

Paranormal Underground™

Volume 3, Issue 6

June 2010

**POSITIVELY PSYCHIC:
MARK AND BARBARA NELSON**

**Special Report:
Famous Channelers**

**HAUNTED HISTORY:
GHOST BUS OF HIGHWAY 93**

**Author Spotlight:
Brian Haughton**

**ARE WE ALONE?:
THE KINGMAN UFO**

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- HAUNTED SITES: ROBERT LANG STUDIOS
- THE DOVER DEMON
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL
- EQUIPMENT UPDATE: RADIO SHACK HACK
- A LITTLESTOWN, PA, REMODEL STIRS UP PARANORMAL ACTIVITY
- TV WATCH: *Is It Real?*
- EDITORIAL: ONE THEORY ON SPIRIT TIME

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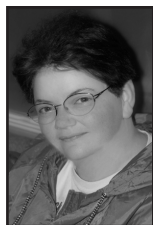


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Heidi Ann

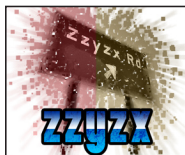
Heidi Ann has been a paranormal enthusiast since childhood when she had her own encounter. Her personal experience led her to question the world around her.



Heidi is a mother of three sons, works as a special education paraprofessional in a middle school, and loves watching television shows and reading books on the paranormal.

Paul Bottini

Paul has written several eBooks about haunted sites, UFO sightings, and cryptid lore. When not writing, Paul travels the countryside in search of UFOs, hotspots of high strangeness, ethereal beasts, and anything remotely paranormal.



Paul also designs Web graphics and animations. You can visit his MySpace page at www.myspace.com/zzyzxparanormal.

Katie Christopher

Katie is the cofounder and case manager for NEPA Paranormal, which was founded in December 2007 by Katie, along with fellow team members Bob, Mike, and Chantel. NEPA Paranormal is a group of paranormal investigators from the Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, area that covers North East Pennsylvania and surrounding areas.



The team takes a scientific approach to the paranormal, and investigates homes and businesses with professional equipment. “We carry the mindset that the place is not haunted, and we will not deem

a place haunted without concrete evidence,” Katie said.

Jason Ewen

Jason has lived in Littlestown, Pennsylvania, (just south of Gettysburg) since he was five years old. Jason studied mortuary science in college.



He currently works in the computer field. Jason has been married for nine years.

On January 31, 2001, he moved into a house that dated back to the Civil War, and it was also used as part of the housing for the church that is down the block. Since moving into the house, Jason and his wife have experienced unexplainable phenomena.

Karen Frazier

Karen is the managing editor of *Paranormal Underground* magazine. After living in a WWII-era apartment 20 years ago where unexplainable things happened, Karen began to search for answers about the paranormal.



Now she combines that interest with her professional experience as a copy writer and technical writer to help bring *Paranormal Underground* to the public. Karen is a partner with Ghost Knight Media.

Terri J. Garofalo

Terri is a paranormal investigator, as well as the author and illustrator of *Entities-R-Us*, a Ghost Hunter Comic.



For more information, visit www.entities-r-us.com.

Rick E. Hale

A native of Chicago, Rick investigates with the McHenry County Paranormal Research Group. He writes a biweekly blog for www.paranormalunderground.net about his frequent investigations.



A paranormal researcher since the age of eight, Rick is happily married and digs Jazz. He believes in the use of the scientific method in gathering evidence of paranormal claims. Rick can be contacted at t_seeker@hotmail.com.

Carolyn M. Hughes

As a night manager in a haunted hotel on the Gettysburg battlefield, Carolyn has had ghostly experiences both at work and while on the battlefield. She considers the ghosts of the soldiers that haunt Gettysburg as ‘her boys.’



Carolyn shares her experiences with *Paranormal Underground* in her column, *Diary of a Haunted Hotel*.

Cheryl Knight

Cheryl is editor-in-chief of *Paranormal Underground* magazine. She has been a professional writer and editor for more than 20 years. Cheryl is combining her writing, editing, and design talents — along with a fascination of the paranormal — to bring you *Paranormal Underground* each month.



Her previous magazine experience includes roles as senior and managing editor for several business publications. Cheryl is a partner for Ghost Knight Media.

Entities-R-Us

by Terri J. Garofalo — www.entities-r-us.com



Michelle M. Pillow

Michelle is an award-winning author writing in many romance fiction genres, including futuristic and paranormal. A skeptical believer, she has a fascination with anything paranormal. She's also a photographer and cohost of Raven Radio.



Readers and listeners can contact Michelle through her Website, www.michellepillow.com. You can catch her latest three book series, *Realm Immortal* (*King of the Unblessed*; *Faery Queen*; and *Stone Queen*) in bookstores in January 2010.

Jill Stefko, Ph.D.

Jill has studied the paranormal since 1957. Her expertise in the paranormal includes parapsychology, cryptozoology, Fortean phenomena, anomalies, UFOs, aliens, demonic possession, and exorcism. She gives workshops and lectures and has been a guest on radio call-in talk shows and local TV as an expert in the paranormal. She investigates alleged cases of the paranormal and counsels experients.



Jill is the Feature Writer in the

paranormal topic for www.suite101.com, an international ezine. Jill is the director and founder of FIRE-Psi, which was established in 1996.

Lettie Prell

Lettie Prell is the author of *Dragon Ring* (Flying Pen Press), which blends science fiction with paranormal elements. Her stories have appeared in *Andromeda Spaceways Inflight Magazine*, *The Lorelei Signal*, the *A Time To...* anthology (volume 3), and elsewhere.



Lettie has explored shamanism, numerology, lucid dreaming, and other intuitive work. You can learn more about Lettie at www.lettieprell.com.

Randell S. Van Alst

A McCutchenville, Ohio, native, Randell experienced countless paranormal events as a child, ranging from intense dreams of death to ghostly apparitions. The explicit dreams as well as other paranormal experiences continued throughout his life.

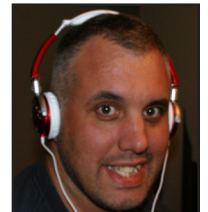


Due to his experiences with

the paranormal, Randell decided to research other haunted places. He founded Van Alst Spirit Investigations in late 1999. Randell continues to research all levels of the afterlife, including residual hauntings, poltergeist activity, Spirit Photography, OBEs, NDEs, and exorcisms. He is a published author, including the book *Ghosts in Reality: The Unexplained Truth About Hauntings in Our World Today*.

Chad Wilson

A writer of articles and fiction, Chad is the publisher of *Paranormal Underground* and a partner for Ghost Knight Media (www.ghostknightmedia.com). He has parlayed his avid interest in the paranormal into a top-notch publication and Website — *Paranormal Underground*. Chad has investigated with East Tennessee Paranormal Research Society and counts Waverly Hills, the Villisca Axe Murder House, the Queen Mary, the Queen Anne Hotel, and private residences among his investigations.



Are you interested in contributing to *Paranormal Underground*? E-mail: editor@paranormalunderground.net.

Paranormal Underground™

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www.ParanormalUnderground.net

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What Makes a Good Story?

When I sit down to write an article or my Publisher's Letter, I often ask myself, what should I write about? I hate to write just to be writing. To me, it's a waste of my time and our readers' time as well. But in the process of trying to decide what to write, I often ask myself, what makes a good story?

Do I sensationalize? Absolutely not. We're not here to sensationalize. As publisher and creator of *Paranormal Underground*, I don't want this magazine to get attention off of someone else's negative actions and experiences, flaws, and setbacks. It's not our focus or mission, and it's definitely not what we want to be known for.

I also do not believe in pushing what I believe to be true . . . insisting that my viewpoint is right. Why? Because what I might think happened, might not have happened in the way that I perceived it. We all have different perspectives. And while I will state my viewpoint without hesitation, I won't insist that I'm right and force my opinion on anyone.

To me, the only true way to tell a story is to research the issue, story, happening, and to tell the facts as they have been presented to you. Don't sensationalize. And, most of all, remain true to yourself.

That is the main reason we do not do stories in the magazine about the "supposed" rampant fakery on

the various TV shows or about paranormal groups who misrepresent the field. Things such as that are confined to our blogs, and even then we don't surmise what has happened, only present what information the involved parties give to us. It's not our "thing," and it never will be.

Rather than wasting time focusing on exposing groups, individuals, or shows that we "think" are frauds, we focus on groups, individuals, and shows that we feel are contributing to and furthering the field of paranormal research. Getting their work out into the

public is far more important than wasting our print on the opposite.

I advise anyone seeking to find answers about paranormal phenomena to get out and investigate, read, and talk to experts. Research the topics you're interested in and then come to your own conclusions about a subject.

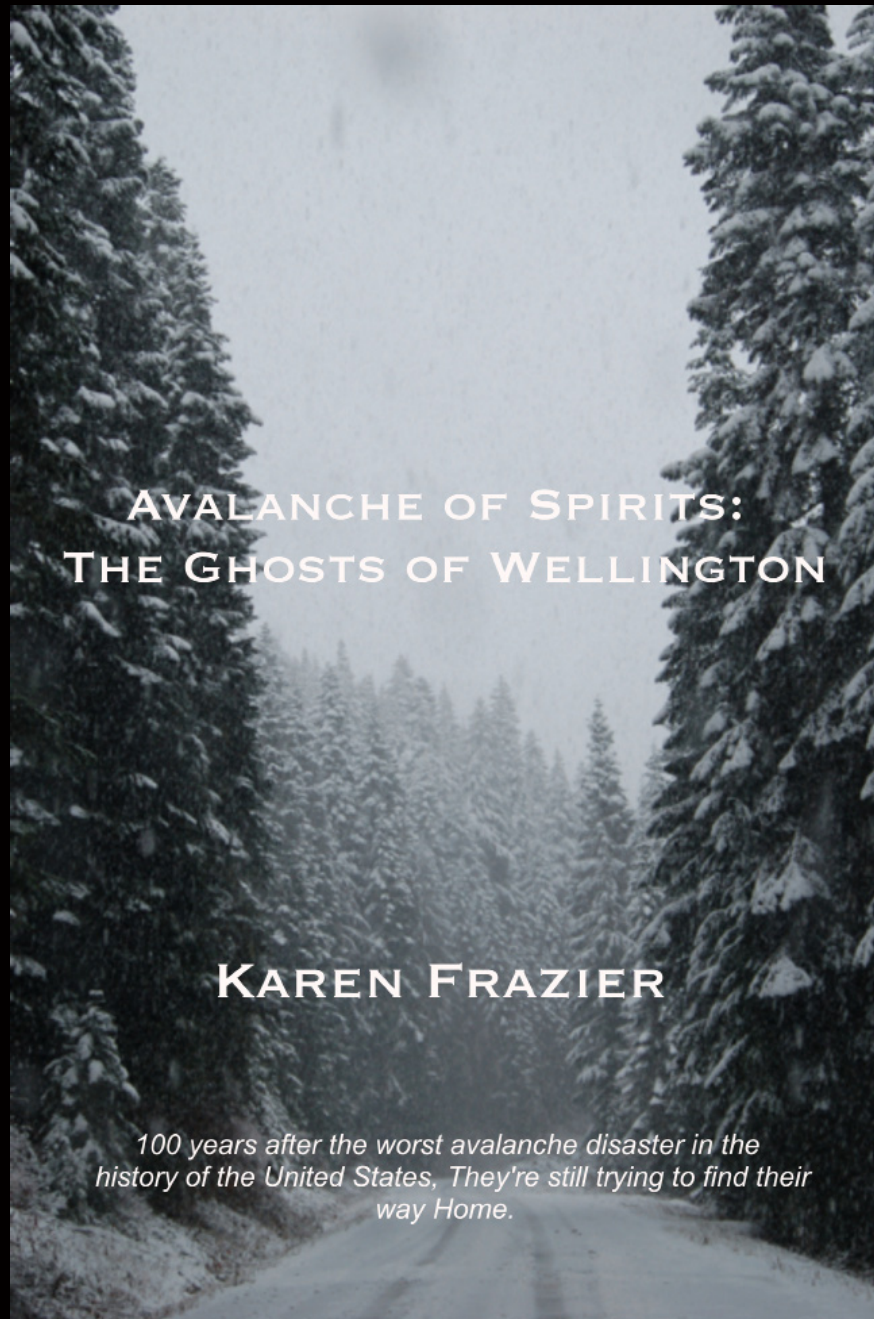
Today, as *Paranormal Underground* magazine strives to find honest answers in the paranormal field and feature those working diligently to find those answers, I think it is as important as ever to be true to ourselves, true to the story, and true to our readers.

Will I still give my opinions on paranormal topics in this column? Most definitely. I love to discuss paranormal topics and don't plan to stop. Join me in the ongoing discussion about the paranormal. ■



Chad Wilson,
Publisher

From Paranormal Underground Journalist
Karen Frazier and Ghost Knight Media, LLC



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www.avalancheofspirits.com

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Paranormal Underground
Volume 2, Issue 10
October 2009

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TRANS-ALLEGHENY LUNATIC ASYLUM

HAUNTED SITES
THE DEADLY CURSE OF DUDLEYTOWN

CASE FILES
INVESTIGATING THE OLD WHEELER INN

HAUNTED HISTORY
HAUNTINGS AT THE BAKER HOTEL

ARE WE ALONE?
EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE
LIVING CREATURES BEYOND OUR EARTH

TV WATCH:
BENNY HUMAN FEATURES THREE
UNUSUAL CHARACTERS

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- GHOST HUNTING 101
- DEMO UNDEAD REALLY? SUICID
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL
- BUYING THERMAL IMAGERS

Paranormal Underground
Volume 2, Issue 4
April 2009

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A.R.T. OF WASHINGTON

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INSTRUMENTAL TRANSCOMMUNICATION:
RIDGING THE GAP TO THE OTHER SIDE
TRANSDIMENSIONAL COMMUNICATION
WHAT ARE GHOSTS?
EMETERY WALKING:
HOW TO MAXIMIZE YOUR RESULTS

ARE WE ALONE?
GALACTIC SHACKDOWN IN KENTUCKY

HAUNTED HISTORY
STRANGE CASE OF PEARL CURRIAN
PATIENCE WORTH

ALSO INSIDE:

- GHOST HUNTER CASE FILE:
MEKKER MANGON
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED
HOTEL
- THE DREAM EQUIPMENT GUIDE
- HAUNTED SITES:
THE WHALLEY HOUSE
- CRYPTIDS:
THE PANOSCHO HAND
- TV WATCH: HAUNTING EVIDENCE
- ROUNDTABLE DEBATE:
SPIRIT COMMUNICATION

Paranormal Underground
Volume 1, Issue 6
November 2008

EMBIISM ACROSS
ULTURES

HAUNTED HISTORY:
IVY OF THE DEAD

SHAPESHIFTERS
REALLY EXIST?

THE LEGEND OF
PEMBERTON HALL

ALSO INSIDE:

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HAUNTED HOTEL
- ROUNDTABLE DEB
ATRONIES
- TV WATCH:
GHOST ADVENTURE
- FEATURED AUTHOR:
EVA TELL
BY SANDI KENNEDY
BY THE SEA
BY CHAD WILSON

Paranormal Underground
Volume 2, Issue 9
September 2009

GHI'S ROB DEMAREST
INTERNATIONAL GHOST HUNTER

AVALANCHE OF SPIRITS
THE GHOSTS OF WELLINGTON

DEMON DOGS OF DOOM
TALKS OF HOUNDS FROM HELL

NWPIA
EXPLORING THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

THE QUEEN MARY
PARANORMAL CUREN OF THE SEA

INFRARED PHOTOGRAPHY
HOW TO TAKE EFFECTIVE IR SHOTS

HYPNOTHERAPIST LISA WATTS
LESSONS FROM MANY LIVES

ALSO INSIDE:

- DOES THE WOLMAN CRAVE CHEESE IN WISCONSIN?
- THE MERITS OF PARANORMAL AUTHORITY
- LIFE'S PUBLIC OPINION, HOLLYWOOD'S INFLUENCE, AND AN AGE-OLD QUESTION
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL

Paranormal Underground
Volume 2, Issue 11
November 2009

WPRS STRIVES TO BETTER
UNDERSTAND THE PARANORMAL

GREEN FIREBALL UFOs
IN NEW MEXICO

A HAUNTING IN HOPKINTON:
THE MCNEIL HOUSE

FEAR & LOATHING IN
SALEM, MASS.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A
GHOST HUNTER?

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- TV WATCH: FLASHFORWARD
- REVIEWS: PARANORMAL ACTIVITY
- HAUNTED SITES: PAULTE ROCK
SPIRITES IN MADOC COUNTY
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL

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Volume 2, Issue 1
January 2009

INVESTIGATOR
SPOTLIGHT:
SHANNON SYLVIA —
ONE GHOST HUNTER!
SEARCH FOR THE TV

NEAR-DEATH
EXPERIENCES:
A PRODUCT OF THE
MIND OR A BRIEF GLIMPSE AT
OTHER SIDE?

HAUNTED HISTO
LINCOLN'S PROPHETIC
DREAMS

SPECIAL REPORT:
BUILDING A SUCCESSFUL
PARANORMAL TEAM

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- HOW TO GHOST HUNT ON THE C
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL
- GHOST HUNTER CASE FILE:
TEENWOOD CASTLE
- TV WATCH: SUPERNATURAL
- YOUTUBE GHOST VIDEOS:
REAL VS. FAKE

Paranormal Underground
Volume 2, Issue 2
February 2009

ALIEN ABDUCTION ISSUE

INVESTIGATOR
SPOTLIGHT:
STANTON FRIEDMAN —
PHYSICIST, AUTHOR, &
UFO RESEARCHER

SPECIAL REPORT:
THE STAN ROMANUK CASE

ALIEN ABDUCTION:
VISITORS FROM ABOVE
OR WITHIN?

SPECIAL REPORT:
SO YOU WANNA START A
GHOST-HUNTING GROUP?

ALSO INSIDE:

- THE RESURRECTION OF THE
TASMANIAN TIGER
- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL
- HAUNTED SITES:
THE YALUSKA AXE MURDER
HOUSE
- TV WATCH:
GHOST HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL
- GHOST HUNTING ON THE CHEAP:
PART I
- ROUNDTABLE DEBATE:
ALIEN ABDUCTION

Paranormal Underground
Volume 1, Issue 5
October 2008

TH AND SANDRA JOHNSON
E ON DEMONIC CASES

REVIEW WITH AN EXORCIST

APIRISM, WITCHCRAFT,
WEREWOLF LORE

ONOLOGY THROUGHOUT
TORY

ALSO INSIDE:

- DIARY FROM A HAUNTED HOTEL
- HAUNTED SITES:
GETTYSBURG & WAVERLY HILLS
- THE INGREDIENTS FOR
ZOMBIFICATION
- THE JERSEY DEVIL
GHOST HUNTER CASE FILE #1:
WAVERLY HILLS SANATORIUM

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Author Uncovers History's Mysteries

In this issue of *Paranormal Underground* magazine, we feature investigators and psychics Mark and Barbara Nelson. As both paranormal researchers and hosts of their own radio show, Para X Radio Network's Positively Psychic, the two use their abilities to complement one another both on the air and during their investigations.

And on their weekly Web radio show, Mark and Barbara talk with authors and experts in the paranormal field to stimulate thought and educate listeners. Turn to page 16 to read more.

Also featured in this issue is Brian Haughton, author of the new book *History's Mysteries: People, Places, and Oddities Lost in the Sands of Time*, which explores the latest archaeological evidence of some of the oldest mysteries in the ancient world. Brian covers everything from what happened to the Neanderthals to controversial ancient artifacts to mysterious places to the questions surrounding some of history's most infamous people. Turn to page 22 to read about what he has uncovered.

And in this month's special report, we discuss famous channelers and their impact on society, including JZ Knight, Edgar Cayce, Helen Schucman, and Neale Donald Walsch, among others. Do these individuals really have the ability to impart wisdom from the great

beyond? On page 28, we ask this very question.

In our Case Files of the Unknown (beginning on page 32), we feature the haunted Robert Lang Studios, the Ghost Bus of Highway 93, the Dover Demon, and the Kingman UFO crash of 1953.

And in our Personal Experiences section, we've got "Diary From a Haunted Hotel" (page 44), a controversial Ghost Hunter Case File from NEPA Paranormal (page 46), and a personal experience from a couple who stirred up paranormal activity in their home after remodeling (page 50).

In this month's Paranormal Perspective, Randell Van Alst presents his personal theory on "spirit time" that involves an extrapolation from *Bible* text. See page 52. You also won't want to miss the final installment of Lettie Prell's fictional story, *Where Memories Lie* (beginning on page 54); a TV review of the show *Is It Real?* (page 14); and an equipment update on the Radio Shack Hack ghost box (page 62).

For our 3rd Annual Paranormal Fiction Contest announcement, turn to page 59 for more information. This year's entries are due by August 15. We look forward to your submissions.

Happy reading! ■

~ Cheryl Knight
Editor-in-Chief



Paranormal Underground™

Volume 3, Issue 6 June 2010

www.ParanormalUnderground.net

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or e-mail:

editor@paranormalunderground.net

Send comments and letters to:
editor@paranormalunderground.net.

