



## Ancient Ram Inn

Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire

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Report by Andrew Marsay

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We arrived at the Ancient Ram Inn approximately 20:00 to start our first ever investigation. Outside, we met a variety of people with ranges of experience in paranormal investigations. Martin, one of the event organizers said that he had been here before. He advised that if we don't sense or see something in this house then we never would anywhere else. He claimed that it is probably one of the most haunted houses in the UK.

We were eventually introduced to the present owner of the property, John. John is 74, is a motorcyclist and lives by himself, but often has visits from teenagers throughout the week. He used to be a clergyman, and although he claims he still has his faith, it came across to me that he is unsure of what he once believed. Unfortunately, John was not feeling too well as he had bruised ribs as a result of being thrown down the stairs the previous night! John appears to be a bit of an eccentric gentleman, but pleasant enough. He gave us a little introduction about himself and about the house that he lives in. Some of the stories sound to be a little far fetched for my liking and one wonders whether some of them are made up at an attempt of attention seeking.

Upon entering the house, I overheard our medium for the night, [Celia Thomas-Gale](#), chatting to John in his kitchen. Celia was saying that she sensed that there was a body of a murdered baby, buried under the kitchen, and that it was some sort of sacrifice for some devil worship that had happened in the past. John just replied, 'there are bodies buried everywhere'. We turned to the right and went into a room, which notably was a complete mess and hoard of junk. Some things caught my eye. One was that there appeared to be a stuffed Rook or Crow hanging from the ceiling and the other was a hole in the ground which had an 'Ancient Grave' label next to it. Whilst John was giving his introduction, Celia was wandering around the place with a crystal in her hand. This led here to the fireplace, and she deliberately said that there was a body buried there, and she got the name Christopher. John simply replied, 'I know, there are bodies everywhere...'

John displayed some artifacts that he had found in the house over the years and he was interested to find out what Celia thought of a particular item. This was a horseshoe, and it looked like it belonged to an average size horse. Upon examination Celia announced that she felt it was not a pleasant feeling and that it had something to do with the devils horse. To me this looked like an ordinary horseshoe, but what do I know? There was another item that John had found on a ledge up a chimneystack. It was a thick disc of a tree branch with a wedge cut out and tacked back together by a nail. Apparently this is known mainly in a voodoo culture. You get a piece of hair from an intended victim and put it inside the wedge, and nail it shut. The disc is then placed over a fire where the hair will slowly burn, allegedly giving the intended a slow and painful death! Why was something like this found in an old Gloucestershire house?

John also told us that some nights he can't get to sleep because of all the poltergeist activity that happens. He recalled to us one day. He had moved his bedroom to another room directly over the kitchen. This bedroom has a bolted trap door. One night for some unknown reason the trap door was banging and banging, not letting John get any sleep at all. This went on and on for weeks. Previous to this starting his brother sadly passed away. John went to see a clairvoyant friend of his and was asked what was wrong. He explained about all the banging and that he was not getting any sleep. After some consultation with the other side, the clairvoyant explained that it was his brother. As soon as John moved his bedroom back to where it originally was, all the noise stopped...

From here we ventured into the next room, which was a complete junkyard. There was stacks of tables, metal objects, planks of wood, just a load of complete junk. A girl who was filming next to me announced that her camera was playing up and that the viewfinder was all fuzzy. I quickly turned on my camcorder to see if I would get the same, but mine worked fine. I took several pictures around the room but nothing materialized. All the while we were in the house the temperature was cold. However, the house had no central heating, it was about 8°C outside, and the house was full of holes and had no insulation. From the junk room, we went upstairs. Under the stairs there are reports in the past that a crying baby can be heard. We didn't hear anything, although one chap said he heard a baby crying a bit later on. Once we got upstairs we went into a sort of dining room. In the room there was a lot of old furniture and ornaments, an incredible amount of Toby jugs for some reason. John must be a collector?

