. I would say that I am a believer. There have been too many strange occurrences in my life for me to put it down to just coincidence.

If you could resurrect one T.V. show from your childhood, which one would it be and why?

Sapphire and Steel. I remember thinking how strange it was at the time and it left on such a cliff-hanger it would be ideal for a revival.





What would you like the future to look like in say, 50 years' time?

I would love to believe that cryogenics would have been finally mastered and at 92, I would be able to pop my head onto a fit young body! I hope that technology will evolve to the extent that we will be able to reproduce food so we can feed the entire planet thereby eliminating starvation and drought.

Post-apocalyptic novels appear to be very popular at the moment! Have you any plans to write a sequel to Analogue Day or are you going to venture into uncharted waters with your next novel?

At the moment I'm currently working on Analogue Night. Then hopefully I'll write Analogue Dawn.

Name three things you love and three things you hate please! I want reasons for them too please!

I love watching Coronation Street because it's a light escape from reality for half an hour, going to the cinema because I love movies and Rollercoasters because I love the thought of being scared witless and then having a whale of a time screaming my head off then wanting to go on it again.

I hate opinionated LBC presenters because they're so full of it and think they've got a right to tell you that you should take any job available while they sit on their arse all day for shitloads of money, Beetroot because the smell alone puts me off eating it and cold callers because they're so pushy and manipulative.

When coming home from an evening at your local pub, where do you stop to purchase a takeaway? Have you ever looked at what a kebab looks like if you leave it uneaten until the morning?

I normally go to my local in Plumstead High Street. I can't remember the name because I hardly ever go there. I know it

seem strange but I can't recall ever seeing an uneaten kebab the next morning. I've seen leftover curry in the morning though.

How do you think you would cope in the event of a disaster? Do you believe you would have the skills to survive say, a zombie apocalypse for example? What is your opinion of the zombie explosion at the moment?

If there was a nuclear war I think I would rather die straight away. What would be the point in carrying on although I'm sure there would be survivors. I think I would be quite safe if there was a zombie apocalypse as I live on the twelfth floor of a block of flats. Zombies wouldn't know how to use the lift ah ah. And only the other day someone remarked that I looked like a zombie so I would probably be able to mingle with them quite well unnoticed.

If your novel was adapted into a film, who would be the director you would love to helm it and why?

INTERVIEW WITH J. L. RANFORD

“IF THERE WAS A NUCLEAR WAR I THINK I WOULD RATHER DIE STRAIGHT AWAY. WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT IN CARRYING ON ALTHOUGH I’M SURE THERE WOULD BE SURVIVORS.”



That’s a good one. I’ve already had the manuscript adapted for a screenplay so who knows? I would probably go for the director of either District 9 or World War Z or 12 Monkeys.

What is life like day to day in Woolwich, where you live? Can you point me to some great destinations to visit maybe in the evening?

Woolwich is quite a nice place actually. There’s a museum in the Royal Arsenal and the Woolwich Ferry of course and there’s a good market every day outside the DLR entrance. I wouldn’t say there’s much to do in the evening unless you want to go to a restaurant or McDonalds but there’s a big Tesco store and great transport links into London.

Dean Koontz appears to be a favourite author of yours! What is it about his writing style, his work which captivates you and keeps you going back for more? By the way, if you say his surname fast it sounds very dodgy doesn’t it?

I just like the fact that his books are easy to understand and always leave you wondering what’s going to happen next. Yes his name does sound dodgy if you say it fast. I can’t imagine what you’re implying though.

If you could travel in time, would you travel to the past or to the future? What would you like to experience during your travels? Any naughtiness?

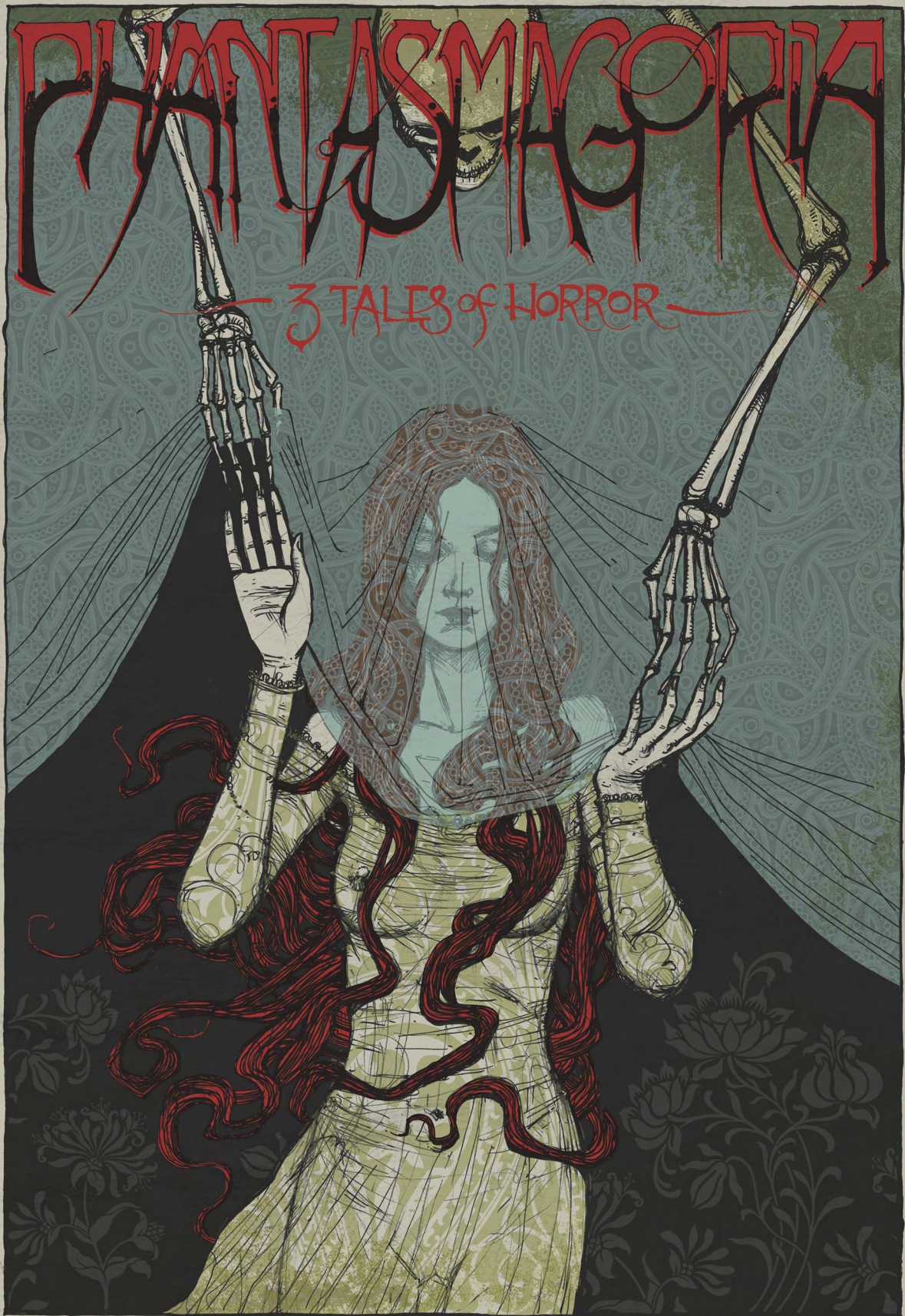
I would probably like to travel to the past and witness some historic events like the Great Fire of London or jump up on someone who’s about to board the Titanic and say Don’t board the ship. It’s going to sink or tell the captain to watch out for the iceberg. It would be nice to see who Jack the Ripper really is as well.

Finally, what does 2014/15 hold in store for you in your personal life and your writing life? Please share the goss!

Hopefully Analogue Day will take off and make me some real money so I can continue to write more stuff. As for 2014/15 I’m hoping to go to Halloween Horror Nights in Orlando in October 2014 with my family and a friend. I’ve heard the Walking Dead area is supposed to be brilliant.

Jason thanks once again for talking with me today.

It has been awesome!



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QUESTION:

Is E.O. Higgins the *Most Haunted Man in England?*

Conversations with Spirits is a book and guess what it has been nominated for The Guardian / Edinburgh Book Festival 'First Book Award' 2014. Let's set the scenario for you....

December, 1917.

The Great War is rampaging through Europe – yet Trelawney Hart has scarcely noticed. The arch-sceptic and former child prodigy has lost his way, and now ekes out a lonely existence, taking his only comfort from the bottle.

Hart's dissolute lifestyle is interrupted, however, when spiritualist crusader and celebrated author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle arrives at the door of his London club and requests his help in investigating a man he believes to be a psychic medium of unparalleled gift.

Driven on by his anticipation of exposing the psychic as a fraud, Hart accepts. But it is not long before he finds himself helpless amidst a series of seemingly inexplicable events – and he is forced to consider whether there may be much more to life than he had ever thought possible...

We caught up with the book's author E.O. Higgins and shared a cherry brandy under a damp awning with him and after a while we asked him some questions



Hi EO! Thanks for agreeing to our interview today! Can you introduce yourself in the manner of a paranormal investigator who has just been told his television show has been cancelled?

Thanks for having me; figuratively speaking.

No, I can't - for the good reason that this never happens. As we both know, paranormal television shows never really die - they just go to cheaper television networks and have Danniella Westbrook attached to them.

What would your reaction be if someone bought you a screaming skull as a present? Open arms or polite refusal?

This is difficult. It would depend on how much screaming the skull actually did.

I'm quite a light sleeper - and I'd hate to have to routinely get out of bed in the middle of the night in order to try and settle down a skull.

How did the idea for *Conversations with Spirits* arise? What's it about? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a major character in the novel and how was this looked upon by fans of his work?

Basically, my love of classic ghost stories, Sherlock Holmes and Victorian magicians came together to create the story...

Conversations with Spirits is set during the Great War and is the story of a famous cynic, named Trelawney Hart, who is recruited by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the Society of Psychological Research to investigate a medium - who seems to possess strange and remarkable powers.

So far, everyone that's read the hardback version has been extremely positive about how Conan Doyle is portrayed. He was a remarkable and extremely complicated man - so, naturally, writing the book involved a significant amount of research. Much of the colour of his character comes from real-life - the more fantastical remarks he makes in the novel are drawn from his memoirs, novels and letters.

Is it customary for people to read your novel in their panties?! Also, are mind enhancing drugs a necessity to heighten the overall experience?

Whilst it's true that occasionally young American models do send me photographs of themselves reading the book - whilst wearing very small blue underpants and apparently taking drugs - this is in no way obligatory. That said, I'd hate to stifle people...

Do you believe in the paranormal? Are we able to return as spirits and haunt people, or is it just a pile of crap?





It's mainly assumed that I'm massively sceptical of such things - but I'm not sure that's true.

A lot of 'psychics', either talking nonsense or doing very bad 'cold reading' - plus my own lack of personal paranormal experience - have made me fairly cynical. But, that's not to say I'll always feel the same way.

Ever since I was gifted a copy of the *Usborne Book of Ghosts* for my seventh birthday, I've been fascinated by the paranormal. When I come to build my Harry Price-style 'psychic library', the *Usborne* book will naturally form the cornerstone of the collection.

Can you tell me more about your collaboration with Unbound please? It seems a great way to generate funds to write a novel! How did you discover its existence?

About two years ago, I uploaded some early chapters of *Conversations with Spirits* to a new writing community website - and they quickly became very popular. As a consequence, I was contacted by one of Unbound's Commissioning Editors - and we discussed putting the book on their website for crowd-funding.

Previous to that, Unbound had tended towards projects by established, high-profile writers - like Jonathan Meades, Terry Jones, Kate Mosse and Tibor Fischer - so I wasn't really expecting too much.

During the funding period, two themed events were put on to help raise awareness of the book. The first was a 'flash-fiction' competition, asking people to submit short stories on a supernatural theme. The other was to hold a séance in an old

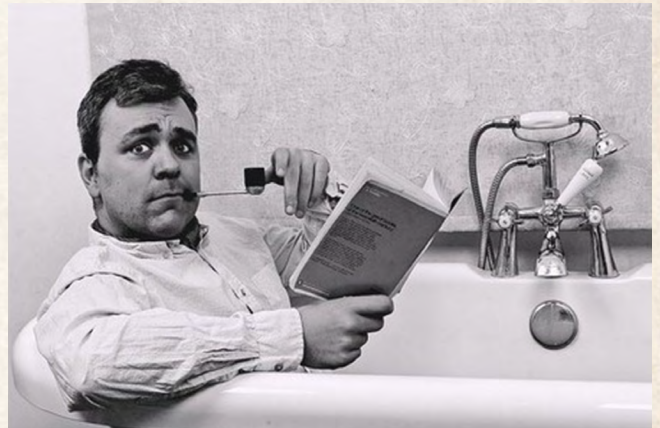
Soho drinking club - under the psychic pseudonym of 'Laars Head'...

Due to Laars' powerful preternatural influences, the book was funded soon afterwards.

Is it a curse to see dead people? Surely they should buy the next round in a bar or provide you with Saturday's winning lottery numbers? I can't help thinking Laars Head sounds like a porn star myself! Whose idea was it for you to pose as Laars for the séance at Blacks Members Club in Soho?

Let's be clear here, dead people are boring. If they're not just lying around in the ground, then they're drearily going on to mediums about things they used do when they were alive. For most gifted sensitives, this quickly becomes tedious...

The séance I performed as 'Laars Head' was different. Unlike most psychics - that only pass on messages from their sitter's loved ones - Laars would happily communicate messages from spirit-world that came from complete strangers. And, often, these messages would be quite upsetting.



Naturally, when Laars is channelling spirits - and, particularly, when he's regurgitating ectoplasm - there is a certain amount of throaty grunting involved. Then, somewhat inevitably, he does sound a lot like a porn star...

What advice would you give to new writers wishing to publish their first novel? How was the experience for you?

Because Unbound is a new type of publisher, my experience probably isn't typical.

The best piece of advice I ever received about writing is to try and not be too precious about your own



A lot of 'psychics', either talking nonsense or doing very bad 'cold reading' - plus my own lack of personal paranormal experience - have made me fairly cynical. But, that's not to say I'll always feel the same way.

work. No matter how good you are, some people are just not going to like it.

Are Ouija boards a portal to the netherworld or glorified coasters?

I believe firmly in the power of the Ouija. When I performed the Unbound séance, I managed to channel several well-known, historical figures – including the Scouse Michael Jackson (from the Derek Acorah séance), the dog from TV's *That's Life* and, even, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself.

(Conan Doyle was, incidentally, extremely positive about my book.)

What can we look forward to from you in 2014? Where can we purchase your book or contact you?

Conversations with Spirits is now on general release and is available from all good book stores and some not so good ones.

Should anyone wish to contact me, they can do so either via my Twitter account (@eohiggins) or by tapping the tables, as usual.

Thanks once again for agreeing to the interview today! It has been a pleasure speaking with you today!

Tips hat

ANSWER: No, Harry Price is probably due the accolade of the *Most Haunted Man in England* and guess what the second chapter of *Conversations with Spirits* is titled 'The Redoubtable Harry Price'.

Harry Price was a real-life figure, and famous (in his lifetime, at least) as a 'psychic investigator'. By the 1930s, no radio broadcast or newspaper / magazine article about an alleged case of haunting was complete without a contribution from Price. He was also a talented and prolific writer, producing hundreds of newspaper articles and several best-selling books. An accomplished conjuror, engineer and photographer, he sat with countless mediums, investigated thousands of apparently 'haunted' places, founded a National Laboratory for the scientific examination of psychic phenomena and amassed the greatest collection of occult literature in the world.

Price was also a controversial figure, however, and was regularly accused of fraud and deception in his own investigations.

[Here is Harry Price talking about his psychic library](#) (whilst smoking endless cigarettes, naturally)

Some houses?

They are haunted...

When Kate Bennett, presenter of TV ghost hunting show 'Where the Dead Walk' investigates a haunted cliff-top house, she encounters a spirit who holds answers not only to a childhood she can't remember, but an unimaginable crime...

WHERE THE DEAD WALK

JOHN BOWEN

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Be careful of E.P.ROSE

He has a pen and he's not afraid to use it!

Hi E.P.Rose! Thanks for agreeing to talk with me today! Can you introduce yourself in the manner of an international man of mystery, whilst explaining who you are in 5 words, detailing the reasons behind each word, please?

I am not an international man of mystery, I am an intergalactic man of mystery, which is not easy these days, what with CCTV and Google and space probes and all. You will almost certainly have to eat your notes after this interview. Yes, that's right. You will have to eat my words. And then in all probability I will have to kill you. But the good thing is, I might well then immortalise you in a story. No, please don't interrupt. My cosmic undercover stealth vehicle is parked on a meter. The clock is ticking and I don't want to get a ticket. Five words to describe myself? With reasons? How about **Writer**? Why? Because I write things. Then, **Conspiring**. Because writing is largely a matter of plots. **Shape-shifting**. Because writing requires the assumption of alternative personae. **Undercover**, because books have covers, apart from which you can't really be a man of mystery, if you're not undercover, can you? And **Phantom**. Why **Phantom**? Well, **Phantom** is my middle name, and I like haunting things. I like haunting pages, paper and web. It's a particular pleasure to be haunting yours. I think that's five, isn't it? Conspiring, shape-shifting, undercover writer phantom. There you go. Next question.



