

# DAVID WELLS'

## Complete Guide To Developing Your Psychic Skills



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This book is dedicated to the memory of my father.  
A more spiritual man you couldn't meet. He paid his taxes,  
loved his family and lived for the moment.

I miss you.



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To my Mum and Sister a special mention, without your quiet support I may have done what was expected rather than what I wanted.

My gratitude to you all.



## Introduction

**W**hy might you want to develop your psychic skills? There are many reasons. For some people, it's the predictive nature of their gifts that intrigues them; for others, it's the link to their own spirituality. For me, it's a combination of the two. I've found you can take your psychic gifts and mix them with earthly reality to form a plan for your future. That way you can make your life happen rather than simply going along with it.

Tall dark handsome strangers and long journeys are of no interest here – instead it's all about you and your own desire to be all you can be and to create your own heaven on Earth. If that sounds too incredible, prepare to be amazed. Working with these tools in your own unique way will bring about many changes. They may not always be comfortable, but they will be worth it.

Psychic development does take work, unfortunately. If there were a magic formula and all I had to do was utter a few words and sprinkle some herbs and there you were, enlightened and ready to be the best you could be, believe me I would. Of course the truth is that anything worth having takes work, and that's never been truer than of the journey you are about to embark upon.

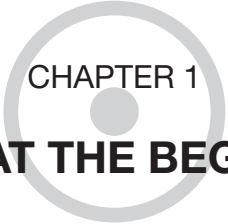
When I started on my own path I signed up for a six-week astrology course and ended my formal training 13 years later! I'm not suggesting it will take you 13 years to plough through this book - what it is designed to do is give you some insights

into what you are capable of, to introduce you to some of the many techniques available and to offer some for you to try so that you can see which resonate with you and which don't.

My favoured arts are astrology, past-life regression and Tarot – and they all work together when you know how. I have added energy and chakra work here, as well as the fascinating art of numerology, to offer you more opportunities to understand your own personal talents and strengths. Then you can use your psychic gifts to build the life you want using the tools you have brought with you to do it. And you *can* do it! Many times I've heard 'I can't meditate' or 'I have no talent in that department,' but neither is an option here! The easy-to-follow techniques in this book aren't about failure, they are about success.

Interwoven throughout the book are some of my own experiences, not just of a psychic nature but about life in general. Is there a distinction? By the end of this journey you too may be making your intuitive gifts and your psychic understanding part of your everyday life.





## CHAPTER 1

# BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING

When you're a little boy and your grandfather comes to say goodnight to you, do you expect him to come through the wardrobe? My father's father died when I was still a very small child and as I was his first grandchild, I suspect he felt he wanted to see more of me. So he did. Later in my life he would be joined on his visits by a couple of uncles. This was always at my grandmother's house, where I stayed frequently. Nobody else saw them, or at least that's what they said, but does that mean nobody else could have seen them? I think not. What it means is nobody else took the time to slow down enough to see them, to shift from one perception to another.

We are all sentient beings, living, breathing and interacting with each other day in, day out, and as we do so there are odd moments when we seem to know a little more than usual, to have a feeling something otherworldly is going on around us. Occasionally we have proof – always personal proof, but proof nonetheless. Usually we just turn the television up or pop another microwave meal into the machine, get frustrated at the four-minute wait, and then the kids come in, making a mess, and before you know it it's bedtime and oblivion. Is that how you want to carry on? Would you prefer to find out more? Would you like to get to know your psychic

self? Maybe you could even suggest a date, say next Monday about 7 p.m., for a chat and a get-together? You have to make a commitment to introducing yourself to your psychic self in order for this to work – without it you are looking for a four-minute fill-up that will leave you wanting more and never feeling nourished.

In a world of ten days to slimmer hips, five seconds to a better life and only one day away from the perfect you, it's all too easy to expect everything tomorrow. One thing you need to know from the start is this: developing your psychic skills will take as long as it takes; you cannot rush it. The real truth is you will never know it all, but what you can have in a relatively short time are increased intuition and the ability to plan your life based on the cosmic signs all around you.

## How Does It Work?

'The inner and outer worlds of your reality' sounds far too New Age to start with, but hey, it's the best I can do! If you start to pay attention to what's going on in your head and in your everyday life, you will begin to understand who you are – who you really are. With that under way, you will then notice the hidden signposts that only those who have shifted their perception can see and from then on in it becomes a part of your life, just as it should be.

To help you, have a journal by your side. Make it a beautiful book, one you will enjoy writing in, something that can hold all the secrets of your soul – your thoughts, your feelings and your dreams. This will be your book of life. It will show your own path and, more importantly, when you forget it's there it will find you and remind you of how far you have come and what you have learned along the way.

