



# The Mad Medium

**Dr. Thomas E. Berry**

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Dr. Thomas E. Berry



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Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.  
12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507  
Houston, TX 77065  
[www.sbpra.com](http://www.sbpra.com)

ISBN: 978-1-62857-952-9

Design: Dedicated Book Services ([www.netdb.com](http://www.netdb.com))

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# Chapter 1

## Séance, May 10

**I**n a haunting, fearful voice, the medium Mr. Gladish cried out, “Are you calling from the grave?”

The seven people seated around the table with me at the séance stiffened and sat quietly, hardly breathing. I shuddered.

Moments passed. No one dared to speak. The atmosphere in the room was eerie and somber. Suddenly an ethereal, mystical sound vibrated from a high corner. The improbable and unbelievable evolved into reality. Suddenly the woman sitting next to me sobbed uncontrollably and asked through her tears and sighs, “Is—that—you, my darling?”

“Quiet!” Mr. Gladish yelled, his voice no longer alien, but showing his impatience and irritation. At that moment overhead lights pierced the darkness. The medium was annoyed. “You’ve broken our communication! I told you that you must remain quiet until I have established firm contact.” He seemed pixilated because his crazed eyes made him appear as if he were speaking from another plane, another level apart from us.

The woman continued to cry. Another woman said, “She would spoil it!”

Everyone else remained quiet, which gave me a chance to glance around the table. The clients were an unusual mixture of types and I knew that I would have to become acquainted with some of them if I was going to placate my reason for being there. I, Paul Rogers, a special investigator for the FBI, had been selected for the assignment because of my success in some other nefarious incidents. When informed about the possibility that the medium was involved in fraud and drugs, I was intrigued, but I hesitated to play another “underground” role because my fiancée, Lois, did not appreciate my absences. Yet I readily accepted the mission

when my superior at the FBI disclosed some incredible information. There were reports that several people that had attended séances were missing, but even more astounding was the revelation that the dead were reappearing during séances. Even though the medium Mr. Gladish was descended from the most famous spiritualist of the nineteenth century, Mr. D. D. Home, there was nothing in the historical accounts of that ancestor describing the actual appearance of known deceased personages. I was fascinated, and at my first séance, I did feel that something diabolical was taking place. The atmosphere was creepy and the curtained room heightened a sense of strangeness. Still, in spite of my effort to hold on to empirical reality, I soon found the séance quite fascinating. It was easy for me to forget my purpose for being there because I was confronted with events that I could not explain or understand.

There was also something in the medium's smile. It was too sincere and there was a small twinkle in his eyes that made one think of a mentally disturbed person.

However, the more he gazed at me when the lights were on, the more I was captivated by his look. It was exactly the make-up that Hollywood would have used to hold our attention. I had never experienced such a sensation before. Was it hypnosis or my imagination? Whatever, I was entranced and charmed by him.

Mr. Gladish stood and the crystal diamond in his turban flashed rays of light over us. He then placed a glass on the table, saying, "Would someone please pick it up." A stern-faced woman seated beside him reached over and lifted it. "Show it to the others," he softly asked. She held it up and made a circle in the air before the seated guests. The medium sat down and stared at the glass. Since we were strangers, no one talked. It was obvious that everyone was somewhat nervous. If I looked at the others, they immediately looked away. We were all withdrawn, as if hiding from something we did not understand, something otherworldly and mystical. The light above dimmed and Mr. Gladish continued staring.

We watched with great amazement as the glass suddenly moved from one side of the table to the other even though no one touched it. Two gasps were audible, but most of us simply sat bewildered.

When the glass had moved back to its original position, Mr. Gladish relaxed, sat back in his chair and said in a softer, but gravelly voice, "Will some one pick it up, please." The same stern-looking woman to his right reached over and lifted it. When it quickly slipped through her fingers, it fell on its side. The medium asked, "Would anyone else like to inspect the glass?" No one volunteered. We all seemed stunned by the remarkable event. I knew nothing about kinetic energy, but I had just witnessed its power. While I was there for an investigation, I doubted that I could penetrate such alien forces.

The group at the table slowly stirred in their seats. As the lights dimmed almost into darkness the medium stood up. "Now," he said in his calm, soothing voice, "let us try again to contact someone who is trying to reach us. Let me plead with you again for quiet. We must remain deathly quiet." The light continued dimming, and the quiet was almost excruciating. I again shuddered. There was a sense of confusion: our hearts were beating and our lungs breathing, yet our minds were drawn into another dimension, another eternity, another world. A desire for a release from the boundlessness of the cosmos overtook me. I looked to the right and left, but it was too dark to really see anything. I felt trapped; I was on the verge of leaving the table when I heard a soft musical sound coming from nowhere, audible and entreating.

