

# Missing Time: Has It Ever Happened To You?

or more correctly: Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement

by Dirk Gillabel, 2023



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## My Own Experience

This article started by remembering a strange experience I had when I was in my twenties. It was so unusual that I kept wondering what it might have been. Even now (in my retirement) I still remember it well. Only recently I have come up with a possible explanation. Originally I thought that I was the only one who had such an experience. Looking around the internet in the past years I discovered that many other people had similar experiences. It is a strange phenomenon that warrants further investigation.

I called my experience **The Night That Didn't Exist:**

It had been an ordinary day, somewhere in my twenties, so that must be in the 1980s. In the evening I went to bed at 10 o'clock, as usual, to get up at 6.00 am, as usual, to go to work. At 10 o'clock it was already completely dark outside. I laid down in bed, closed my eyes and dozed off for ten seconds. I opened my eyes again and noticed that there was a light shining through the window. "Strange", I thought, "What might that be?" I turned towards the window and noticed that it was light outside, that is, light from the sun. I was puzzled. I looked at the clock next to my bed, and noticed that it was 6.00 in the morning. Now I was really flabbergasted because I had only dozed off for about ten seconds. I hadn't slept at all. I didn't know what to think about it because I get

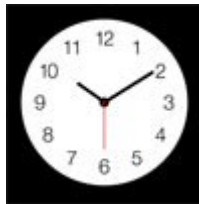
my breakfast and catch the bus to work. Actually, I didn't know what to think about for many, many years, until recently.

I have to explain this a little further.

When you wake up in the morning, you know you have slept because you have a feeling, especially a bodily feeling of having slept in the first place. Your body feels different because it feels refreshed, or you still feel sleepy when you wake up. You can also feel approximately how long you have slept. You have a sense of a passage of time, even if you can't judge it right, or if you have memory problems. I normally can remember some of my dreams, but those were absent too.

When I woke up, after a few seconds, there was absolutely no sense of having slept. My body did not feel different. I closed my eyes and a moment later I opened them, and there was no time passage in between. My body was still in the exact same position. Normally, when one sleeps, the body moves around a lot during the night. There was no sense of passage of time, none. No dreams either. That is all I can tell about it, because there was nothing in between those two point in time. All I can compare it to is a filmstrip out of which a series of frames have been cut out, and the two ends taped together.

It only happened once to me. It was a one time occurrence.



## Clarification of Terms

The title of this article, *Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement*, might be a little cumbersome, but it describes accurately the phenomenon I will be talking about. People who have had strange experiences involving time and space often do not understand what has happened. The discontinuity of their experience in the ordinary, every-day world is puzzling and sometimes disconcerting. They choose simple terms in an effort to label the unusual experience. The most known example of this is the so-called 'missing time' in UFO and alien abduction scenarios. This term is a misnomer because time was not missing; it went along as usual. What was missing was their memory between two points of time. The right term for this experience is 'Missing Memory'. Unfortunately, the term 'missing time' stuck and has been used ever since. Alien abduction cases are a little different because the abductees generally do have the sense of the passage of time. Although they have no memory of what happened after seeing a UFO or aliens, they do feel that something has happened. Also, a lot of abductees do remember one or more parts of the abduction.

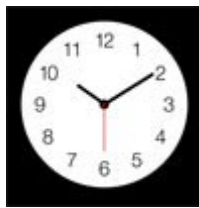
However it is important to use the right terms, or at least terms that describe as close as possible an event that we don't fully comprehend.

I am using the term *Missing Memory of Time* to describe an event between two points of time, of which the person does not have any memory at all. For example, it is 2 o'clock and suddenly it is 4 o'clock and the person realizes that he cannot remember anything that happened in the last two hours. His memory of the passage of time is absent too. We are talking here about truly anomalous events, not something that was induced by memory wiping drugs, alcohol or brain diseases.

It is important to understand that time is not separate from space. Time and space are linked together. In science, they call it the time-space continuum. That is one of the reasons why time travel is not possible. You cannot alter time without altering space too.

*Missing Memory of Spatial Displacement* is an experience in which a person suddenly finds himself in a different location, without having any memory how he got there. This can be an instantaneous event, or a passage of time occurred for which there is no memory.

What is also important is that these experiences are all about the total loss of memory, actually an anomalous loss of memory between two distinct points in time in an otherwise normal situation with normal, healthy people.



## Different Kinds of Time and Space Displacement

When I started to search for other people's experiences similar to mine, I found that there were indeed others who had almost identical experiences. Then I started to find other experiences with a variety of time and/or space skips.

There are different kinds of loss of memory experiences, or different circumstances in which people report an anomalous displacement not only in time but also in their spatial location, without any memory of what happened. Most people are very concerned afterwards. Usually they don't talk about it, or only to a close friend or family member, out of fear of ridicule or being called crazy.

Let's have a look at the different kinds of time/space displacements. I have grouped them in a couple of categories, but some of them overlap. These are of course my own categories in an effort to get an overview of the phenomenon.

## **1. Missing Memory of Time Passage Only**

The person experiences loss of passage of time but still finds himself in the same position in space. The person immediately knows that there is a time discrepancy, but it can also happen that the person did not notice this until he checked a clock and sees that it is much later than it should be.

Usually a time displacement only happens to one person, but I found a several cases where it happened to two people at once, and even one case where an entire group of people was involved.

