



## **(Season 4) Episode 35 - Time Slips (Part Two)**

On the 16<sup>th</sup> of July 2021, I released an episode of the show which became so popular that many listeners have been asking for a follow-up ever since. That episode was *Time Slips*, and it dealt with an element of the paranormal which many find completely unbelievable ... until they hear the stories. We know that many famous physicists, such as both the late Stephen Hawking and Albert Einstein, believed that time travel was theoretically possible ... it was just that our technology was lagging behind...way behind, and still is. The energy needed to accomplish a feat such as time travel is almost unthinkable and it's fair to say that it'll be hundreds of years in the future before the human race will even begin to dabble in this paradoxical and potentially dangerous element of science ... *but what if some people have already crossed over into another time ... and come back to tell the story?*

This is Episode 35 of the Haunted UK Podcast, and it's high time that we re-visit the strange phenomena of the time slip.

*How is it possible that an everyday person performing an average everyday chore can suddenly become transported to another time in the same location? What strange mechanics in physics can be operating here?... inter-dimensional time travel?...the clashing of states of time which have long since passed somehow being activated by a person who is susceptible to the phenomena?* Time slips and those who experience them are a fascinating topic of the paranormal, but one that is also very rarely experienced.

Compared to ghost sightings or poltergeist encounters, the event of you or me being lucky enough to have an experience with a time slip is like us going to China and bumping into an Amur leopard...in other words, not very likely at all. And when stories do surface of time slips, they're all the weirder and more amazing – and we seem to be drawn to them more out of sheer curiosity rather than their validity. But as we've discovered over the many episodes of this podcast, the witness has had an experience of some kind, and should be given the respect of being heard when they wish to tell their story.

Let's begin with an innocent day like many others in 1973 in Great Yarmouth on the east coast of England. A man with the wonderful name of Mr Squirrel entered a cobbled street off the town centre and came across an immaculately painted old-fashioned looking stationery shop. Mr Squirrel was in the market for buying some transparent display envelopes for his ever-growing coin collection, and a friend had given him the rough area of where to find this particular shop as there weren't many around that sold what he was looking for.

Straight away as he entered the shop – something didn't feel ... right; it felt like he had literally stepped into another time. Everything seemed different, old-fashioned – I guess ...the storage drawers and cupboards...the till...the signs...and the shop assistant. She appeared from the back of the shop and stood behind the counter. She seemed young; a bun tied up severely; a floor length skirt, an off-white blouse and a very distinctive cameo brooch at her neck. Not the dress code for 1973 that's for sure.

A little taken aback by all of this, Mr Squirrel nonetheless asked the shop assistant for the envelopes which he required, commenting that fisherman also use them to store hooks. She apparently knew straight away the item that he was looking for and went and grabbed a pack of 36 envelopes. The change was a shilling which Mr Squirrel happily paid. All the time that this interaction was going on, Mr Squirrel couldn't help noticing the complete absence of sound from outside. After he'd entered the shop, it was as if all the ambience from the outside world had been muted. With his envelopes in his hand and his mission accomplished, he thanked the shop assistant and left...a little confused, but happy that he'd managed to find what he needed. Within a few days he'd used up all the 36 envelopes which he'd bought, so decided to revisit the shop to get more...and this is where things got very strange...

As he turned off the high street and into the narrow road where the location of the shop was, he was stopped in his tracks. The cobbled street had gone...replaced instead by much more modern paving slabs. As he approached the shop, he was stunned to see that the beautifully brightly painted sign was now extremely old and faded. The door and window frames were rotting, and their paint had long since flaked away.

He pushed the door open and immediately saw an old woman at the counter. Surprised and confused, Mr Squirrel asked if he could have another pack of 36 transparent coin envelopes, but the old woman said that they didn't stock the item. He mentioned that he'd been in the shop a matter of just a few days ago and had been served by a young woman who knew exactly what he was after and sold him a pack of 36 envelopes for a shilling – but the older woman was insistent that she had been the sole proprietor of the shop for *decades*, and nobody else had ever worked there.

He left the shop but was determined to get to the bottom of this strange incident. He grabbed several of the coin envelopes which he'd bought from the shop and searched for an expert who could date them for him...and was astonished by the results. The expert estimated that the envelopes were at least 15 years old, but because cellulose had been in use since the 1920s, it was quite possible that they were older. Then there was the matter of payment. He paid a shilling for them...decimalisation had taken over in 1971, and even though shillings were still being accepted as currency in 1973, there was no quibble whatsoever from the young shop assistant who took the payment.