"Are you there?" Mr. Gladish kindly whispered in an inquiring tone. The medium addressed the impossible. Suddenly Mr. Gladish whispered, "Who are you?"

The plump lady beside me gasped and two people stirred in their seats, making a faint rustle. Someone whispered in a nasty tone, "Be quiet!"

There was silence. I was afraid that the commotion had driven away the unusual sound. We waited in silence,



scarcely breathing. After a few moments, the enticing whistle-like consonants resounded and I looked upward into the darkness. The slight stir of everyone at the table indicated that they too were listening. Suddenly there was quiet again. I was sure that Mr. Gladish was throwing his voice some way, but again I could not be sure. The sound seemed in the distance, far from the room, but yet it was penetrating the chamber. Again he asked, "Who are you?"

After a brief pause a spirit rose from the depths and caused all of us to tremble. We raised our feet as if something ghastly and odious would quickly enshroud our legs.

"Oh, stop it!" a lady's voice pleaded piteously. "I cannot bear to see it," she sobbed.

Once again the room filled with light from above. Mr. Gladish stood up and said, "If this happens again, we shall cease. You cannot expect communication with the other world if you are bound to this one. Let us sit quietly for a moment." He sat down. His eyes were transfixed with horror and seemed as if they were impaling us, making us motionless. Two ladies sitting by the tearful and scared woman tried comforting her, but she continued sobbing into her handkerchief. The stern-faced participant said, "She's ruining the séance."

"Oh, have mercy," one lady implored as she smoothed the back of the distraught woman.

Mr. Gladish stood up and was about to speak when the tearful lady waved her hand and sat up straight. "Oh, sir, please do not cancel our meeting. I promise to be very quiet."

I and several others also asked that the séance continue.

After a slight pause, Mr. Gladish said, "Very well. Let us first have a diversion." He sat down, looked about the room and then raised his right hand as he pointed to a small wooden table. Everyone looked in the direction he was pointing. Suddenly three legs of the table rose about two inches from the floor and it began moving across the room on one leg. Again there were gasps. When it reached the other side of the room, it settled down very gently on all four legs.

“Remarkable!” someone shouted.

“I can’t believe it,” a lady said, dropping her chin and leaving her mouth open.

I agreed. It had been stunning and I could not see any possible explanation.

One of the gentlemen asked, “Would you explain it, Mr. Gladish?”

The medium sat down again, but he did not offer any explanation. Instead he said, “We shall now commence our last communication with the spirit world today. Does anyone have any questions before we start?”

There was silence, but finally a man asked, “Why were there such differences in the vibrations that we heard? The first time the sound seemed above and was very lyrical, but the second time it seemed below us and scared the heck out of me.”

“Me, too!” someone said and this was repeated several times by others.

Mr. Gladish bowed his head, then slowly raised it as he said, “The otherworld is not in one place. Several of you have asked specific questions for which you wish answers. To satisfy your inquiries I tried contacting different depths. The first was the eternal cosmos of limitless measure, but we were interrupted, you remember. The second was the fathomless abyss of the world of darkness, but again we were unable to control ourselves and lost the annexation. Consequently, two of you who have asked for precise information from the beyond will not have answers today and must wait for another time when the forces are suitable.”

“Oh!” resounded and everyone looked at the lady who had cried.

The stern-faced lady murmured something under her breath that sounded like a snarl.

Mr. Gladish continued. “We shall have one more try at communicating with the spirit world. A third person among us has asked a most unusual question and I should like to find the answer for her.”

A man who had been quiet during the entire session suddenly burst out with, "What was it?"

Mr. Gladish looked at the gentleman and replied, "It is a personal matter. I shall allow you to hear the answer, but you might not understand it. It will depend on the lady who asked the question whether she wishes disclosure. You must remember one thing only, Mrs. Crenshaw will be the only person allowed to ask questions because it is her quest that we are researching. Does every one understand? Should we make contact, only she will be allowed to converse with the force that comes to us. Am I clear?"

Several replied, "Yes."

One gentleman nervously questioned, "Are you referring to a dead man?" His voice broke, but he then continued, "As a force?"

