

## **CONTENTS**

FOREWORD	6
THE PSYCHIC BIKER	8
HOUSE CLEARANCES	18
EXTREME GHOST HUNTER	26
BORTHWICK CASTLE	33
EXTREME GHOST HUNTING	40
THE WALLAW CINEMA	44
BEBSIDE INN	55
CASTLE KEEP	65
THE WOODEN DOLL	77
THE SCHOONER INN	93
KIELDER CASTLE	112
GHOST OF EMMA	128
BROUGHAM HALL PART 1	140
BROUGHAM HALL PART 2	148
NORTH EAST AIR MUSEUM PART 1	164
NORTH EAST AIR MUSEUM PART 2	174
HIGH HEAD CASTLE	187

## THE PSYCHIC BIKER

Well, I guess one of the first questions I should answer is the name, “The Psychic Biker.” As with so much of my life it came about while in a pub with my bike club mates. A stranger must have been listening to our conversation and when I went to the bar she asked if I was really a psychic medium. This is a question I am used to being asked as I am 6 feet tall, ( I have no idea what that is in metric, if you’re that interested go look it up) heavily tattooed, have a shaven head and I am told that even in a good mood, a face that looks like a bulldog chewing a wasp. So she got the usual spiel I give to people who ask that question and having been served I sat down. As the lady was leaving she made her goodbyes including to me and came out with the phrase “The Psychic Biker.” The name stuck and I decided to use it when I set up as a professional medium. How did I arrive at this stage in my life as medium and a ghost hunter? I am hardly someone with a background that would have led me down this path.

It all started when I was quite young but to be honest I just thought it was normal or as my mother said: “I had an over active imagination.” The sort of thing I mean is when aged about 7/8 years I was on a school trips to castles/halls I would start trotting out information about the place after I touched the walls. Sad thing was seeing the gleam in my teacher’s eye when he assumed I had an interest in history, maybe I should have told him how I really knew the information. Around the same age, after my grandfather died in an institution I had quite a chat with him in my bedroom before the police arrived to tell my Nan he had died, back then that was how people were told as not many people had home phones. Even in my early teens at school I was an oddball kid, yep I was the kid your mother told you not to play with. I was an avid reader and used to devour books on UFOs, magic, the occult and almost anything “off the wall”. I was more than happy with my own company and In fact at times I preferred it. After all I always had books or the spirit people to keep me company. I had a couple of mates but was never going to be one of the cool, kids, I guess that would describe many people’s school days. Oddly, given my interests and experiences in my youth when I hit my late teens I became a complete and utter cynic; Very much a “when you’re dead your worm food” attitude. When my wife and her friend visited the local spiritualist church now and then I was very scathing in my comments. I might have stayed in that sort of mode had there not been a huge change in my life in my late 40s when I gave up work to become a carer for my wife. That meant going from working away from home on oil rigs, usually working 90 hours a week to being at home with a huge drop in income and not working 90 hours a week, or at least not in the same hard physical manner. Maybe quite understandably I became quite stressed so it was suggested that I should try meditation. It was probably my wife who suggested it; she wanted some peace I suspect. I was of course sceptical but was ready to try anything. So after a little research on how to meditate I gave it a go. As anyone who has tried this you will know it is not easy, either you end up drifting off and wondering what to have for dinner or you fall asleep. I was intrigued so stuck at it and from that start I began to wonder about the strange images, smells, sounds and in particular a picture of one man I kept getting in my head. Who I much later found out was my spirit guide

So I started to dig around on the internet and visit the library to start researching to find a reason for all this. Over about 18 months I had started to glean quite a bit of knowledge on medium ship and psychics but still scoffed at all that rubbish. I had also come across lots of info on how mediums and psychic faked things so I was still pretty much on the sceptical side of the fence.

