

## Melrose Court

My name is Natalia and I would like to share one of my many paranormal experiences with people all over the world to help them understand that bad and unexpected things can happen to anyone, any time, anywhere. But, with the right guidance and a strong faith in God, negative entities which cause chaos and suffering to so many people in this world, can be defeated.

I have always heard voices that no-one could hear and saw things that no-one could see. I was the “outcast,” the “weirdo,” so I spent most of my childhood alone. Nobody understood what I was going through. My parents put my visions down to an “over-active imagination.” “Teenage hormones” was another common explanation for my erratic behaviour. So I lived a solitary life, withdrawing further and further into myself as the days, weeks, months and years went by with only the tormenting voices to keep me company.

With no-one to turn to, I eventually resorted to drugs. It was the only way to stop the voices in my head. Then came the self-harming; brought on by the voices constantly bullying me, telling me that I was fat, ugly and stupid and that I would be alone for the rest of my pathetic life. If I could not afford drugs I would cut myself over and over again. The pain would temporarily block out the voices and it would give me a feeling of relief. I would bleed. The blood showed me that I was still alive.

While I was living at home with my parents I had become accustomed to the strange goings on. The banging and scratching, ornaments falling off the shelf, things disappearing then reappearing as if by magic. Compared to the rest of the house my room was like a walk-in freezer. It was inexplicably cold and it smelt bad, but it became the norm.

However, once I moved out and got a place of my own, all hell broke loose. Every night I would see demonic faces staring at me through the television. A huge serpent with bull horns would appear in my fireplace. It would hiss at me and occasionally it would mutter in a foreign language.



The psychic attack happened soon after. I was punched in the face by a beast that was half bear half man. It made my mouth bleed. When I tried to defend myself I was surrounded by demons. I stood my ground and screamed at them to leave me alone but a massive black beast with fire in its eyes grabbed hold of me and snarled: "You'll never escape your fate. You belong with us, little girl." I was then lifted 3 metres into the air and hurled across the living room. I hit the wall and fell to the floor. Petrified, I scrambled to my feet and tried desperately to find my keys. I couldn't see them anywhere. The heat in the living room was becoming unbearable. It felt like the room was on fire. The demons voices were raging in my ears; taunting me, laughing at me. I could feel my ears weeping. The whole incident seemed to go on for hours but it was literally only a minute or two ... and then I saw my keys. Grabbing them off the floor, I raced to the back door and somehow managed to open it. Flinging it open I fled into the garden wearing only my pyjamas. It was pitch black, raining and freezing cold but I did not care. I was terrified and was shaking uncontrollably.

Once I started to calm down a little I realised that my mobile phone and my car keys were still inside. I so wanted to call my mum but I could not bring myself to go back inside. I crept along the outside of the wall to the back door, stopped and listened. It was silent. I could not hear them. I waited a little longer; I needed to be sure that they were not hiding, waiting to pounce on me again but there were no sounds to be heard. My heart was racing again as I ran in, grabbed my phone and my car keys and ran back through the garden to my car. I phoned mum, blurted everything out and waited for her to come.

She contacted Alan Cox that same evening and asked him to come up to Scotland as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I moved back in with mum and dad. I wasn't staying in that house another night on my own until Alan had cleared it.

Alan and his lovely partner Anne arrived a couple of days later. To everyone's utter dismay, Alan discovered that my house sits atop a portal that leads straight down to the bowels of hell. Clearing the house psychically would only be a temporary measure; it would need to be done on a regular basis and this was not advisable. He strongly recommended that I leave the house as soon as possible. I didn't need to be told twice!



*Images provided by [Alessandro Paiva](#) and [Ferr Fickers](#)*