Mr. Gladish replied, "Yes, because we do not know what form the mind of the dead takes when it is in repose."

His reply caused the group to stir in their seats. Comprehension of what the medium had suggested was difficult and we grew anxious.

After a slight pause, Mr. Gladish announced, "We are now ready. I ask that everyone sit very quietly. You, Mrs. Crenshaw, may speak, but only when spoken to. Do you understand?"

A muffled gasp from the lady as she put her handkerchief to her face implied that she understood.

Everyone looked at each other, but no one spoke.

"Shall we begin?" Mr. Gladish asked.

Another gentleman raised his hand. "I have a question. Are we entering the ethereal or the dark world this time?"

Mr. Gladish smiled. "Neither! We are going below the threshold of consciousness into the subliminal of the nether world where individual souls dwell. Let us hope that the forces are suitable and allow us communication. I only hoped that it made sense!"

Everyone became quiet as the darkness returned. We sat for several minutes before the tension caused us to adjust our seating positions or breathe deeply enough to be heard. Finally

a strange sound wave seemed audible in the distance. It was repeating the same indistinguishable words, which were becoming more recognizable as it approached. Yet at times it would be coming nearer from a different direction. As the utterances became more discernable an individual word became comprehensible. It was soft, ghostly and seemed to be a question, "Martha?"

Her voice trembling, Mrs. Crenshaw replied weakly, "Walter?" Her fear was obvious.

From another direction came a soft, kind whisper repeating the inquiry. Yet it was loud enough for all to hear. "Why do you ask it?"

She did not answer, and the rest of us were left in wonder.

Mrs. Crenshaw cried without sound.

The voice continued very weakly, but its message was quite audible. "Trust Monsieur Gladish,"

"But Walter," the panic stricken Mrs. Crenshaw uttered louder than before. However, she did not continue. Instead she suddenly let out a fearful scream that frightened everyone at the table, including me.

"Oh, God!" one woman fearfully sighed and even though it was dark, I could tell she was pointing upward.

I shuddered, but when I looked up and saw the faint, ghostly figure gazing down at us, I trembled. *My God! She's right. It's a dead body! It can't be!*

Mrs. Crenshaw sighed heavily as her breath left her body. She fainted back on her chair. Abject fear ran through the assembled and I had an utter sense of dread. The impossible was above us and we were extremely fearful.

"I saw him!" One lady blatantly called out and left the table in a run toward the door.

Another lady tried reviving Mrs. Crenshaw.

I looked above again, not believing what I had seen. Whatever had been there had disappeared, but I quivered inside. I had seen the dead!

Mrs. Crenshaw revived, but could not talk. When asked a question, she stuttered. It was as if she would reveal something that she did not even want the medium to know. The

medium asked, "Mrs. Crenshaw, if you want further communication now, you must quickly ask."

When she did not respond immediately, the lights began penetrating the darkness. Mrs. Crenshaw buried her face in her handkerchief and cried. Through her tears she caught her breath and said, "I actually felt his hand on my shoulder. He touched me." Her tearful face looked around at us, trying to make us believe her.

At this point, I came back to reality. Until then I had been scared and somewhat under the spell of the surroundings and the medium. I was surprised by my immersion into his routine. I felt strange, as if I had been away somewhere and suddenly came back to earth. I had succumbed in spite of my self assurance to the contrary. I had assured myself that the séance would be nothing but bunk, yet I had acquiesced and submitted myself into the medium's spell. I had even enjoyed it and somewhat believed what was happening. Only the last part awakened me. The appearance of what resembled a dead body and the strange voice speaking actual sentences brought me back to reality. Yet I could not figure out how Mr. Gladish was manipulating all of this. And, in my opinion, this had to be a case of conspired deceit.

The séance was over. Several participants raised hands to ask questions, but Mr. Gladish paid no attention. Instead he started making announcements. Standing very straight and looking above us, he informed us that the next séance would include levitation, but that only certain people would be invited. We would be informed either by email or by phone if we could attend. Before departing the hall, he also announced that Mrs. Crenshaw would continue her quest at the next séance.

One lady cried out, "Oh, please include me!"

Her plea went unanswered. The medium went out of the door and the assembled stood up. No one seemed interested in talking or meeting their fellow participants. I, however, stayed behind to search the room. When the others had departed, I stood and looked behind the curtain near the table.