Moving on from my reading and research I felt my next step was to visit a spiritualist church and see how things went “eyes on” so to speak, even though I vowed I was not going to sing along to the hymns. First church I went to was the church my wife had visited and the irony was not lost on me. I received a friendly and enthusiastic welcome, later I was to learn that is not always the case at all churches. I was still strictly an observer watching and trying to figure out how the mediums “did it”. Often I would bristle when even with what I considered limited knowledge I heard some mediums trot out information that was so general in nature I suspect that many parts of it could strike a chord with anyone. There were however still mediums that I could not “catch out.” MY logical brain could not figure out how they “did it.” I then decided to broaden my experience and visit some other churches along with a fellow bike club member and good friend Wendy. That was fun as she is also biker and some mediums made the assumption we were together as a couple, other than as friends I mean of course; they would then come up with some outlandish readings and comments about our relationship as a couple. Also there was always someone that one of us supposedly knew that had died on a motorcycle. We knew no one who has died on a bike and we weren’t, as I said, a couple. Once again there though were other mediums that seemed to know information about myself that they shouldn’t logically be able to know. As a result of all this research and experiences which was spread over about 12 months I decided to give this mediumship game a go; always being of the opinion that if you want to fully understand something then it is best to try it for yourself. So I continued to research deeper and practice what I learned. Looked again to the web and also books on topics such as “protection and opening up,” in other words the basics of mediumship. This included how mediums work, how they receive messages, their spirit guides etc. All this with a very sceptical mind I must say.

The next step I felt was to attend an, “Open Circle.” This is usually at a church where the public and trainee mediums could come along and under the guidance of an experienced medium, practice receiving and, passing messages from dead loved ones to other people in the circle without the stress of doing it live so to speak. Even then I was more of an observer, still trying to suss out this mediumship lark. Gradually I started to realize that some of the images and sensations I was “getting” but saying nothing about in the circle another person would then stand up and say. What I found fascinating was that it was not general information which could be for almost anyone, (I had seen that done in churches as I have mentioned before). An example would be one time when I am getting mental images of underground pipes and staying quiet for fear of looking a real idiot, then a braver person stood up and described the same picture. That was odd in itself I thought, then when a member of the circle tells of her nightmare week with her garden having to be dug up due to a sewage pipe leak I was really struggling to come up with a reason other than mediumship/psychic ability, to explain it. I could of course have assumed it was some plot to hoax myself and the rest of the circle or they had chatted before and the incident had been mentioned, I accept that. After all that’s what ardent sceptics always say now to explain anything that could be termed accurate information from a medium. What I couldn’t explain was my involvement, the fact that I had “seen” these images. When the rest of the information was very specific about a deceased loved one I really was stuck for an explanation. I am now 100% discounting a clever scam to fool 7 people in the circle for the monetary gain of the £1 donation at the door that may be a sceptic’s theory.

Trying to understand this I dug yet again deeper into the subject, both by more reading and participating in debates via on line forums including some ardent sceptical ones where I grew to know what the sacrificial lamb feels like, but also by practicing new techniques both alone and in churches. As with most things I found that the more I practiced the better I became, plus I was learning a huge amount from watching other mediums, both what to do and what not to do in terms of how to deliver a message in the best possible way so it could be understood. It sounds easy but that is one of the main skills of a medium. Learning to understand how the spirit world will use your senses to get info to you and give you the best possible chance of passing it accurately to the person you are reading for. My way of working I learnt was to first get the mental picture of the person who was deceased and then once the connection had been made more information came through. Again this sounds easy but you try describing someone from a picture only you can see to someone who does know this person but it could have been a relative, friend or a school chum. Couldn't have made it easy and reversed that process could they the spirit world, oh no. I do feel that spirit use the mediums own personality and strengths when trying to pass info across though, therefore as I am and have always been a very visual person, finding it hard to absorb info through facts and figures unless I had some sort of visual representations to build on so again it is logical that the spirit world would choose to use that method to communicate with me. You will see that I am still looking for logic even among mediumship. I also learnt how NOT to do readings, seeing the arrogance of some mediums who while getting a "no" response from information they were trying to pass on would tell that person it was their fault, "they were blocked." Even then at a pretty early stage of my development I vowed never to use that sort of tactic and be honest. If I was struggling with giving a reading sometimes it was simply down to having a bad day, or having something else on my mind. Mediums are human and just as you can have a day when nothing you try to do goes right so can we. So at times, well only twice so far, I have simply apologized and told the person I was reading I couldn't read for them, my fault not theirs. I have always been acutely aware of the trust people place in mediums and take my responsibility to give 110% effort to getting that message over to them accurately from their loved ones very seriously. Most of the time now though the information was flying in so fast it was hard to keep up and it was accurate and unique. For the sceptics who doubt that they tell me that Bartholomew is a common name. That was one of the oddest names I had to deliver and not I hope you would agree "common."

