



Christine's update

We are already half way through 2009 and this is the first newsletter we have had the time to produce. My apologies but sometimes life gets in the way and things need to be attended to. Things you would prefer to be doing fall by the wayside.

We are in the midst of winter and investigation weather! We ask ourselves why we choose to sit in cold dark places in freezing temperatures and then we remember that we love it.

We also love conducting the Ghost Tours of Como House for The National Trust. What an honour to be able to work with them on this project. If you haven't booked in for the Tour yet, you have until October to do so.

This season's newsletter is chock a block full! A wonderful story from Violet, an account of Aliens trip to join the team on an investigation plus more.

So as the temperature continues to drop, the rain continues to fall and we bundle ourselves up in our winter woolies, make yourself a cuppa and enjoy our latest newsletter!

Christine

This month on the forum:
New moderator appointed
More stories and It happened to me accounts!
The latest investigation results
The latest UFO news
and a lot more!!



MARCH 2008

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Special points of interest:

- Latest CHAT topics!
- Investigation rundown by Alien88
- Violet shares her latest work with us
- The forum is still growing!

**JULY 2009
NEWSLETTER**

SITE NEWS:

**Top Paranormal.
Sites list**

Please drop in and vote
for your forum at

<http://paranormal.top-site-list.com/vote297.html>

Lets see if we can get to
Number 1! We have al-
ready climbed to number
12! Thanks for your help.

**Suggestions or
Comments?**

We'd love to hear your
ideas and feedback. Please
email your thoughts to
contact@paranormal.com.au

**Forum Changes
suggested by
members:**

We have added a
couple of extra
boards to the forum
including a portal for
haunted places
around the world
with pictures and ac-
counts, fae and
friends and an an-
cient finds portal
which examines an-
cient discoveries.

We'd love your ideas
about new boards
etc. Please email us
and let us know !

A VISIT BACK IN TIME BY ALIEN88

It was the early hours of Friday morning where I struggled for sleep due to the pending journey I was about to embark on. Leaving the familiar surrounds of home, (Brisbane) heading for the departure lounge of the airport, sleepy eyed as I contemplated the journey ahead, a journey that will take me back in time.

The sun had barely broken through the morning horizon as my jet streaked across the sky, rapidly gaining altitude and heading due south in quick time, destination Ballarat, Melbourne. To pass time, I was thinking about my first investigation and the team members that I will meet.

On the road to Ballarat the country side was yearning for water, as the land was bare and barren, but not lacking character as it still held its county Victorian charm of yesteryear. A few hours later, we entered Ballarat, a town beaming with historic buildings and eye catching architecture.

After greeting and finally meeting my host, I was taken on a tour of the town which is rich in history, especially gold mining back where in the 1850s saw droves of people from all over the world descend to the goldfields to seek riches. However, as history now shows, those riches were not easily sought.

As we walked through the old jail, now a university, you could sense the hardships that restless souls had to endure back in their hay day. A pivotal moment that caused those hardships was the introduction of mining licence fees which were unjust, along with the inept and sometimes brutal administration that ruled over the fortune seekers.

We left Ballarat central and drove out to an airfield that was once owned by the Royal Australian Air Force, which is a hub of ghostly activity and strange encounters. One bizarre case that stood out is the sighting of a military check point that you would normally see in a war zone, where police officials would stoutly verify your reasons for entering the base.

The sighting that took place appeared very real to the witness who said; "I was slowed down by military police, before allowing to proceed through the gates". When the witness mentioned the event, she was startled to hear that there is no military check point or gate at the site at all.

However, based on historical records, when the Air Force base was operational during the war, a check point post did in fact exist. Other strange accounts included witnesses hearing parade ceremonies at night with flood lights on although on inspection, the old parade grounds were completely devoid of activity.

Further ghostly tales included strange happenings in the airport itself; especially the kitchen area where the owner (my host) has reported cutlery being dislodged and thrown to the kitchen floor. On observing how the individual cups were placed on the hooks, there is no logical explanation as to how those cups could possibly dislodge by themselves! **Cont p5**

LUCIE AND THE EYES

Truth Creatively told

By Violet

I returned from holiday to a house I'd never seen.