It's extremely difficult to fathom out just what happened here. *Had Mr Squirrel stumbled upon another shop the second time around, mistaking it for the shop on his first visit?* He was always adamant that this wasn't the case...it was the same location, the same road, the same shop.

It seems that the English County of Kent has a somewhat strange reputation for attracting the phenomena of time slips. *Is the area in some way charged with an unknown energy which allows these incidents to take place?... Or is there a parallel dimension which shares its borders with this county?*

In 1968 Charlotte Warburton and her husband were out shopping in Tunbridge Wells: a beautiful town with historical sites, restaurants, and picturesque walks. After a time of browsing around the shops they decided to meet up later as they both wanted to look for specific items. Charlotte had a taste for a particular brand of coffee that she was trying to track down but was having no luck from the usual greengrocer – so decided to try the supermarket on the Calverley Road. As she browsed around the supermarket, she noticed an arched entrance in the left-hand wall which led to a small cafe.

In all the time that Charlotte and her husband had been visiting the town she'd never realised that there was a cafe in the supermarket, so she decided to have a quick look. As she entered, she noticed the beautiful wood panelling on the walls as well as the ornate frosted light shades. Although it looked old fashioned there were plenty of people in there enjoying their coffee and conversation. Charlotte recalls two women in long dresses sitting at one table, while around six to ten gentlemen in lounge suits were sitting at tables further back. This just seemed perfectly normal to Charlotte, she didn't question it – and although she didn't stay – she made a mental note of remembering where the cafe was so that she could return there later with her husband. But get this – just like Mr Squirrel in the shop – the one and only thing that struck her as being odd was the fact that although she could *see* customers drinking coffee and chatting...she heard *no noise*...and she didn't smell any coffee either. When she met up with her husband later in the day, she mentioned the cafe and suggested that they should visit when they were next in Tunbridge Wells.

And so, they did. A few weeks later they returned to the town, and as before, began looking around the shops, but instead of splitting up Charlotte made a point of heading to the cafe she visited the last time they were there. The couple went into the same supermarket and walked to the location where Charlotte had seen the entrance...but there was no entrance...no cafe. Confused, Charlotte's husband suggested that maybe she'd got the wrong shop, so they searched up and down the high street in the hope of finding this illusive cafe...but they had no luck.

They then returned to the supermarket and asked a member of staff what had happened to the cafe, to which they replied *there had never been one...however, the supermarket was built on the site of a former Cinema*. Charlotte and her husband were told to go to the Tunbridge Wells Constitutional Club if they wanted to find out more information, so that's exactly what they did...and they found some intriguing information...

A steward kindly invited them inside and when asked about the supermarket and what was there previously, they were told that the Constitutional Club had once owned a building next to the supermarket, and as they were told by the member of staff inside the supermarket, it was indeed a cinema. They were also told that the Constitutional Club had a large assembly room and towards the rear a small bar for refreshments with tables and chairs. The room was plushly decorated with beautiful wood panelling and frosted light shades... *sound familiar??*

All of this had been rebuilt upon years ago, so there was no trace of anything to even suggest that a cinema and constitutional club had even stood on the site. *So, what had happened? Had Mrs Charlotte Warburton travelled back in time to a period where the club's refreshment room still existed?* Her description of the room is chillingly the same as to how the steward in the constitutional club described it – *and what about the strange phenomena of the absence of both sound and smell?? Was this a spectral view of a period which only allowed the participant to see the past...and what gift or trigger did Charlotte Warburton possess to enable her to see this??*

Staying in picturesque Kent, we move onto a strange tale which occurred in the truly astoundingly beautiful Leeds Castle. This building has an extremely long history which stretches as far back as AD 857. It gained its name from a Saxon chief called Led, or Leed, who built a wooden structure on the site...and the rest, as they say, is history. King Edward the First considered it one of his most favourite residencies – England's most famous historical King, Henry the Eighth, had the castle remodelled for his first wife Catherine of Aragon, as well as also holding a meeting with French King Francis the First. A painting of this event still hangs in the castle to this day.

