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Paranormal Pages

Got a Paranormal Product, Haunted Business, or Spooky Story to Share? Be part of the Paranormal Pages – the newest supernatural directory and feature in *Supernal* magazine.

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PARANORMAL EQUIPMENT

Paranormal Pages

What's Your Go to Horror Movie or Series? Just a month or so ago, I was given the DVD series of *Supernatural* and we have started watching it, one or two episodes at a time. I did watch a few episodes when it was airing, however, I didn't really get into it until now. It's been a fascinating journey so far.

HAVING been involved with Australian Ghost Adventures, Forever Haunted and many associations with other ghost groups, I am watching it with different eyes. And, before the emails come streaming in, I know its Hollywood's version of entertainment! We are still in season 1 and there's a few to go! And, who the hell doesn't love a black 1967 Chevy Impala?

I must admit, I don't watch much TV and tend to record the shows I want to watch advert free. I'm probably showing my age, as I still love watching my DVDs!

This has led me to remember some of the shows I grew up with. Probably the scariest was *The Night Stalker* and the paranormal experiences of Carl Kolchak, played by Darren McGavin. This was created in the early 1970s and followed reporter Carl through the myriad of dark and scary monsters that come out at night – and sometimes during the day!

As a kid I was scared of the dark and this program only made it worse. I would have been under 10 when I was watching it, probably home alone in the dark!

I also really enjoyed the *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* Series. Creepy music to go with shadow work

in black and white, later colour imagery. He was the inspiration for the *Paranormal Pages* promo video. Of course, other actors such as Vincent Price, made a living from playing the creepy roles I loved. Since then, movies like *The Blob*, *War of the Worlds*, *The Exorcist*, *The Shining*, *Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Poltergeist*, *IT* and many others have shaped the horror scene.

I'd love to hear about what movie or series has shaped your journey through the paranormal, with a good ol' chillin' experience. You know hide under the blanket stuff!

Got a story? Send it to: editor@supernalmagazineaustralia.com.au
Every story we publish gives you a free 12-month digital subscription to *Supernal Magazine*.

Read the latest issue of the magazine: www.supernalmagazineaustralia.com.au

Let's raise the vibe and the veil, together. S

Yours in Spirit,

Anthony Kilner

KOLCHAK THE NIGHT STALKER



Supernal Magazine's
Paranormal Pages

PS: Check out our new promo for the Paranormal Pages. We certainly had some fun creating it with Stelios from *Chronicles X TV*. If you are keen to join the Paranormal Pages as a tour operator or business, then contact us here at *Supernal*.

Image Credit: Anthony Kilner, Emma Percy



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Image Credit: Anthony Kilner, Emma Percy

Haunted forces Team Up

IN the dynamic world of paranormal technology and gadgets, innovative partnerships often forge the path to market leadership. When Haunted Hardware began looking globally to source quality paranormal products to sell in Australia, an exclusive alliance with Poltergear, a UK brand known for its ghost-inspired electronics, was created.

Poltergear is a company specialising in paranormal electronics. These include the 'Laser Trip Wire Pro', the different versions of the 'Music Box' and the 'Polterpod' range of equipment with its distinctive green casing. Poltergear immediately stood out, with these items recognised as a perfect fit for the Australian customer looking for quality products at reasonable prices.

After initial discussions, Haunted Hardware has become the sole Australian agent for Poltergear, bringing the entire range of products Down Under.

"Sales of the Poltergear products to date have been incredible. Our customers love the quirky, ghostly gadgets and, as a result, so Haunted Hardware's online store has quickly become the go-to destination for Poltergear products in Australia." Stated David Nesbitt of Haunted Hardware.

The partnership between Haunted Hardware and Poltergear embraces their shared passion for the supernatural, paranormal and innovative. The two companies turned a chance encounter into a growing enterprise, bringing a



little more fun, and a few friendly frights, to the world of paranormal technology in Australia. S

Check out the range of Poltergear products available online now at www.hauntedhardware.com.au

Image Credit: Supplied by Haunted Hardware

Ghost Talk: Experienced Opinions

Q: Do you ever go into a haunted location with all your protections set? I do!

OVER the years of working in the Old Geelong Gaol and other haunted locations, I have been asked many questions about investigations and mediumship. The one that blows me away is the question highlighted in this issue.

A: The short answer is, No, I don't. People use various forms of protection from spells, energy shields and crystals to name a few. What I've found over the years is that while protections can work very well, they tend to block a person from fully experiencing the location.

