

# Homicide: The Game

Presents

# Painseeker

**“Privileged and Confidential”**  
by Anna Fantiani

Many consulting professions have a “privileged and confidential” component to their profession. This component prevents the consultant from disclosing information learned while performing services. Psychiatrists require waivers from clients or subpoenas from judges to testify to a client’s treatment. Newspaper reporters are sometimes willing to go to jail in order to protect the identity of sources, and “off the record” statements provide complete anonymity. Priests have religious and legal protection over anything learned during a religious confession. Attorneys are famous for protecting “attorney/client” privilege.

Psychics, however, do not share this type of legal protection. I expect it comes from a misunderstanding of the services we provide, or from a bias against the reliability of psychics. Not that we are often called to testify before a court. Like I said, there is a bias against us.

That lack of legal standing gives me the freedom to write what I am about to write: A disclosure of the consulting services I provided to Ms. Raychel Vanderhoff.

I do not write this with an easy mind. It is possible that I may lose a number of current clients by disclosing this information. They may fear that, if I am willing to detail this information, I may some day disclose the services I provide to them. Or worse, I may disclose their names.

I have one very specific reason to write this article. I believe there is a misunderstanding about Raychel’s state of mind during the final few months of her life.

The result of this misunderstanding has led to an innocent man being repeatedly accused of murdering Raychel. That innocent man is Mr. Kyle McAllister. A number of people here, and the police, found Mr. McAllister an easy target. However, their

inability to prove that this easy target was responsible for the murder should say something for his innocence. While I do not know who was responsible, I can tell you that my strongest abilities tell me that Mr. McAllister is not the one. He was pleased when I informed him of this at Ms. Vanderhoff's funeral.

I also feel that this is the most significant contribution I can give to the site. By providing this information, I can give you an objective perspective of Raychel on the last months of her life, as well as provide some professional insight to those around her. (Please note that I did not say "friends.") By writing this information, maybe some of you will learn of other potential suspects in Raychel's murder. Maybe one of them is responsible. Then, perhaps we can put Ms. Vanderhoff to rest, as she so desperately needs to be.

Unofficially, I began working for Ms. Vanderhoff on June 6, 2001. I understand that seems to contradict my previous statement that I began working for her on the 8th; however, that is easily reconcilable. I did not know that I was working for her at the time. I had not yet met, or even seen, Ms. Vanderhoff at this time.

On the night of June 6th, however, I did have a dream that involved her. Or more to the point, would involve her. When I awoke, I could not remember any specifics about my dream. I only realized that I had communed with a strong spirit. I knew instantly that the spirit was strong because I had never before communed while sleeping. I spent the morning attempting to invite the spirit to return, but it did not come. I wondered perhaps it was because I was aware and awake.

The next night, I went to bed determined to meditate myself into a sleep state. I hoped that the spirit would come again, and that I would be able to remember and even interact with it. After an hour of carefully guided and maintained meditation, I was overpowered by a force that hit me like bucket of ice water. Shocked and overthrown, I lost my way in my meditation and fell into sleep.

When I awoke a half hour later, I was sitting in a chair in my living room, a phone book on my lap and my phone buzzing at regular angry intervals in my hand.

I reasoned that the attacking spirit had taken control of my body, got out of bed, got the phone book from the kitchen, looked someone up, and made the phone call.

It was perhaps the most blunt message I had ever received from a spirit. What the spirit lacked in tact, though, it made up for in clarity.

A name was circled in the phone book in my lap, Douglass, Laura.

I hung up the phone, hit \*69 and waited. A dull, icy ache was planting itself in the base of my skull.

The phone rang three times before a woman's muffled voice answered, "Stop it! I'll call the cops if you don't stop calling!"

What had I been up to? "I'm sorry. I'm looking for Ms. Laura Douglass."

"Oh! Sorry. I thought you were someone else." I could faintly hear the woman say something rude to another person there. Then she turned her attention back to me to explain in a different muffled tone, "I've just been getting some harassing phone calls."

"Nothing too bad I hope," I begged.

"No just hang ups. You were looking for Laura? She's not here right now."

"I have a message that I need to give her. When would be a good time to see her?"

The woman's voice leaked acid, "I can take a message."

"I think I need to give it to her in person. It's very personal."

"Then good luck," she said. The phone went dead.

The dull ache in my head went ballistic and I knew I wouldn't be getting any sleep for the rest of the night. This spirit wasn't going away this time. It was like the previous night was a warning shot, and now I was getting pistol whipped.

I spoke aloud to it, "If you wish to be a pain, it is your right, spirit. However, I will not go there until tomorrow morning. Leave me be!"