What fuelled your decision to cease being a restaurateur and to concentrate on being an author? Do you ever miss the smell, the vibe, the noise and the pure essence of working in a restaurant environment?

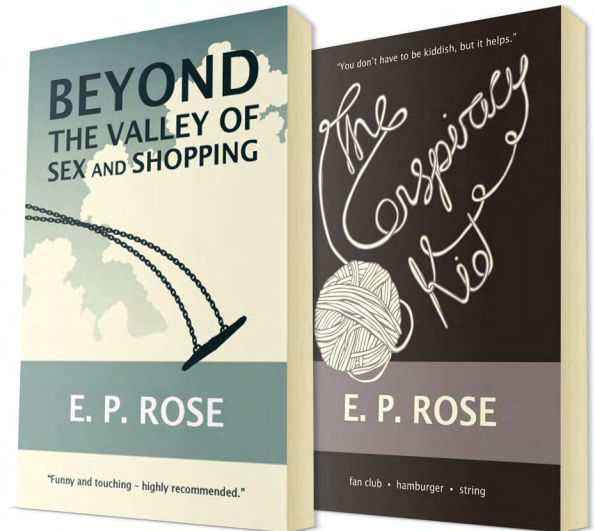
I love restaurants. Restaurants are places where theatre, food and alcohol collide. And, to tell you the truth, I continue to be not uninvolved. The restaurants from which I have retreated, they're still very much a part of my life. My office is over Sonny's Kitchen. But, technically, I'm out and I'm attempting to concentrate on putting one word after the next without being interrupted.

Your novel *Beyond the Valley of Sex And Shopping* tells the tale of two siblings, one who lives and one who dies! It appears to have everything but the kitchen sink thrown into its mix. How were you motivated to write the novel and can you please tell me more about the story and what it's about?

Obviously, my dear, you haven't read the book and I would suggest that you do so as soon as possible, because it's short, funny and moving, and as far as I can recall quite devoid of kitchen sinks in any shape or form. As a matter of interest, the point of departure for *Beyond* was Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, a play of which I am extremely fond. It is, as it were, an anachronistic prequel to the play, but that's really by the bye. It is essentially a miniature saga about the Perry family, growing up in London in the latter part of the twentieth century. It asks the question, what lies beyond the valley of sex and shopping and comes back with the answer - prison, bankruptcy, death and cosmic balls - so, obviously, it's a comedy.

If there is one person who has motivated you in life to be who you are, who is it and what standards did they set you in life? Do you still look at this person for inspiration?

I continue to be more than somewhat confused as to who I am, and I'm not sure that I really have any particular Obi-Wan Kenobi figure, up to whom I look. I find that on the whole most human beings inspire me. The ones that inspire me most are those who do not have the luck we have - to be born in a passably safe democracy such as this. People who make it cheerfully through the day in places that barely support life, they inspire me. People who live under regimes run by total shits, they inspire me. People who keep the faith and find moments in which they can laugh and sing and dance and post stuff on Facebook, in situations which would have me blowing my brains out in a second, they inspire me.



Author name: E.P.ROSE

Book Name: THE CONSPIRACY KID and BEYOND THE VALLEY OF SEX AND SHOPPING

Author bio: E.P.ROSE lives in London, England, with his restaurateur wife, various daughters, a dog called Frank and a cat called Wednesday.

The Conspiracy Kid:

A sonnet is penned and, lo, the Conspiracy Kid Fan Club is born. Beware. To read this sonnet is to join the Club. Membership is automatic and irreversible. This is the story of the earliest unwitting Conspiracy Kid Fan Club members: Edwin Mars (poet), Joe Claude (billionaire), Walter Cornelius (werewolf), Muriel Cohen (chef), and Ewan Hoozarmi (artist), to name but a few.

Beyond the Valley of Sex and Shopping

When Susan Perry, aged four, launches herself from the swing in her family's

garden, she finds herself hurtled into a world full of frustration, desire, delight, despair, disaster and joy - the world of being human. E.P.Rose's wry allusive exploration of the relationship between Suzie and her brother and her lovers and her family and friends in the decades following the end of World War II brings to life an extraordinary, charming, occasionally hilarious and sometimes heart-breaking catalogue of events, drawing the reader through to an unexpected and utterly fitting conclusion.

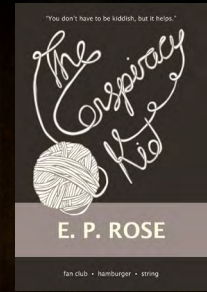
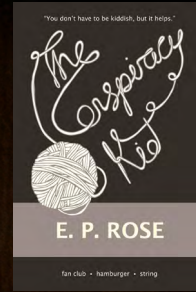
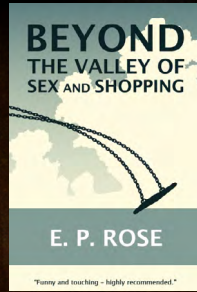
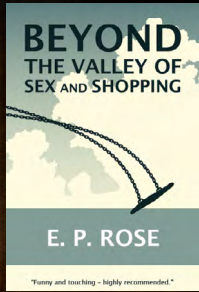
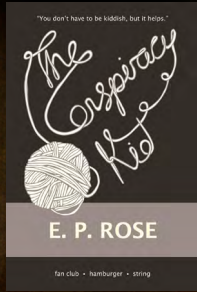
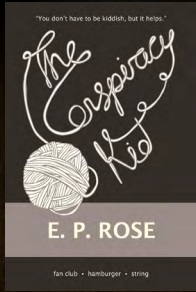
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You appear to have been at odds when approached for a synopsis for *The Conspiracy Kid*, and upon reading the synopsis myself, I don't need to ask why! Can you please explain what it's about, as I am just on the edge of confused? He also appears to have quite a life of his own too by all appearances. Please discuss.

I think you might be referring to the fact that I said I hate having to write synopses. I am aware that brevity is supposed to be the soul of wit, but as a rule novelists tend to be long-winded types, which is why I asked Edwin Mars, the poet, who appears as a semi-fictionalised version of himself in the book to write that synopsis. The Conspiracy Kid first appears in a sonnet written by Edwin: The Conspiracy Kid Fan Club. The novel is a meandering sort of soap opera about some of the earliest Conspiracy Kid Fan Club members.

Whose picture is that on the Table Thirteen website? It can't be you surely? Can we have a pic of the real you please?

Why can't it be me? What's wrong with it? I'm particularly fond of that hat. It's an original Vivienne Westwood pirate hat. You know, if anyone was thinking that we were sitting in a room somewhere

having a chat, this question would dispel that notion, because if we were sitting face to face, you'd know that picture is indeed of me. I put your name into Google images yesterday and I didn't immediately think, oh that can't be you. I just thought, hmmm, interesting, I'm going to be interviewed by a zombie.



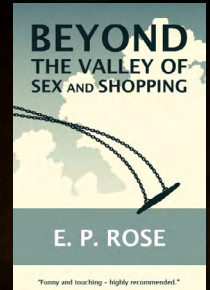
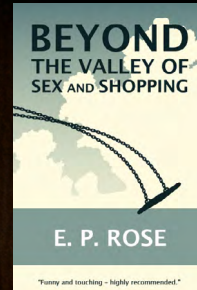
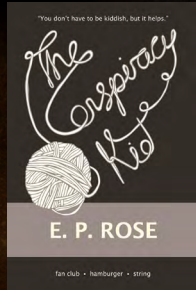
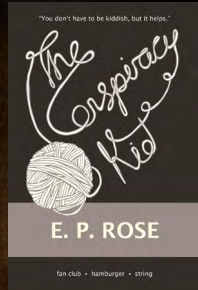
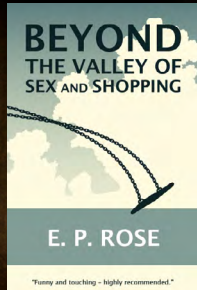
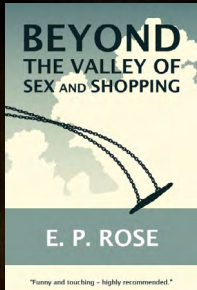
How would you describe the essential ingredients that are needed when creating a novel? Can a takeaway be as satisfying as a three course meal?

I have endured many quite awful three course meals in my life and enjoyed many a scrumptious takeaway. And I have bought, borrowed and even once stolen thousands of books, and have not all that infrequently failed to get past the first page. Hundreds and hundreds of them though, thousands, are wonderful, albeit totally different. So, what is the magic ingredient that unites say Dostoyevsky and Wodehouse and Flaubert and Chandler and makes

you want to keep on turning the page? I guess it's story-telling. Human beings like telling stories and they like being told stories. We've done it since the dawn of time.

Talking of meals, if you could invite 6 guests to a dinner party, dead or alive, who would they be and why? Also, who would you not invite and why? Don't be scared!

Let's have Count Dracula, who makes a very brief appearance in a dream in *The Conspiracy Kid* and to whom I shall serve a black pudding made from human blood. I'm sure I can do a deal with someone in transfusion. I wonder if he has a preference for any particular blood type. Boudin noir rhesus negative perhaps. Agatha Christie, because I love her. She married Sir Max Mallowan about whom she said: "The wonderful thing about being married to an archaeologist is that the older you get, the more interesting he finds you." Groucho Marx. Groucho was interviewing a woman on his TV show. The woman had, I think, eleven children and when Groucho asked her why, she said, "Because I love my husband" to which Groucho replied: "I love my cigar, but I take it our every



now and again." There's always the chance that he might come out with something equally hilarious, if we sit him next to I know, Jesus. Let's invite Jesus and sit him next to Groucho. I wonder how good Groucho's Hebrew is. Sitting next to me, I want the fabulously feisty Jean Harlow, because she said: "Don't give me a book for Christmas. I already have a book." And Lisa Gherardini, who is famous for having her portrait painted by Leonardo da Vinci. I love the idea of Mona Lisa sitting there at my dining table, smiling, inbetween Count Dracula and Groucho Marx. Who am I not going to invite? Well, everybody else.

How cool are zombies? I love them, the more dead the better. What do you think being married to a zombie would be like?

I have just been watching *The Returned* on Netflix. It's very interesting. The zombies in it are not brainless ambulatory lumps of rotting flesh; they just come back and want to start their lives again. It's very odd. One of the returned asks the local priest: "When Jesus came back from the dead, was he a zombie?" That's a thought. If you invite historical characters to dinner, you have to decide at what point in their career you want them to be when they turn up on your doorstep. Inevitably you are

going to know more about them than they do about themselves, in particular the time and manner of their death. What? Oh yes, well, as I understand it, the outstanding characteristics of your traditional zombie are graveyard putrefaction and a homicidal hunger for human brains. Call me old-fashioned, but this is not really what I'm looking for in a wife.

November is being released in November! Can you tell me about it please? Ralph does appear to be having it a bit hard doesn't he? By the way, it must have been very hard to come up with the release date!

November is a diary, written by Ralph Conway, covering that month in which for various reasons, he decided to commit suicide, only then to come back to life again as himself, and, you know what, it's only just occurred to me that he might be a zombie. I went to school with Ralph and when I read that he was one of the people who had gone missing in that awful Boxing Day tsunami, I decided to track down his widow, but it turned out she isn't a widow, because Ralph is immortal - and she gave me his diary to prove it. It was a surprisingly entertaining read, despite its gloomy underpinnings. Of course, I had

to do a bit of tweaking. Anyway, we thought it would be fun to publish it day by day through November, so you sort of have to subscribe to receive it, like a blog. We're just working on the details now. Watch this space.

E.P. it has been a pleasure and privilege talking to you today! Just before I go, can I please ask for some prizes for our magazine?



Likewise and ditto, my friend. How about a couple of signed copies of both *The Conspiracy Kid* and *Beyond the Valley of Sex and Shopping*? Three signed photographs purporting to be me. And I shall get Edwin Mars to give you a signed copy of his poem *Zombie Shuffle*, which you can read on the *Table Thirteen Books* website here - <http://ow.ly/xdroD>. I'll have them sent to you and you can decide who gets which and for what reason.



The Strange Little Harper of Inveraray

BY M.J. STEEL COLLINS

Inveraray Castle, sits near the town of Inveraray on the banks of Loch Fyne in Argyll and Bute about 60 miles away from Glasgow. The third castle to be built on this site, it is a pretty confection of grey stone and turrets of the sort you might associate with tales of beautiful princesses and happy endings. But it has inherited a history of the kind you might not want to be telling the kiddies in bed at night.

The site of the castle has been home to Clan Campbell since the early 1400s. Once one of the most powerful clans in Scotland, they weren't afraid of throwing their weight about, earning them an enemy or six after a fashion. Come the 1640s, Archibald Campbell, Clan Chief and the Marquess of Argyll, was in practice, the head of Scotland. An ardent Covenanter, he found himself caught up in the chaos of civil war raging throughout Britain at the time. In December 1644, Inveraray and its castle were sacked and burned by an army led by James Graham, the First Marquess of Montrose, who had a lot of beef to grind with the Marquess of Argyll. The attack saw Argyll fleeing from his burning castle down Loch Fyne in a rowing boat. Whilst he escaped, Montrose's men killed 800 men, women and children in the streets of Inveraray. Even the animals were slaughtered and crops destroyed. Those that survived were left to fend for themselves in the notoriously harsh Scottish winter.

In the chaos, the Marquess of Argyll's harp player was left behind. Some sources say that this was in disgrace because he was caught spying on the Lady of the House through a key hole. The Harper was soon found by Montrose's men and hanged. Time, as it always does from these gory incidences, passed on. The wars and fighting ended.

THE STRANGE LITTLE HARPER OF INVERARAY BY M.J. STEEL COLLINS



Both the Marquesses of Montrose and Argyll were executed. Plans were drawn up to build the third Inveraray Castle in 1720, which was eventually finished in 1789. And the Harper's ghost still roamed, as he does today.

He's not the only wraith to be found at Inveraray Castle, but certainly seems to be the head of the ghostly pack. Other spirits to be found include that of a young woman murdered by the Jacobites, who still seems to be running from her killers. A grey lady walks the castle corridors, seen only by daughters of the

Duke. There is believed to be the ghost of a young boy, another victim of the 1644 carnage, who was dismembered after being killed. Something Nasty lurks in the MacArthur room, putting some folk off spending a lot of time there. A ghostly galleon sails down Loch Fyne, then onto the land, stopping at the castle when the Dukes, who are also the Clan Campbell Chiefs, shuffle off the mortal coil. But it is the Harper who commands all the attention, and his story is intertwined with some of his aforementioned comrades.

The Harper is believed to haunt the Green Library. For over a hundred years, there have been strange noises, as if a pile of books had fallen, heard in the library. Yet, when someone has

gone to investigate, everything is still in its place and nothing can account for the noise. Peter Underwood notes in his classic *Gazetteer of Scottish Ghosts*, it is usually only family members who hear it. Guests very rarely hear it if they are present at the same time. The Harper's music at one time could be heard coming from the Blue Room, when no harps were present in the castle.

Women are a particular favourite of the Harper – the Duchesses of Argyll have seen him more than Dukes. It is most often women who encounter him. He is believed to be a friendly ghost, who likes to make his presence known in cheeky ways. One thing he is partial to is apparently to throw



"The Harper's music at one time could be heard coming from the Blue Room, when no harps were present in the castle."

THE STRANGE LITTLE HARPER OF INVERARAY BY M.J. STEEL COLLINS

“The door to the room opened by itself, before something invisible shuffled into the library.”



books around. People visiting the library may inexplicably burst into hysterical laughter. Reminiscent of the ghostly galleon that sails up to the castle when a Duke of Argyll dies, the Harper also becomes more active when a Duke dies. Female visitors most often see around the Harper's apparition at the time of a Duke's death and the subsequent funeral. Although, the Harper has extended his presence to men at these times too; in 1949, the 10th Duke of Argyll, Niall Diarmid Campbell lay dying at Inverary Castle, the doctor and local minister at his side. Suddenly both the doctor and minister heard the sound of harp music wafting down the hall, and went to investigate. They found no one there. When they returned to the bedroom, the 10th Duke had passed away.

The Harper was especially feisty in October 1922 on the death of Lord Breadalbane, an important member of Clan Campbell. The 10th Duke felt ill the night

before the funeral, and took to his bed, deciding he wouldn't be able to go to the funeral. The Duke's sister, Lady Elspeth, and Ian Douglas Campbell, who succeeded as the 11th Duke, were sitting in the library, when they heard a tremendous racket,

like the sounds of books being thrown about, coming from the turret room attached to the library. The door to the room then opened by itself, before something invisible shuffled into the library. Lady Elspeth and Ian Campbell rushed to inform the Duke what had happened. He said it was perhaps the Harper responding to the death of Lord Breadalbane, as the ghost often did this when a great clansman had passed. The Duke believed that the Harper was probably angry that the Duke, as Clan Chief, decided he wasn't going to the funeral. This is recounted in Lord Halifax's *Ghost Book*.

