

# Wise Wena writes ....

The first time I met Angela (regrettably there's no 'Madame' before her name) was at a psychic and tapas night in the Spanish restaurant next to Fish Towers. Clearly I was only interested in sampling one of those two delights and patiently waited my turn. She was eerily accurate, telling me there were two cats in spirit around me (true), something was broken above my shower head (my extractor fan was playing up) and that I was confused by insurances. Three out of three ain't bad and she completed her reading by telling me she was 'getting' I should go with Alliance & Leicester. Sadly I chose not to pursue that particular suggestion.

Ever since considering leaving innocent, I'd kept popping by her little office in Manchester for a reading but she was never there. (I know you're thinking 'She knew you were coming Row'.) So one day in March when I was in town, I decided to chance my luck and low and behold she was in.

I decided to keep it top level, so said the main thing I wanted to chat about was work and left it at that as I cut and shuffled the cards. I was dying to do my impressive shuffle but didn't think Angela would be too impressed. She began by asking who was thinking about getting a tattoo. For a moment the design I'd set my heart on (a dolphin leaping through a hoop of fire with the sun setting in the background) suddenly became more real. I fibbed and said that I didn't know anyone who was looking to get any body art done. Then it got to the good bit. She said 'You can be quite psychic yourself. Have you thought about doing anything with it?'

Apparently it is in my family 'somewhere' though sadly no names of Great Auntie Dorothy or the like were forthcoming. The funny thing is, almost every psychic I've ever been to has

commented on this psychic ability of mine. Mind you, these are psychics who if their predictions had come true would mean I'd now be married to a man with auburn hair called Michael, be living near water and have three kids, one of whom would win lots of athletic medals and another who sounds like a right stropky mare. Still, I digress. Angela told me I listen to my gut instinct and should carry on with this. I should get out and enjoy myself more and put more fun back into life. (See, I told you she was good.) Then she asked if I'd been thinking of changing jobs and that something would come up for me within the next 2-3 months. Unfortunately she couldn't tell me what it would be, but it was all 'looking good.'

Then came a corker. 'Who's thinking of driving lessons?' 'That'll be me.' 'You've got success.' A moment of hope and then I remembered another psychic had said the same thing to me. I began wondering if they all had the same lines. After asking my star sign she said a Capricorn was a good sign and I was very fussy how everything is, and I had a lot of creative in my Aquarian. This was a bonus as I didn't know I had an Aquarian tucked away somewhere. Relationships kept popping up in the cards, and a man was going to come on the scene. He could be a friend, it could be linked to work, but she sadly didn't allude to how, when or who would be popping up. I'm guessing - soon, on a train, a weirdo. See, she told me I was psychic. A spirit with the name Jack popped his head in - randomly I checked with my Dad and my Nan's brother-in-law was called Jack Mutton, a surname I'm quite relieved was kept over the other side of the Westhead family.

Overall she said she felt I was on the right path and was ready to move onto the next thing. Boy was I relieved. By

her reckoning it's all going to kick off in May/June time so we'll have to wait and see.

Buoyed by my visit, I then met up with Siobhan for a rather successful brew crawl when she came for a conference in Manchester. I told her about my reading and the conversation went something like this ...

Row : It was spooky man, she said was I trying to eat more fruit and drink more water - and I am.

Siobhan : Erm Row, it's springtime, you know detox and all that shit.

Row : OK, well she said was I thinking about buying new clothes and I was in town to try on a dress I'd seen.

Siobhan : I think the clue was that you were 'in town.'

Row : I can take that, but she also mentioned that I'd had a big clear out - and I have.

Siobhan : You mean you'd had a big spring clean.

Row : My psychic powers sensed that this might all sound a bit unbelievable ...

Upon telling Vic of my reading, she got very excited and passed on an unopened pack of tarot cards she was giving to charity and we then did readings for one another. I've then done readings for myself and weirdly the same things keep coming up - a man with a letter, quite possibly from overseas. So when Simon Cowell offers me Cheryl's job on X Factor in the States, I'll be sure to let you all know ....

For now, yours in crystals and white candles (good for making wishes on, allegedly).

*Wise Wena x*