It did not go gently into that good-night. In fact, the pain grew slowly worse as the night crept on into early morning. I tried aspirin. No good. I tried begging off the spirit. Again no good. Just an incubation of cold agony. By daybreak, I was wondering if I was going to make it out the door, let alone to Ms. Douglass' home.

At 8:00 a.m. I grabbed my keys and said, "Spirit, if you wish me to do your bidding, you must allow me the energy to accomplish it. Otherwise, I will not proceed and we will both be miserable."

Then, all at once, it backed off. Retreating to the original icy ache like a less than idle threat. I was pleased that we had finally reached an understanding.

I drove to Ms. Douglass' home, as listed in the phone book. It was a very impressive home. I pulled in the driveway and was immediately greeted by a muscular woman coming out of the front door. She headed directly for me, stopped an arm's reach away and asked through gritted teeth, "Can I help you?"

"I am here to see Ms. Laura Douglass."

"She's not to be disturbed."

"It's rather urgent," I insisted. The pain was growing again. Impatient spirit.

Before she could rebut further, another woman's voice came from the doorway behind her. Even without the phone, the familiar voice still sounded muffled, "What's she want, Sharon?"

Sharon Wolfe turned her head, but kept her eyes on me. “She wants to see Laura. Nothing I can’t handle.”

An icy shot blasted from the base of my brain into my eyes. Blinded by pain, I yelled an almost uncontrolled, “If I don’t get to see her, now, there’s going to be a punishment!”

Ms. Wolfe’s head cocked to the challenge, a small smile wandered and disappeared. She grabbed my throat, but before she could act further, the woman behind her called her off with a harsh, “Stop!” Ms. Wolfe immediately released her grip as a woman appeared in the doorway.

A broken woman.

I do not mean that spiritually, as I do not believe the spirit could ever be broken, that was part of what made her so special. Instead, I mean her appearance was broken. There was incredible swelling about her eyes and jaw. Since her blonde hair was pulled back, I could see a loose web of recent cuts centered around the right side of her forehead. She moved toward us gingerly, as if afraid to fall. I knew that the few major bruises that I could see were not the only ones she had. I didn’t need to be psychic to know what had happened to her. If you’ve seen one battered woman, you’ve seen enough.

And I understood everything. Like being given a piece of fabric with metal intervals stitched on it. What is it? You don’t know. However, if given both pieces of fabric, and the key ingredient of the fly, you would understand you were given a zipper. This was the same situation. I had a single, seemingly obvious, spirit but had not been given the name of the person who was to receive this message. My message was not meant for Ms. Laura Douglass. It was meant for the approaching woman.

Ms. Raychel Vanderhoff. I knew her now.

I had never met her before, but now I knew her.

And I knew my message.

The icy spike disappeared.

Ms. Vanderhoff waited until she was close enough to look dead into my eyes before she spoke, "Who are you."

I introduced myself with a business card. She gave it a less than honest read, "Who told you to say that to me?"

"You had a very strong man in your past."

"You don't have to be a psychic to tell that right now, do you?"

"I don't mean now, " I clarified, "I mean a long time ago. When you were young."

"Who sent you?"

"Your father, Gunter Vanderhoff."

She didn't even bat an eye. She merely turned to Ms. Wolfe and said, "Sharon, escort this woman back to her car. If she appears here again, you may use force to escort her away." She turned back to me and told me flat out, "That is a warning to you, too."

Sharon grabbed my arm and began to pull me away, but my message was not complete yet. "Ms. Vanderhoff, your father cannot hurt you anymore. He's dead. Very recently I believe."

"He's been dead to me for a long time, lady. Now get out." She turned away and began to limp back into the house, leaving me to the strong arms of Sharon Wolfe.

I called to her one last time, "He won't go away. He won't leave until you speak with him. Ask your brother, David. You can call him at 212/555-0130."

I didn't know if she heard my last phrases. By that time I was at my car and being carefully guided back into it by Sharon Wolfe. She stepped back and allowed me to get away without being further attacked.

I waited and hoped for a response from Ms. Vanderhoff. I had good reason to hope that I had accomplished my mission for the spirit, as he no longer occupied an icy home in my head.

A week later, I knew I had succeeded when Ms. Vanderhoff came to my office after having confirmed my message with her brother. She had a conversation with him that was apparently hard on both of them. They had each opened old and infected wounds.

I spoke with her at length about her life with her family. She was guarded during this first interview, but I was able to determine that, after all of the places she had been and all of the things she had done, her father still haunted her.

After an hour of preliminary interview, I asked Ms. Vanderhoff what she feared to ask. I asked if she wished me to commune with her father. Her answer was a simple and quiet, "Yes."