When school finished, my parents sent me overseas to my aunt and my sister Lucie to our grandmother for the move. The day before they left for Ireland our belongings arrived at the new house. Gran took charge of the unpacking. Lucie had Gran, the empty rooms, the burnt gardens to herself for most of the summer. It would be just the three of us until February.

A breeze blew shadows over Lucie's face as she stood in the drive beside my suitcase. She was almost my twin, born before I was one. I thought her legs had grown even longer and skinnier.

Listening trees trailed fingers over the roof. "Come on," she said, shivering as if she had missed me.

The house was bright inside with sunlight. We walked through long halls of windows to my room, where pink satin curtains were open and more brilliance stared in at my bed.

"I put your guitar in there for you." Lucie pointed, hesitating in the doorway.

"There's so much glass."

Lucie said, "I know."

"And the curtains..."

"This was a little girl's room."

On my fingertips the gone little girl's satin was soft as a cheek and Lucie could not resist it either. Her footsteps stole up behind me. There was lemonade on her breath. But when I turned into the sweetness, I was alone.

Lucie begged Gran to let us try the neglected swimming pool and because she was Lucie and Gran loved her very much, Gran agreed. Looking at Lucie's scabby child's knees below her curving swimsuit, Gran said crossly, "I suppose it can't hurt," and pushed Lucie's hug away. We shrieked into the green water.

"Be careful, it's bottomless," Lucie taunted. She'd grown tired of wrestling games. I was right, she had grown but I was still more powerful. Now, from the edge of the pool, she watched me treading water.

I laughed and reached for the bottom with my toes. "Really, Ella," Lucie insisted. "I mean it. You should be careful. A little girl drowned here."

Far away at the top of the garden the tall windows glittered and I thought of the perfume of lemonade.

Cont p4



LUCIE AND THE EYES cont.

“She lived here before us. It’s why they moved.” Lucie tipped her head and squinted dreamily over my shoulder. “I can see her now. She’s behind you.”

Water, cool as satin wrapped my hands. I could not touch the bottom of the pool. I swiped frantically with my feet. The clouded water weighed my shoulders and Lucie’s stare held someone’s eyes at the back of my neck.

Then she pulled her gaze to my face and laughed. “Don’t be afraid, stupid. I made it up.”

My feet reached concrete. “I hate you,” I yelled. I saw her tremble and I was glad.

February blazed and Mum and Dad returned. When Gran went home to the seaside, Lucie was subdued for an hour or two. Then she told Mum the Irish wool jumper they brought her was embarrassing and stalked through sleepless moonlight to her room. I heard her crying when I went to bed.

“They don’t even know me,” she said angrily when I tried to comfort her. “They don’t want to.”

At night she sneaked out her window and sat below it smoking cigarettes. She grew taller, more mysterious and the faint smoke fragrance on her fingers and in her hair seemed like beauty to me. I sat beside her wishing her allure for myself, letting my eyes drift.

“We’re not the only ones out here,” Lucie said. “See?”

I pressed close to her shoulder.

“It’s another smoker, stupid,” Lucie scoffed. In the distance floated an unblinking glow. “It’s the neighbour. He’s a peeping tom. I see his cigarette lights all the time outside my window.”

The glow danced, steady as eyes.

“It’s just the neighbour,” Lucie muttered again. Suddenly she stood up and shouted into the dark. “Stop watching us! Leave us alone! Leave me alone!” There were tears in her voice. “I’m telling Mum about him,” she said desperately.

In the morning we searched with Mum for cigarette butts or footprints. After a while Mum sighed and stopped looking. “You imagine things.”

Lucie’s silence grew wilder and wilder until I thought I heard her screaming.

“Come onto the roof with me,” she said. I was frightened of heights but she helped me climb. Then she balanced on tiptoes at the edge. “I feel like a bird,” she whispered. “Nothing can reach me.”

The trees hissed and arched and bent to scratch the roof.