From visiting local churches and oddly my local pub I got to know a lady called Helen, no doubt when she reads that she will have a giggle at "lady". She was part of a development circle run by the woman who became my teacher, Linda. Long and short of it all is I was invited into a development circle by Linda. That in itself was a great honour and responsibility. You do not simply join a circle, you have to be invited and by joining you are making a commitment to your teacher, your fellow classmates, yourself and more importantly to the spirit world that says you will be there every week ready to work with them and for them no matter what. Linda I soon realised was one of the most honest, open and spiritual people I knew and that remains the case today.

My first night at the circle literally blew me away, at the end I was swaying with the energy in that circle. Over the time I was part of the circle I learnt so much, was told I had a great potential as a trance medium but never took that any further. Trance is where you allow a spirit person to use your body to communicate; again logically it makes sense to cut out the weak link, the medium and simply take control of, for example the mediums voice. Me being me I could never voluntarily give up that degree of control. I lost my reluctance in getting to my feet and speaking in front of people; I got used to passing on messages and had my first experience of transfiguration. Transfiguration is when the face and/or the body of the medium takes on the visage of the spirit person that is trying to communicate. The background to the

whole tale is long and involved, if you ever meet me ask and I may tell you it, but the end result was to find myself on my feet seeing 6 very shocked faces staring back at me and total silence around the circle. Later I was told I stood up shouting angrily at two women who were giggling and my face and head changed into a much older man with a thin face with a black thin beard. To be honest I could not and cannot recall that part of that experience.

Despite all this research, practice and development across all the areas I have mentioned, which spanned about 6 years, I still didn't count myself as a medium, I always said I was "in development". An ongoing project shall we say, however after sometime within the circle I decided to move on. This was partly due to another member of the circle, a male, whose smutty comments about the women in the circle I hated and I knew I would end up losing my temper with him but also as the teachings were now angled to working the platform in the church. Something I had no real interest in doing. In fact, I have some reservation about the many religious aspects of spiritualism. So I ventured out into the big wide world of mediumship alone.

I still spent a lot of time in practice and research and after a while started to give readings outside the church, to friends and family. One of the first I did was for a fellow bike club member, who will remain nameless; I had known this guy for well over 10 years and was a bit doubtful about what I would be passed from spirit through me that I didn't already know. As a result of that reading I discovered from his deceased father coming through, of his abusive childhood, something he had never mentioned to me or anyone else and the reason he shall remain nameless. Things like that added to my growing list of episodes I could not explain to my still sceptical mind, yes a medium who is also a sceptic, told you I was an odd ball. I was again ready to expand my experience as a medium and while I continued to do readings I also wanted to try other "stuff." I would guess anyone who is reading this will have some knowledge of the TV programme "Most Haunted." I watched this at times and the whole concept of how the medium working reminded me of my experiences as a kid visiting the castles on school trips. In fact that programme sparked an explosion in interest in mediumship, both in having mediums presenting shows on TV but also a multitude of amateur Ghost Hunting groups sprang up around the country. That really brings to my first meeting with Stephen (The Extreme Ghost Hunter).

He was part of one of these groups and the local paper had done a feature on him and his search for locations to investigate. As a result of reading that article I emailed him. We met up for a chat and a beer and we got along reasonably well. He told me that he and the group he was with had an investigation booked at a local Art Deco cinema that had been closed for a number of years. They were looking for a medium to work with the group and by chance my E mail landed in his In-Box at just the right time. So I was invited along to that investigation which was booked for a few weeks later in the month. The group also had what was almost the obligatory web page and forum so I did get to "know" the other members to some degree on line. Not ideal but as good as it was going to get. Turning up for the night I was a little cautious. It was my first investigation so I was not sure what to expect, meeting a whole new group of people I knew nothing about plus the pressure I put on myself to do a good job.

I met up with Stephen outside the cinema and gradually as the other members turned up I could put names to faces. We also had with us the ex projectionist of the cinema from when it had been open, acting now as a caretaker on behalf of the cinemas owner. Walking into the cinema for the first time, I was a little reluctant to start spouting off all the things I was seeing, hearing and smelling, but the first thing that struck me as odd was seeing a spirit person leaning over the balcony watching us. Not that odd as a medium maybe but what was odd was that he was an elderly gentleman wearing a full dinner suit, not what I would expect to see in a cinema. Later I was to learn after I did pluck up courage and start telling the group

