

Excerpt from:

The Infinitude of the Sentient Singularity:

Future Ghost

by JACK GRANT

Introduction

N.B.

This excerpt is taken from the novel, *Future Ghost*,

which itself is part of a larger work:

‘The Infinitude Of The Sentient Singularity - Screamin’ Skull Trilogy’

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Introduction

A flash of lightning across the night sky and a rumble of thunder becomes a godlike roar while a rogue blustery gust whips against the door. Eerily, the old timber framework creaks and cracks in the drab, shadowy spaces beyond feeble human sight in this house of dark history and foul deeds that dimly lay deep within, uncovered, yet still unresolved. A series of knocks and bumps from above; heavy footsteps on the upper levels threatening to race down the dilapidated staircase to confront your nervy, twitchy disposition with a fresh wave of dread. Then silence descends to be an unwelcome friend in the murky haze which surrounds you. A distant whisper too fragile to assume a voice breathes past your ears with one unanswered question.

“Do you believe in ghosts?”

Slowly turning to view in all directions and discovering only an empty void, one detects the spirit in the night giving answer to the enquiry spoken by its very own self.

“No ... there are no such things as ghosts and yet here I remain unseen, though be that as it may, my presence persists all around you.”

With the above representing the stereotypical conjuring of ghosts and ghouls, in stark contrast, the actuality is far less ‘classic’ and dare I say, much more ‘everyday mundane’. These episodes or encounters can occur and frequently do, in much more sedate settings or in the lively surroundings one experiences in the waking day.

Introducing a fictional tome which chronicles many true incidents of personal experience may not be a ‘novel’ idea to some but the release one feels coupled with the satisfaction of actually ‘knowing’ which accounts are true is an exorcism still in progress. You, dear reader, will have to use your intuition and discernment to draw your own conclusions. However, here’s a true encounter with such strange phenomena that has oftentimes weirdly come into play.

Having moved from the suburbs into the relatively busy Leicester city centre, I took to aimlessly roaming around, finding my bearings and familiarising myself with the surroundings. At that time I lived directly opposite an old medieval battlement known as ‘The Magazine’. This sturdy monument proudly stood alongside a busy and very noisy intersection but I digress.

So there I was on my ambling journey of discovery when I came to a canal which had become a tranquil home for a few ducks and several majestic swans. After finding my bearings, my eyes lit upon a plaque relating to the story of Richard III and his links to the city. I clearly remember the classic Shakespearean image of this character though I’m unsure whether the design happened to be

etched onto the memorial plate or if there stood a small statue-like effigy above the said plaque. Whatever the case, I began to feel a very familiar energy building all around me. When this ‘feeling’ manifests I usually just go with the flow. A thought form rather than a voice conveyed to my mind, ‘A king is buried here.’

After a moment or two, without any inclination, I started to walk away, though I instinctively knew I was being guided. I crossed the road which brought me alongside a public house, fittingly, due to the circumstances, called ‘The Shakespeare’s Head’. This lively establishment I would later often frequent upon discovering that they served ales from the Oakwell Brewery. Across from this charming pub I found myself staring into a wide enclosure of a muddy waste ground which the local bus company utilised to park their vehicles in need of repair. (Nothing stops progress and now a large building stands pride of place on the said site.)

The thought form then reaffirmed the message with one very definite addition. *‘There is a king buried here and his body is beneath a car park.’*

I didn’t perceive any connection with the open expanse of the bus repair yard so I moved along the road until I came to a forecourt and several parked cars, though again there was no intuitive feeling and oblivious to my destination I started walking along an uninteresting backstreet flanked on either side by clerical buildings: accountancy, solicitors, that sort of thing. I had no idea where I was going but the guiding force did.

If my mind did try to focus or tune into any psychical influence, the effort was absolutely pointless seems spirit had already preordained the outcome. In due course I came across a cast iron gated area surrounding some sort of office or reception area. Standing just to the fore, I noticed a pleasant looking lady and when our eyes met, the guiding light, for want of a better expression, compelled me to approach her. Uncannily, I felt a very definite connection as I prepared to verbally convey my psychic perception.

When doing so, one has to be aware that not all strangers take kindly to, nor take serious such spiritual information. Given the strange impulse I felt, there could be little doubt that this lady happened to be the contactee. I had to broach this subject sensitively. Obviously, from her rather curious look, she already knew that I was about to speak.

“Excuse me, I’ve been wandering around here and I have a rather strange feeling. An inner voice told me that a king is buried here.” At that precise moment, intuitively, I knew I had met with the right person. Subsequently, she gave reply.

“Oh yes, there is, and that’s what we’re trying to find. I’m with a team looking for the burial site of Richard the Third.”

I imparted the message from spirit. “Don’t look beyond the Magazine building because it’s this side of the main road intersection. It’s in this vicinity and he’s buried underneath a car park.”

Then it was that the strange energy departed or the connection ended once the message had been communicated. The lady thanked me and said that she would bear it in mind.

I was emphatic and reiterated, “The king is most definitely buried under a car park though I don’t know which one but it is close to here. However, like I said, don’t look beyond the Leicester Magazine.”

With that said I turned and headed off, having done my duty to spirit.

The lady in question and her team achieved great success and did indeed eventually find the body of King Richard the Third buried under a car park.

The above account is true and I played no further part. “All the world’s a stage and all the men and women merely players,” comes to mind. I did not concern myself with the case any the further. Job done. To give credit where credit is due, in my view, that would unhesitatingly go to spirit.

So that is the true story ‘freebie’, though concealed within the pages of ‘The Screaming Skull Trilogy’ there are many, many others. However, there is the intriguing case concerning Mary, Queen of Scots and her army of followers but perhaps that particular ‘freebie’ will be reserved for a future book.

