

*A new novel, a strapping chartered surveyor and... a very lucrative job in Africa. Just a few things our writers were told they could look forward to when they met a psychic*

**Y**ou probably already know this, but in our quest to find out what the future has in store for us, we called in psychic tarot reader Hayley Hayes (right), to see if we could strike a happy medium (not literally). With some rather extraordinary results...

## Rachel Johnson

'I connect with your spirit guide,' said Hayley, with a mystic look, 'and then it comes through.'

Hayley is a psychic reader. I wouldn't have much truck with this, or the notion of having a spirit guide or aura, but I took a child to a healer with miraculous results once, and am prepared to try anything within reason. What I wasn't prepared for was how much she seemed to know about my life despite, as she protested, only knowing my Christian name before I walked into the room.

I was allowed to ask two questions, but I asked three: what were the future for my housing arrangements, job, and marriage. For the first, I picked The Hermit card. Hayley immediately told me I had two properties, one lay fallow, and that in five years' time I would sell my London house and move to my 'forever home' in the country. 'Are you sure you haven't Googled me?' I asked suspiciously. 'All I know is your name is Rachel,' she repeated. Hayley told me that I needed to organise my life better so I spent more time with my husband, and we all spent more time together as a family, and owning two properties and bobbing between them was not 'grounding' for us. We would sell the London house in five or so years, and help the children out. 'Two of them are close and will live together and maybe go into business,' she predicted. She also told me that I was not in the right job (if my publisher is reading this - relax!) and that I should write novels full time.

'How did you know I wrote novels?' I asked. Then I accused her of Wikipedia-ing me, which she also denied. 'If you don't



# FUTURE SHOCK!



write the novel now,' she warned, 'you'll regret it and it will still be on the back burner in 10 years' time.' I wondered how she knew that I have to submit my new novel to Penguin. But then I

picked a card that told her about my marriage. It was a good, strong card. 'The only problem is you and your husband lead quite separate lives and you don't meet enough in the middle.'

So there we have it. In five years' time, I will be living peaceably with my husband in the country, writing novels full time. I rather look forward to it.

## Matt Warren

Being something of a cynic when it comes to all things 'mystical', I had always assumed that the trick to giving a successful psychic reading was to be as vague as possible. Having spent 15 minutes with Hayley in *The Lady's* one-time smoking room, however, I am well on my way to thinking twice.

For Hayley doesn't appear to deal in guesswork and namby-pamby generalisations; she deals in cold, hard specifics. Which is a bit unsettling. When I ask whether I should move house and have a second child (my first, Torben, has just turned one), for example, she gets straight to the point. 'I already know the answer to this one,' she says, handing me the Tarot pack and asking me to pick two cards.

'Yep, there we are, you've drawn The Prince of Wands and The Eight of Hearts. That means you're about to do something unusual with your life. I'd say you're going to get a phone call in late September, offering you some lucrative work in Africa - I'm not very good at geography, but I'm visualising somewhere very like that.

'The job won't take you there for too long - I'd say you're back by July 2012 - and it won't upset your family life, but your next baby will probably have to wait until then. It will be very well-paid, though, and will probably enable you to buy that lovely new family home, perhaps in Sussex. I see a field out back and a dirt track leading up to it. In the end, you'll have three children - all boys. And two cars.'

Blimey. And I was expecting a 2015 move to a mock-Tudor semi in Ealing.

'You definitely like to travel, I can see it clearly in your past, and in your eyes. It's something you've certainly done a lot of.'

Blimey again. I spent several years in my 20s, travelling and writing guidebooks. She could have Googled me, of course, but Hayley does seem to have The Knack.

Moving on, I ask her about my wife Genevieve's new business. She has just

launched a new design firm, making bespoke decorative leatherwork - often utilising floral motifs - for private homes and hotels. Things are going well, but as with any business, there seems to me more administrative work than there's time to do.

First, I pluck out The Empress. 'It's a nice card because it shows that she has all the talent and control, but what worries me is that it also suggests that she's doing too much of the admin, and marketing and letter-writing, when she should just be focusing on what she does best.'

I also pick The Magician. 'This suggests that to reach her creative best, she also needs to make sure she goes out and experiences as much as possible. It suggests that she needs to expand, both the business and her working horizons.

'I'm not sure why, but I also see flowers - and she will need to learn to identify flowers in scientific detail.'

Once again, not bad at all. Which just leaves me with time enough to ask about my rather troublesome, columnist cat, Eric.

## *'The spirit guide says it's not bringing in Mr Right until you clean up your house'*

What should I do with him, I ask.

'Well, on a serious note, I don't see him hanging around. Nothing bad will happen to him - he'll move on to a nice new home - but he is going, so don't worry about that.'

And on that bombshell, time is up - both for me and, it seems, dear old Eric.

## Carolyn Hart

'Ask me a question,' says Hayley at the beginning of my psychic session. 'What do you want to know?'

Naturally, every thought flies immediately out of my head. I haven't a clue what I want to know - and the stuff that regularly clutters up my brain seems far too mundane to mention.

'Pick a card then,' she says kindly.

I pick The Moon card. 'OK,' says Hayley, 'there's someone around you but I can't figure out who... someone from your past trying to get in touch. Are you single? You shouldn't think of him in the long term...'

As it happens, I am single. So, spot on for Hayley. 'You've got to get out more,' she continues, 'or you could spend another five years being single. All you haven't managed to do is meet the right man. Think of it as a work project...'

All this is painfully true, but obvious, I suppose to anyone faced with a single woman of a certain age. 'The trouble with you is that you're too friendly with men, you

go out with men who shouldn't be lovers, so you get distracted from The One.'

This is also true, I realise, but is there really a One waiting around for me to get over being too friendly with a variety of unsuitable men, before stepping in?

'Your spirit guide is telling me there is,' says Hayley with show-stopping simplicity.

I have a spirit guide? 'My spirit guide?' I say. 'You mean my spirit guide is telling you who The One is? Who is he then?'

Naturally, I don't expect an answer but, says Hayley, 'He's a surveyor or an architect. I see him looking at buildings holding a clipboard. He's 6ft 2in with freckled skin, with two children, both quite old. He's financially sorted and lives in Sussex, and you're going to meet him at a party given by friends in October.'

This is staggering news.

'But you've got to sort out your life first,' Hayley tells me sternly. 'The spirit guide says your house is in a mess and it's not bringing in Mr Right until you clean up your act a bit. Spirit guides are very organised,'

she adds. 'Timing is everything and the chaos in your life is just not right for a relationship at present...'

It's like being told by my mother to go and clean up my room before I can go out to the cinema with the new boy at school.

'OK,' I say sulkily to Hayley, thinking how bloody annoying to have been allocated a spirit guide who likes a tidy, well-organised house rather than one that spends its time stubbing fag ends out in pot plants and shedding clothes as it flits about the home.

'You can go out on dates between now and October,' says Hayley kindly. 'To build up your confidence for The One. You're not seeing enough people at present, but don't forget to do some housework, will you?'

So there you have it, a visit to a psychic that has produced Mr Right in the form of a man with a clipboard and two children, a geographical location and a date by which I will meet him... So long as I do some housework first. It's like being in a 1950s romance. ♦

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