of this that the father of the owner of the cinema used to stand in that spot every night and collect tickets wearing a full dinner suit. This was the just start of the night and there was plenty more to come. Not all the memorable events of the night however were paranormal. You will be able to read of those events later in another chapter. Some non paranormal events I feel would have become the stuff of how local urban myths start. For example, as I opened a small door located to the side of the main doors to collect a takeaway, I saw two slightly tipsy young girls heading home after a night out. As far as they were concerned they were passing a long closed and derelict cinema. The resulting screams and the sight of them disappearing into the night while trying to run in tight skirts and heels while a little drunk but a lot terrified will stay with me for life. Pretty sure that tale of a ghost opening the door on them and saying “hi girls” will have been told over and over the next day to their sceptical friends. That event and other experiences of the night as well as some of the scares I have had at investigations you will read of in other chapters. As it turned out Stephen and I became good friends and we found that our individual skills both on investigations and in life complemented each others. Added to which we had similar thoughts on how ghost hunting should be done, not as an excuse to carry every gadget possible for one, and also avoiding some of the ego trips that always seem to crop up in groups. We keep each other grounded. After a number of years working together on investigations as well as doing our own things, including Stephen forming Extreme Ghost Hunting and myself the brand The Psychic Biker we decided to combine our efforts. This really is where this book project came from as well as the ideas we have for a TV show. With luck and lots of hard work you shall see us on your TV screen when this book appears. But if not we shall still be trying.

## **HOUSE CLEARANCES**

Not all my work as a medium is prowling around dark castles and ancient halls. Quite often, I am asked by members of the public to visit their home or work place as they are experiencing some odd happenings. Now often when chatting to people about my work as a medium they will say the “I think my place is haunted.” To be frank I as a rule ignore that comment as I have yet to meet anyone who at times does not think his or her home is haunted, however, 99% of the time it is simple to find logical reasons for events. There are times however, that the comments are justified. I have come across many examples of problems at homes and work places during my mediumship career so far but a few stands out from the rest, either due to the peculiarity of the activity or the reasons behind it. The first example starts with a tale of me being tracked down that is almost as interesting as the story of the haunting. Briefly, I used to get collected on a regular basis by the same taxi driver after attending bike club meetings. On the journey to my home, we would chat about this and that. Over the months, she learned about my “sideline” as a psychic medium and, the conversation would often turn to that, nothing remarkable about that until much later in my life. By this time I had moved into my present home and had not encountered this woman since moving. She had changed cab companies and I for various reasons ceased to go to the pub as regularly as I had used to. Therefore, it is with great surprise one morning to answer a ring on my doorbell to find her there, with her taxi looking for me. Very confusing! At first I assumed she was simply at the wrong address but then she began asking if I “still did the spooky stuff”. Confirming I did still do “spooky stuff” she asked if I could help a friend. She it appeared had somehow tracked me down through a series of links, friends of friends etc 19

even though I had been moved 2 years. Once I was over the surprise, I listened to her tale.

A friend of hers was so afraid of the activity in her home she was leaving home as soon as her children were dispatched to school and wandering the local park or town centre until she had to return home for the children coming home. After a few more questions, I agreed to visit the house but first I called a fellow medium to sort out a time and date we could both go. In cases such as this, it is normal for mediums to work in pairs. Simply as an insurance in case either one is badly effected by any energies encountered. This did not take long to arrange and we met outside the address given, it was a typical end terrace house with a nice view over a local park. Upon ringing the bell, we were greeted by a tallish woman with very short hair. Without having to use any psychic sense, you could see the worry etched on her face. The medium accompanying me, a woman called Helen, works differently from me. If you have already read the chapter about my journey to this point you will have read my comments of how mediums work in ways that reflect their personality, in this case it was demonstrated amply.