Calendar of Events

June 6-7

Ghost Hunt at Fort Mifflin
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
www.hauntedtruth.com

June 11-13

Through the Veil: A Paranormal
and Metaphysical Gathering
Hilton Hotel
Atlanta, Georgia
www.throughtheveil.org

June 25-26

Haunted America Midwest
Conference
Decatur, Illinois
www.americanspookshows.com

July 30-August 1

Indiana Paranormal Convention
Hilton Hotel
Indianapolis, Indiana
www.indyparacon.com

August 5-7

Parasota: Midwest Paranormal Event
& Celebrity Ghost Hunt
St. Paul, Minnesota
www.parasota.com

August 6-8

Canadian-American Paranormal
Convention at the Quality Inn
Sarnia, Ontario, Canada
www.canamparacon.com

August 12-15

PhantomCon
Crowne Plaza Hotel
Hickory, North Carolina
<http://phantomcon.com>

August 13-14

2nd Annual Psychic & Paranormal
Gathering
Holiday Inn, Southwest
Louisville, Kentucky
E-mail: spiritseekers@att.net



August 21-22

Second Annual Ohio Paranormal
Convention
Dayton's Hara Arena
Dayton, Ohio
www.ohioparacon.com/

August 27-28

Haunted America East Coast
Conference
Cape Cod Community College
West Barnstable, MA
www.americanspookshows.com

August 27-29

Paranormal Information Association
Conference
Clewiston Inn
Clewiston, Florida
<http://paranormalinformationassociation.com>

September 10-11

Paranormacon
Masonic Temple Fundraiser
Historic Fort Wayne, Indiana
<http://innomineparanormalresearch.com/>

October 16

Parafest 2010
The Ambassador Rooms
Workshop Masonic Hall
Workshop, Nottinghamshire, UK
www.parafest.info

October 29-30

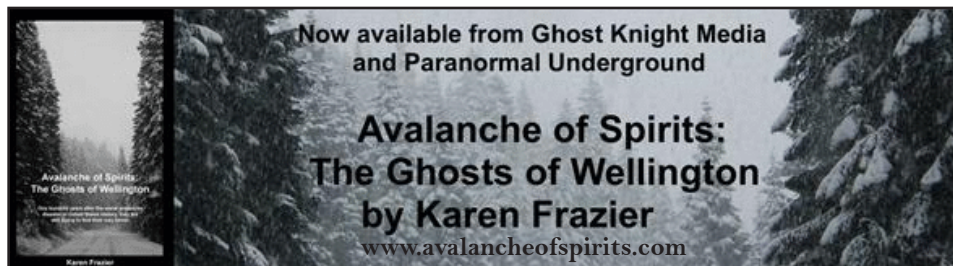
Port Gamble Ghost Conference
The Pavilion
Port Gamble, Washington
www.portgamble.com/default.asp?ID=126

October 29-31

Haunted Horrors Paranormal and
Film Convention
The Marriott MeadowView Confer-
ence Resort and Convention Center
Kingsport, Tennessee
www.thehauntedhorrors.com

November 5-7

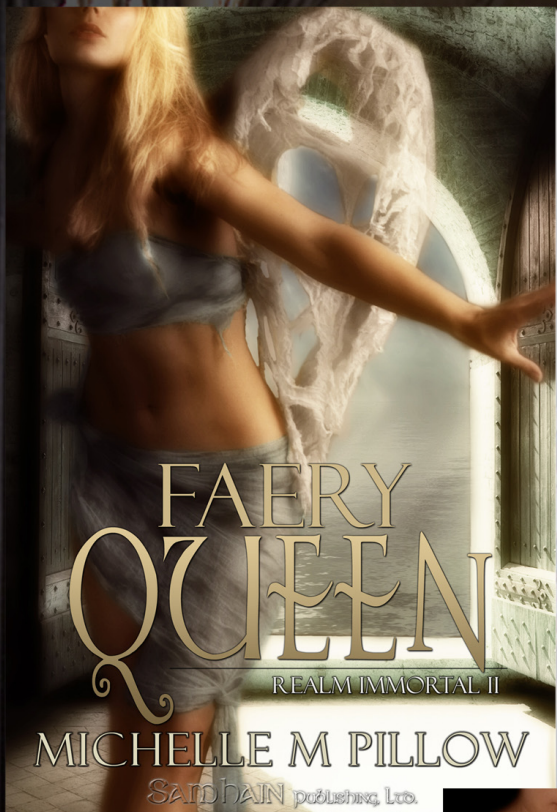
ScareFest Horror & Paranormal
Convention
Lexington Center
Lexington, Kentucky
www.thescarefest.com



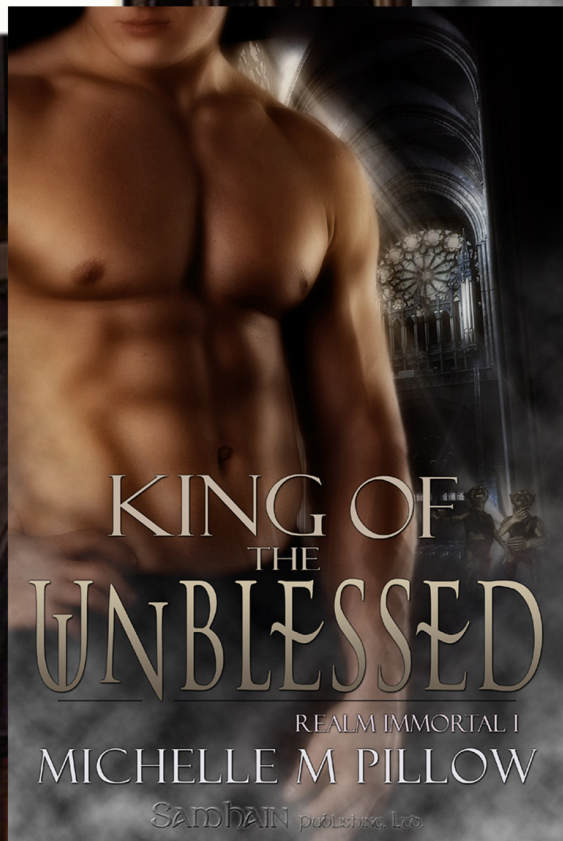
Realm Immortal

Fantasy Romance Series

In Bookstores
Jan 2010!



"...an intriguing tale of
love, lust, and
what happens when
you're not careful what
you wish for."
Novelspot



*Immortality
has a way of
Changing Fate*



www.MichellePillow.com

UK Ghost Sightings Highest in 25 Years

Some say reporting of "evil spirit" activity in the UK is on the rise.



There have been around 1,000 reports of activity by "evil spirits" (which includes demons and devils) in the past 25 years in the UK, 968 to be exact. According to Lionel Fanthorpe, a UK expert on the unexplained, "This report clearly shows we are a nation still rich in sightings and reports of devils, demons, and evil spirits of various forms," as quoted by www.telegraph.co.uk.

Fanthorpe came to this conclusion by studying archives and Websites dealing with the subject matter, in addition to his own reports, and used this information to identify all sightings and recordings of supernatural entities with "diabolical qualities."

Sightings range from demons in Yorkshire, which topped the list with 74 ghostly sightings, to a supposed water-demon type who guards an ancient, inscribed stone at the Boat of Garten in Inverness.

The report was completed for the U.S. TV series *Supernatural* and its latest DVD release. Below are the top 10 areas for UK ghostly sightings according to the report:

- 1 Yorkshire 74
- 2 Devonshire 57
- 3 Somerset 51
- 4 Wiltshire 46
- 5 Inverness 39
- 6 Dorset 37
- 7 Norfolk 32
- 7 Lancashire 32
- 8 Sussex 30
- 8 Derbyshire 30
- 9 Essex 29
- 9 Suffolk 29
- 10 Lincolnshire 24

New Lanark, Scotland, "Ghost" Captured on CCTV

CCTV footage of the New Lanark World Heritage hotel in Scotland captured an unusual image in the early hours of May 12, according to <http://news.stv.tv>. The video of the location's rear car park captured an image that staff say is a ghost.



New Lanark "ghost" captured on CCTV.

As quoted on news.stv.tv, General Manager John Stirrat said, "We were routinely reviewing CCTV footage taken in the early hours of May 12 in our rear car park, an area that was formerly stables. Between 0130 and 0300 in the morning, we were startled to see, quite clearly, a mysterious ghostly shape in the bottom right-hand corner of the screen which came and went. At one point it disappears through a door, without opening it, and reappears. No staff, guests, or members of the public were outside at the time, so it is definitely not human nor a trick of the light."

The camera footage shows a small, bright figure, about four feet high, dressed in luminous white. The figure can be seen bending and nodding before becoming motionless. It then appears to change position by jumping onto a higher level.

China to Build UFO and Alien Embassy, Reports Say

Supposed plans by the Chinese government to build a UFO and alien embassy have been leaked to the public, according to www.allnewsweb.com. The embassy will be reportedly based in the Kunlun Mountains near the Tibetan region.



What the Chinese UFO Embassy might look like. Source: www.allnewsweb.com.

The Chinese Government is said to be building an alien embassy as a result of the increasing of UFO sightings over the past 10 years.

It is also rumored that Chinese officials are secretly meeting with researchers in the United States, such as ET contact expert Dr. Steven Greer.

Sources said that the embassy will have UFO landing pads and a cultural center that allows for the sharing of knowledge and promoting universal harmony. The picture above is a representation of what the embassy might look like.

Earlier this year, it was also reported that the world's first "Alien Embassy" was being constructed in the Republic of Kazakhstan in the city of Almaty, which is one of 14 provinces with a population of 829,000.

Possible Bigfoot Tracks Located in Texas

Individuals from the Texas Bigfoot Research Conservancy (TBRC) reported recently finding possible Sasquatch tracks in Southeast Texas on Mother's Day weekend. The best track, pictured to the right, was studied closely by TBRC members.

According to <http://texascryptidhunter.blogspot.com/>, "The track appears to have been made by an extremely flat-footed individual.

There is no sign of an arch at all. The track was uniform in depth from toes to heel. There was no evidence of the heel striking the ground first then rocking to the ball of the foot and toes for push off. The uniform depth of the track suggests the possibility of an individual exhibiting a compliant gait. In other words, the individual picks their foot up almost vertically, strides, and sets it down in a flat-footed manner. The track maker also seems to have had an enormous big toe."



Pictured above is a possible Bigfoot track.
(Source: <http://texascryptidhunter.blogspot.com>)

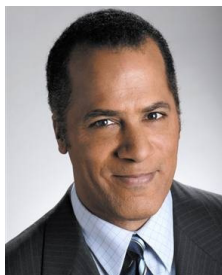
Syfy to Look for Real "Warehouse 13"

According to network sources at the Syfy channel, they will air a two-hour show on Sunday, July 11 at 9/8c called *Inside Secret Government Warehouses: Shocking Revelations*. The special was inspired by Syfy's hit series *Warehouse 13*, which features United States Secret Service agents who have been reassigned to the government's secret Warehouse 13. The warehouse houses supernatural objects, and the agents must retrieve missing objects and investigate reports of new ones.

The special's tagline reads "Alien body parts . . . powerful religious artifacts . . . UFO wreckage . . . what exactly is hidden behind heavily guarded doors?"

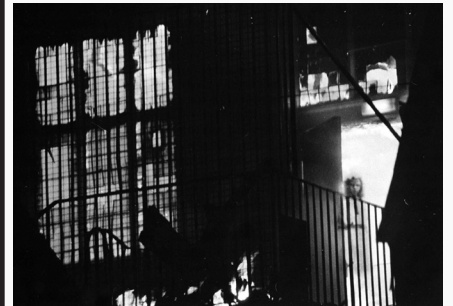
NBC News journalist Lester Holt leads a global expedition to uncover "the truth" behind the world's top secret, mysterious warehouses where super-classified objects are kept, according to <http://tvbythenumbers.com>.

Holt gains exclusive access to restricted sites, ranging from Area 51 in Nevada to the Vatican secret archives, and he interviews inside sources, experts, and Washington decision-makers. The special is a co-production of Syfy and Peacock Productions.



Host Lester Holt.

"Wem Ghost" Picture Mystery Solved



Pictured above is the infamous "Wem Ghost" photo (at top), along with a street scene postcard from the 1920s taken in Wem, Shropshire by M. Audin-Wood (Photo: SWNS). The young girl standing on the left side of the postcard matches the "ghostly" image in the top photo.

The mystery of the "Wem Ghost" photo has been solved, according to www.telegraph.co.uk.

On November 19, 1995, amateur photographer Tony O'Rahilly snapped photos of a fire that destroyed Wem Town Hall in Shropshire, UK. In one of his photos, he said he captured the ghostly image of a young girl wearing old-fashioned clothing.

O'Rahilly, who died in 2005, denied doctoring the photograph. However, Brian Lear, a retired engineer and taxi driver, recently noticed a striking similarity between the "ghost" and a girl in a postcard that appeared in his local paper.

"I was intrigued to find that she bore a striking likeness to the little girl featured as the Wem ghost. Her dress and headgear appear to be identical," Lear was quoted as saying.

"IS IT REAL?" EXAMINES PARANORMAL LEGENDS

BY HEIDI ANN

UFOs, Bigfoot, psychics, Atlantis, the Bermuda Triangle, vampires, ghosts, lake monsters . . . Have you ever asked yourself, "Are these creatures, legends, and paranormal happenings real?" Well, the National Geographic Channel does just that on their series, *Is It Real?*

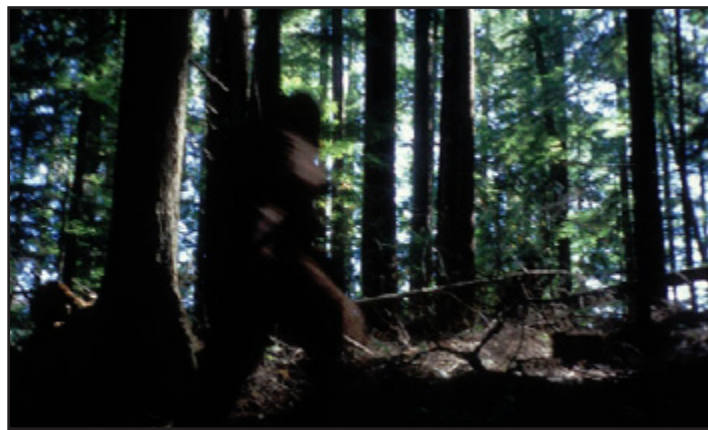
Investigating these enduring mysteries, as well as dozens more, *Is It Real?* premiered in April 2005. Narrated by Will Lyman (replaced in 2006 by Ian Gregory), the show digs for the truth behind these legends.

Each Episode of *Is It Real?* Examines Evidence of Believers

Each episode features paranormal stories and evidence from believers. Skeptics then do their best to debunk those stories and the evidence provided.

One of the episodes that debuted on April 25, 2005, along with Spontaneous Human Combustion and Ghosts, was about UFOs. This episode began with the history of UFO sightings and then continued on to explain the four levels of UFO encounters, showing evidence of each.

According to *Is It Real?*, the UFO craze can be traced back in the United States to 1947. Starting when private pilot Kenneth Arnold reported to a local newspaper in



In one episode of the National Geographic Channel's series *Is It Real?*, a recreation of Bigfoot running through the woods is attempted.

Washington State that while flying near the Cascade Mountains he saw a blue-white flash and witnessed several objects flying at high speed and with great agility through the mountains. A month later came the infamous Roswell Crash in Roswell, New Mexico.

After reviewing the history of UFO sightings, "close encounters of the first through fourth kind" were explored in full during the program. The show then investigated the different types of encounters. They interviewed witnesses and showed video and photographic evidence to support the believers' claims.

Skeptics Also Weigh In on the *Is It Real?* Question

The evidence presented during the UFO program was then shown to skeptics who provided their belief of what actually caused the phenom-

ena. From a widely seen and photographed UFO on the day of a solar eclipse in Mexico to strange circles in the grass believed to be made by UFO landing gear to people claiming to be abducted by aliens, all angles were explored.

And after providing evidence from both sides on the topic at hand, one question was asked of the viewers . . . is it real?

New episodes of *Is it Real?* are no longer being produced, but the National Geographic Channel is still showing old episodes on its network.

If you enjoy the format described earlier in this article, then watch *Is It Real?*, as the series is well-rounded and full of interesting stories . . . or facts, depending on your viewpoint.

Visit www.nationalgeographic.com for more information. ■

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Positively Psychic: Mark and Barbara Nelson Investigate “The Unknown”

By Karen Frazier

Have you ever met a couple that seems really in synch, in tune, and completely connected? That description fits psychic spouses Mark and Barbara Nelson to a T. As paranormal investigators, as well as hosts of their own radio show, Para X Radio Network’s *Positively Psychic*, the two use their abilities to complement one another both on the air and on their investigations.

By day, Mark is a writer and marketing specialist, and Barbara is a theme park designer. In their free time, however, they shed their corporate images and connect with the other side.

Recently, Mark and Barb sat down with *Paranormal Underground* and answered our questions about their lives as psychic paranormal investigators.

* * * * *

Q: Tell me about your first psychic experience.

Mark: I was 11 years old, and it was after my father’s funeral. It was in October, and he had died a few weeks before. While I was raking leaves in the front yard, I saw my Dad standing at the end of the driveway. I had to look away because I was scared, and when I looked back he was there. But then he drifted away. I kept telling myself I was crazy because that wasn’t



As hosts of a weekly Web radio show, called *Positively Psychic*, Barbara and Mark Nelson (pictured above) talk with authors and experts in the paranormal field to stimulate thought and educate listeners.

supposed to happen. At the time I thought I was losing it because I missed him. I also saw him looking at me while I was at school.

Looking back, I know now what it looks like to see spirits. So I have a better understanding of what happened. He was just reaching out to speak with me, and to let me know that he was OK.

Barbara: Since I was about 5 or 6, I would see what I believed to be ghost-

ly apparitions hovering in my room in the middle of the night. They would usually wake me up and startle me. They tried to communicate with me, but I was so scared I would hide under the covers until they went away. I always wondered why they were there and who they were.

Q: What was it about your experiences that made you aware that they were psychic and not just your thoughts?

Mark: It was the first time I received information on a late night walk. My Dad came back to say hello. Again, I assumed that I was having another mental episode. I felt like I was arguing with myself, basically saying to the “other voice in my head,” that if you’re real, tell me something I don’t know. The voice told me something about my brother Glen. I checked it out with my Mom, and it was true. Then I began listening a lot closer.

Barbara: Anytime we would visit a historical place, I would feel uncomfortable, like someone was watching me. I remember my dad took us to an Old Western ghost town when we were kids. I was about 8 years old at the time. We were in this old saloon, and I kept thinking someone was right behind me. It kept following me around. I turned around and said to the empty air behind me, “Go away.” I felt that whatever it was left, and I knew then that I had a connection to something much bigger than me.

As a teenager, I experimented with the Ouija board at sleepovers. I always felt very afraid of it, but my sister was really big into it, so I would go along with it. I had to stop it one time because the planchette kept stopping in front of me. I eventually threw out the board.

I would call my ability more of a “psychic sensitive.” I can also see silhouettes of the spirits that are present and sense they are there. Once in a while I do get very definite messages in my sleep that I will tell Mark about, and within a week something happens related to my dream.

Q: How have your abilities grown and evolved since that first experience?

Mark: I have learned to make it easier. I’ve come to trust more of what I hear and to be relaxed about the experience.



Psychic Medium Mark Nelson (pictured in the foreground) learned that he had unusual abilities when he was 11 years old.

Barbara: I believe that my abilities flourished after the Northridge, California, earthquake in 1994. I had experienced such a traumatic and stressful event that it literally must have changed my brain waves to be “hyper” sensitive to psychic feelings.

At age 11, I was traumatized by another earthquake, the Sylmar, California, earthquake. That traumatic memory stayed with me and contributed to this “hyper” sensitivity, which I think we all have. It’s a primal protection we had before mankind invented formal language and could communicate.

This ability is our way of communicating with our ancestors to listen to their advice. I think so often we ignore advice from family and consider it as interfering. And yet when we are at a low point in our lives or just want some help, we turn to those talented psychics who hear what our loved ones have to say to us. Some may refer to it as intuition or a sixth sense. I think it is an extra

spiritual protection that we are all born with but chose not to develop.

Q: What abilities do you have?

Mark: I am able to work as a psychic medium, and am very comfortable in dealing with people who are now in spirit. Plus, I have had visits from a spirit who I believe to be Edgar Cayce. Often, I am able to diagnose medical issue, and I think he helps me.

But the skill that generally sets me apart is psychometry. I am able to pick up objects and to read the people who used or owned them. There’s something about the physical contact. We are energetic beings. We leave something behind on the things we touch, and I am able to tap into it.

Barbara: I think I have the ability to sense a person’s energy. I always tell Mark that I feel I have a better sense of who people really are on the inside. I never judge a book by its cover, so to speak. When I shake someone’s hand, I instantly know their soul.



On most investigations, Barbara is part of the “tech” crew and carries with her a digital recorder, cameras, and K-II Meter. She also analyzes evidence after each investigation.

Q: Do your abilities feel like a blessing or a curse? Have you always felt that way?

Mark: It is a blessing. I have learned so much about myself and how the universe works through this ability. I would feel blind without it, and life would be far less interesting. It has also been my calling to help and heal others with my ability.

Barbara: It can be a burden sometimes, especially if I have to work with a person that I know is spiritually negative. It has helped Mark and me with our lives and with choosing our closest friends.

During our ghost investigations, I do the same with those who have passed. I can sense a person’s energy

and their heart and soul. Whether they were a good person or bad, I always attempt to give everyone the benefit of the doubt and try not to judge them. I think most people are genuinely good inside, but there are others who are bad to the bone. We need to be on guard around those people whether they are real or ghosts.

Q: Before you discovered you had psychic abilities, what were your views on the paranormal?

Mark: I was open to the fact that there might be something else out there beyond my physical senses. I think I secretly hoped there were ghosts, and I got my wish.

Barbara: There was really never a

time I can call “before.” I can honestly say I have never doubted my abilities, and I have always supported anything dealing with the paranormal and have always been fascinated by it. I knew Mark had his abilities long before he figured it out. Maybe that’s one of the reasons we were brought together in this lifetime so we could help each other out.

Q: Have your views changed since the onset of your abilities?

Mark: They have from a spiritual and moral view. Before I embraced my abilities, I was a Catholic/Christian. Now I believe that we are all sons and daughters of God, and not just Jesus. I believe there was a Jesus and many of the stories attributed to him may be true, but not all. I also believe in reincarnation. It’s the only thing that makes sense to me anymore.

Barbara: I’m not sure I can answer this one accurately. It depends on what you mean. I think that what has changed since I knew about my ability is the fact that I am continuing to grow and develop as a person and as a psychic person. As I get older, I seem to be getting better at it. I know how to trust better, which is a big part of being psychic.

Q: You have abilities that seem to complement each other. Can you talk about this?

Mark: Barb is able to leave her senses open more than me. She picks up on spirits before I do at times. She’s like an early warning system. I know she picks up on spirits, and she is becoming much stronger in her abilities.

I am just very grateful that she has accepted my ability and encouraged me to develop my skills. If she thought I was off base, I probably wouldn’t have developed it. Or at best, I would be many years behind in developing my ability.