Alice Pollock was born into the outer fringes of the aristocracy in 1868, and this gift allowed her more than usual access to various properties. It was in Leeds castle that a very strange experience happened to her during her adult years. A huge believer in the spirit world – and of psychic ability – she somehow gained fully authorised access to a very exclusive room inside Leeds Castle...Henry the Eighth's room. Many of the objects inside the room were genuine items owned by the King himself, and it was Alice's belief that using the technique known as psychometry, would give her access to lives long since passed.

What she didn't count on was being transported back hundreds of years. As she began touching various objects, she began picking up information about their history, until suddenly the room completely transformed. The plush carpet had disappeared and all that remained was the cold bare floor. The fireplace was now bright with a fiercely burning fire, and, despite the heat from this roaring fire, the atmosphere in the room changed from warm and grand to sparse and cold. Then...there was the 'other' woman who was now in the room with her when she had been previously alone.

Alice commented that this woman was continuously pacing back and forth ... back and forth ... as if she was completely immersed in her own thoughts ... until suddenly, again, she was transported back to the beautifully carpeted and furnished room. In complete shock regarding her experience, Alice began to do a little digging about that room in the castle and found out some startling facts. A woman named *Joanna, Duchess of Brittany* was imprisoned in that same room for several years until she was released by order of King Henry the Fifth in 1422. *Was this the woman who Alice saw pacing back and forth in that cold and bare room? ... Or was it someone else?* Alice Pollock wrote about this experience – including it in her autobiography – so it's not as if she didn't believe that what had happened to her wasn't real.

Our next time slip experience comes from a woman named Angela Charlton who replied to an advertisement from an author named Tony Walker – who was collecting paranormal stories for an up-and-coming book called *The Ghostly Guide to the Lake District* in 1998. On a side note in the book, Tony shared the very strange coincidence that Angela lived in the same house that he was now living in at the time of writing, when she had this experience back in the mid-1970s!

It took place near Penrith in beautiful Cumbria on a pathway that Angela had used many times which wound its way up a steep incline to the top of Beacon Hill which then overlooks Penrith. On this occasion, Angela was joined by a friend – and on this beautiful sunny day in the 1970s they began to follow the path as it weaved its way between the woodland trees and rocky outcrops. As they walked, they happily chatted away between each other, and nothing seemed out of the ordinary at all...until ... both girls felt the atmosphere close in ... as if there was a large thunderstorm looming above their heads.

They continued to walk and came to yet another sharp bend in the path, but instead of seeing more trees and the pathway changing its direction again, they were greeted by the unusual sighting of a very old stone-built cottage. Angela had never seen this dwelling before and was certain that they were still on the correct path, *but why hadn't she seen this house before?* Angela described it as being very roughly built using old stone...looking like something from the Middle Ages. Both of the girls stood there looking at the cottage when they noticed smoke billowing from the small chimney, then ...suddenly ... they heard movement inside ... meaning that there must have been somebody home .. *but who?* Angela and her friend began to get this ominous feeling about the whole

situation, and as they heard and saw the front door creaking open they ran back down the path towards home in fear of... *who or what* ...could have been coming out of that cottage.

The experience must have stuck in the minds of both girls because it was several months before Angela had plucked up enough courage to walk up the pathway once more...and sure enough...there was no cottage. Her friend never spoke of the incident again. It's unknown whether any research was ever conducted by Angela in the years that followed which could have maybe shed some light on any dwelling that may have once stood in the area...so for now...this remains a complete mystery.

Time slips aren't just limited to the UK or Europe...the US also has their fair share of these strange tales. In the early autumn of 1971, three men: Gordon, Mark and Karl – who all worked for a cattle feed company – had been sent by their employer to pick up a feeder from a property near Ponca City, Oklahoma. They drove up to the gate in their white Ford Pickup, opened the gate, then continued to drive towards the location of the feeder. As they drove, they noticed that the grass which covered the pastures was up to, and at times taller, than the front of their truck.

Now if you've seen a 1970s' movie with an American Pickup, you'll have some idea just how big these vehicles are. They were told that the feeder was located near a large red barn, and as they approached and caught sight of the barn, there was the feeder...just as they were told. Upon inspection the men found that the feeder was still at least half full and would be way too heavy to lift and load onto the back of the truck. They decided to leave the feeder as it was and report back to their employer with their findings.

As they began to leave, they drove around the rear of the barn to get back onto the flattened grass pathway which they'd made in the truck on their way up to the feeder, and it was here that they caught sight of a large white house. The property had two storeys and was in complete darkness. There was no indication that there was anyone living there at all – but not thinking too much more about it they simply drove past it and back down the pathway towards the gate, and onto the road.