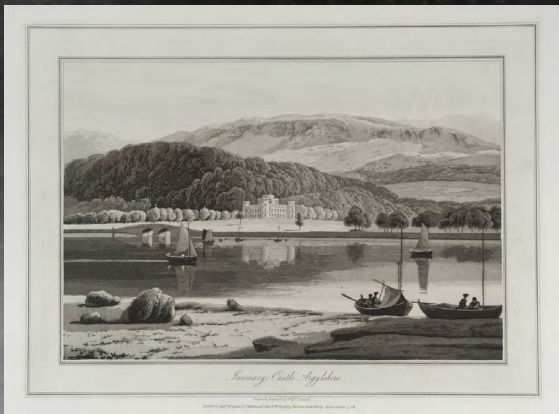
In a metamorphism strange even to the realm of ghost legends, the tale of the Harper underwent a bizarre change from its documentation in Lord Halifax's *Ghost Book* to the present day. The latter, published in the 1930s, described the Harper as being an old man, who was hung from a tree in 1644 by Montrose's forces. By 2010, Alan



Murdie wrote in the Fortean Times (FT 266), that the story had undergone a dramatic change. The Harper was now a young Irish lad aged 12 or 13 years, who had been found by Montrose's men, killed and dismembered, with his body parts thrown on the bed in the MacArthur room after. His spirit now haunted the room. This is how the tale is told on the Inveraray Castle website.

Most Haunted picked up on this thread of the tale in the episode on the castle, without explicitly referring to the ghost in the MacArthur room as that of the Harper – they were apparently being 'teased' by *his* ghost in the library. They did however recite the tale of this mysterious young lad meeting his grisly end in the vicinity of the MacArthur room, and claiming to pick up on a dark energy associated with this event. Add to that, there's the strange conundrum that seems to come out of an event that happened in 1644 suddenly occurring in a room of a castle that was built over 100 years later. But the official Inveraray website clears this up by saying the bed in the MacArthur room was moved from the old castle into the new castle, the boy's ghost coming with it through attachment. Still, it is a bit of an odd one that the bed didn't burn in the 1644 sacking if it was an original.

It is probably the usual case of two ghosts merging into one, as so often happens as these tales develop over time. Though this kind of change does seem to have come about rather quickly. Interestingly enough, Lily Seafeld notes that the spirit of a servant boy roams the castle in her book *Scottish Ghosts*; maybe he's the poor unfortunate that was killed and cut to pieces. Owing to the nature of Scots history, with its many alleged events, all we can do is speculate. I'm fairly convinced they are two different ghosts, and that the old tale of the Harper as an old man is the correct one. It's been the more pervasive through time.





“WE CAME, WE SAW, WE KICKED ITS ASS!”

GHOSTBUSTERS AT THIRTY AND HOW IT INSPIRED A
GENERATION OF PARANORMAL BELIEVERS

BY PETER DRAKE

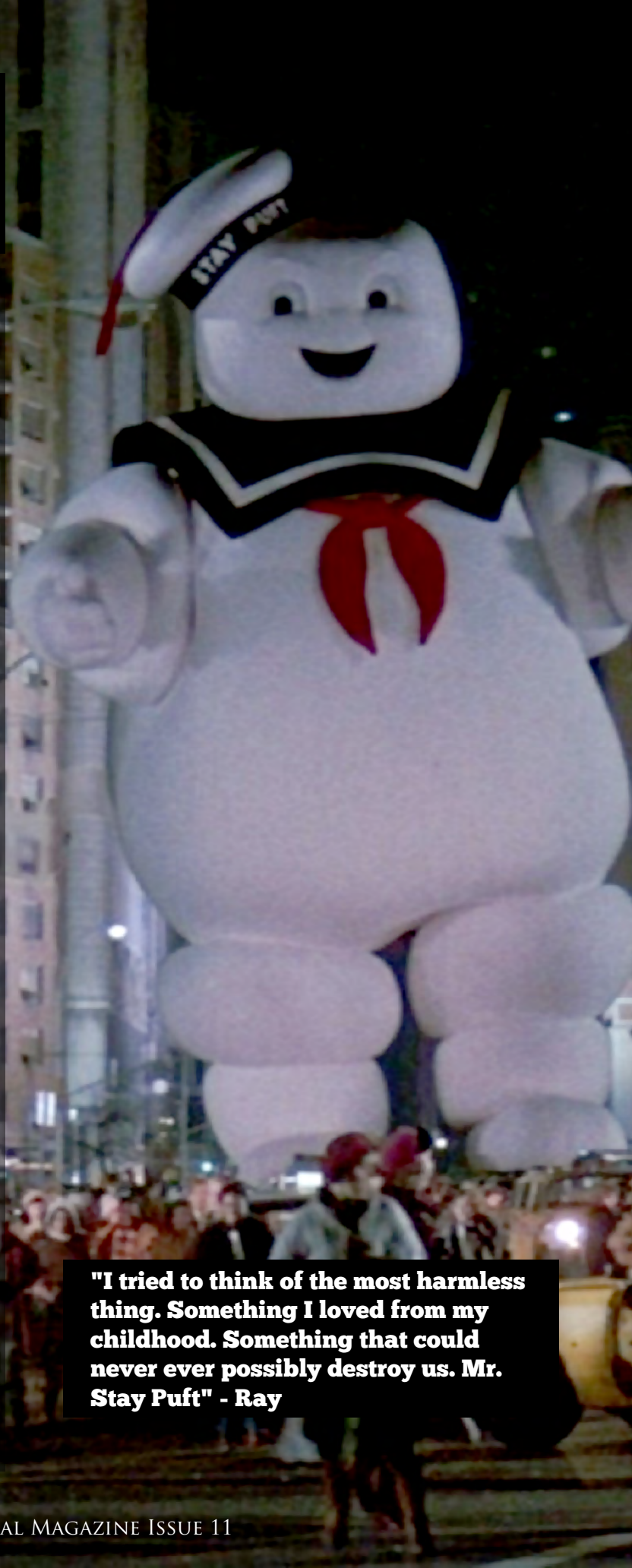
It's thirty years since *Ghostbusters* was first released into cinemas. It seems incredible: three entire decades have passed since Spengler, Stanz and Venkman's portentous encounter with that free-floating, full torso vaporous apparition at New York Public Library. The movie has indelibly marked the popular consciousness of Britain, the USA and the rest of the globe, and it's difficult to imagine the paranormal world (with its innumerable teams of ghost hunters) existing in its current form without the film's influence.





For one thing it's one of the most famous supernatural movies to ever hit the cinemas – and certainly one of the most profitable, remaining one of the highest-grossing films of all-time. But, more significantly, Ghostbusters allowed the paranormal to break into the mainstream. Supernatural movies released prior to 1984 such as *The Amityville Horror* and *The Exorcist* were not exactly child-friendly: the paranormal was portrayed as dark and dangerous, filled with soul-shattering terrors for the unwary. As a big-budget comedy with supernatural themes Ghostbusters was unique and accessible across the generations: children and adults could enjoy it together without concern for spiritual and moral wellbeing (though it's likely some religious enthusiasts may have been up in arms back in '84). Apparitions, demonic possession and hundred-foot tall marshmallow men were things to laugh at, not to fear. And as a box-office hit across the world the film ensured that the supernatural would permeate popular culture. No longer did the audience see paranormal research as academic and eccentric; instead they saw ghost-hunting as fun and exciting and irreverent.

For a generation of kids, 'ghostbuster' became a synonym for paranormal investigator. A large number of people involved in the business of spooks and spectres have named Ghostbusters as their inspiration, ranging from Grant Wilson and Amy Bruni (TV's *Ghost Hunters*) to Katrina Weidman (*Paranormal State* and *Real Fear*). David Ball is the co-founder of WOLF (the acronym for *World Oneiric Life Force*), a paranormal team based in the West Midlands, England, and he is a deeply passionate fan of Ghostbusters: "It made a huge impact on me. The first time I watched it I was about five, when we hired it from the old video shop. From the moment the ghost in the library came at the gang to the point they are mopping marshmallow off their boiler suits, I was completely taken by the whole world they had played out.



"I tried to think of the most harmless thing. Something I loved from my childhood. Something that could never ever possibly destroy us. Mr. Stay Puft" - Ray

"My mum was a practicing spiritualist when I was very young, and she proactively focused on the potential 'gifts' her son might have like seeing auras and picking up spirits, so from a very, very early age I have been surrounded by talk of the paranormal. But Ghostbusters made the subject fun. I was soon walking the streets with a proton pack, climbing trees and zapping anything and everything. I was so taken by the film that I even had my teachers call me Peter Venkman for several weeks!"

That's characteristic of the film's emotional and sentimental legacy. Recollections have a keen nostalgic glow, particularly the memories of people who were children in the 1980s and early 1990s when they first encountered Ghostbusters, whether in film format or cartoons, even the popular toys. Many other investigators remember playing with toy proton-packs and running around in the outfits, catching pesky ghosts with the action figures or running them over with their Ecto-1 vehicle.

"It's all well and good living your life through the spellbound eyes of your five-year old self," says David. "But whether it be Peter Venkman or Peter Pan, we all have to accept when it's time to grow up. After all, Ghostbusters is just a film. Right?"

In that respect David might be wrong. Might not the advent of paranormal-reality shows and their huge success be due to the cultural-resonance of Ghostbusters? Those impressionable children grew up, their imaginations thrilled by the supernatural in a way not seen since the Tunguska blast of 1909 (!); and as adults they watched as ghost-hunting played out on TV shows like *Most Haunted*, seemingly for real. It presented paranormal research as something anyone could do. That followed the cues in Ghostbusters. After all, if you forget their scientific and occult acumen, the principal ghostbusters were everymen: they weren't psychic or wealthy or rippling with muscles; they were ordinary blokes curious about the supernatural and intent on capturing it – albeit for a price, as Venkman kept an eye on making money. (That doesn't sound too far removed from what paranormal groups offer in terms of vigils and 'experiences' to the public.) This democratisation has become more extreme. The humdrum Winston Zeddemores of the world



The influence of Ghostbusters has been seen in various video games and toys. Alongside the official game releases which have appeared on many different computers (going as far back as the Commodore 64 and ZX Spectrum), consoles (the Playstation releases boast movie standard cut scenes!) and even tablet devices, some other titles have been extremely influenced by the source material. Most notably the hugely popular Nintendo titles "Luigi's Mansion" and "Luigi's Mansion 2" on the 3DS have borrowed liberally direct themes from the movie.



After 30 years and several fan made variations, LEGO have revealed their own playset from the movie complete with ECTO-1 car although it remains to be seen whether or not it's the kids or their parents who will be building the new model!





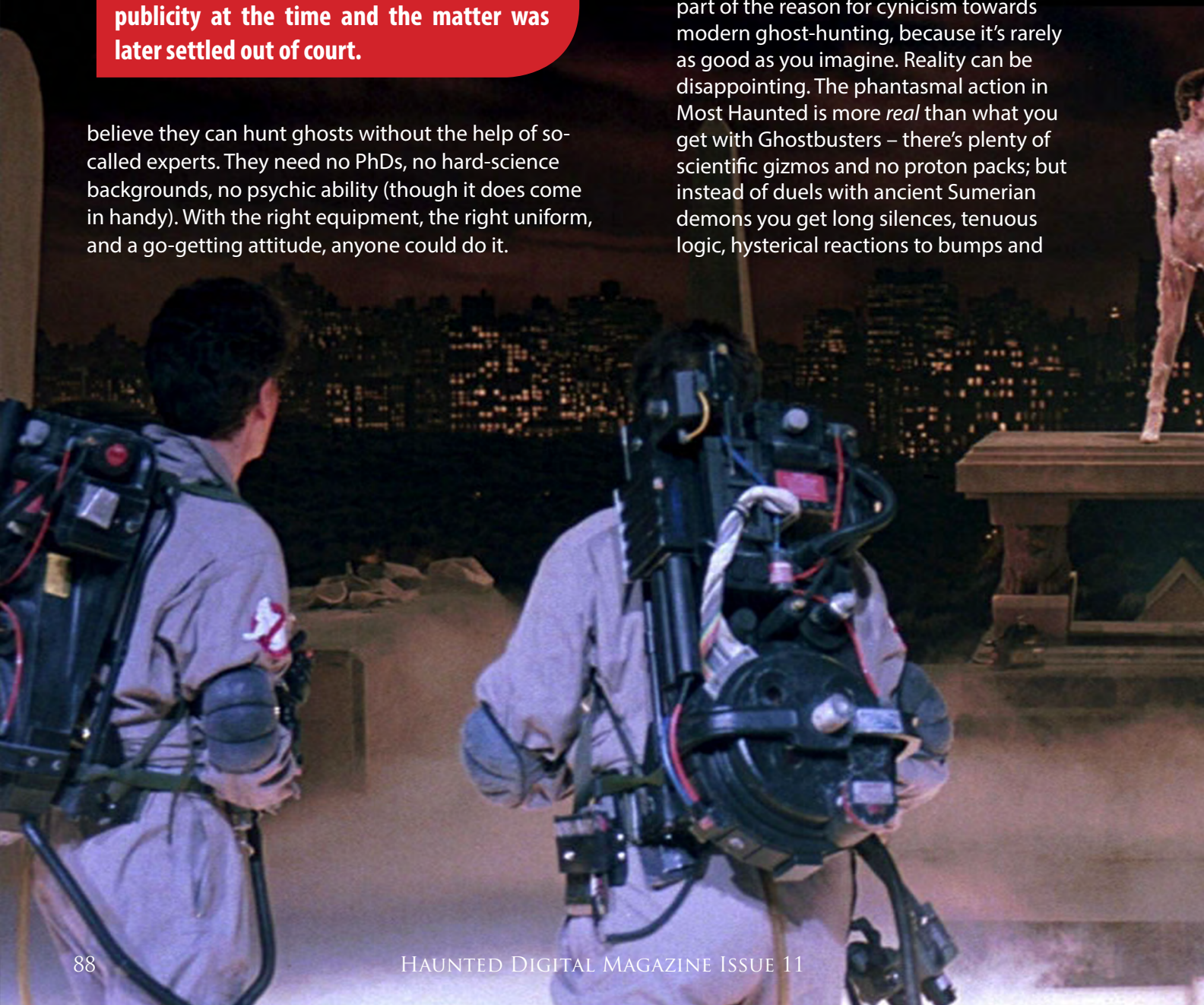
The theme song from Ghostbusters was a multi-platinum global sensation amassing sales of over 3million records. The song was recorded by Ray Parker

Jr and was originally inspired by a TV jingle after admitting that Parker Jr had found it difficult to incorporate Ghostbusters into a melody. The song courted controversy after appearing to use a riff used by Huey Lewis and the News in a track called "I Want a New Drug". This subsequently generated a lot of publicity at the time and the matter was later settled out of court.

believe they can hunt ghosts without the help of so-called experts. They need no PhDs, no hard-science backgrounds, no psychic ability (though it does come in handy). With the right equipment, the right uniform, and a go-getting attitude, anyone could do it.

And that is the attitude popularised by paranormal-reality television shows. Much more than Ghostbusters, they have been a trigger for action, for people to get out into desolate old buildings or windswept ruins to search for phantoms. TV shows like *Most Haunted*, *Ghost Hunters* and *Paranormal Witness* have their detractors, and justifiably so. But their example gave people the courage to join a paranormal group or create their own group, to chase spirits and – in a sense – become ghostbusters.