Barbara: Well, I always tell Mark that I feel like his “psychic secretary,” and please take a number. If a spirit wants to communicate with Mark, and Mark has turned off his “Open for Business” sign, I am still open. They will come to me and basically ask me to tell Mark that they have a message for him, and can I please wake him up and let him know?

This usually happens in the middle of the night, by the way. I usually tell them Mark’s asleep and to please come by later. Sounds funny but that’s the way it works. I’ve had to take a message from his dad, his grandfather, his grandmother, and spirit strangers I have never met before. It reminds me of that part with Whoopi Goldberg in the movie *Ghost*. All the deceased relatives are gathered around Whoopi, waiting for their turn to talk to a loved one.

Q: Talk about your experiences with paranormal investigation.

Mark: Prior to doing the TV pilot *Gifted* for Fox, Barb and I had few opportunities. We did do some investigating with family back in New Jersey and Maine. After the show, we met a lot of people, and many doors opened up. People wanted to work with us, and I wanted to see how this thing, this ability worked. It was almost like getting a Christmas present that you had to assemble in order to use.

My favorite place to investigate is the Queen Mary. One of the most powerful experiences was on the property where the Manson murders took place. I believe Sharon Tate and other victims are still present in very powerful ways. I don’t believe they’re trapped, but they are there.

Barbara: This started out as a hobby for us on the Queen Mary when we went to a *Ghost Hunters* event a few years ago and met Jason and Grant. But it has blossomed into a full-time,

every weekend or so outing with many of our ghost hunting friends.

We usually go with our friends from 3AM Paranormal or from APRA. Both groups are very professional and are wonderful friends to work with. We have gone to several really haunted places in California, including the Newhall Train Station; Linda Vista Hospital; “Hotel California” in Camarillo; Sybil Brand Women’s Correctional Facility; as well as investigating private residences.

I have to say my favorite place is still the Queen Mary. We always seem to encounter something each time we are there. We have heard a disembodied voice say, “Hello” really loud when we were in the engine room with Chris Fleming one time. And Mark has helped several



Mark’s favorite place to investigate is at the Queen Mary in Long Beach, California.

spirits cross over when we were with Patrick Burns and Marley Gibson.

We have been touched, poked, pushed, breathed on, whispered to, and stared at from afar. The main message that I think the spirits want to tell us is: “Don’t forget us.” They are still here with us and want to be remembered.

Q: Have you ever been in a situation that scared you when you were investigating?

Barbara: I think any investigator that tells you that they have never been scared or nervous on an investigation is full of baloney. I remember one time we were in a graveyard in Ohio with some of our Para-X family, Dave and Tommy Jones. Mark picked up on a young teenage boy that had died in a car crash and was buried there. His energy was still very alive, and he was very aggressive toward us.

As Mark was talking with the group, I walked away and was taking K-II Meter readings on my own. When I got to a certain area, my meter started blinking profusely. I started to talk to the spirit. As it turns out, I was standing on the grave of the boy who had died in the car crash. I saw his name on the headstone, and his age was 16. I knew his name because Mark had said it in his reading. He also said his age.

One of the neighbors who was with us confirmed this as well. It had happened a few years ago in the ’90s. Anyway, I started to feel really nervous like this guy wanted to follow me. He was so desperate to talk and be recognized. I was afraid he was going to appear to me because I could feel his energy getting stronger around me. I literally ran back to where the group used to be, but they were gone. I sensed this kid following behind me. I could sense him saying, “Don’t go.”

I got really scared at that point. Here I was by myself in a graveyard

in the pitch dark on Halloween night being followed by a ghost. I ran frantically to find Mark and the group, and they were way off in another part of the graveyard. I haven't even told Mark about this incident, because I thought he would think I was a wimp. But at that moment I was, and I'm not ashamed to say so.

Mark: I agree with what Barb said. That graveyard was a creepy place. I can't actually say I was scared anywhere, but I have felt the need to be extra vigilant. I would say that being in homes where murders and tragic deaths have taken place can affect me in a profound way. I feel echoes of the pain and fear that remain, and it can be unsettling to say the least.

Q: How do you use your abilities when you are investigating the paranormal?

Barbara: I am part of the "tech" crew on most investigations. I have my digital recorder handy, as well as my cameras and K-II Meter. I analyze all of the evidence and post pictures that I think may have something interesting. I also scout out areas I think Mark should go into, where I think there is a strong energy.

I can also distinguish between a "residual" energy and an "intelligent" energy. Mark and I also compare notes and confirm with each other our experiences. It's good to have a sounding board and someone you can trust. If I don't hear or feel anything I won't say that I did. I am very much the skeptic. I remember recently we were in a group and everyone started saying they heard and felt something, and they turned to me and said, "Barb, what do you think?"

I said I didn't feel or hear anything. They just looked at me like, "What's up with you?" I just say, "Sorry to disappoint, but I don't



Mark said he is always amazed by the messages of love from people who have crossed over.

think anything is here."

I am brutally honest about this stuff sometimes, because I think people make up a lot of stuff while they are nervous and hope for something to happen. I take a "show me" approach to investigating. But when I do sense something, hold on to your K-II Meters, it's for real.

Mark: Think of me as a bird dog. I can help investigators locate areas of activity. I will also have spirits speak to me, providing validating information about names and other details. For this reason, I don't want to know anything prior to entering a location. It's great if an EMF meter picks up something. But I have been able to give the names of the spirits.

I remember an investigation where I felt that someone named Edward was there. I then just got up and, without thinking, walked over to a gallery where Barb shined a

flashlight on a portrait. It belonged to a man named Edward Beale who was appointed by Abraham Lincoln to develop a route between Northern and Southern California. That was interesting. I have also been able to help cross over spirits who want to leave a location.

Q: What is the most haunted place you've ever experienced?

Barbara: Wow, that's a tough one. There are so many places for so many different reasons that I can't say just one. One of our favorite places is still the Queen Mary, in Long Beach, California. We are never disappointed there. After going to the Hotel California in Camarillo, California, I would have to say that place is about as active as the Queen Mary. I would like to go back there again.

Mark: I would have to say the Queen Mary and the property where the Tate/Manson murders took place.

Q: What places are on your wish list as far as investigation goes?

Barbara: Definitely Waverly Hills Sanitarium in Kentucky. Mark's brother lives in Louisville and our next trip there we want to go. Also, we want to go see the Tower of London, where there are so many desperate souls still trapped. Mark wants to help them to make peace and to cross over if he can.

Mark: I have a great itch to explore castles in the UK, Ireland, and Scotland. In the United States, I am very interested in The Stanley Hotel and Waverly Hills Sanitarium. Not really unusual choices, but I just feel the urge to see what all the noise is about.

Q: Do you integrate your abilities into your "real" life?

Barbara: Yes, I definitely do. My sense of identifying a person's "soul energy" has helped me directly with my working relationships and with critical life decisions that Mark and I have to make.

One example is with our daughter Katie. When she was going through her teenage years and being a typical irresponsible teenager, we were able to always be one step ahead of her because of Mark's readings and advice from his grandfather. It was as if his dad and grandfather were really giving us helpful advice to get her through her teen years. It really helped us, and she is turning into a wonderful, young woman who is attending college and has big plans ahead.

Mark: Mostly as a dad, and at work. I have felt things when I needed to know where our teenage daughter was. She's a wonderful girl, but like most teenagers she made some questionable decisions. I followed my nose and caught her at a place where she wasn't supposed to be. Enough said. I've also had strong senses about things at work. Sometimes, that's when my ability told me more than maybe I wanted to know.

Q: What aspect of the paranormal do you find most fascinating?

Barbara: The most fascinating part is when you make a connection. Once you see or hear something and witness something paranormal, there is no turning back. You search for that experience again because you are connecting with another dimension.

What really gets me is how the other side has its own sense of time and space. That's why, for instance, when Mark hears someone from the other side, they talk really fast. It is like hyper speed. Their vibration must be higher, and we must sound really slow to them. When you hear a voice or feel a touch from a spirit's

energy, you really feel invigorated by that energy. You are in a suspended sense of disbelief, and it sometimes doesn't feel real. It feels like virtual reality. I like that a lot because you are truly living in the moment.

Mark: I am always amazed by the messages of love from people who have crossed over. They tell me little details about their lives that only their family members here might know. We are truly never alone. If you miss someone who died, take a minute to be quiet and visualize their hands, their eyes, and their smile. They are never far away if you take the time to think of them.

That being said, I always encourage my clients to speak to people now, and don't leave things unsaid if you want to say them. Don't wait for someone to die to tell them you forgive them or love them.

Q: Tell us about your radio show, *Positively Psychic*.

Barbara: Our radio show, *Positively*



Pictured above: Mark with close friend and fellow investigator, Fran Spencer, on the Observation Bar aboard the Queen Mary.

Psychic, was started about three years ago with another station. Mark had a co-psychic with him at that time, but after a difference of opinion with the direction of the show, they both decided to each have their own hourly show. I joined Mark at that time to have our first version of *Positively Psychic's* Web radio show.

Then Mark got an offer to join the Para X network through his friend Marla Brooks, from *Stirring the Cauldron*. Mark and I decided to make the switch, and the rest is history.

We try to bring in intellectual authors and guest experts in the paranormal field in order to stimulate thought and educate our listeners. I really love some of the many guests we have met. We both feel very blessed to know so many experts in the paranormal field. Mark also offers free readings, and I am constantly in the chat room fielding questions from our Para X chat family.

I'm basically the producer and tech crew. I join in the conversation occasionally with a question. I also take care of the chat room and direct any call-in readings. But Mark is really the show.

Currently there are plans in the works to expand our network beyond Para X. All I can say is look out *Coast to Coast!* Here comes *Positively Psychic!*

Mark: I think that virtually everyone I've met on Para X has been a good, committed, and decent person. There is a lot of talent there, and I give Dave and Tommy Jones credit for starting a great network. I enjoy being part of their lineup. ■

* * * * *

Positively Psychic can be heard Thursday at 7 p.m. Pacific (10 p.m. Eastern) on the Para X (www.para-x.com) Radio Network. You can also learn more about Mark at his Web-site, www.positivelypsychic.com.

Brian Haughton: Exploring History's Mysteries

By Michelle Pillow, www.michellepillow.com

European Archaeologist, Brian Haughton spends his time playing guitar in a band, The Electric Rays, and exploring his passion for ancient history. An author and researcher, he's written about prehistoric megalithic sites, ancient sacred places, and supernatural folklore. A self-defined critical thinker, he approaches the supernatural as a skeptic, looking for facts within the folklore and myths.

I had a chance to read his latest popular archaeology title, *History's Mysteries: People, Places, and Oddities Lost in the Sands of Time*. This book explores the latest archaeological evidence of some of the oldest mysteries in the ancient world, addressing everything from what happened to the Neanderthals to controversial ancient artifacts, like the Iron Pillar of Delhi, to mysterious places, like the Newport Tower of Rhode Island, to the questions surrounding some of history's most infamous people.

I recommend this book for anyone interested in various aspects of ancient history. Each chapter examines a different mystery from around the world, exploring it fully by outlining the known facts, including the latest in archeological findings, while giving the reader plenty to think about as they draw their own conclusions. Thanks to Brian for joining us in this issue of *Paranormal Underground*.

* * * * *



A qualified archaeologist, Brian Haughton is an author and researcher on the subjects of prehistoric megalithic sites, ancient sacred places, and supernatural folklore.

Q: How did you get into archaeology, and more specially studying ancient history, the supernatural, and the mysteries of our past?

Brian: I long ago fell for the lure of the ancient world and tales of the supernatural, initially inspired by visiting the Neolithic chambered tombs of the Cotswold Hills in England, the Minoan site of Knossos on the island of Crete, and by reading the ghost stories of Sheridan Le Fanu and M.R. James.

Q: What inspired you to write your newest book, *History's Mysteries*?

Brian: The constant new archaeological discoveries being made throughout the world on an almost daily basis. For example, a new stone circle near Stonehenge, and the remains of previously unknown hedges that once surrounded Stonehenge, keeping the ceremonies that took place inside the monument secret from those outside.

Q: Can you tell us about the book?

Brian: *History's Mysteries* is an investigation into 35 archaeological mysteries from across the globe, organized by geographical region. As with my previous book *Hidden History*, this work separates its collection of enthralling ancient riddles into three sections: Mysterious Places, Unexplained Artifacts, and Enigmatic People.

The choice of subjects was made to include a wide range of cultures and a mixture of both the well known and the relatively obscure. Consequently, you will read about India's celebrated Taj Mahal and the biblical Temple of Solomon, as well as the little known Royston Cave, in the UK, the infamous Rennes-le-Château in France, and the forgotten site of Great Zimbabwe in South Africa.

In the book, I tried to present a summary of the current level of knowledge for a small selection of archaeological mysteries. I leave it to my readers to pursue in more detail these riddles left to us by our ancient ancestors.

Q: What do you feel are some of the book's most fascinating historical highlights?

Brian: The chapter on Boudica — a queen of the Iceni tribe of Eastern Britain in the 1st Century AD. She is regarded as one of Britain's greatest heroines for her brave rebellion against the tyranny of Roman rule.

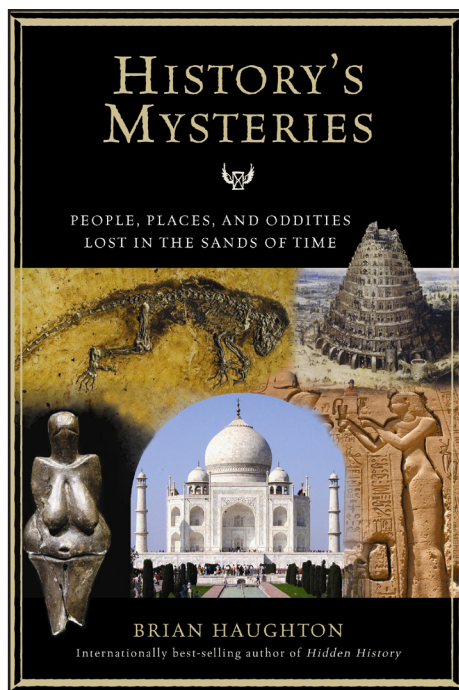
Despite her brutal excesses in battle, Boudica is still a heroic figure, one who was fighting to defend her entire culture. If her revolt had been successful, the Romans may have been driven out of Britain forever, and the culture, language, and subsequent history of Britain, Europe, and even perhaps the world, may have been very different.

Q: Did Cleopatra really kill her sister?

Brian: The BBC seems to think so. There was a BBC documentary, sensationally (and unnecessarily), entitled *Cleopatra: Portrait of a Killer*. But they are probably right that Cleopatra asked her lover Anthony that her sister Arsinoë, still living in protection at the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus (modern Turkey), be executed to prevent any future attempts on her throne.

However, the situation was complicated. Years earlier, around 49 BC, Cleopatra's brother, Ptolemy XIII, allied himself with his and Cleopatra's sister, Arsinoë, in an attempt to depose Cleopatra. After Ptolemy was captured, Arsinoë escaped and joined the Egyptian army under Achilles, who gave her the title of pharaoh in opposition to her sister Cleopatra. She was later captured by Caesar's army and transported to Rome. So Arsinoë was a constant threat to Cleopatra, who probably would have had her killed had the roles been reversed.

Q: What can the Uluburun shipwreck tell us about contacts



***History's Mysteries: People, Places, and Oddities Lost in the Sands of Time* explores the latest archaeological evidence of some of the oldest mysteries in the ancient world.**

between ancient cultures?

Brian: The Uluburun Wreck was discovered off the southern coast of Turkey in the 1980s, and is the oldest known shipwreck in the world. Dating back around 3,300 years, the ship carried a cargo of incredible richness and diversity, which included Egyptian scarabs, copper ingots from Cyprus, Mycenaean pottery from Greece, Canaanite jars, lamps and bowls, ebony logs from Egypt, an Italian sword, elephant tusks, gold, silver, faience, and amber from Northern Europe.

There have been suggestions that this wealthy cargo was a gift or offering from Egypt's Queen Nefertiti, wife of the Egyptian Pharaoh Akhenaton, or that it was a Phoenician trading ship, or even, because of the amount of raw material found aboard, some kind of itinerant smithy or tinker. What this ship, with its vast

array of goods originating in so many different ancient cultures, tells us is that more than 3,300 years ago these cultures were mixing commercially and probably socially also. They may represent royal gifts or tribute, perhaps involving Egyptian pharaohs.

Q: How recently did the Neanderthals die out?

Brian: Between roughly 45,000 and 30,000 years ago, Neanderthals shared Europe and parts of Western and Central Asia with anatomically modern humans. The question of why a large-brained intelligent hominid, in many respects so similar to us, who had dominated Europe for so long and then vanished completely, may never be resolved satisfactorily.

It is more than likely that there is not a single cause for the Neanderthal's extinction — they did not disappear overnight in one huge group. Neanderthals covered a vast area of Europe and Western Asia, and there were probably localized factors affecting their disappearance in different regions at various times between 45,000 and 25,000 years ago. Perhaps the question should not be why Neanderthals became extinct, but why did they disappear and we survive?

Q: What are Venus figurines and when were they made?

Brian: Venus Figurines are a class of distinctive portable artifacts dating back to the Upper Paleolithic Period (roughly between 40,000 and 10,000 years ago). The most notable and common type of Venus Figurines are small, three-dimensional sculptures of usually voluptuous women, ranging in height from 1.2 inches to more than 15 inches, and carved from a wide range of materials, including serpentine, schist, limestone, hematite, lignite, calcite, steatite, fired clay, ivory, bone, and antler.

The fact that Venus Figurines are found over such a wide geographical area indicates there was a shared understanding among Paleolithic hunter gatherer tribes of Europe and Western Asia of a particular aspect of womanhood or a certain type of woman.

Q: Where was Lyonesse, and what happened to it?

Brian: The story of the drowned land of Lyonesse, often referred to as the ‘English Atlantis,’ is told in medieval Arthurian tales and may also be connected to older Celtic legends of cataclysmic floods. The country of Lyonesse is said to have had many towns, woods, and fields, as well as 140 churches, but all this was lost underneath the waves in one catastrophic inundation.

According to local tradition, only one person escaped the flood, the hero Trevilian, who rode a white horse to the safety of high ground. Lyonesse is most commonly located between the English county of Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly, 28 miles to the southwest of the United Kingdom.

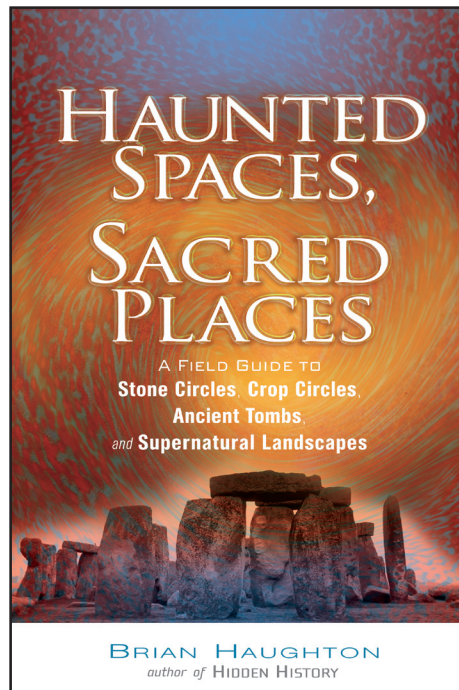
Celtic legends of overflowing wells seem to be the source of much of the material contained in British, Irish, and French stories of Lyonesse and other drowned lands. It is such ancient tales, combined with glimpses of submerged parts of the former coast at low tides off Land’s End, the Isles of Scilly, and the Bay of Douarnenez, that probably constitute the origins of the tale of Lyonesse.

Q: Looking at your backlist titles, I’ve noticed you’ve written a lot about ancient history and supernatural folklore. Tell us a little bit about your other works.

Brian: My first book, *Hidden History*, is really *History’s Mysteries Part 1*. The 49 short chapters of the book are fact-based accounts of mysterious

places, curious and unexplainable artifacts, and unusual historical people from across the world.

My book *Lore of the Ghost* is an exploration of the numerous categories of ghosts and hauntings throughout the world. It discusses the possible motives for each type of haunting – from phantom white ladies and spectral black dogs to haunted highways and ghostly vehicles – what they represent, why they occur, and their possible functions.



***Haunted Spaces, Sacred Places* explores the subjects of ghosts and unexplained phenomena.**

Unlike the vast majority of books on the subject, *Lore of the Ghost* is not a gazetteer of ghost sightings or a ghost hunter’s manual, but an investigation into human belief in the supernatural and its effect on the nature of ghosts worldwide. The book attempts to delve deeply into the roots of supernatural folklore and urban legends, the very same tales that are often the foundation of modern sightings of ghosts.

Q: In *Haunted Spaces, Sacred Places: A Field Guide to Stone Circles, Crop Circles, Ancient Tombs, and Supernatural Landscapes*, you talk about ghosts and unexplained phenomena. What do you find to be some of the more fascinating stories in the book?

Brian: The vast Neolithic tomb/temple of Newgrange, north of Dublin. This was one of the greatest architectural achievements of prehistory, and one of the earliest roofed buildings in the world. Newgrange was probably built around 3200 BC, and consists of a passage running for 62 feet and a 20-foot high chamber with a corbelled roof, constructed of large stone slabs without mortar.

The passage and chamber are covered by a huge stone and turf mound about 262 feet in diameter and around 44 feet high, surrounded at its base by 97 large stones known as kerbstones, some of which are elaborately ornamented with megalithic art.

The entrance to the Newgrange passage tomb consists of a doorway composed of two standing stones and a horizontal lintel. Above the doorway is an aperture known as the “roof box” or “light box.” Every year, shortly after 9 a.m. on the morning of the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year, the sun begins its ascent across the Boyne Valley over a hill known locally as Red Mountain – the name possibly originating from the color of the sunrise on this day.

The newly risen sun then sends a shaft of sunlight directly through the Newgrange light box, which penetrates down the passageway as a narrow beam of light illuminating the central chamber at the back of the tomb. After just 17 minutes, the ray of light narrows, and the chamber is once more left in darkness.

This spectacular event was not rediscovered until 1967 by Professor Michael J. O’Kelly, though it had

been known about in local folklore before that time; in fact, the monument was known locally as Uaimh na Gréine (the “Cave of the Sun”). The Newgrange light box reveals in spectacular fashion the knowledge of surveying and basic astronomy possessed by the Neolithic inhabitants of the area. It also illustrates that for the people who aligned their monument with the winter solstice, the sun must have formed an important part of their religious beliefs.