After reporting back to their boss about the level of feed still inside the unit, he told them that he would personally go back to the property and empty the feeder, leaving it light enough for the three men to go back and load it onto their truck. They agreed that they would do this that evening on their way home and bring the feeder back to the work yard the following morning. Conscious of the fact that cattle hustlers were sometimes at work in the area, and that it would also be dark, they all decided to take their shotguns with them – just for some added protection...they were also planning to have a look around that old white house that was behind the barn.

Hours later and Gordon, Mark and Karl pulled up again outside the gate to retrieve the now almost empty cattle feeder. They drove up the same trail through the grass which they'd cut through with their pick-up truck the day before and finally got to the same red barn with the feeder not far from it. All three men got out of the truck and manoeuvred the feeder into position on the back of the pickup, then instead of taking the truck, they all decided to walk around the barn and up the hill ...towards the white house.

As they rounded the barn with their shotguns in hand – just in case of any trouble – they were stunned to see that there was no house in front of them. This wasn't something that was a dot on the landscape; this was a two-storey white house a few hundred feet away...*but where had it gone?* The three men walked further up the hill and found no evidence at all of there ever being a house on

the property...no derelict remains...no burnt out shell...not even a foundation...nothing. All three of these witnesses stuck firm to their stories...but had no logical explanation as to what happened to them over those two evenings.

We stay in the US for our next story, and this isn't necessarily a tale of a time slip, but more a tale of a building having the eerie power to actually *slow* time down. A young man named Douglas joined his father early one morning at 6 a.m. to view a property which they were interested in renting. It's 1981, and the location was Austintown, Ohio. After both men pulled up outside the property, they were slightly disappointed by its poor condition, noting the damaged guttering, porch, and badly overgrown garden. Not wanting to be totally put off and hoping that maybe the house was some sort of hidden gem, they opened the gate and began to survey the outside. The overgrown garden was hiding two rusting and – long since forgotten – swings, and Douglas remembers that they both heard the faint and distant sound of children's laughter...but they simply put this down to the kids in the neighbourhood already being out and playing...even though it was such an early hour.

As Douglas was still looking around the garden, he noticed his father approach the door to the side of the house and begin to peer inside. Both men commented that the house had a very strange vibe to it; and whilst trying to get a better look in the garage this vibe and feeling of foreboding was compounded even further...it had no floor...just dirt. They both went back to the door at the side of the property and tried the door handle in the hope that it may be unlocked...and they were in luck as the door opened and they stepped inside.

Immediately they were struck with a feeling of dread – an atmosphere of heaviness and darkness enveloped them and seemed to pervade the whole house in its entirety. Enough to put many people off completely, Douglas and his father still decided to continue to look around. They tried the lights – but it seemed that the power was out. Standing in a rather desolate room, they noticed that there were no windows, only other doors branching off and leading to other rooms. Tentatively, the two men wandered around together with this sense of menace and heaviness following their every step – yet despite this they still tried the doors one by one. All were open...apart from one:

... the basement door which was locked tight.

As they finished their look around – and taking a deep breath – Douglas's father decided to just try the basement door one last time...and it creaked open. They both stood at the top of the basement stairs glaring down into the darkness – again, this would have been enough for most people, but they descended the first few steps and found a pull cord for the light...for some reason, the power was on down there ... and a single light flickered on...

They described the basement as being quite small with an old wringer washer sitting towards one of the walls and there on top of it...was an old-style loaded revolver. Douglas went over, picked the gun up to examine it when, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the light pull cord was starting to swing back and forth...then the lights went out and immersed the two men into complete darkness. Douglas said, '*an overwhelming feeling of absolute terror washed over him like a wave*', and he aimlessly fumbled about in the darkness searching for his father. His father was also doing the same thing, and as they found each other they both began to search for the stairs. With Douglas holding on to his father's jacket – cautiously – they began to climb the stairs. Treading carefully with his father in front, Douglas' view was obscured – and for a second all was deathly quiet ...until ...his father emitted a horrific scream...a scream that still haunts Douglas to this day. Pushing hard against

the basement door it gave way and swung open. They immediately saw that somehow all the lights in the house were now on and working...and strangely...it was dark outside.