It's undeniable that the Ghostbusters films helped to form the mental landscape and preconceptions of modern, generic paranormal research. And that is part of the reason for cynicism towards modern ghost-hunting, because it's rarely as good as you imagine. Reality can be disappointing. The phantasmal action in *Most Haunted* is more *real* than what you get with *Ghostbusters* – there's plenty of scientific gizmos and no proton packs; but instead of duels with ancient Sumerian demons you get long silences, tenuous logic, hysterical reactions to bumps and



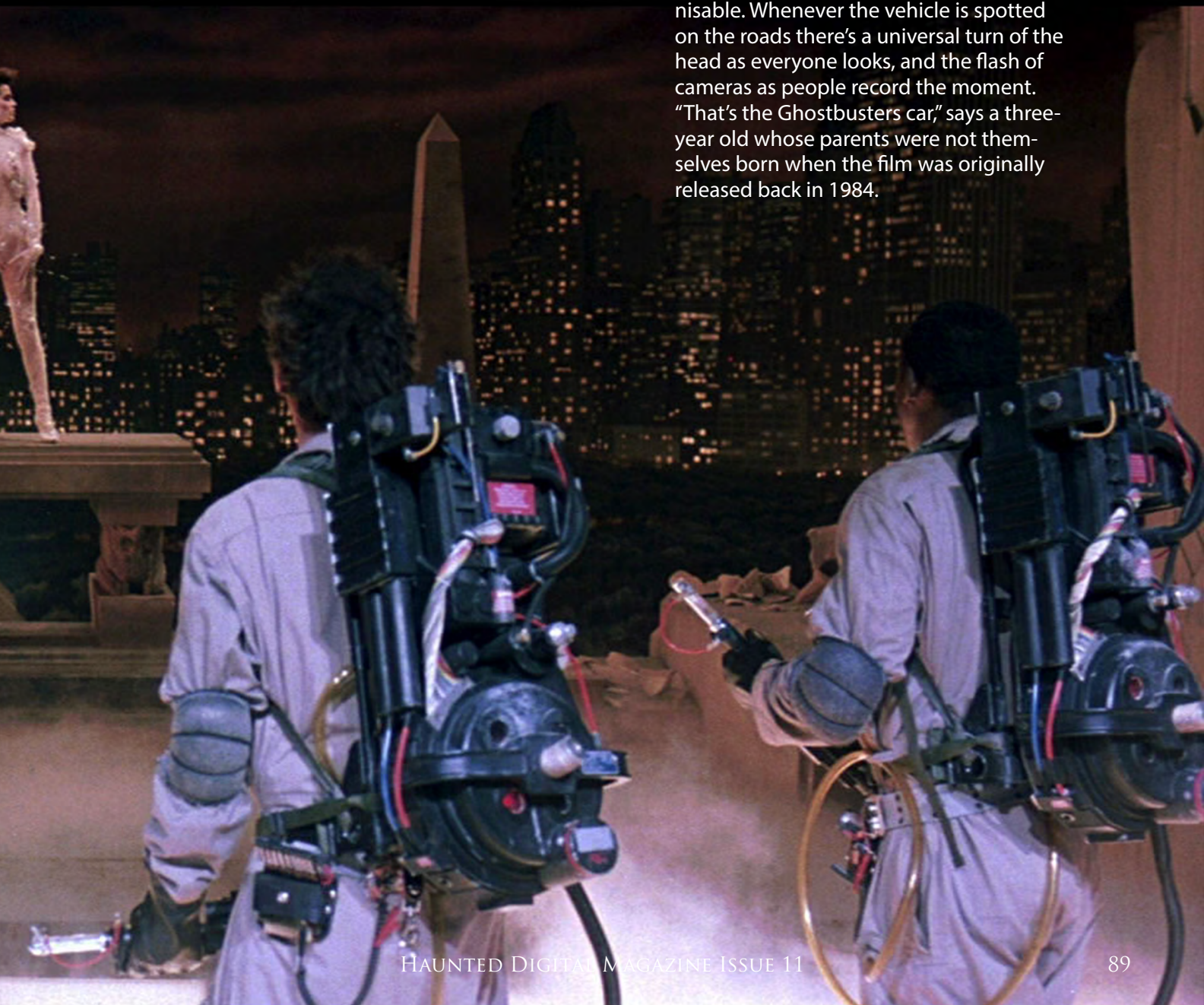
"Well, this is great. If the ionization-rate is constant for all ectoplasmic entities, we can really bust some heads... in a spiritual sense, of course." - Ray

"Ray, when someone asks you if you're a god, you say 'YES'!" - Winston

squeaks, and mediums with wonderful insights such as "Fanny loves Dick."

Truer to life, but where's the swashbuckling spirit?

The franchise isn't dead yet. There's perpetual talk of a Ghostbusters 3, and there's definitely a slim chance it won't be a disappointment. The brand is as strong as ever: there are even several businesses in England and USA that hire out specially-created, full-size Ecto-1 vehicles for weddings, birthdays, proms and special events. That shows you the long-term imprint made by the film. A company in the West Midlands (suitably called Ghostbusters Car Hire) has even allowed charities use of their Ecto-1 replica for free. The car is instantly-recognisable. Whenever the vehicle is spotted on the roads there's a universal turn of the head as everyone looks, and the flash of cameras as people record the moment. "That's the Ghostbusters car," says a three-year old whose parents were not themselves born when the film was originally released back in 1984.



TERRIFYING TALES



ONE NIGHT, I WAS BABYSITTING MY BEST FRIEND'S CHILDREN. THE YOUNGEST (WHO WAS ABOUT 5 AT THE TIME) DREW A PICTURE OF A WOMAN HANGING FROM THE CEILING, LOOKED UP AT ME AND SAID, "SHE TOLD ME TO DRAW THIS. SHE'S COMING FOR YOU. HIDE"



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

“Do you believe in UFOs, astral projections, mental telepathy, ESP, clairvoyance, spirit photography, telekinetic movement, full-trance mediums, the Loch Ness monster and the theory of Atlantis?”

“Uh... if there’s a steady paycheck in it, I’ll believe anything you say.”

That’s the conversation between Winston Zeddemore and Janine Melnitz as she interviews him for a job in the *Ghostbusters* movie. It’s more than a check-list of beliefs any respectable ghost-hunter should embrace – it’s a rough guide to what to expect from the back-catalogue of *The Real Ghostbusters*.

The animated kids TV series ran from 1987 to 1991, following on from the 1984 box-office hit. It has the old crew still in demand in New York as ghostbusters for hire – there’s Egon Spengler, Ray Stantz, Peter Venkman and Winston, joined by Janine and Slimer, their loyal pet ghost and ex-disgusting blob. During the six seasons and 147 episodes that the series last for, they face every kind of supernatural phenomenon and activity imaginable. There

are ghosts, of course: thousands upon thousands of them, of every type (sometimes there might be a famous ghost, perhaps the spirit of Sherlock Holmes or Al Capone, or ghost pirates) but usually ghosts that resemble some kind of fantastical monster. There devious poltergeists and demons; and mythical creatures such as vampires, werewolves, gremlins, the bogeyman, banshees and Bigfoot.

There were deep occult references and ideas. Demonic possession often crops up, and a stand-out instance is the episode entitled *Mrs. Roger’s Neighbourhood*, where a powerful demon possesses Peter Venkman in order to break open the ghost containment unit and release its prisoners. Venkman’s hair gets ultra-spiky as it stands on end, his eyes glow and his face is given a horrific grimace. Across the rest of the series there are journeys into ethereal dimensions, and they encounter phenomenon





similar to the Bermuda Triangle (renamed the New Jersey Parallelogram), time travel, thought creation or creation of things by thinking them into reality, and the pagan origins of Samhain (Halloween). This was high-concept stuff for a kids cartoon and a serious approach to the subject matter which never forgot that it should be comedic and light-hearted. It was strikingly different to kids programs in the 1980s: nothing else had this occult edge.

“It’s very Lovecraftian, with the mysterious dark mountain and the Cthulhu-inspired elder god, and very evocative.”

The quality and ambition of the writing helped lift the series above its contemporaries. J. Michael Straczynski was the story editor for *The Real Ghostbusters*, working

on most of its seven seasons, and the quality of his input shines through. He was no novice, having also worked on the *He-Man* cartoon earlier in the 80s, *The Twilight Zone*, and subsequently the recent *Thor* movie and *World War Z*. He’s likely to be remembered better as the creator and lead writer of sci-fi TV classic *Babylon 5*. Michael Reeves, a prolific author and screenwriter, is also well-respected for his work on the *Real Ghostbusters* series.

There were standout episodes, particularly ones where paranormal powers threatened to bring about the apocalyptic end of the world. In *Knock Knock*, subway workers stumble across an ancient doorway, the opening of which precipitates doomsday. The New York subway system is submerged in an explosion of poltergeist energy, transforming it and populating it with hordes of skeletal commuters. The ghostbusters fight through to the dimensional doorway which they must shut before the earth is laid waste and humanity destroyed. It’s exciting stuff, dark and pacy, yet always with humour. And a distinct sense of peril is there, a rare thing even in adult TV programming.



The world actually gets destroyed in *Ragnarok and Roll*. Tsunamis and earthquakes ravage the globe and demonic creatures hunt down survivors after a wanderer on a desolate mountain (sounding awfully like Elvis) sets in motion world-wide destruction after recovering a lost artefact. He’s manipulated by a malevolent demon creature which manifests only as a disembodied head in the sky. The ghostbusters triumph in a thrilling last battle in New York, of course. It’s very Lovecraftian, with the mysterious dark mountain and the Cthulhu-inspired elder god, and very evocative. That’s a recurring feature, the influence of H.P. Lovecraft, the supernatural horror

writer who created a fictional mythology of primordial gods that lie dormant on Earth. The ghostbusters battle an enormous godlike creature in *The Collect Call of Cathulhu* (obviously based on Lovecraft's Cthulhu); and in *Cold Cash and Hot Water* a powerful demon is dug out of ice and breaks free to terrorise New York. You don't get that kind of thing in *Tree Fu Tom* or *Peppa Pig*.

Those doomsday storylines and threats to civilisation – they were great. That's when the series was at its best, with blood-and-thunder narrative, plenty of action and humour. It was about adventure, not preaching or teaching kids 'important life-lessons'. Children loved it, and they suffered no identifiable psychological damage by watching it. There's over-sensitivity right now amid fears over kids' welfare. They're stronger than we think, and people underestimate the vigour of children's imaginations and the role of animation like *The Real Ghostbusters* in satisfying their innate desire for spectacular imagery and ideas. If that desire is stifled, then it's no surprise when they grow up to be dull and pedantic, the Walter Peck's of the world.



There were plenty of other reasons for *The Real Ghostbusters* popularity: the distinctive colourful animation, the eerie music, good voice acting, the dialogue and humour. There were plenty of adult themes not so common these days – Peter Venkman and his laziness, particularly the episode *Ghost Busted* when he's in despair at the thought of getting a proper job (inconceivable these days when we're pushed by politicians and wider society to be busy worker-bees); the willingness of the ghostbusters to sacrifice their lives to save others. And twists on traditional ideas. The ghostbusters are catapulted into a battle between rival vampire clans and werewolves in *No One Comes to Lupusville*, and they watch as the supernatural creatures turn into hybrids as they injure each other, becoming part-vampire, and part-lycanthrope. In *Take Two* the ghostbusters deal with a paranormal disturbance on the set of the *Ghostbusters* movie, and there's even a mention

that the actors don't look a thing like them. It's a case of Straczynski and the other writers being clever, as the animated ghostbusters are the real deal, not the actors in the film. They even attend the film's premiere.

Inevitably the quality began to slip as time progressed. The executives in charge of the series started tinkering with it, pulling it apart. New voice actors for Janine, Venkman and Zeddmore were inferior. The storylines slowly showed signs of weariness, they were cliché-ridden, derivative and overly-childish, and, worst of all, dull. The intelligence and subtlety slowly evaporated from the writing. The serious tone was lost as it consciously tried to be a whole-hearted kids show aimed at a younger audience, with more comedy and less horror. It was so bad that Slimer became the star, with whole episodes devoted to his exploits.

Even the greatest empire is susceptible to decline and fall!



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The **Secret** Ghost Hunter Files



SMOKE AND MIRRORS ENGULFS US ALL...

Most Haunted was one of the first shows on TV that made ghosts and ghosthunting feel accessible by the general public. You'd think that would be great for paranormal teams such as mine. But actually the opposite is true. How on Earth can we compete with the supernatural phenomena uncovered weekly by Yvette's intrepid team?

I actually really liked *Most Haunted* when I first saw it. I guess I was naive but I genuinely believed the bumps and noises encountered were real. My own friends were equally excited and we felt that the floodgates would open allowing greater interest and ultimately serious research in to the paranormal. However as I watched more episodes, I began to doubt the sincerity of the presenters who appeared frequently hysterical at the slightest of noises, and suspicious at the frequency of "poltergeist" activity. Not to mention the bizarre behaviour of mediums such as Derek Acorah. His frequent possessions were both farcical and tiresome to watch.

It became clear to me how negative an impact *Most Haunted* was having on the paranormal scene when I attended investigations open to the public. At events organised by my own group in a variety of curious locations, we were entirely honest. There was no role playing or hysteria. We didn't fake paranormal activity to liven things up when the atmosphere at a location was flat.



That's the reality of ghost hunting. Sometimes nothing does happen. Trouble is, the public didn't understand this and they almost demanded that ghosts appear, for possessions, poltergeist activity and for mediums to go wild if they were possessed. All of the staple antics they had seen on television shows. Of course that isn't feasible and ghosts don't adhere to a timetable or follow a script! One disappointed man shook his head and said "This place isn't haunted is it? I don't feel anything bad here. It's just an empty house."

We could have weathered the storm had that been the worst of it but the legacy of shows like *Most Haunted* has been far reaching. Scandals have come to light such as actors



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pretending to be crew members; faked spirit noises; coins and cutlery were thrown by cameramen to simulate poltergeist activity; there was the alleged unmasking of Derek Acorah with his Kreed Kafer (Derek Faker) and Rik Eedles (Derek Lies) anagram spirits; and “Mary loves Dick,” Derek taking bets that he would lie and say fake stuff for the camera with laughter from everyone when they thought the feed was cut off. The Bad Psychics website was good for revealing the fakery and for public discussion. The website is still around (<http://badpsychics.blogspot.co.uk>) and wouldn't it be great if there was a magazine out there that had the balls to interview him (funny you should say that!). Genuine paranormal researchers such as myself and my colleagues have been tarred with the same brush. But we are most certainly not fakes.

Most Haunted survived, as Ofsted ruled it is an entertainment show, not a legitimate exploration of the paranormal, so it was not guilty of fraud. But I came across a growing level of suspicion at public events. They were aware of the dishonesty in paranormal TV programs, and they didn't always believe that the noises and movements we reported were genuine. When our medium said she was sensing a spirit's presence and our team were nervous because we felt it, some members of the public thought we were playacting. Plenty believed us (some people would believe I was from Vulcan if I told them it was so, no critical faculties!) but it was frustrating that some didn't care that we had evidence from cameras and EVP. There was another conversation with a young man that I remember: “This place isn't haunted. It feels okay to me. Blah blah.” This was to my face

in front of around twenty people. I was stumped. I tried to reassure him but under scrutiny like that I could never convince them I was sincere. People have always been sceptical, yet the charlatans at paranormal TV shows like Most Haunted have really deepened the problem. Genuine psychics are disheartened and feel unappreciated. We can't win.





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Paranormal STAFFORDSHIRE

PART II: STOKE-ON-TRENT

WRITTEN BY THE CALLAGHANS:
VON (MUM) AND A. D. CALLAGHAN (SON)

Stoke on Trent is best known for its pottery manufacturing which started in the 17th Century. The local abundance of coal and clay suitable for earthenware production led to the early (initially limited) development of the local pottery industry. Over the years there have been many tales told by workers at the pot banks of ghostly happenings, none so famous though as that of *Gladstone Pottery*.

Beginning in the 18th Century the site has been used for the manufacturing of pottery. Over the years it has changed hands many times, and many changes have been made to the property. It is thought that it actually became named as Gladstone Pottery after the famous politician William Gladstone when he visited Burslem to lay down a foundation stone for the Wedgwood Memorial Institute. In March of 1960 the ovens were fired up for the last time after which the decorating and despatching department were open until May 1970 when the property was put up for sale by its then current owners Thomas Poole and Gladstone China. It was due to be demolished but fortunately was purchased by a local tile manufacturer who handed it over to Staffordshire Pottery Industry Preservation Trust to be run as a museum which was opened as such in 1974.



PARANORMAL STAFFORDSHIRE PART II: STOKE-ON-TRENT

There have been many reports of paranormal activity at Gladstone over the years, including the sound of coal being shovelled into the bottle kilns. Live demonstrations are given to the public and some of the employees have had unexplained experiences. A grey haired man has been seen by visitors and staff. One evening a member of staff called out to the gentleman that they were closing, only to watch the figure disappear into a wall! Two common areas of unexplained phenomena are the colour gallery and in the upstairs area of what is known as the Doctors House. A strong sense of a presence has been reported by many; myself included. Footsteps have been heard and objects appear to have moved on their own accord.

The Potteries Museum and Art Gallery houses a mark XVI spitfire which seems to be the focus of the haunting here. People claim to have seen a pilot in the cockpit and members of staff have arrived on various mornings to find the canopy open.



Also, within walking distance of the Potteries Museum and Art Gallery are **The Regent Theatre**, and the **Victoria Hall**. In The Regent Theatre, a ghostly man has been seen standing on the balconies that overlook the auditorium, and the spirit of a small girl has been reported wandering the premises by staff, too. She often meanders between the rows of seats in the venue, before disappearing without a trace. There also seems to be strange smells, and cold

spots in various areas of the establishment, accompanied by reports of being people feeling watched or followed. The main epicentre of paranormal activity in the Theatre is the stage and the orchestra pit. There are loud bangs and thuds heard on the stage, but on checking the area, no one is around, and nothing has moved to cause such sounds. However, the stage has a built-in Hydraulic system so it can be expanded and contracted to suite the various performances that are held there.