Cont p10



JULY 2009
NEWSLETTER

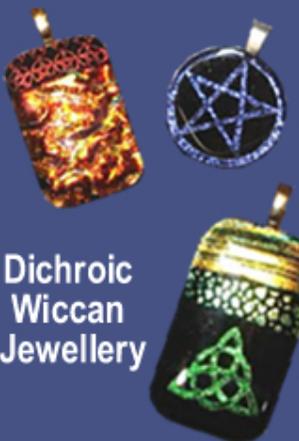
NEWS LETTER

**Back Issues
Available
for download
on the forum**

**On the
grapevine!**

**We hear some-
thing called
Paracon is
coming to
Australia in
2010**

**Watch this
space for more
details
as they come to
hand!**



Dichroic
Wiccan
Jewellery

See Trading Portal
for details

A VISIT BACK IN TIME BY ALIEN88

After being shown the sights of Ballarat and the nearby airport, learning their colourful histories gave me an appreciation of how and why ghost “stayed behind” after departing the earth plane. My host kindly took me into her home to stay that Friday night in preparation for our long investigation the following day.

The next day (Saturday morning) I awoke with the cat keeping me good company, I felt like an excited child ready to embark on an adventurous trip up into the enchanted woodlands lost in time. The morning was abuzz with activity; it was time to kit up and prepare our equipment for departure.

Our destination was an old winery, steeped in history and noted for one of the oldest wineries in Australia. Its construction took place over many decades and was responsible for countless lives lost; all those souls who had perished deserved to be heard and acknowledge for their huge sacrifices in digging out kilometres of tunnels and chambers.

As we drove into the main car park of the winery, I was filled with anticipation of meeting more of my team mates who I have been communicating online with for over a year.

It was like being part of one big family to who you have just been reunited after several years of being apart. I immediately clicked with every one of the team members and they were very helpful in guiding me on my maiden investigation.

After being introduced and been through our initial briefings, we were put to work to explore the various tunnels and chambers through the site. Although the dark tunnels appeared frightening, We did not feel fear at all as you would expect to, In fact we felt safe in an environment that should have evoked fear.

The reasoning behind this feeling of being at ease was by no means an accident. It was due to our experienced and well practiced clairvoyants who tirelessly provided protection throughout every area of the investigation site to ensure no team member was exposed to unwanted attacks from the spirit world.

Learning the processes and procedures on how to conduct a successful investigation was an eye opener as the main goal was to approach situations scientifically; thus ruling out any possible errors in judgement or conclusions that may have a perfectly natural explanation. One of the fundamentals of any investigation is to map a room and take measurements before any filming takes place.

A VISIT BACK IN TIME BY ALIEN88

Our clairvoyants did sense activity throughout the night, including seeing in their mind's eye a portal opening up. Several people, including myself noticed sudden gashes of air rushing past our faces in a room that was completely sealed off to wind. Others felt a gentle nudge in the back only to discover there was no one behind them.

We worked through the night, and time seemed to skip ahead of us without anyone noticing as it was suddenly 5:00am and time to bring the investigation to an end. We pack up our gear and caught some much needed shut eye before saying good bye to each other. It was time to head back home and reflect on the night's investigation which brought some interesting results.

One particular result that was interesting occurred over in two separate locations; one was in a tunnel where our lead clairvoyant was communicating to a spirit who kept on saying what sounded like a person's name however it was not clear. The second location was outside the winery in a grave site where a headstone caught our attention, especially for our clairvoyant.

The name she heard earlier from communications with that spirit was written on the headstone for all to see. We were taken aback at this sight and knew that it was a strong possibility that the headstone was from a person who was communicating with our clairvoyant earlier in the evening!

Well my trip to be with wonderful friends had come to an end and it was time to head home back to Brisbane. I will take back many fond memories with me and if finances permit, look forward to the next investigation.