Both men ran for the yard and for their truck, and as they started it to drive away, they noticed that the garage door was open. There, lying on the dirt of the garage floor was a lamb with its throat slit...still twitching. *What the hell was going on here?...and why was it still dark??* Looking at the clock in the truck launched the level of confusion and strangeness to an even higher level...21 hours had passed...but they had only been in the house for a matter of around 15 minutes...*where had the time gone?*

Upon returning home they were told that the police, friends and relatives had been out looking for them, petrified that something terrible had happened. Father and son could find no plausible explanation for what had happened to them, and Douglas's father would never tell him what he encountered at the top of the stairs in the basement when he let out that horrifying scream. A few days later they both made a point of driving past the house and found that the FBI had fenced it off with warning signs saying that it was private property, and no trespassing was allowed.

*What had Douglas and his father stepped into when they went into that house...a time slip?... a warp in the fabric of space time itself?...or something else?? Was the sacrificed lamb there to try and protect them from whatever was infesting the place?...Or was it there to try and make sure they never got out?...maybe they were meant to be sacrificed to the house? And what did Douglas' father see at the top of the basement stairs?... Whatever the case is here, it's certainly a very strange and disturbing encounter.*

We now move back to the UK and to one of the most amazing time slip stories ever told. We find ourselves in the county of Suffolk...right next to Norfolk where our first story took place. The village of Kersey lies almost in the centre of the county towards the south, approximately 12 miles from Ipswich in the east, and 16 miles from Colchester further south. Colchester itself is an enigma...allegedly extremely haunted, and also with a wealth of history under its belt. It was the capital city in Roman Britain in around AD43, but there were settlements in Colchester which go all the way back to the Bronze Age...but let's get back to Kersey.

The village is a beautiful, picturesque place, with buildings dating back to the 1400s; so again, a lot of history here. We join three British Royal Navy cadets in 1957 who were taking part in a map reading exercise. They were William Laing, Michael Crowley and Ray Baker. With a route of a few miles across fields and through woodlands, the three cadets were told to take notes and, when they had completed the exercise, report back to their instructors with what they had seen. If their notes matched up with the target locations which their superiors had selected, then the exercise would have been a success...but this particular day would prove to be something completely out of the ordinary...

After a few hours of map reading and note-taking, the three cadets began to hear church bells in the distance. They could see the village of Kersey not too far away and headed towards it as part of their route...but as they began to enter the village boundary, strange things began to happen. An atmosphere began to descend all around them...as if an invisible blanket was being lowered over the whole village. An extremely eerie silence engulfed everything...and then the sound of the church bells faded away. All signs of life seemed to completely cease apart from a small number of ducks – which the three boys could see in a nearby stream...strange thing was...there was no sound, even as they splashed around in the water.

What struck William, Michael and Ray as they walked through the village was that every house looked like it was from the medieval age...timber framed...hand built...a little lop-sided in appearance. Even the glass in these buildings looked old and warped due to its uneven thickness; then there were the trees, shrubs, bushes and flowers. Everything was a radiant luscious green and in bloom ...but this was during autumn. As they continued to wander through the streets, they suddenly became aware that the church tower was no longer visible.

The three boys were certain that they had not only heard the church bells ringing but had seen the tall church tower as they were crossing the fields to get to the village...*but where had it gone?* There were also no power lines, telegraph poles or anything even remotely modern. There wasn't a car, motorcycle or even a push bike in sight. One of the cadets decided to peek through a window in one of the buildings which they thought to be a butcher shop and saw a number of skinned ox carcasses hanging up...but they were green with decay and decomposition. The smell must have been terrible...but it also became apparent that whoever this shop had belonged to had left long ago.

Feeling more and more uneasy, the three boys decided to make their way out of the village as quickly as possible. William Laing commented in one interview that *'the further they got from the village, the lighter the atmosphere became.'*... but also, the colours in the surrounding countryside slowly changed back to how they should have been...*and...* the church bells started to ring again. The three boys began to run for a few hundred yards to put as much distance between them and this strange place, and as they looked back...there was the church tower.

William Laing, Michael Crowley and Ray Baker all stuck to their stories with vigour – and refused to believe that they were just seeing things. They were fully convinced that all of them experienced something very much out of the ordinary that day ... *but what exactly?*

Over the decades that followed, the three boys drifted apart and moved on with their lives, but it was William Laing who felt the need to try and find some sort of closure to the whole episode ... so decided to get in touch with psychical researcher Andrew Mackenzie.