The **Victoria Hall** is also a hotbed for ghostly happenings in the city centre. As the main venue for concerts and shows, it has been renovated and modernised since its erection in 1888. Many years ago, the local police station was situated in the town hall; just a stone's throw away from the Victoria Hall. In fact, the Hall's close proximity to the centre of local law enforcement is important to its history, as the cellar used to be used as an



impromptu holding cell for prisoners. As far as spooky-business goes, staff often have problems operating electrical equipment in the dressing rooms, and visiting performers often remark on an unwelcome, heavy feeling they get whilst getting ready for shows. Finally, strange sounds have been reported around the stage and auditorium.



The Leopard Hotel/Inn has been used as a pub since around 1765. We know this because a letter penned by Josiah Wedgwood, the famous pottery entrepreneur, was discovered detailing a meeting between himself and James Brindley regarding the building of the Trent-Mersey Canal. This letter can be found framed and hung on the wall inside The Leopard. As is the case with most ale houses, even today the Leopard changed hands numerous times. In the mid 1800s it was owned by a local vicar and it was said to be in a very poor state. Afterwards, his ownership of the property was passed to that of a woman of great influence, named Mary Lees. In 1857 Mary was appointed to prepare the banquet for the official opening of the town hall, serving a five course dinner with over a hundred dishes to include a range of meat, poultry and sweets.

In 1872 local brewer James Norris purchased the Leopard. It was at this time that it became a hotel. James owned the brewery directly opposite The Leopard, and it is thought that tunnels were constructed at this time in order to convey the beer over from the brewery. By 1878 The Leopard had 57 bedrooms built onto the rear of the pub, and very soon became a premier hotel. Unfortunately, by

PARANORMAL STAFFORDSHIRE PART II: STOKE-ON-TRENT

1956 the hotel rooms were closed off out of necessity. The front of the property was still used as a pub and maintained regularly. It was not until a few years ago that owner Neil Crisp decided to open up the hotel rooms in the hope of restoring them. Many of the fixtures and fittings are still in place.

It soon became popular with local ghost hunting teams and there have been many experiences reported. Most common of those is a feeling of being pushed or held by the throat. Members of staff have reported that glasses move and fall off shelves apparently on their own accord. The sound of tables being cleared and set up have been heard from the function room.

I have investigated The Leopard several times; the first of which I can say was the most interesting. It was easy to walk through the corridors and get a sense of what hotel life was like back when it was open. One of our mediums, Amanda Hughes, who upon reaching a certain room doubled over in pain, reporting that she felt like she was in labour. Here is what she felt happened in her own words.

'I felt a woman giving birth to an unwanted baby, she was a servant and she was being helped to give birth by an elderly lady who was in the building. I had a feeling of people walking past the door while this was happening and



not batting an eyelid. Then the second time I went I got the same, but got the feeling of the woman lying in the bath full of blood, dead, and the old woman holding the baby.'

We have had many experiences, sensed various things and from a scientific point of view there were temperature and EMF fluctuations around these times. Going from our reports (which make interesting reading) I can summarise that there were prostitutes in the hotel (now verified), and many children running around. On the third floor of the Leopard, a team

member was grabbed by two large, furry arms, which belonged to 'what can only be described as a large demonic entity, with a dome-shaped head, no neck, and two large fiery eyes. On its chest was the pale, emaciated face of a middle-aged man, who remained completely emotionless.' On the same floor someone else felt as though they were being throttled. In the cellar the presence of a dominant male, a red haired servant woman and again children were felt. We also experienced activity in the function room. I am sad to say that on the last visit we had very little happening, this is not to say that there is no activity, plenty is still reported, but as any investigator will tell you, you can visit a place several times and only experience activity on one occasion.

"The second time I went I got the same, but got the feeling of the woman lying in the bath full of blood, dead, and the old woman holding the baby."



In 1685 Margaret Leigh, commonly known as **Molly Leigh**, was born. She was not a pretty child. Even her father, when he first set eyes upon his daughter having seen her wrinkled skin, large hooked nose and dark piercing eyes exclaimed 'my God, what an ugly child, she looks like a witch'. As a child, Molly owned a blackbird which went everywhere with her. Unfortunately, her parents died when she was still young, forcing her to earn money by selling milk produced by the cows she then owned. It is said that she watered the milk down but nobody dared to tell her as she had an evil temper. The towns-folk of Burslem claimed that she could stare at a child and within days that child would be taken ill. Molly's bird was also common sight. It went wherever she went, and when she was indoors it could be seen sitting on the roof of her cottage, or outside the door. Occasionally, it would sit on the roof of the 'Turks Head' pub, at which time it is said that the beer would turn sour.



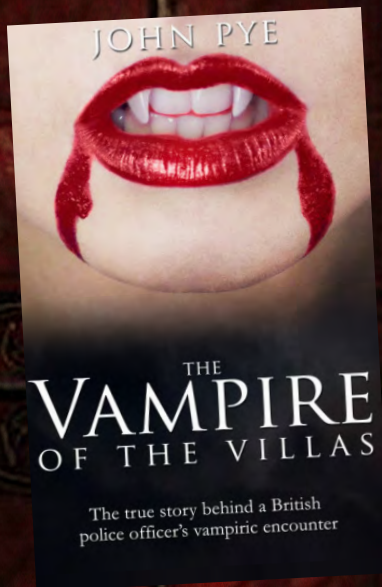
Molly lived a solitary life for 59 years. It was not until several days after her death when people noticed that they hadn't seen her. One brave villager named Thomas Edwards crept up to Molly's cottage, and when peering through the window saw Molly lying dead on the kitchen floor. Molly was buried in St. Johns churchyard. After the funeral, Parson Spencer, the local clergyman, and some of the villagers went to the Turks Head to celebrate her death. After much drinking and merriment they went to Molly's cottage, thinking that by singing hymns and praying that they would cleanse the cottage. When they arrived they were shocked to see Molly sitting in her chair with her blackbird perched on her shoulder. Parson Spencer decided to open Molly's grave to perform a religious rite to silence her spirit. In the dead of night, her grave was opened and then re-sealed, after placing her still-alive feathered-friend in with her corpse. Instead of the usual east-west direction that is orthodox in Christian burial practices, Molly's grave was given a north-south direction, because of the belief that she was a witch.

PARANORMAL STAFFORDSHIRE PART II: STOKE-ON-TRENT



From suspected witches, to another suspected supernatural superstar: **The Vampire**. In the early months of 1973, John Pye, a young police officer, was dispatched to investigate a reported death. He arrived at a small estate called the 'Villas', in the town of Stoke, from which the city was named after. He arrived at the scene to find a dark room which had been

transformed into a fortress to fend off vampires. The body of Demetrious Myiciura was found lying in a bed, with a bag of salt next to his head. Myiciura, originally from Poland, had lived in Britain for 25 years, and worked in Stoke-on-Trent as a potter.



He had scattered salt all around the room, and in various containers mixed the mineral with his own urine, which were positioned strategically around him. On the window ledge was an inverted bowl, which covered a mix of garlic

and human excrete. Salt and Garlic are traditional vampire repellents, while the 'interesting' mixture on the windowsill was intended to attract, then poison the vampire upon consumption. Myiciura's post-mortem report revealed that his cause of death was in fact far from supernatural. As another anti-vampire precaution, he slept with a clove of garlic in his mouth, which he choked on in his sleep.

You can see a documentary on The Vampire of the Villas here:

<http://youtu.be/1TZjPcPbLJk>



Nestled away amidst the new buildings of the **University Hospital of North Staffordshire** you will find the **Parish buildings** which were erected in 1832 as part of the workhouse to accommodate 270 inmates. The workhouse consisted of one large block, having one wing for women, and another for men, with both departments being separated by the Officers' quarters, and the dining hall. In front of this main building were two smaller ones devoted to the use of boys on one side, and girls on the other. At the back of the workhouse there were two buildings, one for old men, and another bake house, stables, nursery, coal store



and workshops. There was also accommodation for both male and female tramps.

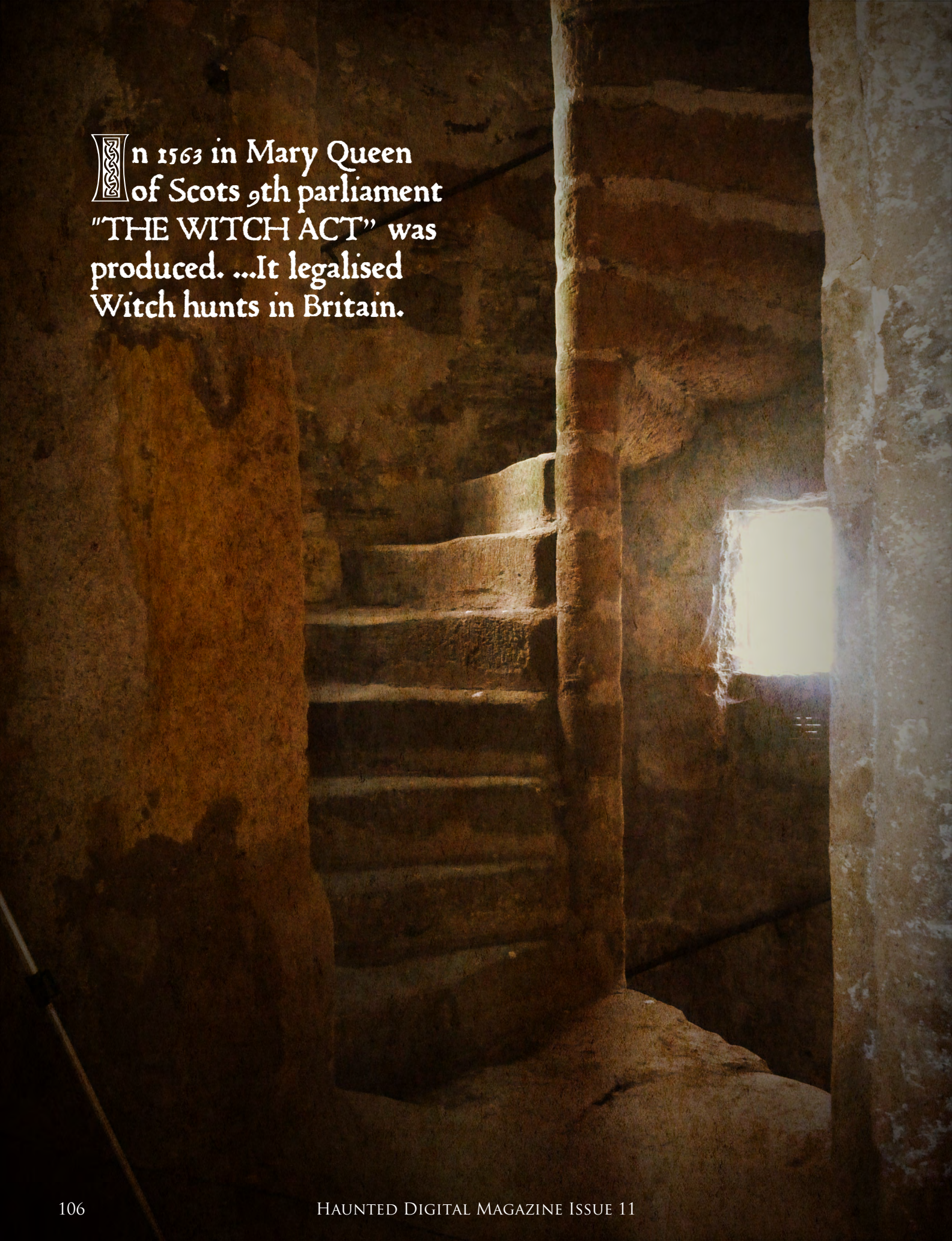
It was later realised that many of the poor who entered the workhouse were in a state of ill health, thus not being able to work. Stoke-upon-Trent Parish Hospital was built in 1842 to house such inmates. In 1866, a school was built and other relevant buildings soon followed.

There have been numerous reports of paranormal sightings over the years. In the building where it is

believed that the children were housed, several children have been seen playing. This has happened on numerous occasions. Whilst taking a break one night, several nurses saw an old lady peering at them through the window of a door. One of the nurses recognised her as a patient from her ward and went to guide her back to the ward; however she was not in sight. When she got back to the ward to report that the patient was wandering around, she was informed that the old lady had died just minutes before!

A nurse dressed in the old fashioned type of uniform has been seen on one of the wards, it is thought that she tried to stop the resuscitation of elderly patients by 'holding onto' the trolley containing the resuscitation equipment, thus preventing the nursing staff from carrying out this job. The sound of crockery has been heard moving around in one of the kitchens on a particular ward. There have also been numerous reports of doors opening and closing on their own, whistling and singing in corridors.

Whether it's vampires, witches, or ghosts, Stoke-on-Trent is an entertaining environment for paranormal researchers. In the next and final part of the Paranormal Staffordshire trilogy, we will be entertaining you with the Staffordshire Moorlands. Expect the occult, folklore, and mermaids!



In 1563 in Mary Queen
of Scots 9th parliament
"THE WITCH ACT" was
produced. ...It legalised
Witch hunts in Britain.

The LOW DOWN W^{on}itches

with
leonard low

THE PITTENWEEM TOLBOOTH TOWER

In the last issue of "Haunted Magazine" (issue X) we stopped off in St Monans in Fife where we heard the sad story of Maggie Morgan where in 1650 a spurned lover with influence, reacted to his refusal by calling 16 year old Maggie a Witch...within two weeks the Minister to appease this great landowner has her burning on a pyre at the back of his church on trumped up charges of Witchcraft. In her torture process she mentioned a man who was called a wizard living nearby in Pittenweem...this man was called Thomas Brown.

With matters taken care of in St Monans, the ashes of the recent fire now nothing but put to memory. Maggie herself would over the years be completely forgotten about, even the trial records would vanish. But the stigma of being associated with Witches or the whispers of being called one yourself took more than just years to cleanse your reputation. Fifty four years later in 1704 the repercussions of the St Monans Witch Hunt would reach out its bony fingers and drag more innocent people into the plughole of death and despair once more.



On the 1st of April 1704 one of the high profile women of Pittenweem was marched into the Tolbooth jail by armed guards kicking and screaming, they put her legs in wooden restraints and she sat down on the cold stone floor like a common criminal, she was still shouting and screaming as they closed the door on her, with now half the streets occupants coming out to see what the fuss was about. Beatrix Laing was in the jail...on charges of Witchcraft!

O Beatrix was married to one of the ten Pittenweem councillors, (called a Baillie) among them with the Minister as head; they dictated the taxes and Laws concerning Pittenweem. William Browns position in the council was as the town Treasurer when the Baillie's met once a week, otherwise he was a hardworking tailor owning his own shop and several properties in the town. To his horror the noise and wailing coming from the town jail was from his own wife, and to hear charges of Witchcraft go against her he was aghast in the consequences this charge may bring.

In 1563 in Mary Queen of Scots 9th parliament "THE WITCH ACT" was produced. This was a bill that followed her cousin Elizabeth 1st of England's bill within 6 months ...It legalised the Witch hunts in Britain.



The act passed by the Scottish parliament in 1563, which said that 'witchcrafts, sorceries and necromancy' were crimes to be punished by death.

73. *Aventis Witch-craftes.*

ITEM, For-fa-meikle as the Queenis Majestie and the three Estaites in this present Parliament, being informed of the heave and abominable superstition used be diverse of the lieges of this Realme, be using of Witch-craftes, Sorcerie and Necromancie, and credence given thereto in times by-gone, against the Law of God: And for avoyding and away-putting of all sik vaine superstition in times to-cum: It is statute and ordained be the Queenis Majestie, and the three Estaites foresaidis, that na maner of perfon nor persones, of quhar-sum-eyer Estaitie, degree, or condition they be of, take upon hand in onie times hereafter, to use onie maner of *Witch-craftes, Sorcerie or Necromancie*, nor give themselves furth to have onie sik craft or knowledge theirot, their-throw abufand the people: Nor that na perfoun feik onie helpe, response or consultation at onie sik users or abusers foresaidis of *Witch-craftes, Sorceries or Necromancie*, under the paine of death, alswell to be execut against the user, abuser, as the feiker of the response or consultation. And this to be put to execution be the Justice, Schireffis, Stewards, Baillies, Lordes of Regalities and Royalties, their Deputes, and others ordinar Judges competent within this Realme, with all rigour, having power to execute the famin.

Item, for as much as the queen's majesty and the three estates in this present parliament are informed that the heavy and abominable superstition used by diverse lieges of this realm by the use of witchcraft, sorcery and necromancy, and the credence given thereto in times bygone against the law of God, and for avoiding and putting away of all such vain superstition in time to come, it is statute and ordained by the queen's majesty and the three estates foresaid that no manner of person or persons of whatsoever estate, degree or condition they be of take upon hand in any time hereafter to use any manner of witchcraft, sorcery or necromancy, nor give themselves out to have any such craft or knowledge thereof, thereby abusing the people, or that any person seek any help, response or consultation from any such users or abusers foresaid of witchcraft, sorcery or necromancy under the pain of death, which is to be executed against the user and abuser as well as the seeker of the response or consultation; and this is to be put to execution by the justice, sheriffs, stewarts, bailies, lords of regalities and royalities, their deputies and other judges ordinary competent within this realm with all rigour, having the power to execute the same.