He had to be near. I don't know if he had stayed by my side waiting for Ms. Vanderhoff to ask for him, or if I had transferred him to her when I drove to the house the previous week. Either way, I did not even have to ask for his presence to appear. Again he entered me and again I lost time.

Two hours later I returned to myself to discover Ms. Vanderhoff crying and hugging me. I spoke cautiously, not wishing to shock her in her current state, "Are you all right, Ms. Vanderhoff?"

She wiped away tears, "Finally, yes. Thank you."

As I said, I lost time. I have no memory of the incident myself, and I never asked her to discuss it. I did not feel it necessary to probe her about the encounter, as it

seemed that a resolution of sorts had occurred between them. I needed nothing further. This was not a service for me, it was for Ms. Vanderhoff.

I wish to make one further comment about this session between Ms. Vanderhoff and her father. I consider this session to be one of the most powerful events in my psychic career for a number of reasons. The first reason is the lack of effort required to commune with Mr. Vanderhoff, as I required no preparation. The second is the strength of the spirit. The spirit's force was sufficient enough to force me into unconsciousness (which had never and has not since happened to me). Finally, the emotional impact of this encounter is without comparison. Whatever happened between them, it changed Ms. Vanderhoff significantly.

Following that encounter, I was extremely weakened. Ms. Vanderhoff, on the other hand, was exhilarated. She attempted to ask me more about my powers, but I asked if we could continue our interview at another time, as I required rest. Ms. Vanderhoff suggested that she would like to receive my counsel on a weekly basis. Any doubts which she had carried with her regarding the legitimacy of my psychic powers had disappeared.

I never communed Mr. Vanderhoff again during my subsequent interviews with Ms. Vanderhoff. In fact, I never communed for Ms. Vanderhoff again. Our efforts concentrated on dealing with her current situation. She felt that she required my assistance to sort through her life, which she considered to be (rightly so) in shambles.

I entered Ms. Vanderhoff's life at a precarious time. She had just been beaten by Mr. Kyle McAllister. She had been having an affair with Mr. Geoffrey MacIntyre. Her professional career was on hold due to this mess. In addition, there were a number of other people she did not trust who were in positions of power with her. She wished me to help her sort out who her friends were, and what course of action to take.

I agreed to assist her. However, I told her that there was a great deal of damage caused by her family, and that we would also need to sort through that information to find her best path. I warned her that unless she confronted that part of her life with total honesty, we would run the risk of driving her life into additional ditches. Although her

career had made amazing and unexpected changes for the better each time she failed in her personal life, my tarot readings indicated that she was headed for a dangerous change if she continued her current path.

I understood the source of her pain. Living with her father altered her ability to have a normal life. She could not be happy. It had been psychologically impossible. She had very little to reference the emotion with, so she could not tell she was happy even if she was. What she did understand was anger and destruction. Ms. Vanderhoff's grasp of these principles has been detailed extensively in this web site. Just read the material presented here by anyone she loved.

During our interviews, I utilized my powers and skills to help Ms. Vanderhoff determine her most successful path for personal peace, not merely professional peace. I brought her on guided meditations of her family life, read her stars, and used my clairvoyance to determine who among her friends were her safe harbors. The whole of these studies allowed me to make a few "prescriptions" for Ms. Vanderhoff.

**Return to the Vanderhoff family** - By rekindling her relationship with her brother, she could have a touchstone to the life she would not allow herself to know. They needed to become a family again to heal the damage created. Perhaps she could use her newly found peace with her father to help David with any issues lingering in his own life.

**Return to Kyle McAllister** - All readings I performed indicated that Mr. Kyle McAllister could be a safe harbor for her. Despite their violent history, it was clear that he loved her deeply. Everything I was able to read said that she was perfectly safe in his company.

**Begin recording the album again without Geoffrey MacIntyre** - The stress caused by the affair between Ms. Vanderhoff and Mr. MacIntyre was poisonous to Mr. Kyle McAllister. By removing Mr. MacIntyre from the equation, both Ms. Vanderhoff and Mr. McAllister would be more content. After speaking with Ms. Vanderhoff regarding the previous recording session, it would clearly cement their love and lead to a more productive and creative environment.

**Get more solitary time** - I taught Ms. Vanderhoff the basics of self-meditation. I requested that she be alone when she tried it, to prevent interruptions. In addition, Ms. Wolfe's constant presence was unhealthy.

While I prescribed these items for Ms. Vanderhoff, I did not make them contingent on our continued consulting. As I stated in Question 5 of my responses to The 10 Questions, it is not my purpose in life to force change onto others. However, I do know that she followed many of these suggestions. I pray constantly that one of these suggestions did not lead to her murder.

Rest in peace, Raychel, and let love in.