

The book cover features a dark silhouette of a hand reaching upwards from the bottom left corner. The background is a dramatic sky with a large, glowing sun or moon partially obscured by a rainbow. The title and author's name are printed in white, serif font in the center of the image.

Confessions
Of A
Medium

BY C.W.

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Dedication Page

This dedication goes out to my kids for all their love, and support, and telling me to always believe in myself and never give up. Their faith in and belief in me is the reason why I keep going.

Credit Page

This credit goes out of Photography by Lora for all the cropping and editing she did for the book cover and the pictures she has done for my blog, her work is amazing, thanks to her I was able to finish my book.

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Preface

This e-book is written collection of paranormal, supernatural stories based off true events and is a written journal on paranormal and supernatural experiences. All events are real and true and based on real life.

About the Author

*I'm a new up a coming writer who loves writing children's books as well as short stories, poems, and articles. I have been a writer for more than two years now. I work from home and I enjoy writing poems, short stories, and articles. I wrote *The Dolphin and Me* and *Dolly* because it's always been my dream to publish one of my books.*

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Chapter 1

Intro

Hello!!! I'm Miriam and I'm a medium and there are many names for what I am, I'm a medium, a spiritist, seer, clairvoyant. I can see and talk to ghosts, spirits, demons and have known to cross over the dead; and you are now reading my journal which are experiences that I have experienced throughout my life. I have seen many ghosts, encountered many spirits, and have seen many demons. I'm forty-three years old. Not many people know of my gift and I don't announce to the world either in fear of being teased or criticized, or just being called crazy, and I don't go announcing it either. Not many people believe me when I tell them that I'm a medium they think I'm nuts or just seeing things, or just out for attention. Let me tell you I take my gift very seriously I do believe that I have a true gift from God, why did he bless with this gift I'm not sure, but I know he must of gave to me for a good reason.

Not only do I see can talk to spirits and ghosts I have had experiences with the spirit of animals too, but I also have my own dog who passed away of cancer, she came to me and she comes every so often, I have had two spirits of a cat come to me in which I were very close too, I have even heard the spirit of a horse. Sometimes I see ghosts or spirits that are good, and kind and are looking for peace and just looking to cross over or have unfinished business. I also have encountered spirits that are bad or even scary. Am I afraid to talk to the dead? No at all, I feel I empathize with them and it's easy for me to talk to them. When I first found out that I had a gift maybe I was a little afraid because I wasn't sure who I was really talking to, was I talking to ghosts or spirits? Or was talking to demons? How do know a ghost or spirit is in the room? Well, I can have a sixth sense and I can just feel them around me, sometimes I can see orbs, apparitions, sometimes it can be a touch, or a noise, even flashes of that person's life, also my most encounters with the dead have been mostly through my dreams, and no that doesn't mean what I experienced was an actual dream, it's totally different. It's like I'm seeing what the ghost or spirits see and then I experience their death or trauma. What is the

coolest thing about my gift? I love that I have this gift but don't get me wrong I didn't at first, I hated it and I literally thought my gift was a curse and that I was being punished. I also have had my own relatives come to me say goodbye to me as if they knew I had a gift. My most favorite cherished memory is when my grandfather died he came to me, and I remember sitting on a park bench with him and we just sat and talked until I watched him disappear into the light. I have to say is love that I can talk to ghost and spirits, I like being able to interact with them and connect with them, even though what I see is scary sometimes. When did you have your first experience? I was only five years when I saw my first ghost and I terrified, and the weird thing is I wouldn't have my next experience until five years later. What is the scariest experience you have ever had as a medium? When I was in my twenties and I was living at home I was in the process of moving and I was in my attic at that my house had demons in it and anyway, I had just come up my attic steps, I had just reached the landing and just as I put my foot down some force much stronger than me pushed me back so hard I fell backwards, but there was another force behind me that pushed me back saving me from falling and

that day I found that my guardian angel saved me who happened to my niece who passed away. My experiences I have with ghosts though often come to me in my dreams are real and true, why do they come to me in my dreams? Ghosts and spirits are prone to visit through my dreams because they sense I'm more relaxed and more prone to connect with me. Do ghosts and spirits always come to me through my dreams, no I have actually had a little boy ghost connect with me I was outside it was during the fall and smelled bubble gum and for a second I closed my eyes I saw a young boy with a baseball cap on, it was apparition and it didn't last long but this little boy was connected to me, I took a walk with my dog and this little boy held my hand for the longest time and I feel his hands intertwined with mine, it was so touching. This little boy stayed with me for the longest time. The sad this I never knew what happened to this sweet little boy, and I often think of them and what happened to him. This little boy touched my heart and I wish I knew what happened to him, usually ghosts or spirits will show me how they died, and this spirit didn't. I don't know if he was just a ghost looking for human contact but was one of the best experiences of my life as a medium. I remember being sad

