

The pet whisperer: Can this woman really talk to animals...or is she barking?

By [Daily Mail Reporter](#)

Last updated at 1:32 AM on 06th March 2010

Everyone can communicate with animals. The only reason the entire human race isn't doing it is because we have been conditioned not to. As we grow up we are taught to ignore our intuition, but, by tuning back in to our senses, we can open the doorway to inter-species communication.

I first discovered animal communication existed in 2004. I'd adopted my first dog, an eight-year-old mutt called Morgan. He looked so miserable all the time I thought I was doing something wrong. So when I was invited to an animal communication workshop, I decided to give it a try.

The teacher told us how he could talk to animals. It took all my willpower not to laugh. We were put into pairs and told to swap the photos – which were face down – that we'd brought of our animals. Then we were told to guess which animal was in the picture.



Pea Horsley first discovered animal communication in 2004 and has since helped dozens of animals in distress

I looked at the back of the photo and scribbled on my notepad the first word that came into my mind. I just heard it, almost as though it had been whispered in my ear: 'Rabbit'. When I turned the photo over I found myself staring into the soft shiny eyes of a deep rich sepia-coloured rabbit.

My partner told me this rabbit was called Mr Butch. Then the teacher instructed us to ask our animal a few rudimentary questions: 'What's his favourite food?', 'What's his favourite activity?', 'Who's he in love with?'

My mind was racing with doubt but my internal dialogue went like this: 'I've been told to talk to you, but obviously you can't hear me because you're a photo, a photo of a rabbit and rabbits can't talk.' 'Who do you think is listening to you then?'

I heard this response like a voice inside me, but it was a confrontational, unhappy male voice. Was the rabbit in the photo really talking to me? Surely not? 'Did you just speak to me?' I asked warily. 'Yes,' came that voice again.

Some of the things Mr Butch said didn't make sense. But some of them were correct. Mr Butch's big love was an espresso-coloured rabbit. He was an impatient rabbit with attitude, who would also come inside and sit on his owner's sofa at the same time every Saturday evening.

'Are you OK?' I asked. 'No, I can't get out,' he replied. I asked him where he was and he told me he was in the basement by the boiler. 'Can you show me more of this place?'

As outlandish yet wonderful as this experience seemed, I still found it hard to believe. But I couldn't help but be fascinated.

I spent every waking moment reading up on the subject of animal communication and badgered my friends to let me practise with their animal. My friends were curious to know what their own pets were saying. Surprisingly no one laughed at me out loud.

I joined animal-related web forums to see if I could make contact with people who needed help with their animals. A woman called Celia emailed me from her home in Spain. Her cat, Joey, had disappeared. I told her to email me his photograph. A little while later, I found myself looking into the gentle face of a marmalade cat.

I immediately felt a sense of anxiety and sharp chest pains. 'Are you OK?' I asked. 'No, I can't get out,' he replied. I asked him where he was and he told me he was in the basement by the boiler. 'Can you show me more of this place?' I asked. Then I saw a door and concrete steps. There was a green metal door hinged on the right with a handle on the left.

I could see the cat in a dark empty space, lying by a wall. Above him I could make out a window with horizontal bars. It was closed.

I gave the details to Celia over the phone. By then, Joey had been missing for six days.

He was weak and needed water, but Celia was delighted to find he was exactly where I described he would be – in a neighbour's basement – and he was alive. It was a wonderful feeling to know I'd helped to save his life.



Pea's journey into animal communication has brought her the very thing the soul longs for- intimacy

Once I'd found I could communicate with animals I was determined to pursue it. And I was able to use my gift to my own advantage when I realised I had mice in my kitchen.

One day I opened a cupboard and heard movement coming from one of the food bags. Suddenly, a head popped out from one of the holes in the bag. A mouse looked up at me and froze and then made a hasty retreat.

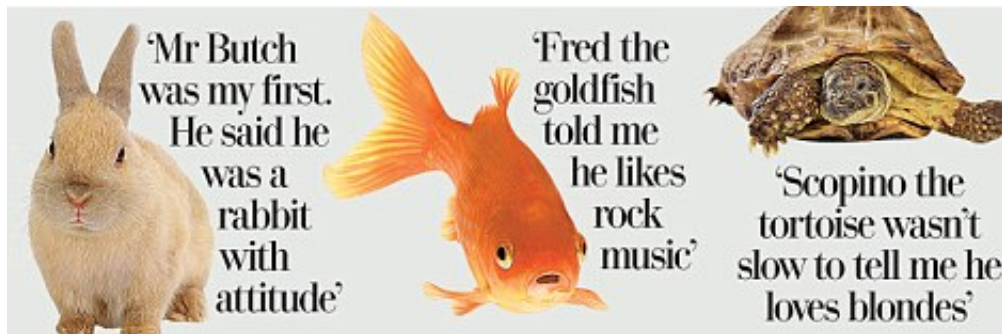
It was time to sort this out so I requested that just one mouse come forward and talk to me. I began by sending a feeling of love.