Helen always stops on the doorsteps of a home and asks any energy within permission to enter, while I, with my typical “in your face style” charge in with attitude written all over me. Once inside we found a group consisting of the woman who had greeted us, her partner from a civil partnership and our mutual friend the taxi driver. As always, I asked that they told us nothing except any areas in the home they do not wish us to go. I always ask this, as I never forget that we are in someone’s home. In this case, we were given a free reign to go where we wanted. Helen and I at the same time when asked, “Where are you going to start” pointed upstairs. As we started to climb the stairs we encountered an elderly spirit man who attempted to block our path, as I was leading the way that did not work and I insisted he move aside. I have no idea why he wanted to block us other than maybe he already felt that some “strange people” had already invaded his home and we were just another example. At the top of the stairs on the landing was a bookcase, which we later learned that this man used to move the books around on. This was just one of the ways he was using attempting to make his presence known to the rest of the household. Helen and I also discovered that this chap used to like to hover on a step leading into the toilet; he felt he could see most of the coming and going from there. However, apart from this man there were no other spirit energies around. I felt sure we had found the source of the problems. Nerveless, we still needed to complete our tour of the house to be sure. So Helen and I descended back down to the ground level, this time with Helen taking the lead. She was drawn into a small room at the bottom of the stairs that appeared to be used now as a room to cope with the usual “overspill” of any family. While she went into that room, I popped my head into the front family room, nothing really of interest from a mediumship point of view there so after a few minutes I returned to the hallway; to find Helen a step inside the small room rooted to the spot and appearing to have some problems breathing. Her breath was coming in short rasping gasps so I wasted no time and simply grabbed her by the collar and dragged her out. Sometimes the solution to a paranormal problem does not have to be mystical. She told that the stench of pipe tobacco and the feeling of being short of breath had been overwhelming.

Once she had recovered we as a pair ventured back into the room. There the old chap we met on the stairs started to talk to us. He was called Charles, Not Charlie or Chas but Charles, he was very insistent of that. He told us that he and his wife while they were both alive had moved to Blyth as he was taking up a job at “the docks,” I could not quite gather if this meant Blyth port or the shipyard that used to be there. He was employed as some sort of draughtsman and with this special skill/talent, was the reason for his employment. He

was not from the Northeast and had moved into the area to take up this job that to use a modern term he had been head hunted for. He was most definitely an in charge style of man and yet very reserved. He did not mix well and he seemed to have a low opinion of the people he worked with in Blyth. Therefore, his life while alive revolved around him, his wife and the house we were standing in. All was well until to his absolute disgust, his wife “died on him.” Even as he communicated with us, you could clearly sense the utter bewilderment and loss he felt at the death of his wife. He felt totally abandoned and really did not have the skills to care for himself. As he aged he ended up living, sleeping, eating and existing in the room we were in, the same room Helen had experienced the breathing problems. As we started to understand and have empathy with this man, he began to ask questions of us. That led us to begin to understand the reason for the recent paranormal activity that had so terrified the present homeowner. He started to ask of me, he preferred to talk to me for no other reason than I was male, for some explanations of the situation inside what used to be his home. As he had already mentioned he told of his wife dying before him in the house and he continuing to live there for quite some time until his death. He had for many years still popped back to the house that was his home for many years. Until now, he had not attempted to make his presence known, being happy just to draw comfort from revisiting his home. It seems that what prompted him now to try and get attention was his complete and utter lack of comprehension on the situation. In short, when the two life partners “married” and moved in together, it seemed he felt he had to make himself known. He was unhappy, did not understand the situation nor did he approve. Once again, even from beyond the grave often we find that people’s personalities do not change. As it happens once we began to chat, he turned out to be a nice enough guy, just as I have said bewildered. Once I explained the situation and made it clear, how upsetting his activities were to the occupants his attitude changed. He had never intended to scare anyone, he simply wanted some answers. In addition, I pointed out that if any of the children living in the property came across any of his activities it would be scary for them. He was most apologetic and concerned, we reached an agreement that he would still pop back in and see this old home but the visits would be not made ‘public’ so to speak. After a little more chat and even him asking for assurances that I was not playing a practical joke on him re two women being married, he left the room and house. Helen and I spent a little more time to check there were no other spirit people in the home then we did a standard cleansing of the whole house and added some layers of protection to it. We joined the rest of the people in the kitchen and over a coffee; we learned some more of the experiences and events that had caused so much concern.

The owner told of finding the same kitchen chair over turned every time she left the room. No matter if it was for 2 minutes or overnight, yet never hearing the chair fall. It looked as if someone had taken the time to place it in that position rather than it falling or being pushed over. She showed us scrawls using crayons that had appeared overnight on sheets of paper left in a locked room. They started to leave these sheets out because the walls and tabletops were being scratched or drawn on. Most of the attempted were just lines or meaningless scratching but some appeared to be crude attempts at forming letter and words. After some more advice Helen and I left the house and to date there has been no further problems with the ex owner who I feel sure even now is not totally convinced that the whole thing is not the Geordies winding up an outsider.