Queen Mary's bill "Nor that no person seek any help response or consultation at any such users or abusers forsaid of Witchcraft sorcery or Necromancy under the pain of death, in aswell to be executed against the user or abuser of the response and consultation."

With this bill anyone found to be associating with a Witch would be classified as one also! Can you see why William Brown was now terrified?

A 16 year old Blacksmith in the town had had an argument with Beatrix, she thinking her well to do position should have her served before his other customers, and he refused! A full blown row started and she foolishly left his Smithy and placed a wooded beaker with a piece of coal and some herbs at the boy's front door.....a curse! The boy fell ill immediately; the minister was called and in his wisdom declared the boy bewitched. He gave Beatrix s name as his tormenter, and from here she was arrested

and charged with using Witchcraft on the boy.

Now the tortures started. To find conclusive proof of a Witch you had to have a confession from the suspect and torture was allowed to get it. They had to have a confession using torture then a separate confession without torture, both the confessions would lead to the Privy council making a decision, or if not a unanimous vote they submitted the evidence to the Parliament courts for a verdict.

It was commonly known that a Witch to go into the Devils service would be given a baptism mark from the Devil himself, it would appear as a wart, a mole or a third nipple. If this was not found on the body, the hair was shaved off to look through the pubic area and head, again if not found, It was thought to be under the skin! It was here a Witch pricker would be brought in.



The Witchpricker Tool

The Witch pricker was a skilled torturer who would be looking for an invisible mark under the skin. He was looking for a spot on the body where the Devil has touched you and given his own baptism mark, a mark that was now insensible to pain! With the 4 inch metal Pricker continually inserted into the flesh, if at some spot the victim never cried out in agony, to not cry out was as good as a confession, the Devils mark had been found! This was conclusive proof that from the skills of a Witch pricker, a Witch was discovered among them... here is a letter written by William Brown about his Wife's treatment...

"She would not confess she was a Witch and in compact with the Devil, she was tortured by keeping her awake without sleep for five days and by continually pricking her with instruments in the shoulders and back until blood gushed put in great abundance so that

her life was a burden to her, they asked her to confess to rid herself of the torture"

When finding a spot with the Witch prickers expertise it was the conclusive proof they had a Witch in their mists. But the Witch pricker never got paid by the hour, he got paid per Witch, £6 was the fee for every Witch found which was a huge sum of money at the time (the Treasurer of the town got paid £10.15 shillings per annum) It was in the Prickers interests to produce as many witches as possible, so it's no surprise Beatrix broke down with the torture and confessed... giving more names of other Witches in the town.

More arrests came.... Isabel Adam, Margaret Wallace, Mrs White, Margaret Jack, Nichol and Thomas Lawson, Janet Cornfoot and a man named in the St Monans case 54 years back...Thomas Brown!

And so the Witch pricker started to earn his fees and the screams echoed around the town from the Tolbooth rooms ... night and day!

With the confessions signed they were sent to Parliament for them to read the evidence and make a judgement on whether they were witches.... the confessions came back.... it said..."release the accused immediately as we see there is insufficient evidence to portrait them as Witches."

The Pittenweem Minister Patrick Coupar was furious, he was not to be denied, he had the Witches tortured again to get further confessions...In this process old Thomas Brown in his eighties now, accused all these years ago in the Maggie Morgan trial in 1650, died chained to a wall, defiant till his last breath... he was given a topsoil burial outside town, his remains were to be added to a fire when guilty verdicts could be had on the other Witches. The minister's plan was to burn them all.

Minister Coupar's church sermons spouted venom and hatred towards the Witches, one of the accused, a woman called Janet Cornfoot was accosted by a brutal mob, who took her from her guards, dragged her to the beach by her ankles while they beat her with sticks and stones. She was tied by ropes, hanged above the sea line attached to a ships mast as they swung her into the cold sea on a January winters night, throwing sticks and stones at the hanging figure, the sport went on for hours with the whole village now down at the harbour, it lasted till the tide went out. The Minister watched as she was finally cut down, she was still



The Pittenweem Tollbooth Tower



Above the old Harbour where Janet Cornfoot was murdered by a mob of her own villagers

alive! And some kind soul tried to take her into a nearby house and bandage her wounds....the mob afraid the Witch was being saved...smashed the door in, broke it down to get at her, pulled her outside and put the broken door on her... pinning her to the sand. They fetched boulders in a mad frenzy orchestrated by the ministers words "do with her what you will "to pile on top of the door until her ribs caved in on her...they finally squashed the life from her.

But Janet Cornfoots ordeal was not finished...a heavy sledge was brought forward pulled by a horse and dragged over her lifeless body, slices of flesh came off her and with these trophies, they took them to the families of the other Witches in jail to taunt them with what was going to happen to their daughters and wife's next!

Janet's body or what was left of it, was buried beside Thomas Brown in the topsoil, on the Western braes of the town "with barely enough earth to keep the crows off"

The confessions came back from Edinburgh a second time..."Release the accused it demanded" With two now dead, an investigation took place on the madness that had happened here. But once released the others were afraid and were subjected to abuse from their former

friends, they all ran disappearing from history.... apart from Beatrix Laing...she was found dead in the streets of St Andrews...a waif and a beggar where seeing her Prick marks on her no one was brave enough to help her for fear of aiding a Witch.



Leonard Low in Beatrix Laing's jail cell

To learn more of this horrendous story of the Pittenweem Witches see my book "THE WEEM WITCH" or get in touch on "Facebook" and come on my Weem Witch tour and see where it all happened.

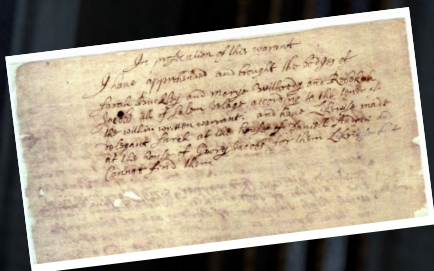
WHICH WITCH

DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

**IS YOUR SURNAME STEEPED IN WITCHCRAFT HISTORY?
COULD YOUR ANCESTORS HAVE MEDDLED IN MAGIC AND MAYHEM?
OR WERE THEY EXECUTED BEFORE THEY HAD THE CHANCE?**

With **LEONARD LOW**

Hello again, today I sit here on the fourth floor of my Medieval Tower in Pittenweem. I regularly do all night vigils here on my own, and in the darkness of creaking floors and packs of Red Admiral butterflies flying about, I sit in silence with recorders and cameras pointing everywhere. It's rather an active place, with a lot of paranormal activity happening here. I have a little girl ghost who shows herself every now and again and as I sit in silence, I ask out questions and await answers. Today it's quiet! So I've brought my laptop and my records and let's see whose families have been involved in the Witch trials of old!



My post bag from last month's edition was huge! Over 400 names came my way to search for a Witchcraft past through the old trial records, obviously I can't do them all, so I've picked 5 to do now... first off it's, Natalie Edwards who asks can I find anything on the name **EDWARDS**. Let's see....

Ok....I do have an EDWARD IN Scottish records.....

"In the Parish of Flisk in Northern Fife, January 23 there's a commission written for Jonet Edward and Jon Dougleish both confessed Witches." There's no outcome but confessed witches never lived long up here. But in English records I have 9 Edwards involved... here are two of them...

1616...Essex...gaol delivery... Chelmsford 3rd August.... John Cornell and Robert Parker bewitched Thomas Brown who languished until 25th July then died...testifying against them are..Thomas Browne, Mary Browne, **SAMUEL EDWARDS**, Edward Cracherwood. No verdict on the trial, but they weren't hanged!

1645...Elizabeth Clark of

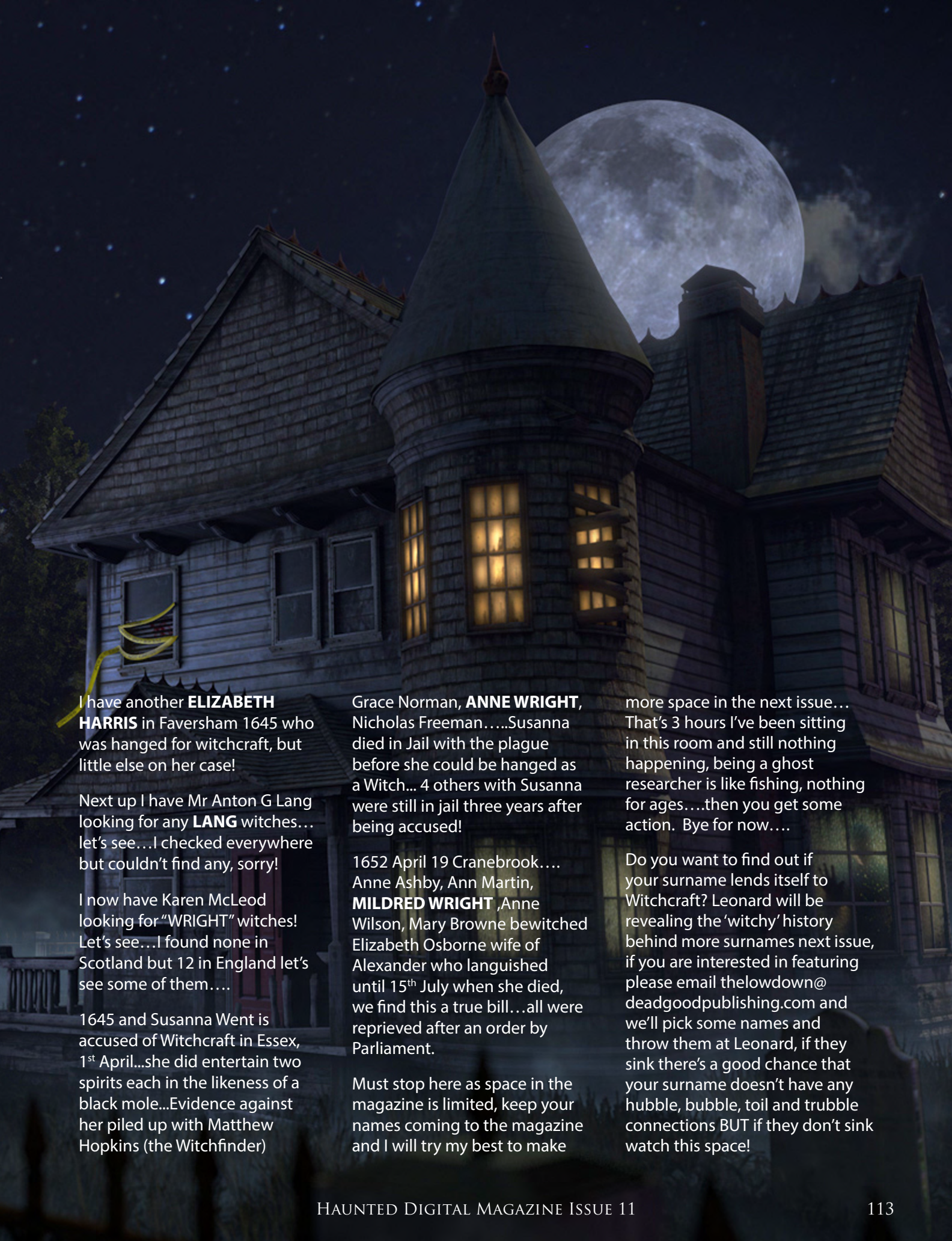
Manningtree...25th June. Bewitched **JOHN EDWARDS**'s infant son who languished until 5th July following where he died. At the Jury sat Matthew Hopkins (the Witchfinder) John Stern (his assistant) **SUSAN EDWARDS**... Elizabeth was from Bedingfield and was Hanged as a Witch.

Next up is the name **NEWELL** from Jacky Ridley....lets dig deep through my dusty files....I have one!

1595..Essex...The arrangement and execution of 3 detestable Witches, **JOHN NEWEL**, Joan his wife and Hellen Calles... two to be executed in Barnet the other at Braynford 1 Dec 1595.

I now have Richard Case who wants to know about any Witches with the name **HARRIS**.....oh lordy! I found 10 of them in English records

1588...Essex lent sessions...4th March...**ELIZABETH HARRIS** of Wytham spinster on 18th Nov bewitched Gilder Wayland son of Thomas Wayland who languished until 29th Nov where he died...she was acquitted.



I have another **ELIZABETH HARRIS** in Faversham 1645 who was hanged for witchcraft, but little else on her case!

Next up I have Mr Anton G Lang looking for any **LANG** witches... let's see...I checked everywhere but couldn't find any, sorry!

I now have Karen McLeod looking for "WRIGHT" witches! Let's see...I found none in Scotland but 12 in England let's see some of them....

1645 and Susanna Went is accused of Witchcraft in Essex, 1st April...she did entertain two spirits each in the likeness of a black mole...Evidence against her piled up with Matthew Hopkins (the Witchfinder)

Grace Norman, **ANNE WRIGHT**, Nicholas Freeman.....Susanna died in Jail with the plague before she could be hanged as a Witch... 4 others with Susanna were still in jail three years after being accused!

1652 April 19 Cranebrook.... Anne Ashby, Ann Martin, **MILDRED WRIGHT** ,Anne Wilson, Mary Browne bewitched Elizabeth Osborne wife of Alexander who languished until 15th July when she died, we find this a true bill...all were reprieved after an order by Parliament.

Must stop here as space in the magazine is limited, keep your names coming to the magazine and I will try my best to make

more space in the next issue... That's 3 hours I've been sitting in this room and still nothing happening, being a ghost researcher is like fishing, nothing for ages....then you get some action. Bye for now....

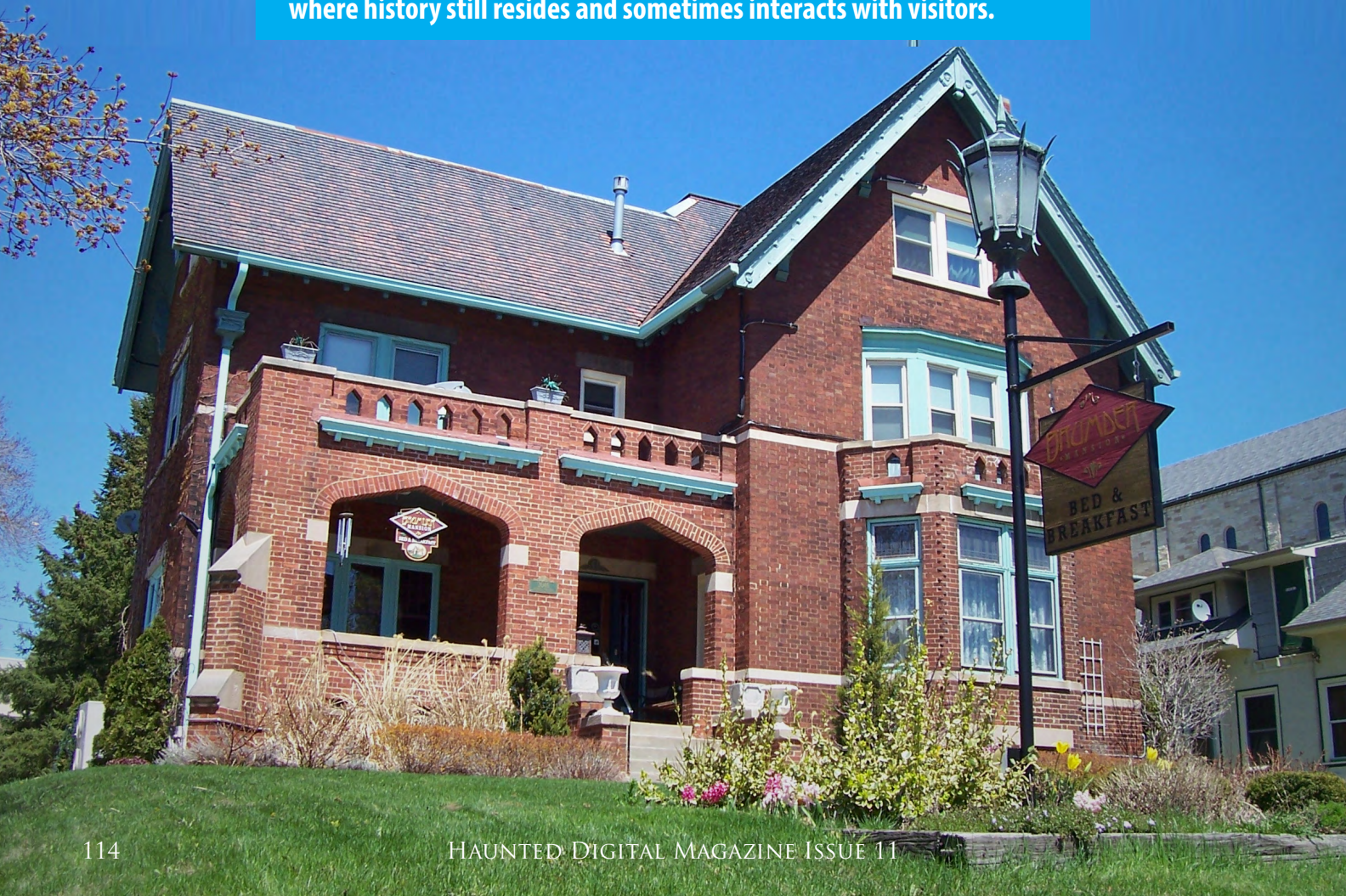
Do you want to find out if your surname lends itself to Witchcraft? Leonard will be revealing the 'witchy' history behind more surnames next issue, if you are interested in featuring please email thelowdown@deadgoodpublishing.com and we'll pick some names and throw them at Leonard, if they sink there's a good chance that your surname doesn't have any hubble, bubble, toil and trouble connections BUT if they don't sink watch this space!