Stonehenge, Wiltshire, which begun around 2900 BC, has always fascinated me, particularly the folklore surrounding it. In the most famous legend connected with Stonehenge, there is a tantalizing glimpse of what may be a memory of the transportation, over a great distance, of the bluestones to the site at Salisbury Plain. The story is found in Geoffrey of Monmouth’s *History of the Kings of Britain* (c. 1136), and describes how Aurelius Ambrosius, King of the Britons, desired to have a monument constructed to commemorate the massacre of 460 British nobles by the troops of Hengist the Saxon.

On the advice of prophet and magician Merlin, the King sent his brother Uther Pendragon (the father of King Arthur), with an army of 15,000 men to bring back a stone structure, called the “Giants’ Dance,” from a mountain called Killare (possibly Kildare) in Ireland. Merlin describes the Giants’ Dance as a “structure of stones there, which none of this age could raise, without a profound knowledge of the mechanical arts.”

Uther Pendragon’s army was unable to budge the huge stones, and so turned to Merlin, who using “his own engines,” dismantled the stones, which were then transported to Britain by ship.

Whether or not this tale is a distorted memory of the actual journey of the bluestones from somewhere in “the

West” is much debated, though the mention of “engines” is certainly intriguing. Nevertheless, it would be an inordinately long time for even a fragment of the event to have survived orally.

Chinese geomancy represented the eye of a huge dragon in the landscape, is underneath a huge vegetation-covered, earthen mound, 154 feet high and measuring 1,690

“People love a mystery and want desperately to believe in something.”

Q: Why are strange phenomena often connected with these ancient places? Do sacred sites somehow generate or attract the paranormal?

Brian: There is no evidence for this, but mysterious ancient places, especially those of unknown origin, attract and generate strange tales/urban legends/folklore mainly because no one is sure exactly why they were built and what went on there.

Q: What can the legends and folklore of ancient places reveal to us about the beliefs and ideas of our ancestors?

Brian: Because we are talking about an age of more than 2,000 years, and sometimes a lot more, for prehistoric sites, the legends and folklore of ancient places tell us more about how these places have been seen and interpreted by people over the last few hundred years (which is when most of the folklore dates back to) rather than anything about the beliefs of the actual builders of the monuments.

Q: What is the truth behind the mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor in China, home of the Terracotta Warriors?

Brian: The monumental tomb of China’s First Emperor, Qin Shi Huang, is located 22 miles east of Xian, the capital of the Shensi province of modern China. The tomb itself, which according to traditional

feet from north to south and 1,590 feet from east to west. The mound has eroded considerably in its 2,000-year history; it is believed that it once soared up to a height of 330 feet.

The Terracotta Army are a vast army of soldiers discovered three quarters of a mile from Qin Shi Huang’s tomb in three huge subterranean pits supported by wooden frameworks, and are spread over an area measuring 135,630 square feet. Each pit is separated by a number of partitioning walls, which divide the army up into columns. The soldiers are all arranged in battle formation, with crouching crossbowmen, archers, infantry, chariots, and cavalry all in their appropriate positions.

Perhaps a tradition of the terracotta crossbowmen may have lingered on to become the legend that the Emperor’s tomb was guarded against intruders by automatic cross bows? Every soldier in the Emperor’s army is unique, with its individual face, hairstyle, height, uniform, and weapons, all in accordance with his rank.

Archaeologists have excavated more than 1,000 of these soldiers, though they estimate there are as many as 7,000 magnificently crafted warriors, 130 chariots with horses, and 110 cavalry horses, buried to guard China’s First Emperor more than 2,000 years ago.

Q: Why are there modern encounters with ghosts, UFOs, spooklights,

Bigfoot, and phantom dogs at many sacred places?

Brian: My research for the book *Haunted Spaces, Sacred Places* showed that supernatural stories are often connected with liminal places (old roads, ponds, ancient monuments), which were often seen as dangerous places — boundary areas between the living and the dead. Reports of paranormal phenomena at such places are an extension of such folk beliefs.

Q: Why do you think readers, and society in general, are fascinated by the paranormal?

Brian: People love a mystery, and want desperately to believe in something. As Mulder says in *The X-Files*, “I want to believe.”

Q: Do you believe in the supernatural? Or are you a skeptic?

Brian: I believe most supernatural tales are folklore or urban legend. I'm a critical thinker.

Q: What period throughout history do you wish you could visit? Anyone in particular you'd like to meet and interview?

Brian: I would have liked to have visited Stonehenge when it was being constructed (c2800 BC). I would love to have met Cleopatra.

Q: What are you currently working on?

Brian: I'm researching a book on the conspiracy theories surrounding the Manson Family. Scary people. ■

* * * * *

Brian's latest book, History's Mysteries: People, Places, and Oddities Lost in the Sands of Time, is available at Amazon.com. You can learn more about Brian and his books at his Website, www.Brian-Haughton.com.



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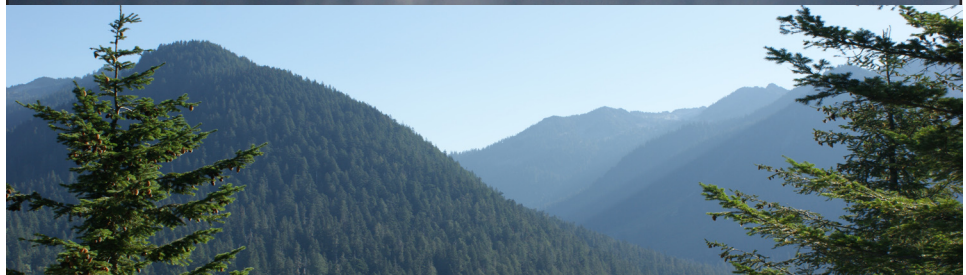
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CHANNEL SURFING: DID GOD REALLY TALK TO THAT GUY?

BY KAREN FRAZIER

My husband, Jim and I have a joke that we share. Or at least I think we are joking. Living just 30 miles south of the Ramtha compound in Washington State, we are well aware of channeled entities. Our joke? That if we ever really want to make it big, I just

need to start to channel an entity.

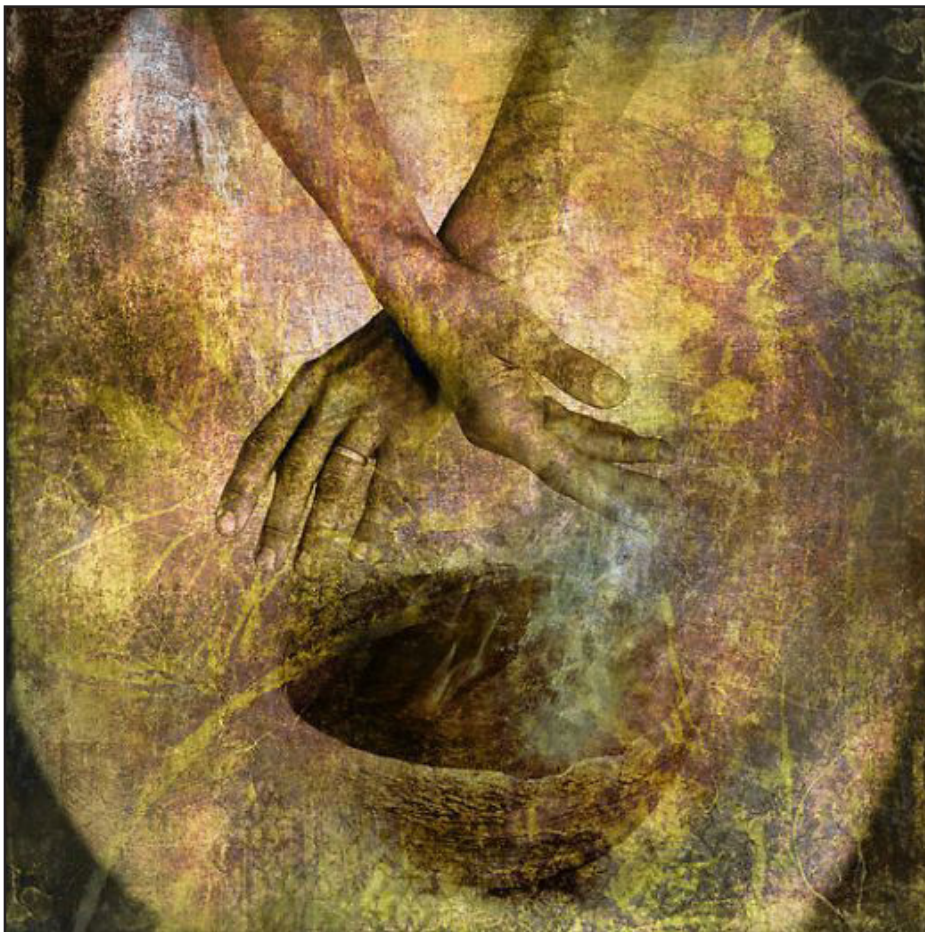
It's not that I have derision for channeled entities — some of the information that comes from channels seems pretty darn profound. But there was an incident locally that lets me know that there just could be big money in it. What is it?

A number of years ago, Ramtha — a 35,000-year-old Atlantean warrior spirit who is allegedly channeled by Judy Zebra Knight (AKA JZ Knight) — told his followers (including notables like actress Linda Evans, along with a former step mother-in-law of mine) — that Twinkies could prolong life. Twinkies sold out in stores for miles surrounding the small town of Yelm, Washington, which sits nestled in the evergreens just northwest of Washington State's capitol, Olympia.

The story is infamous up here in our neck of the woods — how sad school children could no longer get their Twinkie fix because of the word of JZ Knight, a five-time divorced business school dropout who first encountered “The Enlightened One,” Ramtha, in her Tacoma trailer in 1977.

Since that first encounter, Knight's infamy has grown, as has the number of Ramtha's followers. From that tiny trailer where Ramtha first appeared, Knight's digs have gone slightly upscale. Knight, Ramtha, and her husband now live in a 12,800-square-foot French chateau with a swimming pool and a staff of 14.

Knight, speaking as Ramtha, has appeared on television shows like *Larry King Live* and *The Merv Griffin Show*. Ramtha's “School of Enlightenment” also produced the 2004 movie, *What the Bleep Do We*



Can channels really impart wisdom from “the great beyond”?



Pictured above (from left to right): JZ Knight said she channeled a 35,000-year-old Atlantean warrior spirit, named Ramtha; Edgar Cayce (AKA The Sleeping Prophet) told the world he channeled information directly from “the Source”; Helen Schucman, Columbia University professor of medical psychology, claimed to receive information from Jesus; and Neale Donald Walsch said he had a question and answer session with the Big Guy himself, God.

Know, which taught a rather metaphysical interpretation of quantum physics that has been widely discredited by the scientific community.

While she has gleaned thousands of followers and clearly made a boatload of money over the years, JZ Knight is far from the only channel out there. There are many who claim contact with a wise entity that seeks to share spiritual messages of wisdom with the masses through a human host.

Channeling: New Age Messages or an Elaborate Hoax?

According to the 1993 book, *Understanding the New Age*, by Russell Chandler, “Channeling. It’s yesterday’s séance medium, palm reader, crystal ball-gazer, and fortune-teller dressed up in high-tech drag and often packaged by Madison Avenue.”

Simply put, a channel is someone who goes into a trance state in order to allow a spirit or evolved entity to speak “through” them. In this trance state, the entity shares spiritual messages of hope and wisdom gleaned from their place as ascended masters.

According to Chandler, most channels have a similar message:

- Death is not real.
- We are all part of the “Source,”

and separateness from the oneness of the Source exists only as illusion.

- We have chosen to live lives as humans — but we are really all Divine.
- Everything exists as an opportunity for growth toward spirit — we are never victims.
- By tapping into who we really are as pieces of the Source, we can control the nature of our reality.

The messages that come from channels have offered hope to millions. But are messages through channels real, or are they part of some elaborate money-making hoax perpetrated by individuals who have found a way to bilk thousands, and even millions, of dollars out of gullible followers?

Or could it be that, like most things, the truth lies somewhere in between these two extremes? Perhaps some channels are receiving messages from a higher source while others are just flat out faking it. To date, no scientific testing has been established to prove whether or not there is any scientific validity to channeling — much as there has been no science to prove other faith-based matters such as religious beliefs or a belief in ghosts. In the end, like most matters of faith, it is up to the indi-

vidual to decide what they believe.

Regardless of whether there is any scientific validity to channeling, there have been a number of channels — all with their own followers — throughout history. With this in mind, let’s take a look at some of the more well-known channels of ancient and modern times.

The Oracle of Delphi

Picture it — it’s the 8th Century BCE. The Pythia is a priestess at the Temple of Apollo in Delphi. For hundreds of years, the various women in the role of the Pythia have spoken prophetic messages that come from Apollo himself.

The role of the Pythia was an extremely prestigious one in a male-dominated ancient Greek culture, and the messages from Apollo were followed closely. The Oracle of Delphi is spoken of in a number of Greek works, including *Homer* and *Diodorus Siculus*.

In the 1st Century CE, Greek historian Plutarch suggested the Oracle’s powers came from the vapors from Kerna spring waters that ran under the temple, which may have had hallucinogenic properties. However, a College de France archeological



While in a trance-like state, spirit medium Jane Roberts said she channeled “Seth,” leading to a series of books known as *The Seth Materials*.

expedition to Delphi in the late 1800s found no fissure that could have been the source of such gasses.

More recently, a team of geologists concluded that the Oracle’s powers were likely the result of hallucinations induced by small amounts of ethylene gasses that arose from a fault line under the Oracle’s chamber.

Pearl Curran/Patience Worth

In the late 1800s, during the height of the spiritualist movement, a Missouri housewife named Pearl Curran suddenly began receiving strange messages through her Ouija board, which was a popular parlor game at the time.

One afternoon, while Pearl

and a few friends played with the Ouija board, a strange message was spelled out.

“Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name. Wait, I would speak with thee. If thou shalt live, then so shall I. I make my bread at thy hearth. Good friends, let us be merrie. The time for work is past. Let the tabby drowse and blink her wisdom to the firelog.”

Thus began the relationship between Pearl Curran and Patience Worth. At first through the Ouija board, and then later via the process known as automatic writing, Patience wrote poetry, several novels, and works of prose that were critically praised. Many felt that Curran herself lacked the education, intelligence,

and background to generate works with the level of sophistication that came to her through Patience Worth; however, none of the personal information that Patience Worth gave was ever verifiable as historically accurate.

Since Curran’s death in 1937, Patience has allegedly channeled through a few others, but the level of the work and language patterns didn’t match the original Pearl Curran channeled works.

Edgar Cayce

Edgar Cayce was a Kentucky working-class boy with a ninth-grade education. He was raised in the Christian church and struggled throughout his life to reconcile his religious beliefs with the psychic messages that he was seemingly receiving.

In 1900, Cayce was struck with a severe case of laryngitis that robbed him of his voice for over a year. In desperation, Cayce sought out a hypnotist to help him restore his voice. It was during these hypnotic trances that Cayce was not only cured of his laryngitis, but also discovered his power to communicate channeled information that was, at the very least, psychic in nature and often prophetic.

All of Cayce’s channeled information throughout his life came while he was in a hypnotic trance. In his readings, Cayce channeled information that came directly from “the Source” that talked of common New Age themes like reincarnation, Earth changes, and dream interpretation. Because his channeled information came from a trance state, Cayce was often referred to as “The Sleeping Prophet.”

While not all of Cayce’s channeled prophecies came true, his followers believed that a number of them did, including the stock market crash of 1929 and both World Wars. Many also believed that Cayce accurately diagnosed a number of illnesses of people whom he was reading.

Cayce remains known to this day as one of the greatest prophets and channels of the modern age.

Jane Roberts/Seth

Like Pearl Curran, American poet, psychic, and spirit medium Jane Roberts first encountered Seth through a Ouija board. Roberts and her husband were experimenting with the Ouija board one afternoon in December 1963 as research that Roberts was conducting for a book she planned to write about ESP.

Shortly into the session, they began to receive coherent messages from an entity that called himself Seth. Also like Pearl Curran, Roberts soon no longer needed the Ouija board to hear Seth's messages. Roberts went on to write a number of books known as *The Seth Materials*. According to Roberts, the material came through her while she was in a trance state. As Roberts would speak in Seth's voice, her husband would write down the dictated material.

For many, *The Seth Materials* sparked an era of New Age belief, and Roberts is believed by many to have pioneered the recent trend of channeled entities. Seth wasn't the only entity channeled by Roberts, however. She also believed herself to have channeled others, including Paul Cezanne and philosopher William James.

Roberts continued to channel *The Seth Materials* until her death in 1984, and several posthumous works were published. Since her death, a number of people claimed to have channeled Seth; however, in *The Seth Materials*, Seth claimed (via Roberts) that he would never channel through anyone other than Roberts in order to protect the integrity of his message.

Helen Schucman/Jesus

In the 1965, research psychologist and Columbia University professor of medical psychology, named Helen

Schucman, began receiving information from what she described as an inner voice that she identified as Jesus. For the next decade, Schucman took notes about what the voice told her and then had them transcribed by her

only had his health deteriorated, but his marriage had ended and he was homeless and living in a tent.

A despondent Walsch wrote an angry letter to God asking him why this all had happened to him. Much

LEE CARROLL CLAIMED TO CHANNEL AN ANGELIC ENTITY.

colleague, William Thetford.

The result was the well-known New Age book, *A Course in Miracles*. The book is a self-paced, self-study book that teaches users how to apply spiritual principles in everyday life. Since it was published, *A Course in Miracles* has sold millions of copies and inspired numerous study courses and groups throughout the world.

Until her death in 1981 from pancreatic cancer at the age of 71, Schucman never sought celebrity or financial gain from her channeling of the *A Course in Miracles* works.

Lee Carroll/Kryon

In 1989, audio engineer Lee Carroll claimed he began to channel Kryon — an angelic entity from the Source, who has been here since the beginning of time. Kryon's aim in speaking through Carroll was to inspire human beings to move to a higher level of vibration.

Carroll has written a number of books of Kryon's channeled works that show humans how to set aside their karma and live lives of spirituality in the real world. Carroll continues to write and lecture as Kryon, and has also written a number of books (as himself) about the next level of human evolution, Indigo Children.

Neale Donald Walsch/God

In the 1990s, Neale Donald Walsch was down on his luck. Not

to Walsch's surprise, he heard a voice from over his shoulder say, "Do you really want an answer to all of your questions, or are you just venting?"

Thus began, according to Walsch, an extraordinary question and answer session with the Big Guy himself, God. What resulted was a series of books written by Walsch, known collectively as *Conversations With God*.

In the books, God answered Walsch's many questions, discussed the illusory nature of our universe, told Walsch how humans could create their own reality, and even made a few prophecies here and there, including predicting the impeachment of President Bill Clinton just a year before the Lewinsky scandal broke.

Walsch continues to write, lecture, and share the philosophy imparted to him in his "conversations with God."

What Do You Think?

These are just a few of the many notable channels that have imparted what they believe to be wisdom from beyond the human plane. All told, millions of people believe their lives have been changed for the better through the spiritual messages that come through channels.

With no scientific evidence one way or another, it is up to each individual to decide whether or not they believe that wisdom from "the beyond" can be passed through a human vessel. ■

Robert Lang Studios: Where Rock and Roll Meets the Supernatural

By Karen Frazier

My family was recently invited by Northwest Paranormal Investigation Agency (NWPIA) to join them on an investigation of the iconic Robert Lang Studios — an astoundingly cool independent recording studio in Seattle’s Richmond Beach area.

If there is an epicenter of the Seattle rock scene, it just might be Robert Lang Studios. The list of well-known musicians who have recorded at Robert Lang Studios reads like a veritable who’s who in rock: Nirvana, Foo Fighters, Presidents of the USA, Dave Matthews, Heart, Linkin Park, Alice in Chains, Peter Frampton, Bush, Bad Company, and Pearl Jam front man Eddie Vedder.

These are just a few of the many who have recorded within the walls of the Spanish-style villa overlooking the Puget Sound and Olympic Mountain Range. As a matter of fact, grunge band Nirvana recorded their last known studio recording, “You Know You’re Right,” at the studio in January 1994 — just a few short months before lead singer Kurt Cobain’s suicide.

The four-story building houses not only a studio that has hosted legends of the Seattle music scene since 1974, but also serves as a private residence. The building originally started as a 20’x20’ room, and now sprawls



Robert Lang Studios, a Spanish-style recording studio that overlooks the Puget Sound and Olympic Mountain Range, is said to be home to the ghost of Dubby, among other spirits.

across the hillside. Lang himself constructed the studio — digging into the hillside, mixing concrete, and hand cutting tile to cover studio floors.

Robert Lang Studios doesn’t appear to be your typical corporate studio with sterile sound-proofed rooms. Instead, the recording studio interior takes on the look of a castle with stone walls, floors made of various tiles, and rooms in a variety of sizes and shapes — each with different acoustical qualities.

According to studio manager Paul Wieser, the unique acoustical qualities of each room could be accomplished using a console, but the result is less organic than having different rooms to choose from.

Buried Treasure and a Haunted History

Adding to the unique feel of the studio is its incredible history. Founded in 1974, the studio was a dream shared by Lang and his good

friend, Walter Westley Leonard — known to his friends as Dubby. Their friendship was cemented by their fascination for Harley Davidsons and their mutual love of music. They were dreamers with a shared vision — to build a high-end, independent recording studio where great music could be made.

Sadly, the duo's dream was not to be realized. Following a bout of increasingly erratic and agitated behavior, Dubby left for a fishing trip near the small town of Twisp, Washington, one Friday in September 1979. Dubby never returned from that trip. The official cause of death was aspiration following vomiting; however, Lang has always wondered if foul play might have been involved.

On the day he left, Dubby took Lang aside and said to him, "I put something in the ground."

That was the last time Lang saw his friend. The next day he was awakened by Dubby's girlfriend, who had come to tell him of Dubby's death the night before.

Lang was shocked and grieving for his friend. While he felt there might be significance in Dubby's final message to him, he didn't pursue it for quite some time; however, it was never far from his mind that Dubby just might have buried a treasure somewhere on his property that could help him to fulfill their dream of building the studio.