There was only a wall. Yet I was sure that there was some kind of electrical gadget somewhere and I continued my search. I looked behind the curtain near the chair where the medium had sat. Again I found nothing. Noticing the little table that had moved, I walked over and picked it up. There was no mechanism underneath and there were no strings or wires attached. The table had actually moved by itself.

I wondered if kinetic energy could actually move that table. Then I hurried because I knew my absence would soon be discovered. Soon I had checked all the areas where I would have suspected devices and electrical outlets, but I had found nothing. Even in the area where the dead body had appeared, there were no hanging wires. I was baffled.

I left the room and raced downstairs to the office where I joined the line with the others from the séance. There I was informed that I would have my first meeting with the master where I would decide if I wished to continue. If I did, I would be given my first interview by a Mr. Piper. That was scheduled for the next day.

When I arrived at the large brick mansion called Sacred Hall, the name of his parapsychology institute, I had trouble unlatching the handle on the huge heavy iron gate.

At the great carved wooden doors, I rang the bell, but no one answered. Finally I tried the door handle and it opened quite easily. I entered a foyer where a marble staircase led up to a gallery of grand proportions. Evidently the building had once been the home of a wealthy merchant. It was located in an area that had gone through changes as the city grew. Recently some of the large old houses on the street had been restored by people moving in from the country. Most of the large mansions were still divided into apartments.

A very short, odd-looking man came out of a side room. He introduced himself as Mr. Piper. My first impression of the freakish little chap was that he did not give much assurance that the parapsychology institute was legitimate. He did not look like a Pied Piper that a group of children would follow out of town. There was also a sweet odor in his breath

that I associated with marijuana. Then he conducted me into a chamber decorated in Victorian style. There was heavy furniture and every space on the walls was covered with pictures. Mr. Piper informed me that he was an assistant and would interview me before I met the master. I sat down and waited while the dwarfish man arranged his papers on a small table by his chair. Looking around the room, I thought of descriptions by Charles Dickens, but it was Mr. Piper who attracted most of my attention. There was something peculiar about his skin. It was yellowish and dried out. Also, he seemed to be gazing at my body from head to toe every time I looked away.

Suddenly, in a soft voice, he asked, "What is your name?" Then he looked out a window as he crossed his legs and moved his thin arms with great aplomb. Before I could answer, he raised the volume of his precise voice and asked again, "What is your name?"

"Paul Rogers."

"You're an American," he commented, looking at me.

"Yes, American."

"Why have you come to this institute?"

"I have lost my beloved wife and would like to communicate with her."

"Why?"

That question caught me off guard and I stuttered somewhat in creating a lie. "Well, I—I miss her so very much."

"Do you honestly believe that you can communicate with the departed?"

"I want to believe it because I want so much to talk with Ann."

Mr. Piper wrote down something and asked, "What sort of work do you do?"

"I am a sales manager for a food distributing company."

"What is the company's name and phone number?"

"General Foods. 202-543-7474."

Again Mr. Piper surprised me. "What is your yearly income?"

I decided to act suspicious. "That's a rather personal question."

"Yes, but we must know if you are in a position to carry out the program that we shall set up for you."

"I see. Well, with my salary and investments I make over \$100,000 a year."

"The master's séances cost \$500 a setting; individual interviews after your initial one also have a price. They depend on the time spent with his majesty."

I nodded as if I accepted the various aspects of the program. Knowing that I would be subsidized by the FBI, I had no concern about costs.

Mr. Piper busily wrote down some figures and comments. Watching him, I felt that there was something unpleasant in his mannerisms. He was quite pretentious and I noticed for the first time that he was wearing eye shadow. That and his continual glance down at my pants make me almost laugh, wondering what I was going to have to do for the sake of my beloved country.

Mr. Piper put down his pen, stared at me a few moments and then said, "Before you will be able to talk with the master, we will do a little investigation about you. Should you qualify for a series of séances with his majesty, we will call you and set up a schedule." He stood up and walked toward the door. His small, disfigured body seemed even more repulsive. I hoped I could avoid him.

It was obvious that the interview was over, but I had many questions. Yet I did not want to waste time with Mr. Piper; I wanted a meeting with the so-called master, but I would have to wait my turn. The next day my director at the FBI informed me by code that the institute of parapsychology had inquired about me and that they had been given verification of my work in General Foods, the front organization created for my investigation.

I asked my boss if there was any known evidence about a Mr. Piper, who passed himself off as an assistant.



“Just a minute,” headquarters said. “I’ll check the archive.” Seconds later he reported that Mr. Piper had been caught several times in a police raid on a gay bar like they used to do in the old days.