You need to take the time to write in it, of course. You might be wondering how on earth you're going to do that.

*Procrastination is the thief of time; action is the antidote that gives it back.*

It seems odd that to get time you have to take action, but think about it and you cannot fail to see that it is a plain and simple truth. Here's a simple technique to get you started:



Write down what you do with your time – as you do it. In a day-to-a-page diary, section off how long you take to get ready for work, the time you spend on coffee breaks, your wind-down time, the time spent in front of the TV and anything else you fill your day with. Do this for one week, no longer – a month is just silly; you will get bored stupid and learn absolutely nothing!

At the end of the week, return to your diary and compile your research. How long during the week did you spend getting ready for work? How many hours were you at work? How long were you sitting comatose in front of the TV? How often did you have 'you' time?

Now be honest with yourself – how many hours did you waste doing nothing in particular but at the same time managing to feel you were oh so busy?

By now you may be realizing that you have more than enough time to keep your journal. But just in case you're still feeling daunted by all the work that may be ahead of you, here's a little exercise that will revitalize you!



What makes you sigh with the sheer beauty of it all? Think beyond the front row of your national rugby team – we are talking art here, music, perhaps simply the beauty of nature. Our world is full of ugliness, full of depressing and full-on mind-numbing, boring, beeping lights that pass for entertainment. What stops you in your tracks? For me, beauty is often found in the animal kingdom – the grace of a horse, the timeless beauty of a big cat, or a small one.

You may now be thinking I have lost my mind, but my point is this: you have probably spent your day on a bus, in an office, in a busy coffee house, wherever, and at some point you have been frustrated by another human being, turned your nose up at an awful smell and come home and watched murder, death and mayhem on television – and that's just the news channel.

What kind of images do you think that has sent to your soul? What has your subconscious stored to play back to you later? What are you thinking about and how is your £100 hairdo after all that?

You can't do it every day (if you can, you're lucky), but find time to walk on the beach, go to an art gallery, fill your ears with music or simply watch a movie that is explosion-free. It doesn't sound like much, but it's one of the best mood adjusters you will ever find.

## In the Beginning

After the visits from my grandfather and his sons I began to tell people about them, and lo and behold, they didn't believe me. My grandmother, however, knew I was telling the truth

because the messages my grandfather would sometimes give me for her often made her turn her head away from me. I knew then that she was upset and that wasn't what I wanted, so I stopped telling her. But still he came to me.

Slowly my life took on some semblance of normality and by the age of about five or six I was enjoying the schoolwork that now filled my head instead of nightly visits from dead relatives. Things began to calm down and I was like any other little boy, playing and eating, eating and playing!

Then one night I remember someone or something not quite as pleasant as Granddad paying a visit. Something icy was wandering around the room, while under the blankets I was freezing cold and wet with perspiration. I could neither call out nor move, frozen with fear in spite of warmth and familiarity of the fire Granny had lit.

Who or what it was I have never known, but it returned for about four nights and on that fourth night I had a fit – a real-life fit, not a door-slamming, 'the service here is terrible' fit – with uncontrollable shaking and crying, absolute fear and terror, and all in the arms of my granny, who thought I was just being a naughty boy. Eventually, when it was clear I wasn't going to calm down, even after a slap in the face, the doctor was called and I was given something to make me sleep.

That was the last time I saw or felt anything from the spiritual worlds until I was 32.

## Between Times

At that time our family lived in a small mining community in the Scottish borders and my father was a miner. When the pits closed, he decided it would be best to move closer to

Dumfries so that he could find work and provide a better standard of living for my mum, my little sister and myself. I am eternally grateful that he did. We saw more of him and our life was made more comfortable through his hard work and selfless attitude.

After a fairly standard education I decided to leave school and join the Royal Navy – hardly the most spiritual of institutions, but it would offer me an escape route and expose me to the world. This need to see more of the planet on which I lived was one of my main drives behind joining the navy – that and just how great I would look in the uniform!

Training as a steward (seagoing waiter), I went to work on several ships and shore bases throughout the UK. One of the highlights was serving on board HMS *Dumbarton Castle* during the Falklands conflict, where I learned that death wasn't always about timing, sometimes it was about duty and responsibility. The next was working on board Her Majesty's Yacht *Britannia* and directly for the Queen in the Royal Apartments. The lesson here was also one of duty. I wouldn't swap jobs with Her Majesty – for one, I couldn't put up with all those hangers-on thinking they were 'all that'. Suffice to say, I asked to leave after just a few months and was happy to be away from it all.