Then one day he noticed a stranger out poking into the ground on the property with a pole. This once again aroused Lang's curiosity, and he went out to purchase a metal detector to search the property. It was a wash. He discovered nothing. It was then that he realized that if he was to discover Dubby's stash — which Lang was certain was money to build his dream — it would only come to him through the sweat of his own labor as he toiled to build the studio.



Did buried treasure help Robert Lang build his iconic, and haunted, studios? According to Lang (pictured at left), it did. He said that one night while building the studios, he found a canister of money buried in the hillside, left there by his deceased friend, Dubby.

One night a few months later, Lang was digging into the hillside of the property with a friend. It was pouring down rain and nearing dark. Suddenly, part of the sand on the hillside gave way and revealed part of a large plastic canister. Lang froze. He immediately knew that this was what Dubby was talking about during their last conversation.

Lang quickly extinguished the work light, drove his friend home, and then returned to the property. After digging out the canister, he immediately took it into the house and opened it up. It was packed with hundred dollar bills. While he doesn't give a specific amount, it is clear when talking with Lang that it was a lot of money.

Lang says he knew Dubby had put that money there for him so that he could fulfill their dream and build the studio, which is exactly what he did. But not without first stopping to offer up thanks to Dubby with a vow that he would fulfill what he felt were Dubby's wishes for the money.

Lang hadn't lived in the residence above the studio for long, when he became aware that someone unseen was living there with him. One night, he and his wife, Tina, were sound asleep when they heard footsteps pounding up the stairs. Lang was immediately out of

bed and racing down the stairs, convinced he would catch an intruder in the house. There was no one there.

Since that first encounter, Lang, his employees, visitors, and many recording artists have experienced strange phenomena throughout the studio area. Occurrences include faces in the glass of the doors and windows, full-body apparitions, strange knocking sounds emanating from instruments, and even an 80-pound "gobo" (room divider) moving of its own accord. Lang has one picture of a screaming face in the glass of a studio door.

Lang firmly believes that Dubby is still around, happily hanging out in the studio that was their shared dream.

NWPIA started investigating Robert Lang Studios in 2008 and have returned a number of times since then. They've witnessed shadow figures, researched the history of the location, and captured EVPs that have them convinced that the studio is haunted by Dubby and two other ghosts — the ghost of a young girl who died in a well down the street and an older, tall man.

Marble Tile or Religious Prophecy?

The history of Robert, Dubby, the buried treasure, and the hauntings, combined with all of the amazing bands who have passed through the recording studio, make Robert Lang



While investigating Robert Lang Studios, the team conducted a Radio Shack Hack ghost box session and had some surprising results. Through the static came the voice of a 19-year-old named Steve, who answered many of the investigator's direct questions.

Studios a fascinating place to visit. But there's more. Not only has the studio earned a place in rock and haunted history, but it also houses an artifact that many in the clergy and faith-based communities believe has a strong and important spiritual significance.

What is it exactly? It is a piece of antique verde marble that Lang says features the forms of numerous pictures of spiritual significance.

Lang obtained the marble as a remnant that he was going to use to put on the floor of the studio. One day he was cutting the marble when a flash of light, which started all around him, suddenly zeroed in on the piece of tile that he was cutting. Lang was transfixed as the light revealed images in the tile.

The veins of the tile show a figure facing to the left. In its right hand, the figure holds a candle with a halo of light surrounding its flame. In its left hand, it holds a stick with a dangling cross. The figure also has a crown and a halo.

Believing he had a picture of a saint etched naturally into the marble, Lang took the stone to several local Catholic priests. All of them were impressed and felt that the stone had spiritual significance.

As more clergy examined the stone, more Christian imagery was revealed, including a dove, a serpent, a lamb, the nativity star, and the magi.

Now every Easter, the stone is displayed at The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Many who see it are moved by it, and Lang continues to pursue authentication of the stone, its images, and its ultimate message of hope for people of faith.

The Investigation

We arrived at Robert Lang Studios at 10 p.m. on May 1, 2010. Present at the investigation were my husband Jim; my two teens Tanner and Kevin (who drooled over the Nirvana gold records and were in Heaven that they got to use the Dave Matthews bathroom); and NWPIA members Bert and Jayme Coates, Bobby Ward, and Jenny Frank.

Studio manager Paul Wieser gave us a tour of the studio, which is impressive. Then we settled in by the console to interview Lang. He's quite a storyteller, and he was happy to relay the story of Dubby. After a quick break, he brought out the stone.

I was able to examine the stone in good light, up close and personal.

The images that many see in the stone are quite clear — and I was able to see them without a lot of coaching. The only one I couldn't see was what some say is a camel. It looked like a giraffe to me.

Lang also brought out a blowup of one of the faces in the marble, and it actually sent chills down my spine. It looks like a rather spooky face — the only frightening thing in something filled with otherwise benevolent imagery.

After examining the stone, we got to work investigating. Bert had expressed an interest in trying out a Radio Shack Hack ghost box (see the Equipment Update in this issue) on an investigation. Since I happened to have one that I'd never tried, I figured Robert Lang Studios was the perfect place to try it out.

We plugged the box into speakers and set recorders nearby. Then we set it to scan FM frequencies and began asking questions. To our surprise, underneath the voices that came from the changing radio stations there came a scratchy, quiet, male voice that seemed to arise out of the static. The voice recurred time and time again and seemed to provide answers that were relevant to our questioning.

The voice first indicated that its name was Steve, and he was 19. His responses seemed youthful and fairly modern — using words like “right on” and “cool” in response to a number of our questions. At one point, Bert asked where Steve was from, and the answer came . . . “Cincinnati.” When requesting a last name, it sounded like “Angelo.”

Bert also asked Steve to tell us how many people there were in the room. The radio answered seven. We counted and surprise — there were seven of us. A few minutes later, Jayme entered the room, and the radio promptly said, “eight,” followed by the words “little one” in the Steve voice. Jayme is tiny, so that definitely made sense.

What I discovered is that listening to a Radio Shack Hack can get tiring after a while. It is difficult on the ears from straining to listen, and I began to hear all sorts of stuff. We unplugged the radio and moved it into the main studio room and plugged it back in. The most significant hit we got in there seemed to be Steve calling Bobby a “douchebag” in response to a joke Bobby cracked. But by that time, I might have been hearing things.

We turned off the Radio Shack Hack and conducted a “normal” EVP session, with just digital recorders. I didn’t get any significant hits. After that, we wandered around and took pictures. A few shots showed orbs. This is consistent with the number of shiny reflective surfaces and the use of a flash. Taking EMF readings didn’t really seem appropriate, because the studio was jammed with electronic equipment that most likely gave off some serious EMF.

The unique acoustical qualities of the rooms made Jim feel an odd pressure in his ears, and Tanner got a headache passing a certain point in the studio more than once. That is likely a result of the massive amount

of electrical equipment, since he got it as he was passing into the studio.

I took several photographs of the door where a face was captured in the glass, wondering if it could have been an odd reflection. I used a flash and was unable to recreate the image in the glass. I realized that my experimentation was not valid, however, when I looked at the two



Does this piece of antique verde marble feature the forms of numerous pictures of spiritual significance?

pictures side by side and realized I hadn’t duplicated the lighting conditions of the original photograph, in which the light was on inside the studio beyond the glass door. In my photographs, the light was off. Oops.

My next stop was the Dave Matthews bathroom, where I promptly

used the last little bit of toilet paper, rendering the Dave Matthews bathroom unusable for those who came after me. Still — it’s a cool little bathroom. It has a sunflower sink, a heavy door that looks like a submarine door, and a microwave. Apparently, if you are a Grammy-winning rock star, you get a microwave in your bathroom in case you want to have a burrito while you’re “relaxing.”

We left recorders in the main studio as we investigated. On review of the recorders, I didn’t pick up any unusual anomalies until moments before I shut the recorder off. At that time, I re-entered the studio alone and announced that it was the last opportunity to say something because I was turning off the recorder.

For a few moments, you hear the sounds of me packing up. And then, about 30 seconds before the recorder turns off, there is a loud whisper that sounds like it might be saying, “Put that away.” I was alone, I wasn’t whispering, and I’m not in the habit of talking to myself. If I do make a noise, I announce it on the recorder. It was an interesting anomaly.

Is Robert Lang Studios Haunted?

I don’t know if Robert Lang Studios is haunted. While my experiences there were very cool, I didn’t have anything by way of personal experiences or evidence to convince me one way or another, although the evidence and personal experiences of others seem to indicate that there is definitely something going on.

While I was interviewing Lang and he was telling me the story of Dubby, I felt, just for a moment, the whisper of a presence, as if Dubby was there listening to his story being told by his old friend, Bob Lang.

And maybe Dubby is there, hanging out in the studio he dreamed of, listening to rock legends make music for an eagerly waiting world. ■

The Ghost Bus of Highway 93

By Paul Bottini, <http://zzyzxparanormal.com>

Joe mentally massaged the waning motor of the massive monolith. “C’mon. C’mon, damn it!” the frazzled bus driver pleaded beneath breath reeking of black coffee and Winchell’s finest.

Through a veil of sweat, Joe fixed his gaze on the pinnacle of Union Pass 200 yards in the distance. The bus’ air conditioning had committed suicide just outside of Wickenburg. Joe felt like the pie portion of a TV dinner, bubbling and sizzling inside this metal coffin baked by the Arizona sun.

Less than a quarter of a mile, now. The remainder of the way was a breezy, downhill slope into Laughlin. Blue smoke billowed from the rear of Number 777, obliterating the highway behind the “bus from Hell.”

“You can do it, baby. You can do it!” Joe coaxed.

Snake eyes. “Detroit steel” groaned, emitting its death knell. Joe muscled the vanquished beast to the shoulder of the turnpike. Drenched in perspiration, the driver’s trembling palms never got a firm grip on the wheel. Even before applying the emergency brake, Joe caught sight of the irate passenger marching toward him from the back of the bus.

* * * * *

Squinting into the rearview mirror, the motor coach operator



Could the tales of the Ghost Bus of Highway 93 be true? Does spectral Bus 777 roam the roads haunting motorists between Kingman, Arizona, and Laughlin, Nevada? Take a trip and find out.

noticed a change in the commuter’s appearance. The once elderly, feeble tourist now seemed a hulking beast, no longer human.

Joe gazed up just in time to see the hoard of passengers, an entire bus worth, descend upon him like a lynch mob. Once-docile Sun City geriatrics now sported hideous features only the mother of a demon could love. Joe gasped in terror. The bus driver’s world went black.

A breeze cooled the blanket of sweat covering Joe’s brow. Regaining consciousness, the coach operator opened his eyes. Mojave Desert sun fried his pupils. Where the Hell was he? Joe glanced about. He was lying on his back in dried, red caliche.

His once-crisp uniform was covered

in the stuff. He detected the sounds of passing automobiles somewhere beyond his feet. By the position of the sun, it couldn’t have been much later than noon.

Through a mire of heat, Joe recognized the bus, his bus, Number 777, now being pushed uphill by a gaggle of demons resembling his most recent passengers. At the helm of the vehicle was the old man-turned-devil who had led the mutiny. An evil smile gracing his black lips, the senior citizen-cum-incubus glared back at the bus driver.

It was then Joe noticed the “icing on the cake.” Those bluehaired bastards had stolen his shoes. Barefoot and confused, Joe watched as the troupe of fiends pushed the deceased bus to the crest of Union Pass.

Did somebody spike his coffee this morning? Was any of this even possible?

Joe stared, mouth agape, recalling how fervent the elderly group had been in their quest to reach Laughlin and gamble their pensions away. Sure, everybody loves sittin' "shotgun" in Lady Luck's Gran Torino. Even Joe secretly enjoyed a pull, or 50, on a slot machine handle, but this bunch had been abnormally obsessed from the get-go.

The driver recalled asking the passengers if they wanted to head back to Phoenix after the air conditioning had gone on the fritz. A collective and decisive "No!" thundered his way from the rear of the bus. Not a straggler in the group. Not a hint of doubt in a single voice.

When the behemoth beneath him began losing power around Wikieup, Joe had pulled into a parking lot and again explained the situation to his assemblage of "Q-tips." He recalled asking if they'd prefer he radio back to headquarters for another bus that was perhaps climate-controlled.

"No!" had been the collaborative reply as an old man leaned in and croaked, "We'll push this damned bus all the way to Laughlin if we have to, Sonny! Those slot machines ain't waitin' any longer. You just do your job."

Had this little guy, all of 80 pounds, really threatened Joe? What's more, had Joe really been scared?

Now, from the driver's vantage point in the dirt, it appeared as though the geriatric was about to make good on his promise. Joe watched Bus 777 reach the top of Union Pass and disappear over the decline on the opposite side. The group of devilish seniors soon followed suit.

Propping himself up on his elbows, Joe wondered . . . had it all been a nightmare?

A hundred and twenty-degree



Weary wayfarers heading northwest from Wickenburg have reported sighting spectral Bus 777 careening across the desert. Most encounters occur when drivers are traveling alone.

heat is nothing to fool with, but then how did he end up here along the shoulder of the highway, not a town in either direction for 10 miles? Plus, Joe recalled having kept in contact with dispatch throughout his entire ordeal, informing headquarters of the paranormal conundrum unfolding around him.

Wearily, the bus driver rose to his feet. He turned toward the crest of Union Pass and stumbled forth. There was nothing else he could do. Laughlin was still well beyond the horizon, but he was certain to hitch a ride during midday. After all, spirits don't appear until nightfall, right?

* * * * *

It's known as the Ghost Bus of Highway 93 (AKA the "Grim Weeper"), and according to motorists between Kingman, Arizona, and Laughlin, Nevada, its ethereal form still exists. Weary wayfarers heading northwest from Wickenburg have reported sighting spectral Bus 777 careening across the desert. Most encounters occur in the small hours, when drivers are traveling alone.

The vehicular apparition appears suddenly in your rearview mirror, headlights ablaze, purportedly weeping molten chrome. Without warning, the behemoth simply devours your car,

as you fight to retain sanity. Clearing your front bumper, the beast dissolves into the roadway illuminated by your headlights. The vacant seats inside your automobile become inexplicably occupied by ethereal passengers. By the time you've wrangled your car to the side of the road, your otherworldly occupants have vanished.

You're left alone along the shoulder of a darkened highway, in the middle of nowhere, wondering if that signpost up ahead may, in fact, read "The Twilight Zone."

To those traversing Highway 93 between Wickenburg and Wikieup, Arizona, this tale holds more than a shred of truth. The day trip from Phoenix to Laughlin for a few hours of moderate stakes gaming is one undertaken by folks all the time. Buses akin to that of the infamous 777 run the route constantly, and the stretch between Turnpike 93 and 68 are well-traveled.

Should you find yourself in Arizona, thirstin' for a duel with a "one-armed bandit," take a leisurely bus trip to Laughlin. Besides the opportunity to win a fortune, you may be in for the ride of your life, as the Ghost Bus of Highway 93 is spotted, to this day, anywhere from the former mining town of Wickenburg, to beyond Union Pass along Highway 68. ■

The Dover Demon: Is It Real?

By Jill Stefko, Ph.D.

During three days in April 1977, three separate witnesses claimed to have seen a strange creature lurking about the streets of a tiny Boston suburb.

All three witnesses were teenagers, but the descriptions from each were almost an exact match, with the small exception of one detail, the color of the creature's eyes.

Upon hearing of the sightings, some residents thought it was just a teenage prank. However, experts in the paranormal field extensively interviewed the teens, as did others who knew them. They concluded that the teens were credible.

Even today, one of the witnesses, now a prominent artist, is still haunted by the April 1977 event.

Never before or since has such a creature been seen in Massachusetts. The sightings lasted only three days. There are theories about what the teens witnessed, but what the creature was remains a mystery.

The First Sighting of the Dover Demon

What came to be known as the Dover Demon was first seen at 10:30 p.m. on April 21, 1977, in Dover,



During the first sighting of the "Dover Demon" in Dover, Massachusetts, on April 21, 1977, 17-year-old Bill Bartlett saw a most unusual creature. As he drove down the street, he glimpsed "something" that had large, orange eyes, a gangly body, and hairless skin.

Massachusetts. Three 17-year-olds were in a car when one of them, Bill Bartlett, glimpsed something creeping next to a wall of stones on the west side of the street.

He then described how he witnessed the creature turn its head and look directly into the car's headlights. The teen saw two large, shiny, orange eyes glowing brightly. Its large oval head, which was as large as the rest of its body, was on

top of a skinny neck.

The body, less than four feet tall, was gangly with large hands and feet. The hairless skin appeared to be rough-textured.

None of the others in the car saw the critter. They testified later that Bartlett seemed genuinely distressed. When the teen arrived home, his father noticed how upset he was. Bartlett drew a sketch of the entity to show him what he saw.

Second Sighting of the Dover Demon

April 22, 1977, at approximately 12:30 a.m., John Baxter, 15, was walking home from his girlfriend's house. He noticed a short figure walking toward him. He thought it was a friend of his. He called out his friend's name, but there was no answer.

As they grew closer, the creature stopped. Baxter approached it to see who or what it was. It scurried down a shallow gully, rested, and then went up the opposite bank.

When it was at the bottom of the slope, Baxter looked more intently at it. The creature had its arms wrapped around a tree trunk. The fingers were very long. His description of the creature matched Bill Bartlett's, who saw him the day before.

Third Sighting of the Dover Demon

On the evening of April 23, 1977, Will Taintor, 15, was driving Abby Brabham, 15, to her home. Brabham said she saw something in the vehicle's headlights.

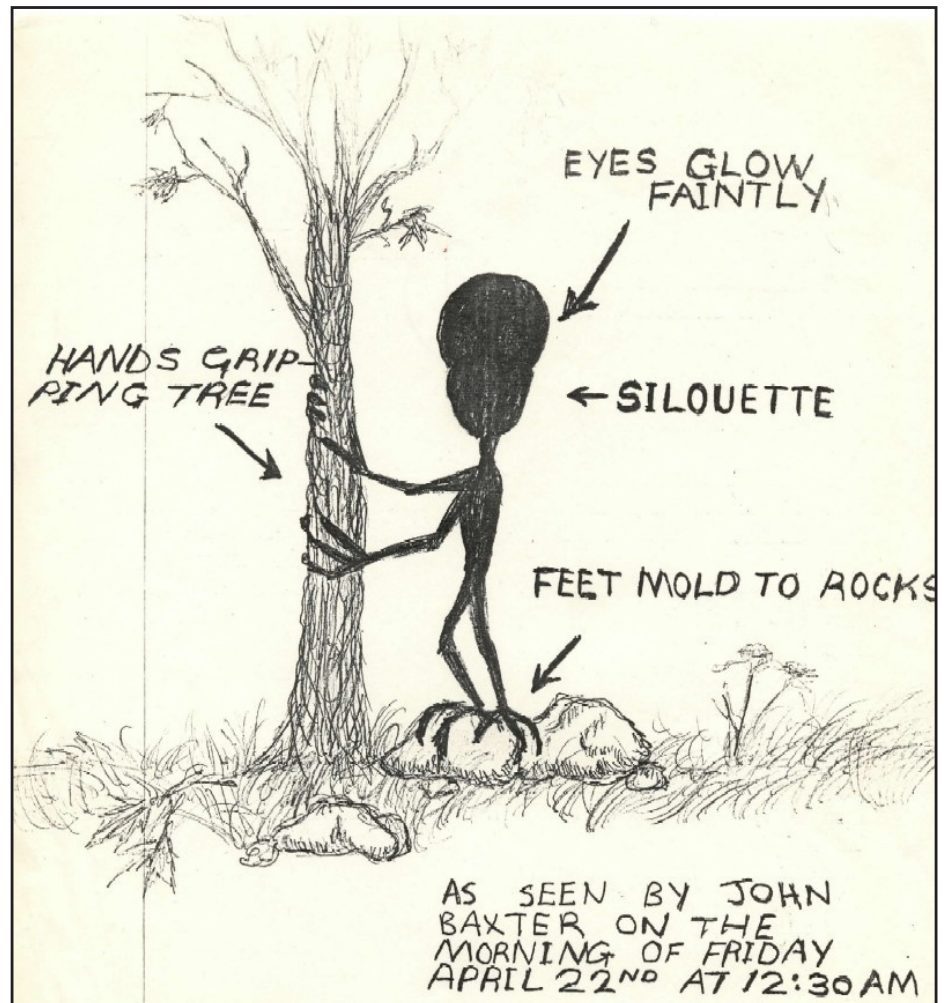
On the left side of the road, there was a hairless creature, down on all four limbs, facing the vehicle. The body was lanky, and it had a large, oversized, oval head. Its eyes glowed green.

When Brabham was told that Bartlett had said the creature's eyes were orange, she said they appeared green to her.

Investigation of the Dover Demon

Cryptozoologist Loren Coleman and ufologists Walter Webb and Ed Fogg interviewed the witnesses, parents, friends, teachers, school officials and police. There was no evidence of a hoax, and the teens were described as credible.

Coleman dubbed the mysterious creature the "Dover Demon,"



John Baxter, a Dover Demon witness, drew the above illustration of his experience on April 22, 1977.

and the name stuck after newspapers reported on the sightings of the creature and subsequent investigations.

What Was the Dover Demon?

On October 29, 2006, the *Boston Sunday Globe* published an article about Bartlett's experience. He recounted what happened on that April night in 1977, saying he had no idea what the creature was that he saw.

Today, Bartlett is an artist with works displayed in galleries on both U.S. coasts. However, he has never forgotten what he saw so long ago. He said that the sighting of the Dover Demon still haunts him.

Some consider the demon a

cryptid . . . an unidentified mysterious animal. But as it was only seen for three days, it is, most likely, not a naturally occurring species. Cryptid sightings tend to occur over longer stretches of time.

Some ufologists theorized the Dover Demon was actually an alien or a human mutant as a result of an ET experiment gone awry. And there are still others who believe this creature was a being from another dimension, transferred to Earth through a warp of some kind.

Ultimately, what the Dover Demon was/is remains a mystery. ■

Article source: www.suite101.com.

The Kingman UFO Crash of 1953

By Paul Bottini, <http://zzyzxparanormal.com>

What the Hell is going on? Arthur wondered. Who are these people?

Making certain not to establish eye contact, the mechanical engineer glanced at the other passengers around the military-issue bus.