In moments I had a picture of a mouse in my mind and I could tell he wasn't happy. I tried to talk to him, but he wasn't listening.

He was livid. 'I'd like to talk about the food you're eating,' I said. He screamed at me, furiously waving his furry arms as he spoke: 'I'm not going to stop eating! You humans are all the same – you're bullies. You don't care for us. What am I meant to do? It's cold. I have a family to feed.'

I told him, 'I'm not asking you to stop eating the food; I just want to make a deal with you. I suggest that during the cold months, I leave you and your family some of the dog biscuits in a white dish.

The rest of the food is out of bounds.' He lowered his fists and let out a sigh. I continued, 'And when it gets warmer I'd like you to leave and find your own food outside.' We'd reached a compromise, and existed as one large family under the same roof.



On another occasion I received a call from a lady in the West Midlands, who asked me to communicate with her goldfish, Fred. She didn't have a photo, so we arranged a telephone appointment.

I asked her to picture Fred and I linked in with him by using their love connection. Then I was able to ask the goldfish to describe his tank – what was inside it, where it was in the home and what he could see.

He sent me a feeling of loneliness. He pictured another goldfish, who I sensed was a female and I felt a huge amount of love. I realised his girlfriend had died. He also told me his guardian had been away for some weeks and she confirmed she'd just come out of hospital.

Furthermore, to totally blow us both away, he shared with us his taste in music. 'Fred likes rock music,' I told his guardian. 'You're kidding!' she said. 'That's my boyfriend's music. He plays it in the sitting room at full blast.'

You see, as Fred showed, animals do fall in love. Nowhere was this clearer than when I was teaching my first international workshop in Rome. In this case, the animal was a tortoise called Scopino. Within moments of standing in the centre of our circle he'd begun to go walkabout.

I asked him where he was off to and heard the words: 'To meet everyone'. I carried him around to meet and greet people one by one.

When we reached the seventh person, I heard him as loud as an elephant's trumpeting call: 'I lurrve her! I lurrve her!'

This was Silvia: blonde hair, pretty face, friendly. 'Scopino has the hots for you, Silvia. He says he lurrves you,' I told her. She smiled, embarrassed and the rest of the students burst into giggles.

'The mouse said that I was bullying his family, so we did a deal'

Scopino and I completed the circle and I gently placed him back down on the floor. He immediately raced back to Silvia – that's 'raced' tortoise style, in slow, measured but determined steps.

A year ago, Christine, the owner of a golden labrador called Jack, requested a communication with him through his photo. I immediately felt he was sad, sore and exhausted. He was having difficulty breathing. Christine told me he had tumours on his lungs and she had questions she wanted to put to Jack through me.

She asked, 'Is he aware of how we feel about him?' With a calm and steady voice Jack replied, 'You are worried for me. You can see I am sad. My body hurts and I am trying my best to be jolly.'

Christine's final question was, 'How would you feel if we have to come to a decision about terminating your life?' Jack was very clear, 'I am not ready yet.' Ten days later Christine booked another communication with Jack. 'He's getting weaker,' she said. Jack was listening in to our conversation and urgently interjected: 'Not yet'.

He was giving me an idea of when he wanted to die, but animals can change their minds. I told Christine, 'He's actually giving two dates to me, 2 and 10 February. He may mean either of these dates or he may mean some time between the two dates.'

Early on 2 February, Christine rang again. 'I'm worried about Jack. I don't know what to do because, even though he's struggling, I don't quite feel it's his time.' I connected with Jack through his photo. '

Are you in pain?' I said. 'Yes,' he replied. 'Are you scared to go?' I asked. 'Yes,' Jack replied. 'Do you see the light?' 'Yes, but I don't want to walk through the door.' I asked him, 'How can we help you over that fear?' 'Surround me in love,' he said.

About 9.30am on 6 February, Christine rang again. 'I think he's ready, Pea. Can you ask him what he wants?' He connected with me straightaway. 'I'm ready now,' he said. 'This is my perfect moment. I'm not scared now. I am ready now, Pea. Tell her I am ready.'

The end, when it came after the vet's injection, was peaceful. Jack just laid his head between his paws and stared ahead. It took no more than a few minutes and he was gone. I felt an agonising sorrow. With each animal I communicate with I give them a little piece of my heart. When they die, a piece of me goes to heaven with them.

But my journey into animal communication has brought me the very thing the soul longs for – intimacy – and I feel my life is so much richer for it because, in the end, connection is what life is all about.

Extracted from Heart To Heart by Pea Horsley, published by HarperCollins at £6.99. © 2010, Pea Horsley. To order a copy of the book (p&p free), tel: 0845 155 0720.