For example, through psychometry, physical touch, we can experience a range of emotions, sensations and visions of times past. Through energetic touch we can use all the Clairs and use our body as one 'big tool' to have meaningful experiences when connecting with spirits. Add to that our physical senses, which allow us to experience anything and everything a haunted location has to offer.

That's why I suggest going into any location fully open, with no protections.

Ask an Expert

What I do strongly suggest is that cleansing your energetic field and physical body after being in any spirited location is a must. White lighting, using sage to smudge are two of the best ways I know work.

Happy Haunting! S

Check out my webpage at www.bridgingrealms.com.au

Each issue we'll pose your questions to our experienced panel. Send your questions to: editor@supernalmagazineaustralia.com.au

Image Credit: Chronicles X TV

The Lady in the Mirror

By Brett Bennett

Every suburb has *that* house, the one parents warn kids off, the one teenagers dare each other to poke around after school. In Nunawading, that was the place on Rooks Road. Big old weatherboard, half-collapsed, long abandoned. No one really remembered who owned it anymore, just that you stayed well away from it.

BRUCE and Brett, both fourteen, did not believe in staying away from anything. It was a chilly mid-arvo with the kind of wind that came in hot bursts between cold ones, rattling fences and making the gums creak like they were complaining. The boys had been bored, riding their bikes around the back streets, when they rolled past the house.

"Bet you ten bucks you won't go inside," Bruce said.

Brett snorted. "Mate, I'll bet you ten bucks you'll chicken out first."

And that was that.

They dumped their bikes in the long-dead grass and hopped the fence, which groaned under their weight. The front door was busted enough that it didn't even need to be opened,



just nudged aside with a toe. Inside, the place looked like whoever lived there had left in a hurry. Plates on the floor. A handbag spilled across a dusty hallway table. Clothes draped over the back of a chair, like someone peeled them off and never came back.

"Reckon squatters lived here?" Brett whispered.

"Nah," Bruce said. "Squatters would've pinched the good stuff."

"What good stuff?"

Bruce shrugged. "Dunno. Just sounds like something an adult would say."

They laughed, because that was easier than admitting the place had a weird heaviness to it, an air that clung to the skin.



"The woman lifted her hand inside the mirror, palm open, reaching toward them with desperate want."

The house groaned as the wind thrashed at the walls. A stack of papers fluttered across the floor. Something upstairs thumped.

"Possums," Brett said quickly.

"Or ghosts," Bruce offered, grinning.

"Shut up!"

They wandered deeper in. The lounge room was the worst, furniture toppled, photos smashed, a pram sitting sideways like someone had run straight through it. However, it was the back wall that froze both boys mid-step.

A huge mirror leaned against the plaster. Victorian-style frame. Heavy. Expensive once upon a time. A dusty old sheet covered it and the wind, sneaking through the broken windows, made the sheet lift and fall like someone breathing underneath.

Brett elbowed Bruce. "Let's go."

"No way. Someone covered it for a reason."

"Exactly! Which is why we leave it."

Bruce ignored him and stepped closer. Another gust shoved its way through the gaps in the floorboards and rafters. The sheet lifted, floated and slipped off entirely.

Both boys sucked in air hard. A woman stood inside the reflection. Not in the room. Just in the mirror.

She wore a long dress, the hem soaked in old stains. Her hair hung in limp strands. Her skin was pale, Melbourne-in-winter pale, but worse.

Drained. Dead-looking. Her eyes were huge and sad and fixed on the boys as though she'd been waiting decades for someone to walk in.

"What... the hell..." Brett whispered.

Bruce took a small step back. "It's... it's just a trick. Like an optical illusion. Maybe there's a room behind the wall."

"There's no bloody room behind the wall, Bruce!"

The wind howled through the ceiling and with it came something else - a voice. Thin. Breathless.

"Help... me..."

"Okay, nope, we're leaving", Brett said, already grabbing Bruce's hoodie sleeve.

Bruce couldn't move. His limbs felt heavy, like he'd waded into deep water. Brett felt it too, his feet rooted to the spot even as every instinct screamed Run, you idiot!

The woman lifted her hand inside the mirror, palm open, reaching toward them with desperate want.

Their own hands rose without permission.

"This isn't us doing this," Brett whispered, sweating.

"No kidding."

The air between them and the mirror prickled like static. Their fingertips hovered centimetres above the cold glass.

