



*Inside Windsor House*

seeing the past in such a fashion, but I felt privileged to be allowed to see a glimpse of how these people lived so long ago. You will have to make up your own mind if you believe in timeslips or not, I now know it is possible as I witnessed it with my own eyes.

After an exhilarating investigation at Spetts Cottage, I returned to Windsor House to sleep in the snoring room, a little room adjacent to the Aberfeldy suite where my sisters were already fast asleep. I was wide awake, and not suffering any weariness even though it was after two in the morning. I prepared for bed and slipped under the covers where I thought about the events of the night, and wished for the umpteenth time that I had packed a novel to read.

I was considering getting up again when I heard footsteps in the attic directly above me; initially I dismissed it thinking it was rats. Listening closer I realised it was someone wearing hard-soled shoes on a wooden floor; I briefly wondered why the owner would be walking around up in the attic at such a late hour. But it was a little more difficult to come up with a logical explanation when the sound of a chair scraped across the wooden floor. My sisters and I had been up to the attic earlier so I knew there was no furniture

up there. This happened a couple of times: a chair scraping the floor and footsteps wandering around. I listened to the footsteps come down the attic's wooden stairs and along the polished floorboards in the passageway that led to the rooms we were sharing. The otherwise quiet night made the footsteps deafening. The odd thing was that I was not scared; it was thrilling to hear noises that I knew had no logical explanation. Shortly after, things settled down again and I finally managed to drift off to sleep.

It was not a sound sleep, occasionally I stirred wondering whose adult voices I could hear murmuring, and twice I heard the laughter of children playing and talking out in the street. I wondered why children were out so late. It sounded like a school's playground. I drifted off again.

Suddenly I awoke, certain that something had disturbed me. Although the beds were extremely warm, hot actually, I suddenly grew icy cold. I shook violently from the coldness as surely as if someone had engulfed me in snow. I felt a hand resting on my hip and was shown the image of a man's face, drawn and thin, with ghostly pale skin. His eyes were shut as if he was dead or unconscious, a beardless chin clearly showed a slightly creepy smirk. He had little to no hair. That was all I

could see, his face slowly submerged into murky water until it disappeared completely. Then it repeated itself as surely as if I was watching a film that had got stuck on a particular scene, playing it over and over, multiple images of the same face falling to its deadly grave beneath the water.

I had the distinct feeling that it was a male showing me these things and that he was taking particular delight in my discomfort at what I was experiencing. Sensing his delight unnerved me more than the image or the coldness. I ordered him to leave immediately in a firm voice. Suddenly the image and coldness were gone. As quick as it is to click your fingers the warmth of the bed returned. I lay awake listening for sometime, but the rest of the night was quiet and uneventful.

In the morning I asked my sisters if they had heard anything, but they had not heard a thing, which resulted in them teasing me throughout breakfast. The owner overheard my sisters' taunts and enquired what was going on. I explained about the noises (leaving out the ghostly man's face that I had seen—I needed time to digest that information for myself before I told anyone else). She nodded when I had finished explaining and said that other guests had told her that they have heard the same sort of noises.

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Spookspotters is a paranormal investigative team consisting of technical experts, mediums and researchers. They investigate haunted places in the search of life after death proof.

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