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 SCARES!

TALES FROM THE GRIM READER

**COREY SCHJOTH TRAVELS TO
THE BRUMDER MANSION,
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, USA**

Walking down Grand Avenue in Milwaukee a century ago would have taken you through a neighbourhood of Victorian mansions situated a convenient distance from the shore of Lake Michigan. Most of the homes have long since vanished, giving way to the sprawl of the city, with little evidence to the history of how Milwaukee began. Only a few homes remain of this era; the Brumder Mansion is one such home where history still resides and sometimes interacts with visitors.



Standing gracefully on its corner serving visitors to Milwaukee as a Bed and Breakfast the Brumder Mansion is on what is now known as West Wisconsin Avenue. This stately, 4 story brick Victorian, English Arts and Crafts style mansion, has survived years of indifference and neglect.

Far more imposing than the exterior is the opulent renovated interior. The first floor dining room features a stunning, handcrafted stained glass tile fireplace, designed by Neideken, a Frank Lloyd Wright protégé. The oak Gothic style main staircase leads to the second floor that features 3 bedrooms, and to another staircase. This secondary staircase leads to the third floor to an additional 3 rooms used as servant's quarters and innkeeper's apartment. Mr. Brumder placed the requisite ballroom in the large basement instead of on the customary third floor.

The suites have beautifully wood-carved fireplaces, marble in the bathrooms, intricate woodwork and antiques. One such room, The



Gold Suite on the second floor, is named for its gold and yellow decor. The suite has a Victorian parlour set of furniture, an antique Queen-sized bed, elegant draperies and an oak ornamental fireplace with fluted columns.

Built in 1910 by the prominent businessman George Brumder for his eldest son George Jr., this regal home served a wealthy

Milwaukee publishing family as a residence for nearly 10 years. The family's fortune grew from a number of German language newspapers, bibles, and sheet music, and then later shifted to banking and manufacturing. The mansion was sold in the early 1920's, to Sam Picks, providing refuge from his work in Chicago gangster organizations.

With upkeep on the mansion being excessive, the house served as a boarding house in the late 30's; then in the 1960's the neighbouring Lutheran Church bought the Brumder. By 1997, the upkeep and repair work needed for the house presented a major challenge for the church. Carol Hirschi, willing to move into the now derelict neighbourhood, bought the Brumder, along with its physical and otherworldly, challenges. With the mansion in a state of disrepair and institutional in appearance, Carol began the painstaking task of transforming the Brumder Mansion into what



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 SCARES! - The Brumder Mansion

is seen today. Hirschi generated income for the renovations by converting the building into a Bed and Breakfast in 1998.

Carol Hirschi believed multiple ghosts are haunting the house with most of the activity centred on the Gold Suite. A visiting psychic confirmed Carol's impressions when she reported seeing the ghost of a woman and a child. Several experiences made Hirschi more familiar with these two entities.


The first night Carol spent in the Gold Suite with her dogs in the bed; she felt a presence and heard a stern voice in her head demanding her to remove the dogs immediately. In another instance she dreamt of a face of a woman staring down at her from one of the home's ornate ceiling medallions.

The most frightening of the bizarre experiences in the Gold Suite happened when Carol entered the room several days after someone checked out, to find several drops of fresh blood in the bathtub. Thinking blood was leaking through the ceiling and someone had died in an upstairs room, she went to investigate but found nothing.

Guests staying in The Gold Suite sometimes have intense dreams. If they have a dog in the room, they often dream of a woman sternly lecturing them to remove their pets or harm will come to them. Upon waking, patrons are filled with a strong desire to remove the animals. Guests have been locked out of the room even though the deadbolt of the door locks from the inside of the room. A German marriage certificate in a large frame with a sturdy wire on the back was hung on the wall; it mysteriously lifted itself off the wall and crashed face down onto the floor, cracking the glass. Upon closer inspection nothing was found to be wrong with the wire or the nails it was hung upon.

The woman is thought to be Susan, a maiden aunt, who came to live with the Brumder family when they moved into this mansion. As a young woman, her betrothed stood her up at the altar; something she never quite recovered from. Susan, also known as Aunt Pussy, spent a number of happy

“The most frightening of the bizarre experiences in the Gold Suite happened when Carol entered the room several days after someone checked out, to find several drops of fresh blood in the bathtub.”



years living in the mansion on the second floor, now known as The Gold Suite. She loved simple furnishings, and followed an uncomplicated way of life. The visiting psychic conveyed a message to Hirschi that Aunt Pussy expressed her displeasure about the fancy furnishings in the renovation, and that she had trouble adjusting to the commotion associated with the Bed and Breakfast.

The second phantom sensed by the psychic, the young girl, may perhaps be the victim of disease or accidental death. She is believed to occasionally haunt the third floor and Emma's Room. Hirschi believed the more mischievous activity can be attributed to the ghost of the child. Carol once purchased a mirror and hung it over the sink of

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 SCARES! - The Brumder Mansion

a woman in a formal black dress float down the main staircase. In The Blue Room lights turn on and off by themselves. Doors have been heard to slam throughout the night, along with phantom footsteps, and breakable objects that fall from walls, but remain unharmed. In Marion's Room some think an entity of the young girl haunts this space. One ongoing occurrence involves a programmable doorbell which refused to operate when Carol set the tune. It only seemed to work when she left it alone, then it will play tunes randomly. "Happy Birthday" is one of the favourites.

During the winter of 2008 Carol resigned her ownership of the mansion to Tom and Julie Carr. As the years continue to pass hopefully the home will remain a fixture to the Milwaukee area and the Carr's keep the Brumder Mansion as a place where visitors can stay and feel a part of history. But if you decide to stay in the Gold Suite just make sure you leave your pets at home.

<http://milwaukeebedbreakfast.com/>

About Corey: Fine art photographer, writer, classic horror film junkie and owner of Phantasmagoria Photography based in Wisconsin. When I received my first camera, a Kodak Instamatic for my tenth birthday the gift sparked passions that lead me on a lifelong obsession with photography. After many years of teaching myself photography I began working for my home town newspaper in northern Illinois at the age of seventeen. For twenty years I worked as a newspaper photographer and freelancer with various newspapers and wire services. Then in 2003 I moved to Wisconsin and I began to feel I wanted to make photographs that held a more personal and deeper meaning. Inspired by my other interests travel, history, horror movies and ghost stories I wanted to photograph historic haunted places that evoked mystery and a macabre atmosphere. I'm passionate about traveling the world extensively in pursuit of preserving haunted and macabre legends. Using a digital infrared camera I try to give the viewer a visual journey through many of the worlds most haunted and mysterious landscapes and hopefully some sleepless nights.

Corey also writes for The Huffington Post and owns

<http://www.phantasmagoriaphoto.com/>

Gold Suite's bathroom. One day the mirror lifted itself off its nail, floated over to the bathtub and was shattered into shards.

Other areas in the homes also experience disturbances. In George's Room a staff member felt a cool breeze brush past her face and hair, billow the curtain, as it drafted through the room with no logical explanation. Guests will often hear objects moving in the bathroom. Silverware laid out on the dining room table the night before would be found turned around on the table the next morning. Guests and patrons of the little theatre in the basement began seeing the entity of a woman, dressed in early 20th century clothing drifting through. A friend of Carol's saw

UK HAUNTED HAVE NYCTOPHOBIA

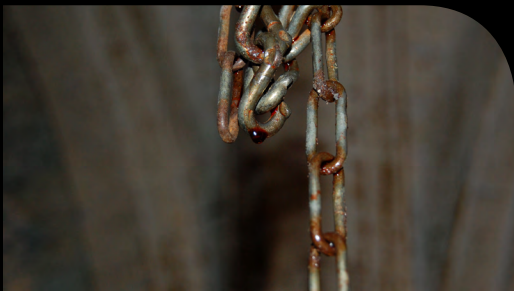


'Nyctophobia is a phobia characterized by a severe fear of the dark. It is triggered by the brain's disfigured perception of what would, or could, happen when in a dark environment'

Haunted Digital Magazine joined UK-Haunted fellas' Michael and Alex on the set of their first HORROR film, Nyctophobia.



This a very exciting time for UK-Haunted, with the imminent arrival of our TV show in America, we were approached by After Midnight productions, to see if we would like to team up and produce an exciting new horror film "of course we said yes!"



After Midnight Productions was formed by a writer and director duo early this year. The writer being our good friend, Alan Keen. We have known Alan for a while now, we first met him at one of our public ghost hunts at the very location where we filmed Nyctophobia. Alan is a multiple published, award winning author of horror and fantasy. "He's a great, honest guy with a true talent for writing"



Nyctophobia is a short story about a scrupulous character who is given a 'job' to go and steal some rare vintage bottles of wine from a supposedly empty building, undergoing renovations. As the thief enters the building he descends into the dark cellars in search of the wine, but then he gets locked down there by the key-keeper. He quickly finds out that he is not alone down there, there is a predatory spirit that doesn't like its grounds and territory to be disturbed. It ends up being a battle of wits between the thief and the predatory spirit.



“Shooting a paranormal horror movie in a ‘real’ haunted building, what a great idea!”

“Nyctophobia is the first part of a trilogy of films, each containing a different phobia, all connected together by a mysterious character”

The stories creator, Alan has had a great interest in the paranormal since an early age, so Nyctophobia was an ideal project for him to work on. Asking us to produce and check the content for validity, he feels this ghost story will make a great transition to the screen.

“I wanted to make a film that created scares with tension and atmosphere. Today, the horror genre in motion picture focuses more on violence. I wanted to create a film much like the ones made by Universal and Hammer, ones that didn’t necessarily overload the viewer with gore to make them scary. If you can draw an audience in with a good story and

interesting characters, the scares are more meaningful. I want the audience to feel our lead character’s anxiety increase as the movie plays out. Nyctophobia is a nod to all the horror films I grew up admiring, but with a paranormal entity instead of a monster. It’s a culmination of various stories and encounters I’ve heard first hand from the people who have experienced them, all added to with my own little twist.”

The location was really important, as with any film. The director Andrew knew what he wanted, somewhere dark and sinister with amazing history. We decided to invite him to see the cellars below the Northampton and county club. We had investigated there before and captured some amazing paranormal activity. The vaulted cellars below the club are

stunning, holding over 800 years’ of history. They are the oldest part of the building and are believed to have once linked to the Church of All Hallows, until the great fire of Northampton in 1675 brought down the original church and most of the ‘above-ground’ buildings in the town. The church was rebuilt to a much smaller size and was renamed All Saints Church, which now sits opposite the county club.

As we descended down the steps into the dark and damp cellars Andrew knew straight away that the location was right. “I got chills down my spine” And so began, the birth of NYCTOPHOBIA!

We had the location, now we needed the cast to bring Nyctophobia to life.

THE CAST

The Thief - David Gurney

David graduated from East 15 Acting School in 2012. Stage credits include:

Banquo in "Macbeth", Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", Sherlock Holmes in "The Sign of Four", Lachimo in "Cymbeline" and Jack in "Condemned to Live". He has also appeared in thirteen short films since graduating, including, "One Way to go", "Rage Quit" and "Sixth Monkey".

David has appeared in two TV programmes and several corporate and training videos. He also works as a voice-over artist, and has lent his voice to multiple productions, the most notable being "The Harold and Charlie Adventure Stories" - a series of books designed for children. He is currently working on an audio book version of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle."



The Key-keeper - Michael J Richards

Aged 8, Michael J Richards wrote and directed his first play - The Golden Leaves - and staged it in his parent's back garden. He charged an entrance fee and made 2p profit. He won First Prize in his university's short story competition and edited his tutor's book on Joseph Conrad. He has written and directed a play about Anthony and Cleopatra, 2 satirical revues and 2 pantomimes (in which he played the dame). He has written 6 novels and thrown them away - and two broadcast radio plays, one about the 1980s Miners' Strike and the other about Henry Bellingham, the assassin of the Prime Minister, Spencer Percival. In 2005, he contributed the chapter on mechanical engineering in Information Sources in Engineering, pub K G Saur Verlag. He has been thrilled to contribute to the book of the film Nyctophobia.



Monk & Ghost - Ben

Ben Latcham is a writer, filmmaker and actor. Born in the UK but raised in Canada, he has worked on various short films, music videos and cross-platform narratives. He occasionally lectures on filmmaking and screenwriting, and is currently writing his first novel. He almost always has a beard.



Employer - Zaff Malik

Zaff is a new, up and coming actor that is making his mark in the Indie film industry and starting to gain some TV credits.

A recent one includes a new BBC children's TV programme, due to air in Jan 2015 called Bobbins. In post-production is a documentary style comedy where he also plays the lead character, which now has interest from Channel 4. Zaff has also recently been selected to play a featured role in a new \$50 million dollar U.S. feature film based on David and Goliath.





Sweet – Charlotte Dunnico

Charlotte is a Bubbly, friendly person that is loving life and trying to experience as many things as she can. She has wanted to be an actress for as long as she can remember and will work as hard as she can to pursue her dreams. Charlotte has worked on many films, TV and on stage



AND not forgetting our little cameo role as police officers! Would we live to tell the tale?

And so began the shoot! We began filming early June for around a week. It was a great experience for us, not only was it our first film but it was a paranormal horror film!

The entire cast and crew were amazing, everyone pitched in and did their bit. It was a complete team effort.

What some of the cast had to say

David (thief): "It was a really good script; the location was very dark and creepy! The thief character seems to be quite a decent lad who was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, his boss is breathing

down his neck, and his girlfriend's always nagging at him. It's great to have quite a likeable character that ends up in a horrible situation. I really enjoyed playing this role, it was really good fun and the location is very creepy. We got to do some really good stuff, some great scenes, I really enjoyed it. I can't wait to see the film when it's finished"

Michael (key-keeper): "My character essentially has four sides to him. The first is the relationship he has with the outside world, where he comes over as being thoroughly formal and official. The second being his relationship with the building. It's not a building to him, it's the love of his life, almost to a

sexual extent. He makes love to the building, not just in his mind but physically too. Then we have the third side to him, his relationship with the inhabitants of the building, his friends, the creatures, the spirit world, the bumps, the noises, they're his friends. The fourth side is when he's on his own and that is probably the most sinister side of all, because when he's on his own, he is nothing, he doesn't exist.

The problem comes in this film, when his four sides collide and come together. He's having to play more than one role at a time. It was tremendous fun playing this character and I can't wait to see the finished piece."



'Did we experience any real Paranormal Activity?'

There were many noises and bangs, people being touched by unseen hands throughout the entire shoot. Charlotte tells us her story.

"Being a girl that doesn't watch horrors or anything scary for that matter, in fear that it will torment my imagination, I found the shoot at the Town and County building very testing of my beliefs with paranormal activity. Having Narnia being the scariest film I've seen, I was very in the



dark in what lurks in these haunted buildings. I was warned prior to the shoot about the goings on of the location, but like anybody else with my naivetés, I thought it was a big joke to scare the female on set. I was told that things had been left and moved during filming and that they kept hearing bangs and strange noises. But of course I put all this down to filming banter; everybody trying to prank everybody. But once on location I experienced some paranormal activity first hand. My story is one that is very abnormal but a pathetic excuse to be scared for the rest of the shoot. Whilst rehearsing in the board room I heard a deep breath in my ear. Yes I know it's just a breath but it sounded like somebody was right behind me which caused me to freak out as I wasn't near anyone. No one else heard the breath apart from the writer, Alan who happened to be the furthest person away from me. I came to the conclusion that the ghost

either exhaled to simulate boredom with my acting or he was trying to seduce me. Either deduction was just as scary. But something was definitely there. The guys said that because I was a female in a gentleman's club, the spirit was possibly angry. Now as much as I don't want to upset the dead, he needs to realise that it's the 21st century, women have rights now! But on the serious side, after filming in the underground cellars of the Town and County building in the dark, which made me realise I actually have Nyctophobia, I 100% know there's things living down there that are unseen to the human eye."