In 1990, William Laing flew to England from Australia, where he now lived, to meet up with Mackenzie who was utterly intrigued with what the three cadets had experienced 33 years prior. Both returned to Kersey to retrace William Laing's steps, and to also delve into the history of the village itself to try and get more answers to the mounting pile of questions. First off was the butcher's shop where they had seen those abandoned ox carcasses. Andrew Mackenzie's research revealed that the building had indeed been a butcher's shop...from 1790 through to 1905, but there were bits and pieces of evidence that could have pointed to this shop being much older...it could have been a butchery as far back as 1350.

After 1905, the shop had been a general store, *so how had the boys known that it was a completely different shop hundreds of years ago...and specifically, a butcher?* Next was the phenomena which involved the church bells fading into silence – but more alarmingly was the fact that the tower had literally disappeared. Well, the church in the village, known as St. Mary's, has sections which date back to the 1300s – but the tower wasn't completed until around 1481. It has never collapsed or been rebuilt, so in 1957 when the three boys were walking through the village, the church tower would have definitely been there.

Another interesting fact unearthed by Mackenzie was that the construction of the church tower had to be put on hold when, in the mid to late 1300s, the Bubonic Plague had decimated the numbers in Kersey as well as the surrounding areas. It wasn't until decades later that the village would have a



positive turn in fortune when its wool trade became highly profitable, thus enabling construction of the church tower to start up again and reach completion in 1481.

William, Michael and Ray felt they likely had their experience anywhere between the years 1400 and 1460. This is because the church tower was not visible – but also the fact that glass was in the village houses – which indicated that the village must have had a significant financial income of some sort. Although the story has stood the test of time over the years, it is not without its critics...as with most stories linked to the paranormal.

The county of Derbyshire is not only a place of tremendous beauty because of it being the home of the Peak District, but it also has a wealth of stunning villages, towns and many stately homes. One of these was the setting for our next tale of the strange and unusual phenomena of time slips. Haddon Hall is nestled in the valley of the river Wye, not far from the immensely pretty village of Bakewell. There's been a settlement here since around 1087, so in essence you have over 900 years of history at this site. It's presently the family home of Lord and Lady Mannners when they decided to move back into the house in 2016 – however, it's been in the Mannners family since 1567.

Author Joan Forman had been collecting ghost stories and tales of time slips for several years, but it was an experience at Haddon Hall which happened to her directly, that helped her to put forward a theory that she felt could help explain the cause of time slips. As she was wandering around Haddon Hall's courtyard absorbing the atmosphere and taking in the beautiful architecture, she suddenly caught sight of four children who she said were at the top of a flight of stairs playing.

One girl caught the attention of Joan, and she was fixated on her for a number of minutes. She recalls that the girl was around nine years old, had blonde hair down to her shoulders and was wearing a long dress which she thought was silk. It was green and grey in colour, and this was offset by a striking white collar. The children seemed to have no idea at all that Joan was standing there watching them play, and strangely enough, Joan even said that she was fully aware that what she was looking at wasn't coming from something physical she was actually seeing ... it was coming from her sub-conscious – but it had the physical impression of being incredibly solid and real.

After a short while the vision faded away, leaving Joan confused but utterly fascinated. She felt that the figures of the children, particularly the young girl, must have been residents of the house at some point in time; so, decided to hunt around the house for paintings of past family members to see if she could make a connection. Sure enough, in amongst a selection of family portraits, hung a painting of a young girl who was the absolute match of the child which Joan had seen playing at the top of the stairs in the courtyard ... the girl's name was Lady Grace Mannners...and she'd been dead since the 1640s.

Joan's theory – which she felt enabled her to see a moment in the distant past – was referred to as the *trigger factor*. She felt that this *trigger factor* can occur when a susceptible person, who is unaware that they are immersed in their surroundings, can seemingly cause a time slip event to take place. Even if you aren't concentrating on the environment which you're in, a sub-conscious mesmeric emotion will have the effect of triggering a vision or playback of a moment in the past ... well, that's the theory anyway. But there is one particular place in the UK where it seems that these emotions or sub-conscious factors have no bearing on when a time slip event will occur... that place is Bold Street in Liverpool.