“I thought he was a faggot, but I’m not doing that for my country.”

My boss laughed and said, “Just keep your zipper up.”

“Very funny,” I replied and asked. “When can I see my fiancée?”

“We’ll let you know.” Then he asked, “What’s your first impression?”

“Frankly, I wouldn’t want to dissemble right now. I think you’d conclude that I’m not well.”

“That bad, huh?”

“More incredible than you could believe.”

“You sound rather strange. I’ll be anxious to read your report. For now, just remember to go to the apartment we’ve set up for you. A lot of your personal things have been put in it. Have a good evening.”

For a few moments I kept looking at the telephone receiver and thought of several cuss words I would have liked to yell at it. I thought I needed more support and I wanted to jump in bed with my girlfriend. I went to my newly set-up apartment and put on a recording by Donna Summers.

That same evening Mr. Piper called and asked if I could come for a meeting with the master the next day. I agreed and a time was set. Unfortunately I almost laughed when that strange, little man said the word “master” with such reverence you would have thought an archangel was involved. Instead I coughed and hid my amusement.

I spent the rest of the evening before my meeting with the “master” practicing the lies that the FBI had constructed for me. I had seen the spiritualist at the séance and remembered the medium’s unusual smile and the subtle tone of his voice. Since I would be actually meeting him, I practiced what I would say to his majesty, but I was not prepared for what I encountered the next day. When I arrived at Sacred Hall, the

strange Mr. Piper met me at the door and offered his hand for a shake. It was like holding a handful of soft clay and I wanted to drop it quickly. He held on, but finally let go. "Follow me," he whispered and conducted me up the marble staircase into the huge gallery. We entered a large library with several heavy oak chairs covered in brown leather. "Please be seated," he said as he pointed to a chair in front of a large desk. He took a brochure off the carved oak desk and handed it to me. Its title was "D. D. Home, Forbearer of Magic."

"Please read this while you wait. It is wise to know that the master is a direct descendent of the most famous medium that ever existed. Mr. Gladish has inherited his powers, as you have seen." Then he left the room.

As I sat there wondering what the master would be like in a one to one conversation, I started reading the brochure. I had not finished the first page when the door opened. The wrinkled, scary-faced master entered. He was a man of about sixty-five wearing a red turban with a large, glassy diamond centered above his forehead. His eyes were seductive and seemed to read what my mind was thinking. He came directly to me and held out a hand. I stood, shook it and we both sat down facing each other. Again I noticed something in his eyes that I found rather abnormal. There was a far-away look, yet he was staring at me quite steadily. Perhaps he thought I resembled someone he had previously known. His stare was so intent that I did not feel at ease.

"Mr. Rogers," he finally began in a very even, steady tone, "I have great sympathy for anyone wishing an exchange with their most dearly departed. You do believe that this is possible, correct?"

I nodded. "Yes, I have heard that people can achieve such a miracle in this institution."

The medium's eyes opened widely. I had never seen eyes so ensnaring. "Where did you hear that?"

"There was an article in the paper about Sacred Hall."

The medium hesitated and then looked at the floor. After a slight pause, he stated, "Yes, there was an article about us not

long ago. However, there were also some uncomplimentary things included in the report.”

“There will always be skeptics,” I quickly suggested.

Mr. Gladish squinted and gazed even more intently at me. He then stood and walked over to a position where he could observe my profile.

I felt ingratiated to be the receiver of such attention, but I did not understand his infatuation with me until later. When he returned to his chair, his eyes held me as if mesmerized.

He continued. “You are certainly correct. I like your answer. I believe you are capable of reaching out, that is, of letting your mind reach the plateau where communication with your loved one would be possible.”

With great enthusiasm I replied, “Oh that would be wonderful. When can I attend another séance?”

His eyes opened very wide. “I like your spontaneity. I am sure we can have success. Your eagerness increases my desire to help you.”

“Thank you,” I added very kindly, wishing to continue my enthusiasm and trustworthiness.

“However, I must tell you that our institute is very busy. You will have to attend a couple of séances that would not be about your own quest. Yet they would give you assurances about what will happen when we can concentrate on your own inquiry.”

“That’s fine,” I answered. “I’ll do anything you suggest. I’m willing to put myself in your hands completely.”

Mr. Gladish’s lips pinched together as he looked at me. “Very fine! I shall have Mr. Piper register you for our next séance. If you have any questions, ask him and he will confer with me. Do you have any questions now?”

