

# Stairway TO HELL

An all-too-realistic premonition predicted a near-fatal accident for my mum **By Louise Burke, 44**



Me and my mum Susan

**S**itting at my desk, staring at the computer screen, I glanced over at the time.

*I should get some sleep soon, I thought.*

I was up late working on one of my assignments as a United Nations translator, and had a deadline to meet.

But as morning approached, I could feel my eyelids getting heavier.

So I shut down my laptop and made my way to bed.

As soon as my head hit the pillow, I nodded off.

But as I drifted into a state of sleep, I saw a vivid image of my mum, Susan, tumbling down a set of stairs.

It felt more powerful and real than a dream. It felt like a premonition.

It was incredibly unsettling. I woke up in a sweat and felt an overwhelming sense of urgency.

*Do I call Mum to check on her?* I thought.

But not wanting to alarm her, I decided to leave it until the next day.

In the morning, I called her. 'Mum, are you okay? You haven't had a trip, have you? Or fallen down the stairs?' I asked. 'No love, I'm fine,' she said, with a chuckle.

I felt instant relief. We chatted



Mum in hospital

a bit longer before hanging up.

But the following day, Mum called me.

'Louise, you won't believe this,' she started. 'Your stepdad was out walking the dog and fell over! Maybe your dream was about him.'

'Oh no, is he all right?' I asked, worried.

'He's fine, but I just thought I'd let you know,' she replied.

While I was relieved my stepdad was OK, I still couldn't shake off that uneasy feeling in my gut.

The following day, I caught up with an old friend, Paulo, over voice notes.

Like me, Paulo was in touch with his spiritual side.

I told him about my vision

***'Please tell me she's going to be OK'***

and how I couldn't shift my niggling fear for Mum.

'If you get a chance, I'd love you to read my tarot and let me know what you think,' I said. A few hours later, a call came through from my stepdad's phone.

I answered, but a woman's voice came through. 'Louise?' the familiar voice said. 'It's Margot.'

Margot was Mum's friend.

'It's your Mum,' she said. 'She's fallen down the stairs – she's lying here unconscious.'

I was in shock. 'Please tell me she's going to be OK,' I cried.

'We're not sure, we've called an ambulance,' she said.

I quickly made my way to the local hospital, where I was met by Margot, who explained that Mum's injuries were substantial.

'She's been in for a head scan and there's no brain damage,' she explained. 'She's in intensive care now – she's

had a bleed to the brain.'

Mum also had five broken ribs, a broken cheekbone, punctured lung, damaged spleen and broken collarbone. She was in a bad way.

After a few days, I was able to see her.

When Mum opened her eyes and saw me, she said, 'You told me this was coming'.

It was mind-blowing.

Mum had always been pretty sceptical, so it was a powerful moment for me.

Whenever I listened back to my in-depth voice note to Paulo, it gave me chills.

Miraculously, Mum only needed to stay in hospital for a week to recover before she was discharged.

Her only remaining injury is deafness in her left ear, which doctors think might be dried blood from the fall.

While meditation has always been my tool for calming the mind and helping me on set as an actress, I'm now exploring how the technique might help me tap into deeper, sometimes subconscious currents.

While the premonition and experience were traumatising, it's made me feel even more in touch with my intuition.