Nyctophobia was a joyful, fascinating experience. Not only did Alan Keen provide an imaginative script, which he generously allowed the cast to re-write as they grew into their characters, but the Director, Andrew Loveridge, knew what he wanted and always got it, through faultless preparation, polite persuasion and



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the sense of humour of one cool dude. The amazing Zoe Pipe, a self-taught hair and make-up artist, who brought the ghost to life. No fits, no fights, no feuds and no egos: complete and efficient professionalism from everyone, cast and crew alike. Everyone pitched in, everyone helped in production, and everyone did something of everything – which has made Nyctophobia a truly collaborative and co-operative production.

The filming of Nyctophobia is now complete, Andrew is working very hard in the edit. The sound is being prepared by the amazing Chris Ankin. We have seen a rough edit and can't wait to see the final picture!

We have confirmed The Picturedrome in Northampton for the premiere screening of Nyctophobia on the 30th October, just in time for Halloween! Follow us on twitter @ukhaunted or Facebook officialukhaunted for further information. We are looking at screening Nyctophobia at some film festivals later this year. This is just the beginning, we are already in the planning stages for the next film to link up to Nyctophobia!



THE RETURN OF #TEAMTIGER

Team Tiger are currently on their holidays;
here is their last feature before they went away!!

LOCATION:
The Haunted Bus Shelter
INVESTIGATION #014
DATE: July 10th 2014

**Documented by their
biographer, Peter Drake**

Mortimer and Casey stood glumly in the bus shelter. It was raining heavily outside, and coupled with the cold winter's night it made them glad for the protection above their heads. At least it was a shelter with a roof, not a bus stop post, to which they had been exiled.

The silence had to be broken. Mortimer had no patience for it. 'What're we doing here? It's cold and wet and bloody boring. Absolutely nothing's happened and nothing will happen.'

Casey sighed, shrugging his shoulders. 'It's not been the greatest investigation so far, has it?'

Team TIGER had journeyed to a bus depot in a pretty rural part of Yorkshire. Sarah had heard exciting things about it: reports of poltergeist activity, strange noises, apparitions, the lot. The ladies from the group – Sarah, Julie, Kim and Helen – ensured they remained close to the warm offices used as a control room or base camp at the depot, with requisite hot drinks, biscuits and music. Unfortunately Sarah needed another spot to be monitored: a quaint bus shelter just outside the village, a haven for ghostly activity if you believed local gossip. Being too dark and dangerous for women, they sent out the blokes.

No wonder Mortimer and Casey were annoyed. They had taken baseline measurements of EMF and heat (not much heat in a bus shelter in winter) and conducted a vigil. They felt daft, and worried that villagers would

see them holding hands, speaking softly together. Who knows, they might call the police. 'Is it only me that finds this embarrassing?' asked Casey, disgruntled with the whole thing.

'No, I'm having a lovely night,' said Mortimer, avoiding the puddles and rain driven through by the wind.

'I'm not sure it's haunted at this bus stop.'

'D'you think? I reckon it's a stitch-up and those bloody women are laughing at us standing out here.'

'Naah, they're professional. I trust them.'

All of a sudden there was a knock at the glass. They jumped a mile, swearing. Turning around they saw a short, overweight figure waving a torch at them. It was Ricky. His hooded coat was tightly zipped, and his glasses were steaming up.

'What you up to? Anything interesting?'

Ricky was spared conscription into the bus shelter investigation due to his role as TIGER's electronic specialist, and he was required to monitor

the cameras established at the depot. It had annoyed Casey and Mortimer.

'Have you been sent to check up on us?'

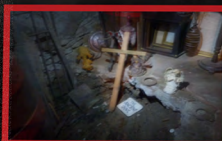
'No,' Ricky assured them. 'Well,

maybe. Yeah. We were worrying about the two of you, out here by yourselves.' It was an isolated lane, with trees and woodland close on both sides, no cars and no thoroughfare at this time of night.

HAUNTED

D I G I T A L M A G A Z I N E

IF THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD ISSUE 11
WHO YOU GONNA CALL?



PARANORMAL ACTIVITY AT THE ANCIENT RAM INN



THE STRANGE LITTLE HARPER OF INVERARY



THE EIFFEL TOWER



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'I'm not sure it's haunted at this bus stop.'

#teamtiger: The Haunted Bus Stop

'It's been very, very uneventful back there at the depot,' Ricky said. 'No activity, nothing. Even Julie's failed to pick anythin' up! Anyway, they're all having a break. They were too worried about getting soaked by the rain to come out here, so I came instead.'

He handed them a flask of coffee. That made him their new best friend. Mortimer kindly shared the warm drink between the three of them as they discussed the investigation. There was agreement that it had been a waste of time and money. TIGER had been on a roll recently with success at several locations, encountering a door at a castle that shut by itself if you left it open (you had to leave the room for a minute or two for it to happen), and a job centre in Blackpool where Sarah and Julie had picked up on an accumulation of bad feeling and depression. 'I can sense that,' Mortimer had said, pleased with himself; 'do you think I'm becoming a psychic, too?' After such good luck, it was disappointing when an investigation fizzled out.

'When we were driving here Sarah was slagging off that bloke from Haunted Magazine,' remarked Casey, finishing off his share of the coffee.

'She's always slagging people off.'

'Well, she'd listened to him speaking on the radio last week, and he'd said how he was "open-minded" and sometimes cynical about the paranormal. Well, apparently that was just a couple of days after coming to our investigation at the castle. Sarah said he was there when the door shut by itself, and he'd even seen Julie get possessed by the four Norman knights.'

Mortimer scratched his head. 'Was that when she was talking in a French accent?'

'That's right.'

'Proof if you ever needed it!' said Ricky,

chortling. 'The editor saw that and still doesn't believe? What more does a rational person need to confirm his belief in the supernatural!'

He departed for the bus depot. The hot feeling from the coffee did not last long; soon they needed to urinate and had to take turns running across the road to bushes; and it was still raining, slowing at times to drizzle until sheets of it would fall again. Reluctantly they asked for spirits at the shelter to show themselves, harshly demanding that the spirits stop wasting their goddamn time. It did not work. They lost interest and their minds wandered. Mortimer was playing with the torch, reflecting its beam off the glass and the shelter roof; and Casey was rubbing his face to warm his flesh. He was worried that the rain had messed up his hair. Thankfully Mortimer's torch created some illumination, so he could look at his reflection in the glass. He straightened his fringe and patted down tufts at the back. It would be awkward if Kim back at the depot saw him with wonky hair.

Casey was admiring himself when he saw another face reflected in the glass. It was just over his shoulder, leering at him, oval

#teamtiger: The Haunted Bus Stop

and indistinct. With a start Casey realised that it was not Mortimer's face. He leapt away, shouting, and landed on the floor. There was no one else in the shelter: he saw Mortimer standing at the other end, incredulous, and that was it. The person whose reflection he had seen – they were not there.

Mortimer struggled to get Casey to explain what had happened; for a minute he shook from fright, adrenaline coursing through the young man.



'Are you sure it wasn't my face?' asked Mortimer, seeking to eliminate possibilities. When Casey shook his head in stern disagreement he listened outside for footsteps but heard nothing, and there were no signs of movement in the nearby woodland. It was dark, the heavy rain reducing visibility; but it was clear that they were alone in the area.

Casey looked alarmed. 'Did you hear that?' They stopped and listened. Mortimer sighed in growing annoyance: was Casey losing his mind, or taking the piss? 'Heard what?'

'I heard something ping against the glass of the shelter. Stop and listen, it might happen again.'

They listened intently. They had become habituated to the sound of rain and the wind's muffled wail. It was quiet. Then – a ping. It was a palpable ping. Against the glass. They shared a glance, mouths agape in shock. 'What was that?' whispered Mortimer. Casey shook his head.

Then another ping. It was more of a crunch, and when Mortimer shone his torch at the glass they saw a tiny crack. He could not remember if it had been there before. He stepped over and felt it with the end of his finger. There was another, harder ping. Mortimer snatched back his hand, eyes-widening when he saw that tiny lines of a fracture had appeared inches from where his finger had been.

'I don't like it here,' said Mortimer, voicing his growing dismay. 'This is too bloody weird.'

'Shall we head back to the depot?'

They decided it was prudent to seek the help of the rest of TIGER. Safety in numbers and all that. Walking along the road (there was no pavement) they kept looking behind to the bus shelter, it dimming in the darkness as they were further away; and they



expected – what? Something had caused the bangs and the fissures in the glass. And Casey was still shaken by the face he had seen in the reflection. Involuntarily they quickened their pace. Casey glanced back again at the shelter and some primal sense of pursuit came to him. He swore and started running. Mortimer shouted after him, not wanting to get left behind: 'Wait for me! Don't leave me behind!'

There was a short-cut across a muddy field to the village. They stumbled that way, desperate to get into a populated area. The mud was viscous and thick from the downpour, and it was tough pulling their feet step-by-step out of the sucking soil. Still that feeling they were being chased! Huge stretches of puddling water and sloppy soil covered the field, and Mortimer slipped. He fell into the mud with a grunt of surprise. Casey turned and saw him struggling, and raced back to help him to his feet. The blond giant was filthy with gunk and slop, and it had splashed over his face, stinging his eyes.

Once across the field they saw the lights of the village in the near-distance. Running closer

#teamtiger: The Haunted Bus Stop

they started to recognise it; and a little further until they were among shops and houses. The bus depot was at the other end of the village, and by the time they reached it they were out of breath. They stopped at the entrance, exhausted and gasping. They heard a door being unlocked and opened. Looking up they saw Sarah, scowling, and pointing a torch at them. 'What the hell have you been up to?'

They staggered into the depot. It was a large high-roofed space, with a myriad of buses neatly parked along the farthest end. There was music playing in the offices, and as they wearily made progress Sarah interrogated them for information. There was consternation and excitement when their story was told to the rest of the group – Julie, Kim and Helen – who were pleased to escape their boredom. The warmth and comfort of the office had become dull, and the prospect of the grey, concrete depot too much to endure. Ricky listened intently, hoping to puncture any notion that there was a supernatural explanation or even the suggestion of a trip outside.

There was not much sympathy for Casey and Mortimer, who were abandoned to their respite on the sofas. Mortimer especially needed to rest, filthy and plastered in mud and spitting particles from his mouth. 'I'm not going back out there,' he hollered, when the rest of TIGER suggested a return to the bus shelter. 'I'm done in, I can't hack any more tonight.'

Kim was donning her jacket. 'Come on, we've gotta go out there! How about you, Casey? Big, tough man like you, you're not too scared to go back are you?'

She adopted a flirtatious poise, fluttered her eye-lashes at him and smiling mischievously. Casey took a deep breath and exhaled, glancing at Mortimer sitting like a dead man beside him. 'To be honest, Kim – no fucking way!'

'Hey!'

'I'm sorry but there's no way I'm going back out there, I'm worn-out! I've done my share of ghost-hunting tonight. You'll have to risk it by yourselves.'

The team was marshalled by Sarah for a hasty vigil at the bus depot. They were anxious to investigate the phenomenon and capture some of that exhilaration. Ricky was tightly wrapped for the rainy weather again, muttering dismally after being cajoled into accompanying them for a little extra male protection. 'Those two have done their duty,' said Sarah rather militaristically, gesturing to Casey and Mortimer; 'and by the gods you'll do your duty too!' They stirred now like resurrected zombies, with a hot mug of tea each, courtesy of Helen. She gave Mortimer a packet of chocolate biscuits and a gentle kindly clap on the shoulder. There was even a blanket which she draped over him.

'Thanks,' croaked Mortimer, playing for sympathy. 'I need that. I'm so cold – soooo cold...'



#teamtiger: The Haunted Bus Stop

'Hey,' shouted Ricky; 'that's my blanket!'

'Yeah, and he needs it more than you.'

Mortimer sniggered to himself as Ricky was dragged away. Soon they were alone in the office, luxuriating in warmth after so long in that blasted bus shelter. And with their run to the village it had made them rosy. Everything seemed better now and they laughed about the night; though memory of that face reflected at the glass sent a chill coursing through Casey.

'I wonder if they'll find anything,' he asked aloud.

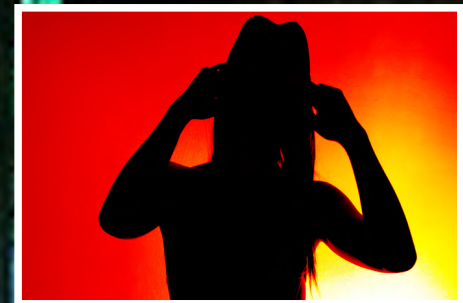
'I don't know,' replied Mortimer; 'but I hope they don't stand in the one corner of the shelter. I had a sneaky piss there, when you went out to the woods on a trip to the toilet.'

'Urgh! Dirty bastard! You've got no standards, you know!'

'Yeah, too bloody right,' cackled Mortimer. 'If they ask we can blame it on the ghost.'

Team Tiger will be back!!

Here's an exclusive look at Team Tiger's summer holiday, so far!!



I don't know about you but it is very rare that I watch programmes at the time that they are actually on. My television viewing life is a late night cacophony via Sky Plus, on demand or +1. I am relegated to this because the women in my household (the wife & six year old twin daughters) have control over the remote control and you know what it is really not worth arguing about (the plans for my "man shed" are taking shape in my head).

YouTube

THE HAUNTED CHANNEL



in association with Haunted Events UK and Haunted Digital Magazine

I went through my Sky Plus the other day as it was down to 1% and drastic action was called for – do I ditch The Magnificent Seven, Some Like it Hot, Ghost Adventures or sneakily remove some of the kid’s programmes and blame it on the big old satellite up there in space? Anyway it got me thinking about how you can watch things these days, back in the days when I was a young un (circa late 1970s-early-1980s) you had no choice it was BBC or ITV for an hour after school and a couple of hours at the weekend (for your information I was more Swap Shop than Tiswas (contrary to popular opinion)) but now if you miss something you don’t have to mope around as you can view it like a Martini and have an ‘anytime, anyplace, anywhere’ moment.

I reckon that there are more channels available to me than Loom Bands in my house; well that maybe a slight exaggeration but it paints the scenario that I am trying to create that TV is everywhere and it won’t be long before everyone has their own channel. Funny I should say that as we do have our own channel and we have cunningly called it The Haunted Channel.

The Haunted Channel is a new venture that we (Haunted Digital Magazine) are proud to be working on alongside our good friends Haunted Events UK, one of the leading paranormal ghost event companies in the UK. If you’re reading this magazine you are more than likely to have an interest in the paranormal and all things spooky, ghostly and things that go bump in the night and you know what, so do we.

We love the paranormal; we love its humour, its naughtiness, its darkness, its nastiness and as lovers of the paranormal we sit there watching all the paranormal shows on TV and thinking a plethora of thoughts ranging from good to bad and from the sublime to the ridiculous and it got us to thinking about the “for every one that makes it, there’s ten that don’t” quote that is often heard in the music industry and that got us to thinking some more that there might be some paranormal shows out there, somewhere in the ether that are just as good as the ones that we see on the umpteen channels that show them and haven’t had the luck of the paranormal green when it comes to getting them shown to a paranormal audience.

That is one of many reasons why The Haunted Channel was born and why this feature goes on about the massive potential for people to show off their own shows, stories and adventures to a new audience who are hungry and greedy for more.

We’re not saying we are the next Sky TV or Virgin Media but what we want to be is to be a strong paranormal voice and champion the shows out there that deserve to be seen. We could’ve just created a playlist for these shows to be seen and shared that to our social networking stalkers, which would’ve been so easy but we’re not here to rest on our paranormal laurels which is why we created #WickedWednesdays.

Wicked Wednesdays is actually a proper paranormal scheduled programme that is dedicated to showing some brand new

paranormal shows, it’s on every Wednesday, it’s segued brilliantly by the owner of Haunted Events UK, Lee Roberts and it’s “wicked”. The idea behind it is to show off some fantastically produced and edited paranormal shows that would hold their own with some of the paranormal shows that have found their way onto the mainstream digital channels and have had the fortune to have money thrown at them and backed by large corporations and companies.

It’s very early days for The Haunted Channel and we hope that, in time, Wicked Wednesdays are joined by Terrifying Tuesdays and Frightening Fridays, who knows what could happen? It is the paranormal after all.

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D I G I T A L M A G A Z I N E

Issue 11 of the magazine is dedicated to the memory of Mike "Ghostwatch" Smith (1955-2014)



"The BBC gives over a whole evening to an 'investigation into the supernatural'. Four respected presenters and a camera crew attempt to discover the truth behind 'The most haunted house in Britain', expecting a light-hearted scare or two and probably the uncovering of a hoax. They think they are in control of the situation. They think they are safe. The viewer's settle down and decide to watch 'for a laugh'. Ninety minutes later the BBC, and the country was changed, and the consequences are still felt today."

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