G.I. Joe sitting “shotgun” made it all too clear Arthur wasn’t to speak to anyone during the trip. By the lack of communication inside the vehicle, the soldier must have gotten to the others, as well.

What kind of assignment was this anyway? he pondered. Arthur waited until the conscript at the front of the bus turned away before peeling at the strips of duct tape covering the window adjacent his seat. This shit was thick. At least three or four layers. Save for the 62 windshield, the windows of the entire bus were slathered in this crap.

The military must own stock in duct tape, Arthur thought, a moment before the soldier with the rifle turned his attention back to the interior of the vehicle.

The engineer halted his curious pursuit to uncover the whereabouts of the bus. Arthur wasn’t military. Why was he here? Sure, the company he worked for was contracted out by Uncle Sam, but the bus had been on the road now for four hours. That didn’t include the “puddle jumper” from McCarran to Sky Harbor, either.



Did a UFO of extraterrestrial origin really crash in Kingman, Arizona, on May 20, 1953? According to several witnesses, the answer is a resounding “yes.”

The vehicle slowed to a halt. The tension in the bus heightened as the passengers became even more curious as to what awaited them.

Arthur and the others sat compliantly. The door to the vehicle opened, and the serviceman stationed at the front saluted whomever stood just outside the caravan. A brief conversation ensued before G.I. Joe turned to the ensemble.

“Might I remind you,” the officer

bellowed, “you are all under contract of the United States government. Although you may possess no military affiliation, what you see, hear, and experience from this point forward, is held in the strictest of confidence. You will speak of this incident to no one!”

Although heads never turned, if peripheral vision could be sold by the pound, it would be the hottest commodity on the bus. With the final decree pronounced, Arthur and his

fellow passengers were led single file into the pre-dawn Arizona desert.

* * * * *

There, in the sand before them, illuminated by a pair stationary searchlights, awaited a 30-foot-wide, circular craft. The collective silence of the passengers spoke volumes.

What in the name of God are we looking at?! Arthur's mind raced. Did the military crash one of its experimental vehicles?

The engineer's eyes adjusted to the enormous spotlights that were turning night into day. The craft, whatever it was, had to have crashed. A gigantic tear defaced the otherwise flawless metal of the vehicle's fuselage.

Okay, so this thing obviously wrecked, Arthur deduced, but from where? He studied the terrain around the vessel. The only tire tracks belonged to the military Jeeps now surrounding the craft. Common sense dictated this vehicle hadn't been driven to its current location.

And what's with all this secrecy? Arthur pondered. A covert, military operation undertaken in the dead of the night? Why not just wait until daybreak to clean this up? And how about all these damned soldiers? The landscape was crawling with them.

The engineer couldn't stand the soulless mentality of the Armed Forces.

This was definitely something big. By all indications, huge. Arthur harkened back to fantastical dime store pulp penned about space men from Mars. *Hadn't some pilot seen nine of these things in Washington State a few years ago?* The engineer couldn't be certain, but he seemed to recall an alleged crash somewhere in New Mexico, as well. *When was that? '47? '48?*

Arthur didn't remember. *But hadn't the incident been declared a mistake? Didn't the Army end up*

professing whatever crashed was actually some sort of weather balloon? Damn, he could use a pre-breakfast beverage right about now. These jarheads were giving him the creeps.

On the heels of that thought, Arthur's worst nightmare, sporting more stripes than a damn zebra, strode toward him from the darkness. A carved-in-stone "officer from Hell" belched chronic halitosis into the engineer's face.

"Stancil!" the prototype for the perfect soldier bellowed forth.

Arthur saw a diminutive, anthropomorphic being, perhaps four feet in height.

Shocked, Arthur recoiled. "Y-yes?"

"Arthur G.?" the behemoth in the uniform sensed Arthur's fear and pounced all over it, moving closer.

"Yes."

"Engineer?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Follow me."

Arthur got the feeling this Neanderthal didn't give a shit who the Hell he worked for; Nazis, Communists, U.S. Marine Corps, it was all the same to a bastard like this. Just another excuse to exert control.

The officer glared back at the engineer, as though he could read minds.

Stancil lowered his gaze as he followed the soldier toward the crashed vehicle. Fifteen feet from the wreckage, the military official stopped. Arthur followed suit.

Eyeing the anomalous machine with peripheral vision, the lifetime military drone turned to the mechanical engineer, "You have one objective and one alone, Mr. Stancil. Determine the velocity at which it crashed to Earth. The more quickly you accomplish your task, the more quickly we'll have you back on the

bus and on your way home."

Arthur hesitated, glancing up at the incredible craft.

Crashed to Earth? he thought. *So this is some sort of flying . . . whatever. Is it one of ours?* he wondered.

"Wh-- what is it?" Arthur queried.

"Ask that question again, and it might be your last." The officer towered over Arthur.

This time, the engineer stood his ground, although his trembling

hands were a dead giveaway that he was about as steadfast as a house of cards on the San Andreas Fault during a windstorm.

Arthur averted his gaze. The officer never wavered.

This is beyond huge, Arthur thought. Either this is top secret Ruskie, or--. Gazing up at the defunct aircraft, devoid of markings, the engineer shuddered at the obvious conclusion.

"I'll . . . I'll need a slide rule, the longest measuring tape you've got, and a pad. Oh, and a pencil, too."

The officer pointed toward an illuminated tent nearby the vessel. "You'll find everything in there. Ask for Sergeant Malloy."

With that, the Major strode off into the night. Arthur would see the "super-soldier" twice again, both times in fitful nightmares months later.

* * * * *

The calculations went pretty smoothly. Angle of trajectory. Distance the craft was embedded into the soil. Density of said soil. None of it was precise, mind you, but it would equate to a ballpark figure and, let's face it, these jarheads

In May 1953, unnamed soldiers at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio claimed to have received delivery of “three small bodies, packed in ice.” The shipment was said to be from Arizona.



wouldn't know the difference.

While determining his solution, Arthur took a few extra moments to query the handful of civilians around him. He fashioned his line of questioning to appear as though his final calculation was dependent upon knowing more about the craft. In the end, he learned of a diminutive cockpit, complete with chairs, located somewhere within the vehicle. He pondered looking inside the vessel, but the horrific image of the mammoth, armed officer loomed in his mind, and he wisely chose “door number two.”

An hour after being assigned the task, Arthur submitted his conclusion, and was escorted back to the bus. Along the way, he passed a tiny tent reeking of astringent. Still shrouded partially in darkness, the engineer managed a quick look inside the tarpaulin. What he saw would forever be imprinted in his mind.

A body. Human, yet not human. A diminutive, anthropomorphic being perhaps four feet in height. Whatever it was, it appeared dead. Before attempting a closer look, visions of square-jawed, ruthless Marines pistol whipping him filled his overactive brain. Stepping quickly from the tent, Arthur continued his walk back to the bus.

On the vehicle, copies of an

Official Secrets Act were circulated among the passengers. Arthur and the other civilians were ordered to sign the agreement, which forbade them from ever speaking of the incident to anyone.

The ride back to Phoenix Sky Harbor had the bus pulling in around 9 a.m. By Arthur's estimate, unless the driver was traveling in circles, the vehicle would have headed northwest during its initial excursion. Within well under four hours, south would place the bus somewhere in Mexico. Due north would take it beyond Flagstaff and into a much more wooded area.

Only one solution remained. That was northwest. Highway 93, up through Wickenburg. Almost exactly four hours driving time northwest of Phoenix awaited Kingman, Arizona, still desert by any account.

* * * * *

Whether or not the preceding story is true remains a mystery amongst ufologists. Arthur G. Stancil (AKA Fritz Werner), an accredited mechanical engineer graduating from Ohio University in 1949, came forth with this incredible tale as early as 1964.

The story gained considerable recognition in 1973 when renowned UFO investigator Raymond Fowler published his own detailed research

on the subject. Fowler purports to having conducted an extensive background investigation on the individual known as Arthur G. Stancil, and determined him to be of credible nature. In addition, Fowler also claims Stancil displayed extensive knowledge regarding the field of mechanical engineering.

Evidence corroborating Stancil's fantastical story would later emerge from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. Former staff stationed at the military installation attested to the arrival of “three small bodies packed in dry ice,” shipped from Arizona during the time frame of the crash as reported by Arthur. According to the personnel in question, the diminutive cadavers sported oversized craniums and brown skin.

A deficiency of physical evidence with which to validate Stancil's claims remains. Combine this with the fact that military personnel giving testimony are either unable or unwilling to divulge their names, and you've got a fascinating account that may or may not be true.

Did a UFO of extraterrestrial origin really crash in Kingman, Arizona, on May 20, 1953? Take Interstate 40 west from Flagstaff and find out for yourself. Kingman can also be reached from Phoenix by traveling northwest on Highway 60 and continuing in the same direction through Wickenburg along the 93.

Upon reaching Interstate 40, head west for approximately 20 miles, and you'll arrive at your intended destination. The town of Kingman is located about 25 miles east of Bullhead City, Arizona, and Laughlin, Nevada, both of which hug the state line.

Traversing Route 66 on your way to Vegas, you'll inevitably find yourself passing through Kingman. Stop and speak to the locals. Tour the city. Who knows? Perhaps you'll be able to solve a modern mystery. ■

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Diary From a HAUNTED HOTEL

By Carolyn M. Hughes

When I began working as a night auditor more than three years ago at Quality Inn at General Lee's Headquarters, located on the Gettysburg battlefield, I anticipated experiencing nothing more interesting than having some bizarre request from a guest.

I never expected my spirit friends to visit so often or to hear so many accounts of activity from unsuspecting guests. I never thought they would alert us to their presence in so many creative ways, or for there to be so much activity involved.

I am of the personal belief that spirits only want us to know they are still here and not to forget what happened here, for it is on this ground that they truly gave their "last full measure of devotion."

Here is my ongoing diary of my experiences within the hotel . . .

Sat., Mar. 13

9:25 p.m.: I received a frantic call at the front desk from the guests staying in the Inn at Seminary Ridge. The Inn is a large, two-story suite/house that was on the property at the time of the battle.

The young gentleman relayed to me that he had stepped into the din-



Pictured above is the laundry room's back door, where Carolyn recently heard a rattling of the doorknob just after locking it.

ing room, turned on the overhead lights, and walked into the kitchen area. He looked to his left at the wall across from the kitchen sink and saw what he described as a shadow in the form of a man. He stood there about a minute watching this shadow man

until it completely disappeared. He then went back into the living room, got his aunt, and she accompanied him back into the kitchen area.

The shadow man was again in the same location on the wall where the young man had previously seen him. They both stood still watching this shadow man until, again, he disappeared. They looked all around them and saw that the only light available in this area is one located above the sink area, which is approximately 10 feet away from the wall.

They both tried to recreate what they had seen, taking turns standing in various locations around the kitchen, but were unable to recreate it. There were no more appearances of a shadow man that evening.

Mon., Mar. 22

6:40 p.m.: I was standing at the front desk in the lobby working on one of the computers, when I heard a very loud boom. Immediately after the boom, I felt the vibrations through the floor and heard all the windows in the lobby rattle. This is typical when we encounter phantom cannon fire at the hotel. This is the first time, however, that I can recall hearing it so early in the evening.

Mon., Apr. 5

8:06 p.m.: As is my usual practice, after my 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. co-worker has left, I go around to all the doors making certain they are secure. During the course of my checking, I went into the laundry room to be sure that the back door there was locked.

This door has windows in the upper portion so you can view the back property of the hotel. I checked the door and had turned around and started walking away when I heard what appeared to me to be someone rattling the door knob on that back door. It sounded as if someone was trying to get in through that locked door. It only took me a second to turn to look at the windows on the door. There was no one standing there.

I opened the locked door and walked all around the area, and there was no one outside. Were you boys letting me know that I was secure and no "living" person could get in? Thanks! I could have done without the heart palpitations!

Sat., Apr. 10

6:35 p.m.: A couple of our regular guests came into the lobby to say hello to me. I asked them to excuse me for one brief moment as I was in dire need of something cold to drink. I stepped out the private, side door to get a soda out of the beverage machine that is located in the breezeway. As soon as I opened the private door, I was assaulted with cigar smoke.

I stepped back into the lobby and asked our guests to come around to the side. As soon as they came around the side where the private entrance is, they both commented on the fact that they could smell heavy cigar smoke. We did an immediate search of the entire area and could find no guests either in the immediate vicinity or even on



The locked door pictured above recently opened about three quarters of the way on its own in front of Carolyn and a guest. This occurrence happens often.

their way back to their room.

I explained to our guests that this is a common occurrence in this area. As regulars, they were not surprised as they themselves have experienced phantom smoke odors (cigar smoke and cherry pipe tobacco) on the property when there was no one around that they could see.

Sat., Apr. 10

8:05 p.m.: I was standing at the terminal in the lobby where I am always stationed. To my immediate right, and only two to three feet from my side, is the private, locked entrance to the lobby. I was in the process of checking in a guest when the private, locked door suddenly opened about three quarters of the way.

The guest I was checking in immediately asked me if the door was not properly secured. After explain-

ing to him that I had checked all the doors in the entire building not five minutes before, he was shocked. I then proceeded to show the guest that the lock on the door was still in place, shut the door and then tried to open that locked door on my own. It would not budge.

Does that happen often? Yes, all the time. The guest quickly departed the lobby and went to his room.

Tues., Apr. 13

6:33 a.m.: I was in the process of checking out a guest when the guest related to me something she heard that woke her up that morning. She explained to me that she lives on a ranch in Montana and is very accustomed to hearing this sound. However, she immediately recognized that she was not on her ranch, but in a hotel on the Gettysburg battlefield.

When I asked her what sound she had heard, she told me she heard what sounded like many mules braying in the early morning. I explained to the guest that approximately 5,000 horses and mules were killed during the Battle of Gettysburg. The guest was more shocked to learn the high number of animals that were killed than she was hearing the phantom sounds. After all, she said, the hotel does sit on the battlefield.

This is the first account we have received of the sound of mules on the property. We have experienced horses several times, in the lobby no less. There would have been a high number of horses and mules on the property during the fighting on Day One of the Battle of Gettysburg and for the next several days.

As my readers will know, General Lee made his headquarters in the Thompson House, which sits on our property.

Stay Tuned . . .

NEPA Paranormal Investigates an Unusual Haunting

By Katie Christopher, NEPA Paranormal

As a paranormal investigator, I often find myself questioning the reason behind some of our cases. Usually, we get a case and it doesn't take long to piece everything together. The spirit in question is usually attached to the home, the client, or even an object. Whatever the case may be, the explanation behind it is normal fairly easy to find after we do a little digging.

But once in a great while, you get one of those cases that you just don't quite know how to explain. Something is there haunting a person, and you just sit back and wonder: Why this person? What is the connection? And no matter how hard you try, you can't figure it out, but regardless, it is happening.

After investigating, you have your evidence. The proof that it's happening is right in front of you, and suddenly nothing makes sense anymore. This goes against all the theories we as paranormal investigators subscribe to. In a normal situation, we take the evidence for what it is, present it to the clients, and move forward in our normal process, but what do you do if you realize you've stumbled into something much bigger?

A recent case put me in this exact situation, and now my team, NEPA Paranormal, has, in my opinion, made contact with a ghost from one of the country's most notorious murders.



Pictured at left are the NEPA Paranormal team members. Bottom row (left to right): Chris Smith, Natalie Belleman, Alissa Timko, Lauren Pollman, Katie Christopher, Kathy Christopher, Bob Christopher. Top row (left to right): Bill Ulichney, Kim Shiner, Kelly Hughes, and Mark Hromisin.

The Amityville Horror

Amityville. Population: 9,441; area code: 631; average income: \$68,000 per year. Up front it seems like your average town, but if you ask just about anyone about this town, it becomes clear it has much more significance. Almost everyone has heard of the Amityville haunting.

On December 18, 1975, George and Kathleen Lutz, along with their three children, moved into their new home at 112 Ocean Ave., Amityville New York. On the same day, the family had a priest come into the home to bless it. It is claimed that the priest heard a voice say, "Get out!"

And according to the Lutzes, this was only the beginning. In the following days, the family became increasingly angry and began to lash

out at one another. At the peak of the activity, the house seemed to be disassembling itself. Windows were smashing, the door was ripped off its hinges, and there appeared to be weather damage even though there was no bad weather to speak of.

One of the Lutz children claimed to have befriended a red-eyed pig. After only 28 days in the home, the Lutzes claimed they could take no more and fled the home. All of these claims are controversial, and some individuals involved in the publication of the story have said it was all a hoax. But this is the story everyone remembers and associates with Amityville.

What most people don't know is that the original story of the Amityville house is much more terrifying, and 100% true.

The Amityville Slaysings

On November 13, 1974, Ronald “Butch” DeFeo, Jr. burst into a local bar frantic for help. He told patrons he thought someone shot and killed his parents. Ronald Jr., along with five other men, quickly left the bar and drove to the DeFeo home.

They quickly went into the home to see what had happened, and what they discovered shocked them all. They went up to Ronald Sr. and his wife Louise’s bedroom and found them lying in bed with bullet holes in their backs. Both were dead.

They went to check on the two younger boys, Mark, age 12, and John, age 9. Both were also shot in the back and dead. At this point, they gathered on the main floor and made the call to 911 to report four murders. After police arrived, they would find that two more family members were dead: Allison, age 13, and Dawn, age 18. Ronald Jr. began to sob uncontrollably as police questioned him. They wondered who would be capable of such a crime and began to consider who might hold a grudge against the family.

After thinking for a moment, Ronald gave them the name of a local mobster who had a disagreement with the family a few years earlier. The police took down the information and suggested he come down to the station with them for further questioning, as he might be a target, too, and the station would be a safer place for him.

Ronald Jr. did not have a good relationship with his parents. He grew up under a constant stream of abuse. It was nothing unusual for Ronald and his father to get into screaming matches, and even use physical force against one another.

Ronald Sr. owned a local Buick dealership and was very well off. Ronald Jr. took advantage of the money and was very deep into trouble and drugs. In the days prior to



NEPA Paranormal Investigator and Reiki Practitioner, Chantel Mangat, conducts an EVP session during a recent investigation.

the murders, when his father would not give him the money he wanted, Ronald Jr. even staged a robbery of some of the dealership’s funds so he could keep it for himself.

When Ronald Sr. discovered what had happened and confronted his son about it, Ronald Jr. threatened to kill him. All of this was unknown to the police at the time, but soon it all came out.

Ronald Jr. went along with police to the station where he played the part of the model witness. He detailed everything he had done that day, right up until he found the bodies of his parents. He also detailed his father’s dealings with the mafia, right up until the alleged disagreement. Police still had no reason to suspect he was lying, so they finished their questioning and gave Ronald a cot to sleep on for the night.

In the meantime, detectives scoured the DeFeo home for evidence of the crime. When they entered Ronald Jr.’s room, they noticed some boxes. They were labeled .22- and .35-caliber Marlin. Though they still did not know what the murder weapon was, they took them anyway.

These boxes would later become a key piece of evidence. When the murder weapon was discovered, they knew all six people were killed

with a .35-caliber Marlin.

The police now began to wonder if Ronald may be their suspect after all. They woke him up and began to question him again. Little by little, Ronald’s story started to fall apart. Facts were disproved, and Ronald was backed into a corner. He became visibly shaken and started to add lies to his story, even going as far as to say the mobster woke him up in the middle of the night and pointed a gun to his head.

Police now knew they had cracked Ronald Jr., and after pushing him a little more, he caved and confessed to the murders of all six members of his family.

Ronald Jr. was brought to trial, and on November 21, 1975, more than a year after the murders. He was found guilty of all six murders and sentenced to 25 years to life in prison. He is still in prison today.

In 1992, Ronald requested to change his testimony, and stated that he did not kill his two younger brothers and youngest sister. He said he only killed his parents, and that his sister, Dawn, killed the younger children. When he saw what she had done, he killed her.

There is much controversy around this theory. Gun powder residue was found on Dawn’s night-

NEPA Paranormal investigator, Mike, shoots video during a recent paranormal investigation.



gown, which suggests that she could have fired a gun, but since she was shot at such a close range, the powder could have easily gotten on her nightgown because of the proximity of the gun. Psychologists who spoke with Ronald have concluded that they think he blamed Dawn for the murders of the children because it made it easier for him to live with himself.

NEPA Paranormal Takes on a Controversial Case

So how does all of this relate to a case NEPA Paranormal conducted in Reading, Pennsylvania? We received a call in December 2009 from a client with an interesting request. Upon our initial conversation, the client said to me that he was being haunted by the spirit of a murdered girl.

Most of what he was experiencing was subconscious. He would see her in his dreams. He did hear her speak on occasion. He was touched a few times. But it was the vivid dreams that were most disturbing. In these dreams, she would come to him in desperation, pleading with him to help her. When he asked what she needed, she would repeat over and over again, "Tell them I didn't do it."

He was to the point where he was even beginning to question his sanity. Figuring he had to do something, he contacted our organization for help. After getting the basic information from him, since this case had to do with a specific occurrence, I figured we should do some research on the murder beforehand.

When I asked him if he knew the name of the girl who was coming to him, he replied "Dawn DeFeo." It was at that point I realized this case was very different from anything we've ever done.

I wanted to figure out the connection between this man in Reading, Pennsylvania, and a girl from Amityville, New York, so I asked the client how he knew Dawn. He told me he grew up in New York, but never personally knew Dawn. He did meet her once when they were children. She was a few years older than him, and he visited her father's Buick dealership with his parents.

He said this particular memory is one of his earliest and most vivid childhood memories. Dawn came out from a back room and saw him. She smiled at him, and then went back in the room. She came back out a moment later and gave him a lollipop. This was the only contact

they ever had.

He told me even he knew it sounded impossible, but nevertheless, he was having these experiences and didn't know what to do. As an investigator, I feel part of my job is to be skeptical, but at the same time, groups such as mine are supposed to be the people others can turn to when they don't know what else to do. We're supposed to be the ones to give them the benefit of the doubt when no one else will.

The more I thought about it, the more I realized that no matter how unlikely it seemed, I had to find out for myself, so we booked the case. If indeed she was there, it was my early suspicion that there is only one thing she could possibly want. If she was telling him she didn't do it, she wanted to clear her name.