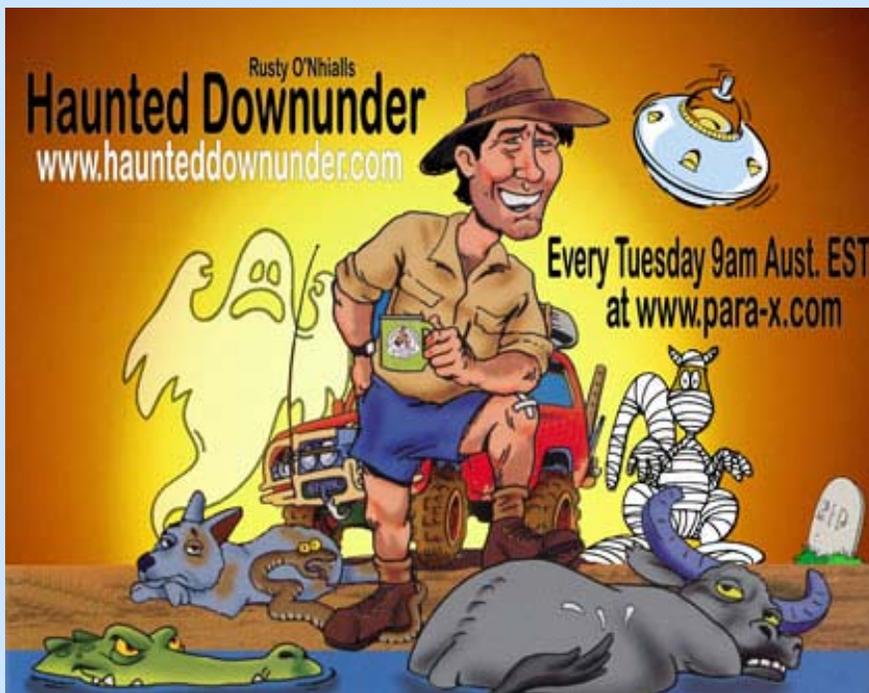
HAUNTED DOWNUNDER

Spookspotters Paranormal Investigations is proud to announce we have formed a working relationship with Rusty O’Nhiall of Haunted Downunder fame. We are thrilled to be working with Rusty and we have many exciting projects in the wings, so stay tuned!

Meanwhile you can join Rusty for a chat session on the forum 8.30pm Thursday 3rd September!

What a great chance to ask questions of one of Australia’s most respected Paranormal Investigators.

Tune into his radio show every Tuesday morning and especially on the 13th of July for his Medium versus Medium talkback show!



Team Update

The year is in full swing for the team. Investigations are all underway and we have three new members in training. We have a good selection of sites that we can access and we have also been conducting the Ghost Tours at Como House. So we are all kept very busy. Jazza has just built a brand new ‘super’ computer for video capture to upgrade from our DVR system. We are also fundraising to purchase new equipment including a MEL meter and a Zoom H4 voice recorder. We’d like to thank you for supporting our auctions. We will be holding another towards the end of the year. So we continue to hear countless hours of voice recordings, inspect tens of hours of video and hundreds of photographs with the help of our team members and some wonderful forum friends!

CHANGES TO CHAT!



Chat took a holiday for the months of October and November. It will resume in December on a fortnightly basis for the time being.

A lot of time and effort goes into preparing a chat session. Coming up with interesting topics, material and guest chattists isn't always easy. We have been doing chat nights successfully for more than 3 years now. So that is an enormous commitment.

It is however, an often thankless task with people arriving later than the scheduled time or a complete lack of attendance over the past few months.

The return of chat will herald some changes.

Official chat will last for one hour and will **commence at 8.30pm SHARP** and stop at 9.30pm. This relieves some of the burden on the chattist to be going all night and for the attendees to stay last their bedtime.

Please arrive prior to 8.30pm if you wish to say hello and be social with other attendees as this will no longer be taking place during the official 60 minute chat time. This makes it easier for the chat transcript to be prepared and placed up on the forum. So if you arrive after 8.30pm please don't be offended when people don't say hello and goodbye.

We are simply trying to eliminate pages of chatter that make transcripts too time consuming to prepare and post.

We have now got a faster server so flashchat should operate better.

Chat will now be held fortnightly until winter when we will review the roster and assess whether we continue fortnightly or weekly.

9th July 8.30pm Astral travel lead by Catseyes and Christine

23rd July 8.30pm Bodyguards, lead by Christine.....you're wondering what this is about aren't you! lol

6th August 8.30pm Crop circles lead by Alien88

20th August 8.30pm Zenner card experiment lead by Christine

3rd September 8.30pm Chat with Rusty from Haunted Downunder!

17th September 8.30pm Object reading and how to do it

1st October 8.30pm Como House Ghosts lead by the team

GOT GHOSTS?

**SPOOKSPOTTERS
PARANORMAL RESEARCH
WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!**

contact@spookspotters.com.au



Como House in Melbourne is to be commended. They are introducing Twilight Tours of this wonderful National Trust Property.