Shortly after leaving the Royal Yacht, I decided to leave the navy altogether and began a new career in hotels and leisure clubs in the food and beverage departments. I went in, did stuff I didn't really want to do, got paid, went home and slept. That about summed it up for years! Until one day it all went wrong.



## Saturn Return

In astrological terms there is an event that happens around the age of 28–30. The exact timing depends on your personal chart. This event is sent to help you realize what you want by showing you what isn't working for you. I was around 29 when everything crumbled. At the time I was working in a very swish five-star health club in the middle of London. I was one of two assistant managers and was quite enjoying what I was doing until the catalyst for my next step in life appeared in the form of a new boss who knew little and did as much.

Let's just say it was time to move on, so move on I did – unfortunately to nothing in particular. This is where it really gets messy. London isn't the place to be when you have no money and no job and when you're actually not coping very well. With hindsight it's clear I actually wasn't well at all. Being the brave soldier is stupid when you need help, but stupid was the dress of the day, so I wore it.

My life spiralled downwards. At my lowest I spent a couple of nights on the streets of London with nothing and nobody and no will to get up. From somewhere I managed to find the energy to call a friend who lived in town, and he opened not only his heart but also his home to me. For that I will be eternally grateful. Both he and another kind soul took me in when I needed it most and left me to come out of my depression by allowing me to go into it. Without their roofs over my head and their food in my stomach, I would have disappeared. Angels don't have to have wings.

Slowly I began to get things together. I applied for a grant to go to college and study for an HND in tourism and leisure and was given it. A way out! Once more imposing myself on a

friend, this time in Portsmouth and paying rent, I began my rehabilitation into the world of purpose – albeit not quite the right purpose just yet!

## Raising the Dead

Studying full time and working 40 hours a week in a kitchen wasn't doing me much good. When I went home to Scotland for Christmas, it all caught up with me and I was taken into hospital with pneumonia.

It was just after Christmas Day when I fell ill and it was New Year's Day before I was fully conscious, so I don't remember too much about it, but I do remember one thing. Lying in my hospital bed feeling very comfortable and for once at peace, I drifted off to sleep but then found myself in the corridor outside my room. While I was wandering around, I was approached by an old lady, nobody I knew, who told me to get back into bed, it wasn't my time. 'Odd,' I thought, and turned to go back as she had said. Then I saw myself lying in my bed, but at the same time I was standing in the corridor!

In the blink of an eye I woke and thought I had just been dreaming. But had this been a near-death experience? The strange thing was that at this point I was on my way to a full recovery. I had been very ill earlier and there had been fears for my life, but not when this happened.

At the time I really didn't think any more of it. I got well enough to go home to convalesce and then after six weeks or so I went back to Portsmouth to try to get back to college at least part time. And that's when it all kicked off.

## Things that Go Bump in the Night

Try sleeping when you can hear someone shuffling around your room and can feel the bedclothes being tugged, especially when you know you're in the house on your own. That experience will stay with me for the rest of my life.

Many odd things happened to me over a period of about a month. There was the shuffling, lights would zoom around the room, I would wake up and see faces looking at me and worst of all once I actually felt someone get into bed with me.

That was the point when I thought my sanity was going. I left the house I was living in, thinking it was haunted, and went to stay with a friend, but the faces and other phenomena followed me there.

Shattered, as I hadn't slept properly for weeks, when a mate asked me how I was, I let it all out, crying in my exhaustion. I was really concerned over my own state of mind.

But I was fortunate. Far from thinking I was a Scotch egg short of a picnic, my friend understood what I was going through. A friend of his had experienced similar things and so he knew where to turn. He suggested I called a woman who 'dealt with these sorts of things'. So I did.

Jenni Shell is an extraordinary woman. I had met her many years before at a dinner and thought she was fascinating then. We had exchanged some ideas about life, death and the universe and I had enjoyed the lively debate she provided. With hindsight I realize she had been questioning me about my beliefs even then! Jenni's technique of not saying too much and getting her students to seek the answers rather than just give them is something I myself now use with those under my wing – it teaches rather than just educates. Back then, when her name was given to me as a lifeline, I wasn't that surprised.

'Hello, darling, how can I help?' were her first words. So relieved to hear them, I poured it all out.

Calmly, she told me not to worry, I wasn't going mad, she would help make sense of what was going on – and she did! 'Begin at the beginning' is something she always says when faced with a task that seems daunting, and the beginning for me was sleep. Jenni gave me a visualization to protect me whilst I slept. It was simply to see a five-pointed star burning brightly in my bedroom before I went to sleep, but it worked!

After weeks of no sleep then a straight 12 hours with no interruptions, I simply had to know more, so I called her back.

'Astrology, dear heart, that's what I would suggest. It's earthy and I think you will be good at it.'

As usual, she was right.