Some people around me were getting a bit agitated and claimed that they could hear someone wheezing? I didn't admit it at the time, but I think it was probably my digital camcorder as it does make a strange whirring noise! Then a few people heard noises, banging like, from downstairs, although everyone was meant to be in the room. The organizer, Martin, went to take a look. To my knowledge he failed to see anyone, but the source of the banging was not explained. From the dining room we then progressed on to the infamous 'Bishop's Room'. This room is alleged to have five spirits within. Upon entering we went to the far end of the room. The room had three single beds, with dusty deep red eiderdowns. Various pictures adorned the room, and there was a dressing table a mirror at the far end. There was an assortment of portraits on the walls.

Celia was then starting to 'see' some spirits from the past. Firstly she mentioned that there was a gentleman parading up and down the room. He was waiting for a signal to come, a message from King Charles I. He was dressed in long length boots. It had been reported in the past that a cavalier had been seen in the room, pacing up and down. (It turns out later that the spirit is in fact a Roundhead and the Cavaliers never went to the Inn, whereas the Roundheads were there for a month awaiting instructions for the next battle). Celia then came down the room towards our direction. Directly above me was an old wooden false ceiling. Above here Celia saw two highwaymen. They used to use this place as a hiding point after robbing some unfortunate. They would hide there, and if the constabulary of the time were about to find them they would drop down through the window and escape on horseback. One day, Celia described, they didn't get away and were caught jumping out the window and hung on a tree as an example to others.

It was after this that someone suggested that we turn the lights out. After a minute or two Celia complained that someone had lifted her scarf from her neck. No one owned up to this. A few more minutes later Celia announced that she was going to find out why the majority of the men in the room were down one particular end. The end we were in. As she wandered down through the darkness she ended up being stood next to me. I was sat on the edge of one of the beds. After a little while Celia said that she now knows why the men are in this part of the room. She had a spirit with her called Elizabeth, sat on the centre bed. For some unexplained reason I knew what Elizabeth did for a living. Celia asked the question, 'Can anyone guess what Elizabeth did for a living?'. I replied 'I've a pretty good idea, she is a lady of the night?'. Celia confirmed this and advised that Elizabeth was saying that she was good, but not cheap. A whole sixpence would get you 10 minutes. One of the guys we were with was searching for a fiver!

After saying this, all of a sudden my thighs went icy cold. It was already cold in the room but my legs went even colder. I then felt a sensation on my right hand, like someone had held it. It was cold and had a pins-and-needles sensation. As this happened Celia shouted out if someone had just tugged her skirt. As I was sat down next to her I replied that I hadn't, and my brother was stood behind her, hands in pockets, also denied this. Celia then discovered that it was in fact Elizabeth. Maybe I am being a bit vain, but I believe that Elizabeth sat on my lap and held my hand. It was an interesting experience and one I would happily have again. We then left the Bishops Room and went up some stairs to the attic. Celia had a sudden headache and felt sick. A few people in the group also had a headache, on the same side as Celia and a few more, including my brother were also feeling sick. Celia said that she felt that the building at some time housed a lot of sick people, possibly a plague or the like. I personally felt none of these symptoms. From there Celia went into a room off the attic. In there she sensed the presence of a Dutch lady, wearing a traditional headdress.

In this room Celia was asked about her spirit guide. She advised that she had a few and then pointed in my direction saying 'you and you, you also have your spirit guides here tonight, especially you,' pointing in my direction again, 'yours is working overtime in protecting you tonight'. I didn't believe she was talking to me so turned around to look at who she was directing these comments too, There was no-one else, so I pointed to myself and said 'What? Me?'. 'Yes' she replied, 'your guide is working overtime with you'. I was shocked, but it may have explained why I didn't feel too scared in this intimidating building. One of the other investigators we were with asked Celia if she could tell me who my spirit guide was. She replied saying that she could, but won't. Basically, as my "guide" had not directed her to say anything, the way that she works, she will not divulge any information that has not been asked to pass over. This left me a little disappointed, but I was happy in knowing that there was someone or something taking the time to look after me...