because the ghost of the little boy had gone away, not sure why maybe he was scared or just maybe he found peace and crossed over. Being a medium isn't the worst thing in the world it's kind of like being a therapist for ghosts and the best part for me is crossing them over. I remember the first I had to cross a ghost over and it one of the saddest moments of my life, a drowned girl I think she was teenager came to me in a dream one day while I was napping and right there, I knew exactly what she needed and wanted even without her saying anything, it's I knew her thoughts once I crossed her over, I never saw her again. Being a medium is so hard on you, sometimes you see things you can't forget, and it sits with you. I have seen so many horrible things, I witnessed my own death, the death of my own children, and so much more. I used to think that my gift was a curse, and there were times that I didn't want my gift, once I found out that I had the ability to control it especially when things got bad it wasn't so terrible. My experiences as medium progressed as did my gift as it grew stronger, I started seeing more ghosts, the visits became more frequent, even scarier, I have many, many scary experiences with demons in which I fought with all my life no thanks to my mother. My mother who was a

claimed Christian (in reality she was just a hypocrite), I remember a story growing up where my mother was involved in witchcraft and there a lot of bad things that happened and I believe that because of that a demon or even the devil himself had become attached to her, I didn't really make that connection until I was way older, I figured it out. There so many factors at play like her mood changed, she started drinking and taking pills, she became abusive physically, mentally, and emotionally, she become withdrawn, and started acting weird, I knew something was going on and I can feel an evil presence constantly around her and definitely feel it when I hugged her or got close which was rare, I was scared of what was around her. I remember closing my eyes and I saw was a coming to not in demon form but only as a huge black mass that was encompassing her. It was horrifying, whatever was around her began to focus its torment on me and this lasted for years until I finally took a stand was firm in my faith and I rebuked them. They attack me in any way they could they attack my faith, my family, they come to me in my dreams. And even now I still get attacked in my dreams. My real story begins, enjoy as you enter my Paranormal Journal entries.

Chapter 2

Paranormal Journal Entry 2- First Visit

First, welcome to my very first journal entry, I have been keeping a journal and documenting all my experiences. Now mind you I just want to say I was way too young when this happened to me and it was very traumatic experience for me. Dear journal, hi it's Miriam, I was only five or six years old when I had my first paranormal experience, and at first, I didn't even know what was going on, I was so scared and confused. In my opinion to have a gift at such a young age was so scary and I didn't know how to deal with it or what I saw was real or if I was imagining it. I was playing in the woods like a did every day and I was in my favorite playhouse just minding my own business, sweeping the dirt; it was a quiet afternoon in the woods. I saw something out of the corner of my eye and it an apparition or real form of something and I really couldn't tell what it was because it was far away, so I move in closer, being very cautious. I knew better than to go near whatever it was that had appeared before me, but curiosity got the best of me and I had to go investigate. I moved in closer walking closer to the apparition. This ghost or spirit wasn't threatening or anything, but it stood there staring at me with his

dead cold eyes. When I walked closer, I saw what it was, it was a man and his wolf, he was tall he was wearing some type of cape with a hood and beside him was his wolf. Out nowhere the ghost begins chasing me, I let out a shriek and run as fast as I could hear the wolf growling and snarling behind me, I could hear the crunch of the twigs and branches. I kept running I slipped as I sprinted through small stream and fell. The wolf was gaining on me, I thought for sure he got me and just then it pounced out of where knocking the wind out of me. I hit the ground hard as the breath flew out of me, it hurt, and it was hard to breathe; the wolf felt heavy on top of me it was like a pound of bricks sitting on my chest. I could its breath on my neck, its saliva dripping down its fangs onto my neck. It growled and snarled and then it raised its head and howled. The howl sent a chill down my spine giving me the willies. Then the heavy footsteps of the man came and as he got closer, he began to look more familiar to me, and then I remembered I knew him from an urban legend that has been told in a city where I lived the man and his wolf. Apparently, a beggar had been wrongfully accused of a murder he didn't commit and was sentenced to death and the woods where I played was his woods where he lived, and he had haunted. I had seen the famous man and his wolf. I thought for a minute how cool is that. The man came closer to be he raised his weapon as if he was going to strike me with it, I fought to get the wolf off me, I took my

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little legs and kicked it in its stomach and it yelped and backed away, I got up as quickly as I could and I ran, I ran as fast I could out of the woods, past my favorite tire swing, up a huge hill to the safety of my house looking behind the whole way. I hurried into my house running up my steps into the safety of my room and I hid in my closet of stuffed animals and never spoke of my experience, and that was the first and last day I saw the man and his wolf.

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