The second occasion that stands out came about because of a friend of Stephens, my co-author in this book. A family had asked me to visit them because as is often the case they had a problem with odd things happening in their home. Once again accompanied by Helen I set off to visit and see if there was anything, we could do.



After a fruitless time waiting around and knocking on a door I called the lady in question and she told us we were at the wrong house, right estate but wrong place, never trust Sat Nav people. Eventually we found the right house and were greeted by the lady, who had been joined by a friend. Once again, the routine was the same as the previous clearance “do not tell us anything and is there anywhere we cannot go.” Again we were given free reign and I noticed that the two dogs she owned did not want to come anywhere near Helen or myself. I simply put that down to them sensing I was not a lover of dog hair or saliva on my clothes and thought no more of it. This time Helen and I split up, she headed upstairs and I felt a pull into the kitchen. In the kitchen, I came across a spirit child, a girl who was quite young. She was very mischievous and fully aware that I could see her but she would not talk to me. Instead, she appeared to be having a great time running out the kitchen then up and down the stairs. That stopped as I saw Helen descending the stairs with a spirit man behind her who did not look happy. This seemed to scare the young girl and she hid in the kitchen. Chatting to Helen while the man stood by, he was looking a little less aggressive now I had given him a warning glance, Helen told of what she had found. The man was not a nice character, seemingly very hostile towards Helen and to women in general. It was him it appeared that had been causing much of the problems in the house and he that the dogs were afraid of. While we were standing chatting, they were standing back and cowering with the occasional snarl. After a brief chat with Helen, I attempted to communicate with the spirit man. He was very defensive and wary, really came across as someone with something to hide and did not appear to be able to give any sensible answers. The only thing we could get out of him was he claimed to have some connection to the male of the household from a previous company they both worked at. Other than that he had no connection with the house, the land it stood on or anything else from the family. Therefore, I made it clear that he was not wanted around and his activities would not be tolerated any longer. He made some feeble attempts to complain but I forced him to give assurances that he would leave the house and never return. Eventually he agreed and looking rather disgruntled left. As he did, the young spirit girl cautiously emerged from her hiding place in the kitchen and came over to us. Helen began to chat with her and we learned of her tale. She was the daughter of the woman that had greeted us as we had arrived. She gave us her name and would simply say that she “came to see her mummy and play with the children.” Helen gently explained that at times she was scaring people, as they did not understand that she simply wanted to play. The girl at first was rather petulant trying to blame everything on the spirit man that had just left, until at last Helen gently convinced her that she should not make so much of a pest of herself. Once she agreed Helen and I decided before we continued any further we really needed to chat with the homeowner. We sat down with her in the lounge and she told us her story. It was quite simple really; when younger she had an accidental pregnancy while with a former partner. It was decided that she would continue with the pregnancy but sadly, the baby was born but only lived a short time. A heart-breaking story but when we told her the name the young girl had given us she crumpled. Turns out this were the name that had been given to her baby while in the hospital shortly after the birth. The name is not important and I will keep it private as it is personal to the woman concerned but the result was the woman was happy for her daughter to remain in the home. Although just as we had, she asked if the girl could be a little quieter and better behaved. The young girl was standing next to Helen listening to this conversation and nodded happily. The last thing to come from this tale, at least for now as there was further events at this home but that is for another book, the last thing was the change in the dogs. As we stood chatting, getting ready to leave they emerged from the kitchen where their beds were, at first cautiously, then with much more enthusiasm. In fact, their owner stood and watched open mouthed as one of the dogs climbed onto Helens shoulders and snuggled down

happily. Neither Helen nor the dog looked uncomfortable. Even to my eyes they were changed animals, seemingly much happier and wagging their tails.

A few weeks later I returned to the home to do a psychic night for the woman and her friends, she again told me she could not believe the change in the dogs, they were eating better, playful, energetic and much friendlier. Not the reason we went to the home but a side benefit to the whole episode.

Lastly this is a brief tale that demonstrates the power of suggestion. Once again the whole thing starts with a call from a friend asking me to help a friend of theirs. In this case, it was the owner of a local paper shop. For 3 years, she had quite happily opened the shop at an early hour every morning to start the day's trading all alone and with never any problems. Then a customer told her that the shop was haunted. From then on she was convinced that certain areas of the shop had problems. I popped over to see the shop, did a through walk around, and found nothing. Just goes to show that we humans can convince ourselves of almost anything. That is why I shall always stay as the "sceptical medium."