This busy, bustling street is flanked on both sides by shops, cafes and pubs, so you'd be forgiven for thinking that an area like this would be way too active as a place of human interaction to harbour some sort of tear in the fabric of space-time ... but it apparently does. As recent as 2006 a man named Sean had a chilling experience with a time slip, but it was an event which also potentially saved him from prosecution because of a crime he'd committed. Sean was shoplifting in one of the many stores on Bold Street when he was spotted by a security guard who gave chase.

As Sean sprinted away from the guard, he turned into a small road which was a dead-end. Fully expecting his pursuer to grab a hold of him in a matter of seconds, he turned around to face his fate...but instead of seeing the entrance to Bold Street and the security guard running towards him, he was no longer there ... and the road was... well, different. As Sean walked back onto Bold Street, he was stunned to see the road works which were taking place had gone...all of the shops were different and much older... there were even trees in areas of the street that weren't there before.

In a scene reminiscent of when Marty Mcfly first encountered Hill Valley in 1955 in the movie *Back to The Future*, Sean was looking at a scene which he felt was from around the 1960s. Every person was dressed in 60s type clothes...all the cars were much older models, and most disturbing of all, when he picked up a newspaper to see what the date was – he was horrified to see that he was looking at a newspaper from the 18th of May, 1967. In an automatic reaction, Sean reached for the one thing that may save him ... his mobile phone.

Pulling it from his pocket and readying himself to make a call, he quickly realised that there was no signal or network provider on the screen...the phone was essentially dead. In a panic, Sean walked to the nearest shop which happened to be a jeweller...by the name of H. Samuel. Upon entering the store, he noticed that the interior was much the same as the exterior...very much out of date, and as he gazed out of the windows, he was met by the sight of everyday life continuing to roll along...in 1967. Making up his mind to leave the shop and to try and find somewhere more familiar, he opened the door and stepped back onto the street...which was when everything suddenly clicked back to a normal 2006 reality ... but with a couple of disturbing changes...

The security guard was no longer chasing him, and after looking at his watch, Sean realised that it should have been much later... but no time had passed since he had turned into that small dead-end street trying to evade capture. Now this story certainly sounds utterly amazing and to a certain extent, completely unbelievable...until you hear from the security guard who was chasing Sean. The initial story made its way into the local newspaper – and the security guard got in touch and actually backed the story up by saying that from his perspective Sean simply disappeared right before his eyes as he chased him into the dead-end street.

Delving deeper into the story, the newspaper the Liverpool Echo found that the descriptions which Sean gave to them in regard to the layout of Bold Street's shops, the placement of the trees – and even the location of the jeweller's shop which he'd stumbled into in 1967 bears a very eerie and accurate representation of that particular street all those years ago. *How did Sean know all of this?... was he a secret historian? And what about the security guard whose sworn statement revealed the disturbing phenomenon of seeing Sean vanish in front of him...?*

The Bold Street time slips don't end there...A few years ago a woman by the name of Imogen wandered down to Bold Street to go shopping for a gift for her sister who was expecting a baby. As Imogen browsed around the shops on the street, she came across Mothercare and went inside. This was perfect ... there were stocks of clothes, pushchairs, cots, Moses' baskets, changing mats,

nappies ... everything you could think of for the expectant mum and her baby ... and on top of all of that ... it was cheap, and the quality looked fantastic.

After selecting several items, Imogen made her way to the checkouts and presented her credit card to the woman at the till...who took it and looked at it as if it was some sort of joke. She informed Imogen that they only accepted cash, at which point she left the items at the checkout and left the shop. After meeting up with her mother, Imogen told her of her experience with this shop called Mothercare...to which her mother told her that Mothercare had closed down years ago and the building was now a bank. Not having any of this, Imogen proceeded to literally drag her mother back down to Bold Street to show her this shop...but just as her mum had said... there was a bank in its place...and no sign of Mothercare.

We finish this episode with a time slip experience which is so detailed that it begs for further investigation. It involves a couple named Frank and Carol who were in the area to look around and to do some shopping. It must be noted here that Frank was a serving police officer who was off duty at the time. Now we all know that police officers are trained to retain as much detail as possible, and the following story has some acute observations to it.

It was on a Saturday in July 1996 that both Carol and Frank had travelled to Bold Street via the train. They both had ideas of items which they wanted to look for specifically, so agreed to split up for a while and then meet back up a little later. Carol was in search of a copy of Irvine Welsh's book *Trainspotting*, so she headed for Dillons the Bookstore, while Frank wanted to look for some music CDs.