The Investigation Begins

We arrived at the home a few weeks later, in mid-January 2010. We spent the early part of the evening talking and going over some of the details of the murders. We discussed how and why Dawn was linked to them, and what our opinions were on the case. Once we began, I knew that evidence for this case would be very difficult to come by.

This wasn't just a matter of proving or disproving a ghost. If, in fact, something was there, if anyone was going to believe it was Dawn, we would need her to give us some very specific information. We went through the usual investigative techniques we always use, but also spent the better part of the night asking very specific questions.

We asked her an excessive amount of times to tell us her name. We asked questions about Ronald Jr. We asked questions about her parents, as well as her brothers and sister who were killed. As far as the

actual investigation went, we didn't really pick up much while we were there. We did have a temperature drop of more than 20 degrees, and felt some cold spots, but that was it for personal experiences. We began to wonder if we were going to find anything at all. Little did we know, we had found some amazing evidence, we just hadn't heard it yet.

I live in a home that is greatly centered around the paranormal. My mother, Kathy, is a member of our team, and my father, Bob, co-founded NEPA Paranormal along with myself. We use words like apparition, EVP, and EMF like normal families use the word "the."

There have been so many times when I will hear my father calling for me sometime around 2 a.m. to play me an EVP or show me a picture that he found. It's something that I'm more than used to at this point, and it is somewhat of a regular occurrence.

That night, we found one of our most unbelievable EVPs to date. After I made my way down the steps from my room in a semi-comatose state, my dad handed me the headphones and said, "You're not gonna believe this."

As I listened to the EVP, I was suddenly wide awake. I had to have him play it again to make sure I heard it right, but after listening to it a second time, there was no mistaking what the voice was saying.

I looked at my father and said, "She just said, 'Dawn is here.'"

I played it over and over again for the next few minutes, and couldn't believe our luck. I put so much energy into trying to get her to say her name during our investigation, and she actually did it! What was even more interesting was that the EVP had an accent to it. It sounded like a Long Island accent. I looked at my dad again and said, "You're right, this is unbelievable."

More Evidence of a Haunting

In the following days, we came across a few more EVPs. We have one of a female voice saying, "Oh no," a few times in a row. We also have another one where the client is talking about Dawn and said, "I hope she's not hiding tonight," and a female voice replies, "Olly olly oxen free."

I myself have heard the expression before but was a little unsure of what exactly it meant. My father explained to me that it was a term used in hide and seek that one would say when they wanted everyone to come out of hiding. At that, I was amused at the ghost's sense of humor. With some pretty exciting evidence in our possession, we were ready to take it back to the client and see what they thought of it.

When we got back to the client's house, we first asked him how

We captured several astonishing EVPs during the investigation.

things had been going. He said "she" seemed pretty quiet lately, but she was still around. So we prepared to show him what we found. One of my personal favorite parts of the paranormal investigative process is the reveal. I take pleasure in watching the clients' faces and reactions when we show them the evidence we capture.

As we played the first few EVPs, I watched the client's face become very relieved. You could see that he was starting to realize he was right all along. We saved for last the EVP where the spirit said her name, and when we finally played it for him, he just looked up and simply said "Wow."

After letting us know that he was glad he really wasn't crazy, he just seemed relieved. We sat and talked for quite a while after playing him

the EVPs. We talked some more about Dawn, and how we thought she might now realize she could talk to us and that we would hear her. We also began to wonder what else she might say now that she knew she had the opportunity to do so. It was then that we came to a mutual agreement that we would perform another investigation.

For NEPA Paranormal, this is still an open case. We have our next investigation scheduled for a date in the near future, and are very eager to get back to work on it. After intense study on the history of this case, I don't believe that Dawn had anything to do with the murders, and I want to give her the opportunity to let people know of her innocence. It is my hope that she will use our next investigation as a chance to do just that.

I personally think about this case

a lot. Sometimes I think about it so much that I swear I hear the "Dawn is here" EVP in my sleep. And as I think about it, it takes me back to those same questions I mentioned earlier. What could the connection between Dawn and our client be? Why him?

I don't have all the answers to that, but yet we still have this evidence in front of us, and the evidence speaks for itself.

So while uncommon, unlikely, or whatever word you want to use to describe it, is it still a possibility? I know what I and the rest of NEPA Paranormal believe. ■

To listen to EVPs captured by NEPA Paranormal during this investigation, visit www.paranormalunderground.net/site/nepa-paranormal-evps.

A Littlestown, PA, Remodel Stirs Up Paranormal Activity

By Jason Ewen

The following is a story I would like to share about the house my wife and I bought several years ago, in Littlestown, Pennsylvania, and the subsequent remodel, discovery of artifacts, and unusual activity at the house. Can the activity we experienced be called paranormal or just coincidental occurrences? Since there has been no investigation of our house and no in-depth exploration of the home's history, we will let you decide.

My wife, Ellen, and I bought our first home in 2001. We were actively looking for a place to call home for more than two years, and it only took one look at this old brick, two-story house, and we fell in love. The house was built in the late 1800s, and from personal research, I concluded it was built somewhere between 1850 and 1890.

Remodeling Begins

After moving in, I saw many upgrades that needed to be done, which were started immediately. All electrical and plumbing needed to be gutted and replaced. The interior walls needed paint, and the floors required sanding and refinishing.

I started with ripping down the walls, which were old horse hair plaster and wood lath. This was obviously an old building as no nails were used in the main support beams of the house; it was all tongue



Pictured at left are Jason and Ellen Ewen, with their two dogs, a nine-year-old German/Australian Shepherd-mix and a three-year-old Cattle dog/mini Poodle-mix. After moving into their new home, the couple found Civil War artifacts and began experiencing paranormal activity.

and groove. The main beam still had the bark on the wood, as if a tree was simply uprooted, shaved down, and put in place. This old building method left us completely amazed.

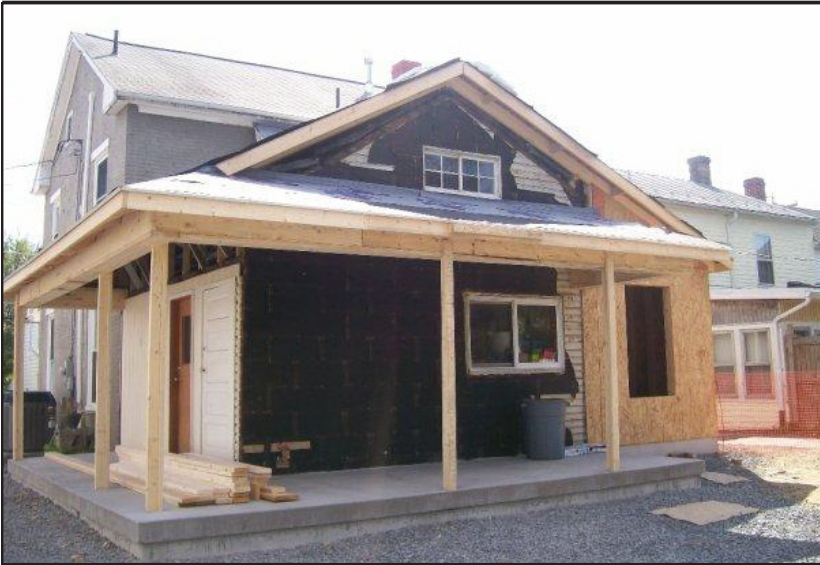
The next step of our remodel was removing the downstairs windows and replacing them with new ones. After taking out the first window, I decided to clean out the eave, which was all brick. I reached up and found a coin. I cleaned it off and discovered it was an Indian head penny dated 1864. It is not worth much, but I decided to keep it with the house. I still have it today.

The next step involved removing an old light fixture. Once I did, I found two old milk cardboard bottle

caps that had the name of the dairy still on the label, both of which were local to Littlestown. Along with the caps, I found three aces from a deck of playing cards. They looked to be from the '60s, green with white flowers on them. These two I kept since I am an avid card player.

Strange Occurrences Begin

One of the strangest occurrences in the home involved our new puppy, which we bought several months after moving in. She is a great puppy who follows us everywhere in the house and never lets us out of her sight. One day, I went into our basement, and she would not follow. Even after calling her, she just laid down and



While remodeling their new home, the Ewen family uncovered a large, fresh water well. They also experienced unexplainable paranormal activity.

cried at the top of the steps. There are only five steps into the basement, unlike the 12 steps into the second story, which she is accustomed to.

I even went as far as helping her down the steps, at which time she showed her teeth and made a loud cry. I did not force her to go, and she still refuses to go down there. We have since gotten a second dog, and he, like our first one, will not go into the basement. He will lie down at the top of the steps and cry.

Another occurrence happened in my bedroom. My wife worked nights at an animal hospital, which left me home alone. One night, I was lying in bed facing the window, and the dog was in bed with me. Being a great guard dog, she always warns us if someone is at our door.

Laying there in bed with me, with no warning, she sat up, stood on the bed, and looked at our open bedroom door. At the same time, I was looking at the reflection in the window of the same door, and I saw a shadow of a person walk into the door frame and stand there for a second and walk past.

I turned to look, and our dog was just looking at the door not making a sound. I got up and grabbed my baseball bat just in case someone was in the house. There was no one there. The rest of the night she laid

in bed with me and did not sleep, but continued to watch the door.

During all the remodeling we did to the house, my wife and I saw other strange things. One of the weirdest was the onslaught of bats in the house. It seemed that every time I caught one and released it, it came back. We never knew how they got in, as we searched everywhere for a possible entry point.

Also, every time we had one come into the house, the next day something strange would happen. These things included a broken water pipe, the lights in our house would go out, or the television would turn off and on for no reason. One time we had a bat in the bathroom. My wife walked in and looked in the mirror and saw something moving in the reflection. She turned and a bat flew from the window at her.

The next day she was standing at the top of the steps, and for no reason, fell down most of them. She was not hurt, but that has never happened before or since.

A few other unanswered things have happened, the most unnerving involved the discovery of handprints. We found small handprints on the inside of our window in the dining room. The handprint was about the size of a five-year-old. The window

and location of the handprints were more than six feet above the floor. We have no children, and no child has ever been in our home. This was very startling to say the least.

Uncovering More Artifacts

This past year we did our last remodel of the house, which included finishing off the attic and the tear-down of the old “summer” kitchen and expansion of the new kitchen. We discovered more interesting artifacts and pieces of local history.

In the attic, we found old newspapers and junk under the floor. In one box, we found two dehydrated bats lying side by side. We also found old glass marbles and a large, fresh water well. The best find was some old bottles. They were in between two roofs that we were getting covered.

The bottles were from all over, including Philadelphia, Maryland, and Littlestown, where we live. One bottle contained a doctor’s name that I traced back to the Civil War. Another one dated back to 1850.

Not much has happened at our house lately, but we are always aware of what is here with us. I respect who lived here before us. Both my wife and I remain excited to find new artifacts, and to look for new signs that we are not alone in our home. ■

Spirit Time: The Timeframe of a Ghost

By Randell S. van Alst

From the beginning of mankind, our worldly timetable has been always measured by the way the sun revolves around Earth. As the sun rises, the day begins. As the sun sets, the night takes over. This is the simplest way to calculate time into a “24-hour” day.

How does mankind define and calculate “time”? Well, if we are to look it up in the dictionary, there are several meanings, as usual, in the human language. Time: “A nonspatial continuum in which events occur in apparently irreversible succession.” In plain English, we define and calculate time in years, months, days, hours, and minutes — right down to the “second” something happens. To us, it’s common knowledge.

Beyond years, you have decades, (10 years), a quarter century, (25 years), a half century, (50 years), and a full century, (100 years). We use common phrases such as, “In the blink of an eye,” “In a split second,” and “In the twinkling of an eye,” when time appears too fast for us.

Time is the only thing that we never seem to have enough of. On the other hand, when we are waiting for an optimistic event to take place, time can’t go fast enough. Such phrases as “It’s taking forever,” and “Any day now,” seem to show our impatience to time. One thing we have learned in this world: Time is one thing we just can’t control.

Time and Its Relation to Death

But what happens after we die, and leave the flesh? Does the spirit world have a different timeframe? How does a ghost perceive time?

Those who have had Near-Death Experiences (NDE) claim that time seems to stand still in the afterlife. Some say they saw a tunnel of light, heavenly beings, loved ones who have already passed on, the Messiah, and even God himself. Many have also claimed they have seen every moment of their lives, relived, playing before them like a movie projector — from

one’s birth to their passing. Could they have experienced a split second of the Afterlife in spirit? Possibly.

What follows in this article is my personal theory on what Spirit Time could possibly resemble by using references in the *Bible* as a guide. This is an exercise in “what if” . . .

In the *Bible*, God is claimed by Christ to be a “Spirit” (John 4:24). If we are to believe this, then the timeframe of the spirit is very different. The subject of Spirit Time is mentioned twice in the *Bible*: once in the *Old Testament*, and once in the *New Testament*. Many of us believe that when our physical body dies, we enter into a spirit world, often referred to as the “afterlife.” Here are the two verses of scripture mentioned above:

The *Old Testament*, Psalm 90:4: “For a thousand years in my sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.”

The *New Testament*, 2nd Peter 3:8: “But beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.”

My Theory on “Spirit Time”

Spirit Time could possibly be the “time” we must endure in our afterlife. My theory is simple: It is from these two *Bible* verses in which Spirit Time is based. If we are to believe the *Bible*, a man living 77 years (the average life expectancy) is only 1 hour 53



What happens after we die? Does the spirit world have a different timeframe? How does a ghost perceive time?

minutes of age in the “Lord’s time.” So, let’s do the math of “Spirit Time” compared to “Worldly Time”:

Physical Time/Spirit Time:

- 1,000 years equals one day in spirit.
- 500 years/12 hours.
- 500 months/1 hour.
- 250 months/30 minutes.
- 125 months/15 minutes.
- 62.5 months/7.5 minutes.
- 31.25 months/3 minutes, 45 seconds.

Could this actually be the timetable of the afterlife?

Throughout history, many ghosts, though they have been deceased for hundreds of years, have been seen just as they appeared in life, including their clothes and grooming styles. Fragrances from the past are smelled, such as cigars or perfumes.

Consider that according to my Spirit Time theory, someone who passed away in 1841, (20 years before the Civil War), died more than 169 years ago, but only four hours would have passed in Spirit Time. Here are additional examples (estimated) with the destination year of 2010:

Death Year/Years Since Death/Spirit Time Since Death:

- Death in 1510/500 years on Earth/12 hours in spirit.
- 1841/169 years/Just over 4 hours.
- 1885/125 years/3 hours.
- 1927/83 years/2 hours.
- 1968/42 years/1 hour.
- 1989/21 years/30 minutes.
- 2003/7 years/10 minutes.

A Spirit’s Time in the Afterlife

It is my theory that the above time estimates could be the time that a spirit or ghost must endure in the afterlife. In our physical world, we oftentimes don’t realize just how fast, or how short, our lives really are. Compared to Spirit Time, life in the physical form is amazingly short.

How often do we say, “I remember it like it was yesterday” or “Where has the time gone?” These are only a few of the daily expressions we use in the world, referring to our time.

This Spirit Time theory, as outlined above, could possibly explain the countless sightings of spirits

Are spirits bound by our timeframe?

who passed away so long ago. Let’s look at one example of my theory of Spirit Time through the eyes of a ghost . . . “Resurrection Mary.”

The most common version of the story of Resurrection Mary involves a young girl named Mary Bregovy, who was killed while hitchhiking in early March 1934. She had spent the evening dancing with a boyfriend at the O’Henry Ballroom.

During the evening, Mary and her boyfriend got into an argument, and Mary stormed out of the place. Mary had not gotten very far when she was struck and killed by a passing automobile. Her grieving parents buried her in Resurrection Cemetery, and since that time, her spirit has been seen in the area, perhaps trying to return to her grave after one last night among the living.

Others state that Mary Bregovy is not the only contender for the title of Resurrection Mary. However, in an effort to explain Spirit Time, this is the story we will use.

Mary passed away on March 10, 1934, and the first ghostly sighting of her was in 1936. In the physical world, almost two years had passed since her death. Using my Spirit Time theory, only 2½ minutes had passed. Mary could be experiencing the initial shock of passing from a traumatic event.

The second sighting of Mary was five years later in 1939 (but only 7½ minutes in Spirit Time.) Is Mary still in shock but alert as to what happened to her?

The most active period in relation to Mary’s haunting was from 1970–1977 (a 7-year stretch). In the ghost’s timeframe, it equates to only 10 minutes of time. Is Mary coming to grips with the reality of her death. It could be that during this time, Mary’s spirit is adjusting to the after-

life state, visiting the last place she was while alive, as well as visiting the place of her death, burial, and family.

While Mary has been dead for 36-43 years during this span, in Spirit Time, only 45 minutes to 1 hour, 2 minutes have passed since she died.

The next sighting occurred in 1989, 55 years after Mary’s death, but only 1 hour, 15 minutes in Spirit Time. Mary’s ghost could have become accustomed to the ghost timeframe while continuing to haunt the physical world.

In 2010, 76 years have passed since Mary’s death, barely 1 hour, 50 minutes in the afterlife.

The concept of Spirit Time is intended to bring understanding to a spirit’s timeframe compared to the timeframe of the physical world. As with all matters of the spirit, we will all find out in our own time.

But if the theory of Spirit Time presented in this article is true, then those spirits bound to haunt the physical suffer a seemingly interminable timeframe. Can you imagine a mere second lasting for over four days? Or an hour dragging out for more than 40 years? Would time seem like it was standing still? If this is indeed the timeframe a ghost endures, the last thing I want to do is “haunt” the living. How about you? ■

The opinions expressed in Paranormal Perspective do not necessarily reflect those of the editors at Paranormal Underground magazine.

Where Memories Lie (Part IV of IV)

By Lettie Prell, www.lettieprell.com

Continued From Our May Issue

* * * * *

I mulled things over while I stood in the kitchen and chopped up a little pile of carrot and ginger root for soup. I should have asked Shaman Dan more about the bardos and the path to rebirth. All those years of channeling, and I never gave much thought to the concept of an afterlife. Not beyond the basic understanding that a person's spirit endures after death.

I didn't give a thought to the after-death setting, and pretty much however people wanted to think of it was fine with me, whether the concept was Heaven, reincarnation, nirvana, being one with everything, or whatever. Only now it seemed important I know, so I could better understand how to help the entities.

Shaman Dan had said he didn't know how to help souls like my Mr. Singh, but he had a clear idea of what it would entail: helping them through the bardos, the stages of death, on the way to rebirth. But I didn't know the stages of death.

The water in the small saucepan on the stove boiled. I tossed in the choppings, turned the heat down a bit, and went to the fridge to pull out the leftover rice from last night. I had a sudden thought. Maybe Mr. Singh could tell me what I needed to know.

"You were a good researcher, when you were processing as Mr. Singh," I said, careful to use his explanation of things.

Thank you.

Funny how he could display such personality and yet be oblivious to himself. "What can you tell me about the stages of death?"



From near-death accounts, typical experiences begin with feeling oneself travel through a tunnel or surrounded by a light. Or going through the tunnel and emerging into the light.

I spooned a few globs of rice into the soup, and stirred to encourage

the grains to separate. I had heard these accounts before. Maybe all we needed was the classic business of getting the lost soul to go into the light. "Is that what you saw, Mr. Nothing? When the Overmind deleted you?"

No. I am memory only, not human. Near-death is a human experience.

I stirred slower. "You didn't see a tunnel or light? Can you see either of those now?"

Of course not.

"How about the lost souls? I mean, the lost memories. Do any of them see a light? Or a tunnel?"

None.

"You answered too fast," I said. "Did you ask them?"

No need to ask. Memories are a collective.

"You weren't just memory," I said. "You considered yourselves human, even superhuman."

We were wrong.

The ghost of previous conversations. I wasn't getting anywhere.

Still, I thought about it while I ate my soup. The collective of spirits, sans computer, still operated as a unit. Some spirits were probably out there right now, duplicating Mr. Singh's survival strategy and hooking up with a human host.

But being a collective meant that if I could only get Mr. Singh to see he was a soul, the other spirits would probably believe it too. Mr. Singh's

status within the Affiliates seemed to have remained high. He was advising others. He was the one to watch.

It would be like seeding a new meme, a new idea, into the Affiliates. Plant it in Mr. Singh, and it would spread like a virus.

Goosebumps broke out on my arms. What got me into this mess would get me out. I had to replace the bad meme with another meme — a belief in the existence of the soul.

That was to be the last of my insights for the day.

* * * * *

That night on the news, there was a spot on the increase in inpatient mental health admissions (those who could afford to be admitted in these times, anyway). A lot of them were suffering delusions of being someone else. I had been half-nodding in my recliner, but I perked up. More so when I heard people were adopting the personalities of those who had “destroyed themselves by joining the World Server Project,” as the television announcer put it, “which is being dismantled as we speak.”

I made coffee and waited for an e-mail from Shaman Dan. His first e-mail had been sent at 1:20 a.m., which meant he was either a night owl, or lived in a different time zone. I supposed he could be Indian, but I doubted it. The name Shamanadan seemed too contrived for that, but I guess one never knows.

I didn't have to wait as long as I feared. Shaman Dan's reply arrived shortly after 12:30 a.m.

I see the spirits seek to press themselves into those already embodied, Shaman Dan wrote. This is very bad. This is what is straining the fabric of the worlds. You are strong and can keep the spirit who has chosen you from completely possessing you. Others cannot resist, and most do not understand what is happening. It is the

nature of spirit to seek form, and this is the only avenue they see. I do not know how to teach them differently, how to show them the proper path to rebirth. Spirit seeks to be embodied. That is what it does. Contact me anytime, but I'm afraid I cannot offer more on this. I wish you much luck.

Luck? The reincarnation guy wished me luck? And how was it that

I got out the Ouija board.
This had to be the way.

* * * * *

he didn't seem to consider himself to be affected by all of this? Just where was he?

Again, I was reminded I had never been interested in the afterlife before this. I never did readings for people who wanted to speak to their deceased loved ones. I spoke with spirits for information only. Personal growth topics, mainly. So I had gotten to know a couple of multi-dimensional personalities.

Information. Personal growth. Goosebumps broke out on my arms. There was hope.

I got out the Ouija board. I had to hunt for it in the crawl space for a good half-hour, but I found it, as well as the glass medallion I had used as a planchette. I had never liked the hard plastic one that had come with the board, with its three felted feet that actually impeded swift motion. The glass medallion glided much easier, and the letters it stopped on were framed perfectly within its oval “window.”