I nodded, wondering how to broach the subject. “It’s Mr. Piper. I...”

An odd smile showed on the master’s face and he said, “Don’t worry about Mr. Piper. He has sins that Jesus himself could not forgive. Yet he’s harmless and very obedient. You will find that he can be very helpful.”

That was what I was worried about. A bit too helpful I thought.

The master stood up and gave me his hand. I shook it as I rose.

“It’s been a great pleasure to meet you, sir,” I said as he turned for departure.

Mr. Gladish nodded and bowed as he left the room. At the door he waved for me to be seated. I did.

The peculiar Mr. Piper returned with some papers and sat behind the large desk. He wrote something on a paper and then asked, “Would you like to give me a credit card number or do you prefer to pay by check?”

I gave him the credit card the FBI had arranged for me and he wrote off the information. That settled, he glared at me and said, “Mr. Rogers, at the séance you will be seated at a table with seven other participants as you were the last time. You will not know them and will not meet them, but that is not important. You will listen attentively to the proceedings because they will be similar to those that will be performed when your own interests are being considered. Do you have any questions?”

“There is one thing I would like to mention, if you don’t mind. Mr. Gladish seemed to stare at me most peculiarly. He...”

The little man waved his hand and interrupted. Whispering, he commented, “I believe that you remind him of his son who died so tragically.”

“What happened?”

Twisting his lips, he answered, “I shall show you that I trust you. He overdosed on heroine. Now, do you have any other questions?”

I shook my head, wondering why he felt he could trust me.

“Fine. Then we shall expect you at 9:45 on May 10. Goodbye.”

He stood, walked lightly over to the door and opened it for my departure. I left with my brochure, thinking, *my word, what an unusual assignment! Strange people and*

*strange goings on! This is going to be quite an undertaking. How I wish I could take Lois in my arms and tell her about it! She would find it interesting too, but I must remain "underground."*

At home I sat down and read the brochure. It was fascinating. Mr. Gladish certainly descended from a phenomenal human being who had astonished the world during his lifetime. The first paragraph was quite revealing;

Mr. D. D. Home had an international reputation for his extraordinary powers. In America on the testimony of William Cullen Bryant and other well-known men, it was recorded that knocking on the walls, the sliding about of chairs and the levitation of the medium himself in the air occurred without the slightest recourse to trickery so far as they could observe. In England his séances were attended by many prominent people, including Robert Browning and his wife. In Russia he performed for Emperor Alexander II and his wife, Empress Maria Alexandrovna in the famous Winter Palace in St. Petersburg as well in the summer palaces Peterhoff and Gatchina.

Reading the brochure, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Gladish had indeed inherited his abilities from such a historical figure. It also made me think that there really was something authentic in his performances. So I looked forward to my next séance. Would Mr. Gladish also be able to levitate himself in the air? I believed that he could because it seemed that he brought back a dead man at my first séance, an event that I still could not believe I witnessed. And what other phenomena would he perform? From what I read he was also capable of clairvoyance, telepathy, and extrasensory perception. The more I read the more I found that the medium was indeed an extraordinary man. I looked forward to his future presentations. Yet I also had to remember that I was investigating Mr. Gladish's institute. There had been times during the séance when I thought there was something diabolical, but for the most part I had suspected trickery. I decided that it was the behavior of his assistant Mr. Piper and

the medium himself that caused my suspicions, but as far as the séance was concerned, I had certainly been astounded.

Thinking back on the occurrences during the first séance, I decided that perhaps my best approach for an investigation would be to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Crenshaw. Did that body that appeared above us in the dark really resemble her deceased husband? It was so creepy I still shuddered remembering it. The corpse truly seemed real and she fainted. Everyone at the table was aghast. I had never seen anything so otherworldly or unexplainable. Yet there had to be an explanation, but I could only conclude that it had been an apparition. There was also the curious message from the beyond. Why was the phantom-like dead man telling her to trust Mr. Gladish? It also seemed strange that she was the only one who had experienced a ghostly touch or fondling during the meeting. I concluded that if I could use Mrs. Crenshaw as my starting point, I would soon enter into the world of the phenomenal Mr. Gladish.

Yet there was more to be discovered than I could have possibly imagined at the time. Nevertheless I felt quite satisfied that I had made a positive impression and that my investigation could easily be as interesting as the séances themselves. I wonder if I would have continued if I had known at the time how devious the spirit world can be and how unscrupulous a talented medium could become.

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