The Team had the honour of investigating Como House in 2008 and we had a wonderful time. Now the National Trust has opened the house for these twilight tours.

Numbers are limited. Groups will be of no more than 12 people each tour, ensuring you can absorb the ambience of the experience.

Twilight Tours focus more on past people and events in the house. More than a few of our staff, volunteers and visitors have had 'stories' to tell courtesy of their time at Como. As we view Como by flickering candlelight, these stories certainly add to the ambience of a Twilight Tour!

Back by popular demand, Como is running Twilight Ghost Tours with the assistance of a medium from Spookspotters. This tour will focus on past people and events in the house. Tours begin with a complimentary glass of wine in the beautiful Ballroom where you are given a background of Como's residents past and present. The Twilight Tours run only on the first Thursday of the month up until the 1st October 2009. The evening adventure takes place between 6.30pm and 8.30pm.

COST: General \$30, Concession \$27, Member General \$25, Member Concession \$23

Ghost tours are not suitable for children under the age of 15. Bookings are essential. Please call 9827 2500 for more information.

Or you can check out the Como Website at http://www.comohouse.com.au/what_s_on

Oh and one more thing, members of our very own Team will be delivering the tours for the National Trust. All funds however go to the upkeep of the property and no funds whatsoever goes to the Team or any of it's members individually except for a small fuel donation for one of the Team to come from Ballarat once a month for the Tour.

So please come and support your forum friends and the National Trust so they might open up more properties for these types of tours. The tour is ever evolving as we encounter more of Como's past residents!



LUCIE AND THE EYES cont.

Perhaps Ireland seemed far away to Mum and Dad after bushfire days and blistering nights with Lucie and me. They escaped for dinner, just the two of them. We were old enough to be left alone.

I closed the pink curtains but when Lucie came to me I was playing my guitar to the window.

“The eyes are here,” she said, terror on her breath. “They’re close. They’re right outside.”

She was so afraid she flinched when I took her arm. Then she grabbed mine too. Up close I saw her lips were blue. “We’ll go to Mum and Dad’s room,” she said.

But in Mum and Dad’s room the curtains were open and the against the windows pushed the great dark, like water. Drenching cold enclosed me and I gasped for air.

We fell against the door. My mother had left her bedside light on. My father kept a loaded gun by his bed. From my arms Lucie reached frantically for the weapon, throwing her hand blindly because she could not turn away from the glass.

“Where are the eyes? Where?” I croaked, and Lucie froze. She watched something I could not see come closer.

“They’re inside. They’re in this room with us.” Her gaze travelled. “They’re under the bed.”

“Lucie, I can’t breathe!”

That is when I came to know my sister’s courage.

Lucie broke from the eyes and looked at me. Cold poured into my lungs. I felt my hands and feet sweep weightlessly, adrift. I felt her tenderly touch my face, felt her skin’s slight warmth like a burn, smelled the smoke on her fingers. “Don’t be afraid, stupid,” she said.

On hands and knees she crawled through the swimming dimness to the edge of the bed. She stopped and smiled at me. Then she lifted the valance and faced the eyes.

In the black window behind her I saw them, reflected.

“There is nothing there, Ella,” Lucie said. “I made it up.”

As I grew nearer to fainting, I saw her hair swirl around her head as if lifted by a current. I saw the gun sway gently towards Lucie like it might fall, and fire. I saw the curtains stream, saw the reflected eyes incandescing into Lucie’s. “There is nothing there,” Lucie said again.

The eyes blinked out.

Lucie asked our father to cut down the scraping trees. While he worked, she took his ladder from the shed and made sure it replaced them as a route to her perch on the roof. We burned the wood in our fireplace that winter.

There came a quietness to Lucie that might have been peace. On weekends she walked an hour from our house to the bus stop that took her to Gran’s house by the beach. She came home rosy. She’d leave our bathroom floor crisp with sand. She made wings and freedom smell like salt for me.

One night, hearing breath behind me, I asked the gone little girl, “Did you see the eyes? Did they drown you?” I put down my guitar. “Are they still here?”

The scent of lemonade was heavy and I felt her sigh brush me, satiny, as she slipped away.