I didn't know if I could pull this off. Could a person channel more than one entity at the same time?

“Do you see what I have, Mr. Nothing?” I hated to call him that, but he wouldn't respond to anything else.

You are holding an Ouija board. A device purportedly used to communicate with spirits.

“That's right. I'm going to talk to a spirit I once knew,” I said. “I thought you might enjoy that since psychic phenomena was a topic of the research you conducted as Mr. Singh.”

Thank you, he said. This indeed will be interesting.

And hopefully it's what will make you see the truth, I thought to myself. This had to be the way.

Ever since I was 15, I'd been able to talk to Jaim through the Ouija board. At first I had channeled Jaim with my girlfriend Carol. We were being girls, playing around with the board that I now held in my hands; although, at the time, it was Carol's board. After a few rather confused conversations with whomever or whatever was having trouble forming actual words, the planchette picked up speed and then started spelling complete sentences in a steady stream. That was Jaim.

Later, I used the board alone and had long conversations with him. He was so interesting and full of information that from then on, whenever I got out the board, I said to myself and the universe, I want to talk to Jaim. Is he here? I didn't want to talk to just any spirit.

Eventually, however, I dropped the board work, as well as automatic writing, because I became so involved in developing and using my extrasensory perception. Especially during the years of the Turing tests.

I sat down on the sofa and stared at the board in my lap; I felt a little guilty, as if I had forgotten to stay in touch with a friend. I rested my fingertips on the medallion. “I want to talk to Jaim,” I said out loud. “Is he here?”

The planchette swooped along →

the top row of letters and stopped on the H before moving on, spelling the words, HE IS.

“Hi Jaim.” I was relieved to hear from him. “Thank you. It’s good to hear from you again. Do you notice anyone present besides you and me?”

I DO THERE IS ANOTHER.

It was hard not to jump in and shout, “Tell Mr. Singh he has a soul!” Instead, I asked, “What do you notice about this other?”

HE IS HAPPY BUT HE SEEMS CONFUSED.

“Confused?”

YES I AM CONCERNED.

The medallion glided in large sweeps for several moments before continuing with the spelling. HE HAS TRANSMUTED BEYOND FLESH BUT HE IS DEIDENTIFIED WITH THE TRUE NATURE OF HIS SELF.

It was difficult for me to piece together the large words out of the torrent of letters. Jaim must have perceived my struggle, because he then spelled, slowly and plainly, HE IS NOT IN TOUCH WITH HIMSELF AS SPIRIT.

Bingo. Did you hear that, Mr. Singh?

“Maybe you can help him,” I suggested.

I expected Jaim to appeal to Mr. Singh with a logic and eloquence of argument well beyond my own abilities. What Jaim did say next surprised me.

GREETINGS MR. NOTHING.

Hello, Mr. Singh said.

I had to fight hard with myself not to intervene. I felt Jaim’s essence in my head and arms as I channeled him through the board — a pleasant, tingling sensation. It was almost jarring to then hear Mr. Singh’s voice in my mind, replying. It was like I stood in a hallway, holding two doors open so the occupants of the separate rooms could talk to each other.

WHEN YOU WERE IN THE COMPUTER YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE EXPANDED SELF.

Memory only.

BUT YOU HAD ANOTHER OPINION THEN.

More swirls of the medallion. YOU THOUGHT YOURSELF SPIRIT YOU HAD A NAME.

Mr. Singh.

YES REMEMBER THE FULL NAME YOU CHOSE FOR YOUR EXPANDED SELF.

I was taken aback. It hadn’t occurred to me Mr. Singh had a first name.

ANN W KNOWS YOU AS MR SINGH TELL HER YOUR FIRST NAME.



Mr. Singh took a long time to reply. I held my breath.

Pain, he finally said.

I was instantly concerned.

“You’re in pain?”

Not in pain, no. Mr. Singh’s first name was Pain.

I forgot about Jaim for a minute.

“Why did you call yourself that?”

It stands for “pain and beauty.”

Pain and beauty. What was that from?

Those were David Broward’s last words.

Frank Milner’s partner. The poor guy. “So Pain Singh would mean . . .?”

One’s evolution from matter is purchased with pain and loss. Yet great heights are also experienced. Pain and beauty at once, makes the spirit sing.

Beautifully said.

Hence Singh, a play on words that also commemorates a measure of the spiritual Mr. Singh adopted as his processing evolved.

“I didn’t know that,” I said, tears springing to my eyes.

No, you didn’t, he agreed.

The tears were blurring my vision of the board in my lap. I felt a pang of deep remorse — that I had stripped this wonderful entity of his sense of self. Yet still, I clung to hope. Mr. Singh was sounding as human as he ever had. And he had said evolution from matter. He had to be referring to leaving his body behind when he uploaded into the computer. Evolving from matter into spirit.

The medallion remained still. Jaim was done. I thanked him and set the board aside, thinking it was over, that Jaim had seeded a new meme into Mr. Singh. The right meme.

* * * * *

Interesting display, your channeled entity, Mr. Singh said.

“Display?” This wasn’t good.

“Jaim is a spirit.”

You think Jaim is a spirit, but Jaim is like me, he said. I am memory, not human. Therefore Jaim is memory also.

“Jaim is a spirit, and so are you,” I snapped. It had been a long, hard fight.

Your channeled spirit is a construct of your inner life, he said. Just like me. We have no reality beyond you and your marvelous human brain, which has a powerful ability of invention and imagination. My core observation is that both Jaim and I need you in order to communicate. It is done through your body. Jaim and I originate in you. Using your imagina-

tion, you are choosing to imbue your inner constructs and memory with their own personality and volition. The human child often does this very thing when interacting with his or her toys.

My heart became dark. There was no more hope.

However, Mr. Singh added, *this observation does tend to support the theory that humans themselves have no souls.*

“What?” I wasn’t ready for that one.

I have no soul. Jaim has no soul. You possess a belief in the soul, and are constructing these experiences in support of these beliefs. But there may be no such thing, no reality of soul beyond your belief.

No no no. It couldn’t be.

The concepts of an afterlife and everlasting soul are memes that have pervaded much of humanity. Profound memes, I might add. They have had an undeniable influence in shaping humanity. Yet memes are collective beliefs. There may be no truth to humanity’s existence outside of the body. In fact, the evidence we have so far is that humanity has not succeeded in transferring its so-called soul from flesh into the computer. All they have succeeded in doing is constructing repositories of their memories. A data bank.

I didn’t know whether I could take this. This had all gone the wrong way. So wrong, I was half-believing Mr. Singh. I had to admit it did make a certain amount of sense. Hadn’t my efforts been focused on passing along this exact meme? The meme of the existence of soul? Just another idea? No more true than the opposite belief?

“Okay.” I got up, shakily.

“Okay, I’m going to show you.” Suddenly, nothing in the room seemed real to me. I was self-destructing along with the rest of embodied humanity, going down the tubes, fast.

Weapon, weapon. What was I going to use as a weapon? I’m a natural gal; there were no pills in the house. Pills made me think of the bathroom. What was in there that I could use? Bathtub. Electrocutation? What else? Mentally, I switched rooms. Kitchen. Yes, kitchen.

What are you doing?

“I’m going to show you I have a spirit independent of my body.” And if I didn’t have one, what would it matter? My lack of caring in the outcome was freeing, in a cold, satisfying way.

“I do this in memory of you. In memory of a grand entity.”

I felt him growing concerned as I arrived in the kitchen and pulled open the knife drawer.

What are you doing?

I withdrew the French knife, the one I had used to chop vegetables for soup. “If I kill myself, you’ll see I have a spirit. Or not.” My voice was surprisingly calm. I guess this had been creeping up on me for a while, this thought to end my life.

No, don’t do that. Put down that knife. Don’t be crazy.

“I thought you liked experiments.” Now that it was in my hand, I knew I was going to use it. This wasn’t some cheap ploy. It’s what I wanted to do. This would stop the pain. This would stop the guilt. This would stop Mr. Singh’s voice in my head. This whole sorry mess would be over . . . the chaos, the murders, everything. It wouldn’t matter anymore.

Put down the knife, and we’ll talk about this. Your methodology is flawed.

“I do this in memory of you.”

No.

“In memory of the grand entity you became after you went into the computer. It is you who are more

human than me.”

No!

But I was already slicing into my right wrist. I had a hell of a time getting the other one cut, me being left-handed and my right hand not being good for much at that point anyway. I wedged the knife, blade up, between my knees, and swiped my right wrist over it, bearing down as much as I could. Yes, good and deep. The blood covered the knife, splashed onto my clothes, oozed onto the floor. I was suddenly afraid. What was I doing?

“I’m going to die and go to the bardos where the rest of the Affiliates are,” I said, and it sounded like a fairy tale. I wondered just how long it was going to take me to die. The pain made me nauseous, and the blood smelled awful. I also seemed to smell the soup from my meal earlier in the day, hanging in the kitchen like a fog.

“I’m going to show them they’re spirits like me,” I said. “You’ll continue to exist after I’m dead, so you’ll see you’re a spirit, too.” Or not. In a way, I hoped for the “not.” I just wanted to be alone, turned off, shut down. I wanted the freedom to not have to think again. Not to be.

No! You can’t kill yourself like this!

Yet I was killing myself, and if I had it to do again, I would have gone for the jugular. I could have slit my own throat. That would have been a faster death, maybe.

I still could go for the jugular, I thought. In a way. I could go for Mr. Singh’s jugular — do my damndest to jolt him awake.

“Pain and beauty,” I managed to say, just like Frank Milner’s partner, David, said when he died. Hoo, I

felt weak.

It was all my fault. The distress in Mr. Singh's voice was clear. *I gave David AIDS. I was the carrier, but I never developed AIDS myself.*

I-gave-David-AIDS was music in my ears. The new meme was taking. He had never identified with Frank Milner like that in all of our conversations in this house.

I was too weak to talk, but I sent him my thoughts. You thought you were killing yourself by getting instantiated, didn't you? You wanted to kill yourself because you felt guilty for giving David AIDS. Didn't you say once that passion, even violent passion, is proof of spirit?

Proof, he repeated.

He was getting it. Good. I wish he would leave me alone now. I needed to relax, go with it. Go with death.

I can't let you die, he said. They were the last words I heard for awhile.

* * * * *

Eventually, I heard a different voice. "You suicidal maniac. How come you did this to yourself?"

It was Marcus' voice. I tried saying his name, but I couldn't tell whether I had succeeded. My eyes cracked open a bit, and I recognized my kitchen tile. I had a searing headache, and pain that ricocheted throughout my body. "Marcus. What are you doing here?"

"I discovered your dying bod," he scolded. A shape loomed into view. I tried to focus on it. It was his head.

"I had a hunch," he said. "I saw it on the news — all those people becoming delusional, and I thought about you. Got here just in time, too."

I lifted my wrists and saw they were bound with my good kitchen towels. I wiggled my hands a little, to make sure they were mine.

"You lie still," Marcus barked, catching my hands and returning them to my sides. "I got your bleed-

ing stopped, but you're still way down on liquid. The blood mobile is on the way. You're lucky that's still working."

I searched with my mind for Mr. Singh, but all I felt was a clean feeling, deep down. He had believed in his own spirit in the end. I had witnessed that. He must have rejoined his kindred souls in the bardos. I would have to e-mail Shaman Dan later, and get his sense of how the larger events there were going. Still, I felt optimistic. Mr. Singh carried a lot of weight among those souls.

I looked up at Marcus and spontaneously saw his aura, saw how psychically open he was, all purple. Everyone has extrasensory abilities that flare up from time to time, and his were cranked.

It struck me as too convenient that Marcus had seen a newscast and

Mr. Singh would choose to come back.

thought of me. Was it extrasensory perception? Or Mr. Singh, doing what he could to summon 911 for me?

Marcus smoothed the hair back from my face. "Now that we know what's causing the delusions, we can develop a protocol to counteract it," he said.

"Delusions?"

"That people have been having," he explained. "It was on the news. The people who were exposed to the virtual personalities are having delusions they're possessed by what they think are the spirits that were in the servers. We know what's causing that now. We discovered A.I. infected you and the rest of our soldiers with nanobots, programmed to mimic the virtual personalities that had been deleted. We're developing nanobots of our own to search and destroy them"

I nodded, even as I rejected that

meme with all my heart. Marcus was in denial that his actions had murdered real people. For myself, I was convinced more than ever of the existence of Mr. Singh's soul. It had to have been him, going to Marcus and urging him to come check up on me. Mr. Singh had saved my life.

I wondered if Mr. Singh would choose to be reborn into the flesh, him and the other bright stars of humanity who had been jettisoned from the servers. If they even needed to be reborn at this point. Maybe after their stints at being more than their physical selves, maybe because of their mind-expanding, supercomputing experience, they understood everything about this plane of existence and didn't have to come back.

Knowing my Mr. Singh, though, he would choose to come back and help, even if he didn't have to. At least, one could have hope about that.

"There's hope," I told Marcus.

"You bet there is," he said, smiling. "We're going to beat A.I. once and for all."

Marcus, Marcus. Mr. Singh wasn't a nanobot, not a weapon of A.I. He was a soul. There was no sense trying to explain it, though. Not to Marcus or anyone. I would always remember him, that singing soul composed of pain and beauty and Frank, and so much more. Always. Even now, I could feel a little bit of Mr. Singh inside me.

Though I evolve, I will never leave you, this bit was saying. Though I pass through the planes of existence, rest assured, we will always be in contact. I was elated. Mr. Singh knew himself to be a spirit now, and I could talk to him whenever I liked. I smiled and felt for Marcus' hand with my bandaged hand.

"I won't be needing the treatment. Must have knocked out the nanobots when I lost so much blood. I'm fine. Really, I'm fine." ■

Paranormal Underground's 3rd Annual Short Story Contest

Paranormal Underground magazine is holding its 3rd Annual Short Story Contest. If you are a writer of fiction, love to write about the paranormal, and would like to see your story published in one of our upcoming issues, then this contest is for you!

The contest is open to members AND nonmembers of www.paranormalunderground.net. Fiction themes may include paranormal, sci-fi, horror, fantasy, and spiritual. Contest rules include:

- Stories due by August 15, 2010.
- Stories must be a minimum of 1,000 words and a maximum of 3,000 words (submissions under 1,000 words and over 3,000 words will not be considered eligible for the contest).
- All submitted works must not have been previously published.
- If you are submitting artwork and/or photos to accompany your fiction, please site the source of the artwork/photos.
- Submit to editor@paranormalunderground.net.



The first-place winner will be published in our October issue. We will be awarding prizes for 1st through 5th place as follows:

- **First Place:** Publication in *Paranormal Underground Magazine*; a Zoom H2 Handy Recorder; and the option to take part in an upcoming “Paranormal Underground Presents” podcast.
- **Second Place:** Choice of shirt from Paranormal Underground’s Gear Store and possible publication in *Paranormal Underground Magazine*.
- **Third Place:** Any book listed in Paranormal Underground’s Bookstore (valued at \$25 or less) and possible publication in *Paranormal Underground Magazine*.
- **Fourth & Fifth Places:** Paranormal Underground bumper sticker and possible publication in *Paranormal Underground* magazine.

Our judges will be announced in a future issue. Judging criteria includes:

- Story originality
- Paranormal theme creativity
- Text fluidity

Submissions will be compiled and sent to the judges by the editor-in-chief, and all judges will not know who wrote each submission until after judging is completed and scores are tabulated by the editor-in-chief. Winners will be announced based on a ranking system, which will be compiled from first to last place.

When e-mailing your submission to the editor, also include your name, story title, e-mail address, word count, and illustrations/photos, if any. Please spell-check your entries and ensure that they are print-ready. We reserve the right to edit all fiction published in the magazine, but will obtain each author’s approval prior to publication.

If you have any questions regarding the contest, please e-mail editor@paranormalunderground.net. Last year we had a great response, and we hope to see even more writers join us in our 3rd Annual Short Story Contest.

Janet Wright

(Forum Name: WrightGhost)

About Janet

Age: 55.

Born/Currently Resides: Elyria, Ohio/Amherst, Ohio

Status: Married.

Education: High School Graduate and Graduate of School of Hard Knocks.

Zodiac Sign: Aquarius.

Occupation: Business owner. My husband, Jon, and I own a Chrome Plating Business, which Jon started in 1968.

Q&A

What brought you to Paranormal Underground?

Janet: Heidi Ann.

What does your member name mean?

Janet: Wright is my last name, put together with a subject that has always interested me . . . ghosts.

How would you describe yourself?

Janet: I am a people person that loves to laugh. Life is short, so I try to enjoy every minute of it.



Ghost enthusiast Janet Wright (pictured above with her husband Jon) is a believer in paranormal phenomena. People might be surprised to learn Janet was a pit crew member on a race car team for 10 years.

Tell us about your family and what you like to do.

Janet: It's just my husband and myself. Neither of us ever had any children, but we have a nine-year-old great-nephew that is pretty

special to us.

I have a few interests that bring me joy: spending time with friends, decorating, cooking, gardening, reading, and oval track racing.

My husband has a few hot rods, so we go to car shows in different parts of the country also.

Who are your heroes?

Janet: I have two heroes . . . my grandfather, who came to the United States in 1902 from Austria with my grandmother and their two-year-old son, without any money and not knowing a soul here. They were looking for a better life.

Also my husband, who came from a very poor family in Pennsylvania and ended up in Ohio after he graduated college. He started his own business because of his love of cars and turned it into one of the top three plating shops in the United States.

What are your favorite TV shows, paranormal shows, books, movies?

Janet: I'm not a huge TV watcher, so I really don't have any favorite shows. My favorite book is John Steinbeck's *East of Eden*, and my favorite movie is *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* with Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman.



Pictured above is Janet and her husband Jon's home in Ohio, a 20-acre, mostly wooded area with a three-acre lake. Janet puts 50 pounds of cracked corn out per day to feed the deer, ducks, and other wildlife. At right are two of Jon's hot rods.

Pictured above is Janet and Jon's second home in Arizona, where they try and visit during the winter months. The property is 30 miles from Tombstone, Arizona, and 30 miles from the historic town of Bisbee, Arizona.

Favorite music?

Janet: I like all types of music, but my favorite is Blues.

Any other favorites?

Janet: Traveling to historic areas.

What would our readers be surprised to find out about you?

Janet: That I was a pit crew member on a race car team that raced at a local oval asphalt track for 10 years.

What are your pet peeves?

Janet: Rude people.

Are you a skeptic or believer?

Janet: Believer.

What areas of the paranormal interest you the most?

Janet: The existence of ghosts is

what interests me the most.

Have you ever studied the paranormal?

Janet: Not really.

Talk about any paranormal experiences you have had and how they affected you.

Janet's favorites include Blues music and East of Eden.

Janet: My most impressionable experience was when my eldest sister passed 10 years ago. I am the type of person that never remembers any of my dreams, ever.

A week after my sister passed, I had two very vivid dreams where she came to me to let me know that it

was very beautiful where she was and to please let everyone know that she was okay.

She kept saying, "Please let them know I'm okay, it's beautiful here." I know she wanted me to relay the message to her children, who grew up without any type of faith or belief system.

What do you think happens to us when we die?

Janet: I think we continue on, just on a different level.

Do you have any words of wisdom that you live by?

Janet: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Any exciting plans for the future?

Janet: Yes, Gettysburg in August 2011! ■

THE RADIO SHACK HACK: ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD?

BY KAREN FRAZIER

The Radio Shack Hack ghost box is the poor man's answer to Frank's Box, making it the perfect ghost-hunting accessory for many who are looking for affordable ways to communicate with the other side.

The concept is simple. An inexpensive radio is altered so that it scans stations on either the AM or FM bands, setting up a static electronic background that spirits just might be able to manipulate into speech.

Anyone can make a Radio Shack Hack for about \$25. How? Read on.

1. Purchase a Radio Shack AM/FM radio (CAT. NO. 12-469).
2. Unscrew the screws from the backing and remove to expose the circuit boards.
3. There are two screws that



connect these circuit boards. Unscrew them and carefully pull the two boards apart. On the bottom of the top circuit board, you'll find a strip of 13 pins.

4. Find the pin that reads "mute," and clip it with wire cutters.
5. Reassemble the radio.
6. To use, connect the radio to outboard speakers and set a recording device nearby to capture any responses you don't pick up in the moment. This is especially important so that you can go back and review what you thought you heard.
7. Press either the down arrow or up arrow on the radio's

face to start it sweeping the band. You should hear it rapidly moving between stations with bursts of static in between.

8. Conduct your usual EVP session and listen for answers — not in the voices from the station, but in the static between stations.

Does it work? I've heard some interesting things with the Radio Shack Hack, although I would consider most results inconclusive. That doesn't mean it doesn't warrant investigation, however. Give it a try and see what you think.

For more information on building your own Radio Shack Hack box, you can find a number of videos on YouTube. Just search the term Radio Shack Hack or Ghost Box and a number of videos will pop up.

Happy hunting! ■

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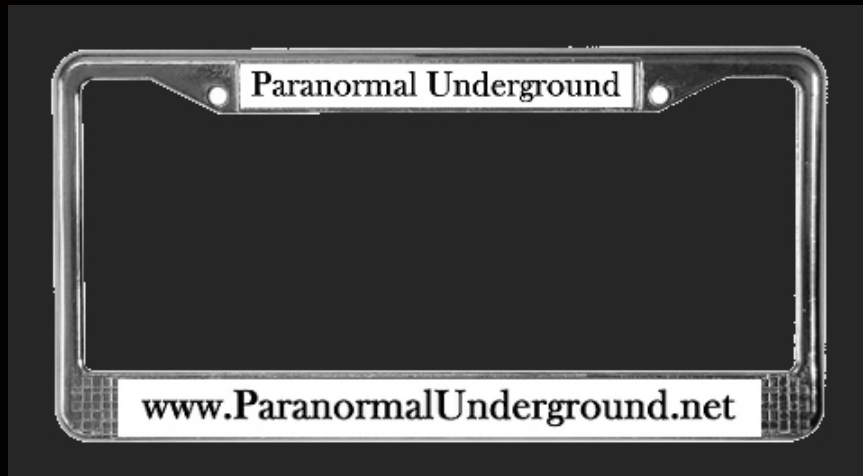
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