Then she changed.

Her skin sank inward like wax melting. Her eyes hollowed into black pits. Her jaw snapped open unnaturally wide. Her arms stretched forward, bones cracking as her fingers turned skeletal, claws scraping the inside of the glass.

The boys screamed.

The mirror bowed outward as though something behind it slammed toward them with full force. "STAY..." her voice tore through the room, shredded by the wind.

Bruce and Brett stumbled, kicking over a side table, knocking down a lamp, crashing into each other as they scrambled across the ruined floor. Bruce slipped on a pile of papers and nearly face-planted. Brett hauled him up and shoved him toward the door.

Behind them, the mirror cracked; a sharp, splitting sound like winter ice breaking underfoot.

They sprinted out the door, down the overgrown path, over the fence, tearing through weeds and rusted junk. The wind chased them all the way to the street, carrying that awful, stretched-thin voice.

"STAY..."

They didn't stop running until they reached the Milk Bar two blocks away. They collapsed on the footpath beside the bike rack, wheezing.

"You saw it, right?" Brett said finally. "Tell me I didn't imagine that."

"You didn't." Bruce gulped air. "She wanted us." "Wanted us for what?"

Bruce shook his head, eyes wide. "Don't wanna know."

They rode home separately, neither taking Rooks Road again for months.

"Brett felt it too, his feet rooted to the spot even as every instinct screamed Run, you idiot!"



Yet here's the thing about stories like this, they don't always end where you want them to. A week later, a demolition crew arrived at the old house. Council Order. The place was too unsafe.

The crew foreman lasted ten minutes inside before stumbling out pale as chalk, mumbling something about a "bloody mirror that wasn't reflecting right."

The mirror was removed from the site and transported to a warehouse.

That night, the security guard called his boss claiming there was "someone in the glass." He quit the next morning.

The mirror vanished from storage two days later. No paperwork. No explanation.

Local kids still swear that on windy afternoons, when you walk past the empty lot on Rooks Road, you can hear a woman's voice drifting across the grass. Calling for someone. Sometimes whispering a name. Sometimes two names.

And every so often, someone reckons they see a tall, cracked mirror propped against a fence, just for a moment, before the wind shifts and it disappears.

Bruce and Brett don't talk about that day now. However, they never, ever walk past mirrors in abandoned houses anymore. S

Do you have a spooky Story? Email editor@supernalmagazineaustralia.com.au and every story that gets published will receive a free Digital Subscription for 12 months to *Supernal Magazine*.





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Tour Companies & Businesses

Paranormal Pages

WELCOME TO PARANORMAL PAGES – BUSINESS & TOUR GUIDE

We're thrilled to launch our very first Paranormal Pages Business & Tour Operators Guide – your gateway to Australia's supernatural scene, state by spine-tingling state!

This is just the beginning. As more of the paranormal community jumps on board, these pages will grow into a full-blown directory of haunted happenings, spooky specialists, and spectral seekers across the country.

Massive thanks to those early believers who backed this vision from the get-go. Your support is helping us bring to life Australia's very own paranormal hub – a place where ghost tours, investigators, psychics, mediums, and metaphysical mavens can all stand proudly under one eerie, Supernatural roof.

To our readers: if you love what we're doing, back the businesses backing us. Book a tour, visit a shop, share the word – and help us keep the paranormal alive and thriving.

Got a spooky biz or ghostly gig? Jump on board – the Paranormal Pages are calling!

Email editor@supernalmagazineaustralia.com.au for details on how to join the Paranormal Pages.



GUIDE TO TOUR OPERATORS



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Paranormal Adventures Australia

www.paranormaladventuresaustralia.com Soula Raven Vaitsis – Bendigo, Bealiba, St Arnaud and many other sites across Victoria.



Tasmania

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Willow Court Asylum - New Norfolk, Anglesea Military Barracks - Hobart, Gaiety Theatre - Zeehan

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Victoria

Forever Haunted, www.facebook.com/ForeverHauntedParanatural/

Gary Sullivan 0417 597 880 & Anthony Kilner, Paranormal Investigations, Workshops, Public Speakers & Demonstrations.



Haunted Hardware, www.hauntedhardware.com.au/

Paranormal equipment sales, sales@hauntedhardware.com.au

Tasmania

Ghost Girl Tas, TikTok. emma@ghostgirltas. Paranormal Investigator, Virtual Tours @ Willow Court Asylum.

Image Credit: Freepik