Around 20 minutes after going their separate ways, Frank made his way up an incline which led onto Bold Street...and this is where things started to turn very weird. As he walked along, he instantly felt a dramatic change in the whole atmosphere surrounding the area. It became very quiet with Frank describing it as a '*dead Spot*', and as he entered Bold Street a 1950s' small-box van type vehicle cut straight across his path ... which was now a road – and narrowly missed hitting him. The driver of the van beeped the horn frantically as he passed Frank –and he noted the name on the side of the van as being 'Caplan's.'

Shaking his head, Frank made his way across the road and headed to Dillons Bookstore to meet his wife ... but it wasn't there...instead a store by the name of Cripps sat in front of him with two entrances. Frank then peered in through one of the windows of the store and noticed that there were no books at all...but instead rows and rows of women's handbags and shoes. *Had he got the right shop?? Had he somehow become lost??* Becoming a little confused, Frank turned around to face the road again and noticed immediately that every single person was now clothed in attire which would have been right at home in the 1940s or 50s.

Men were wearing trilby hats and long coats while women wore scarves, gloves and even berets or pillbox hats. *What the hell was going on here?* As he looked around and took in more detail, it began to sink in that maybe all of the rumours about the Bold Street time slip effect weren't all drunken stories or hallucinations ... maybe there was an element of truth to them all. In amongst all the people walking up and down Bold Street, Frank spotted a young woman in her 20s who was wearing hipster type jeans and a green coloured sleeveless top...much more 90s in style as opposed to 40s or 50s. As she passed him, he also noticed that she was carrying a bag with the name Selfridges on it ... so he decided to follow her...and she was heading straight towards the Cripps store which was, a few minutes ago, Dillons Bookstore. As they both entered Cripps the whole building, inside and out, transformed back to Dillons the Bookstore in almost an instant. Frank reached out and pulled on the

young woman's arm who he had followed into the store and asked her if she had just seen what he had ... and she replied, 'oh yes ... I thought it was a new shop that had just opened. I was coming in to look at the clothes and bags ... and now it's a bookshop!'. She then gave a nervous chuckle and left the store.

Frank eventually caught up with his wife and told her about the whole incident, but she said that she'd been in the book shop all that time and didn't notice anything at all. Frank has never changed his story, and after some investigation by paranormal expert Tom Slemen, it was discovered that in the 1950s and 60s there had indeed been a store called Cripps right in the exact location of Dillons Bookstore. Cripps was a very popular traditional dressmaking shop that opened in 1848. As it expanded it began to sell handbags and shoes until it finally closed ... in the 1970s.

*But what about that small-box van with the name Caplan's on the side? ... was anything found out about the roots of this van and company logo? ... yes, there was. Caplan's was a delivery firm that operated in the area which surrounded Bold Street – around the same time that the Cripps store was open. It also closed around the same time...decades before Frank and Carol got off their train and went shopping on that fateful day.*

So, as with all these stories within this episode we have to ask *what is going on here? Are we really dealing with the possibility of places dotted around our villages, towns and cities which could momentarily transport us to various times in the past? Are we able to glimpse times, places, and people that have long since disappeared from our current world – with our current understanding of physics? So many people must walk up and down Bold Street in Liverpool every day...so why don't we hear more stories?*

*Could this be another example of the trigger factor which was described by author Joan Forman after her sighting at Haddon Hall? It is theorised in many aspects of the paranormal that people who are sensitive to their surroundings can trigger events such as ghost sightings...could it be the same for time slips? And finally, dear listener, what do you think about this? Do you have some grasp of quantum physics which might shed some light on this? Do you have a more rational explanation? What do you think happened to Bob on Booth Street? Or to the cadets in 1950s' Suffolk? Or a confused Mr Squirrel in 1970s' Great Yarmouth? Perhaps you also have a timely tale to tell? Has something like this ever happened to you? Please let us know – we would love to hear. Drop us a tweet on our Twitter page @hauntedukpod or let us know via Instagram @hauntedukpodcast.*

Whatever the science is behind these amazingly strange incidents, it's quite clear that we have very little understanding of it ... and until we do, experiences such as these in this episode will continue to be as mysterious now as they were then. So be careful when you next go for a stroll or even for a routine quick trip to the shops ... because the next person to slip through the fabric of space and time ... could be **you**.