As I mentioned before my own experience turned out not to be unique. A person lies down on his bed in the evening, blinks, and it is morning. There is no sense of the passing of time, and no memory of anything that happened between the two points of time. There is also no change in the position of the body. That by itself is already anomalous, because the body changes its position many times during sleep. Staying in the same position for 6 or 8 hours would also result in bodily aches and pains, which are absent.

Even more intriguing are the cases in which a person is standing. Time passed unnoticed and the person is still standing in the exact same position. Again, this would be impossible when hours went by. This would create pains and aches in the body. This experience can happen when the person is in the middle of ordinary chores, like washing the dishes.

## **2. Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement**

In these cases, there is not only a loss of memory of the passage of time, but the person suddenly finds himself at a different location. This can be just a feet away, but also many miles away in a totally different area. The person has no idea how he ended up there. Remember we are talking only about normal, healthy people.

In most of these cases, only one person is involved. When two people experience a time and or space displacement, it not only adds validity to the experience, but it also gives rise to more concern. This usually happens driving a car.

The time-lapse with space displacement is in general a couple of hours. There are many reports of people (also children) who went missing for several days and were later found in good health, but they did not remember anything of the missing time period. David Paulides researched a lot of these cases in his Missing 411 books. He found a lot of strange phenomena associated with these cases.

### **3. Instantaneous Spatial Displacement**

There are also instances in which people are driving a car, and they arrive much earlier to their destination than physically possible. They can find themselves suddenly close to their destination without any memory of having passed familiar landmarks that they should have noticed. One could write it off as a loss of memory, but the trip took, for example, only 20 minutes while it should have taken four hours. Somehow they were teleported from one location to another. There is no memory of how this happened.

### **4. The Circumstances**

**Noticed Immediately Noticed:** Sometimes the person did not notice that something unusual happened for which they have no memory. This means that the daily activities went on smoothly as usual, but that at a certain time point their activity stopped and at the second point in time, they resumed as if there had been nothing in between these two points in time. Only when he looks at a clock, he notices that many hours are unaccounted for.

**While Walking:** A person is walking down the street and finds himself suddenly at another location at a later time. Usually the change is abrupt, but sometimes he experiences strange perceptions of his environment

**While Driving or Biking:** The same can happen while driving a car or riding a bike. How is it possible for a driving or biking person to find themselves somewhere else without memory and still having control over the vehicle?

There are basically three scenarios while a person is walking, driving or biking. He finds himself suddenly much further down the road; he finds himself suddenly at a totally different location in the same town/city; he finds himself many miles back on the same road. In the first two instances he usually finds that he has traversed that distance in an impossible short time.

**Guidance:** It is rare, but in some cases there is a clear spiritual guidance of some sort to help the person when he becomes aware of his new situation and is freaked out. It seems that the intelligence responsible for the TDD is concerned and does not want the person to have any accident or to be too distressed.

**Cloths:** in some cases, when people 'wake up' from their memory lapse, they find themselves without cloths, partially clothed, or even naked. In the 411 Missing cases it is a regular feature that the missing person's clothing (when they found the person) had been messed with, and often the shoes are found nearby or not at all.

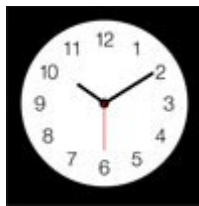
**Missing Items:** some people when 'waking up' from their memory lapse do not

have the object they had in hand anymore, and they cannot find it anymore. It disappeared completely.

**Missing from the space they never left:** There are cases in which the person, during the short period of his memory loss, is actually missing from the place where he should have been, as other people had come by that place, and he was not there. The person himself is convinced that he stayed at that one location. Usually these short periods last up to a couple of hours.

**Trance:** in some instances, people have lost memory while walking, biking or driving, and when they became aware again they are engaged into this activity. It is quite something to have a loss of consciousness while driving, safely and in traffic, and to be still driving when coming out of it. This suggests that people are put into a trance state by which their body and bodily activity is taking over.

**Other:** I found two or three experiences in which there we first a bright flash of light; and one experience in which there was a violent spin of air around the car



## Who or What is Behind It?

The phenomena of missing time, or not remembering what happened, can be divided into two sections: somnambulism and outside intervention.

### **Somnambulism**

Somnambulism, or sleepwalking is a strange state of consciousness, in which the body is deep asleep, but the person is still conscious. No two somnambulists are the same, and they display different degrees of this deep sleep. A somnambulist can sit up in bed, talk, walk around, converse with other people, even to the point that other people can't distinguish his sleepwalking state from a waking state. When he wakes up, he doesn't remember a thing of what happened while he was in that state, and he is bewildered why he is suddenly in another place. Although in a sleep state, he is still conscious enough to do work: knitting, doing the dishes, writing letters, walking into town, and even driving a car. Most somnambulists have their eyes closed, but they can still perfectly see the world around them. From a pure physical point of view this is impossible, but from an esoteric point of view, the person has separated his conscious from the physical body into the astral body, and he is now perceiving the world through this astral body, while still maintaining a link with the physical body which it is still

controlling.

Somnambulism is similar to certain trance states. When a person is in the somnambulistic state he can also establish a direct mental link with another person, and read his mind and thoughts. He even can predict his own personal future in regards to his health in the nearby future. It all depends how deep the state of somnambulism is. We are touching here at levels of consciousness that have been little explored.

Catalepsy is considered a special state of somnambulism. Catalepsy is a nervous condition characterized by muscular rigidity and fixity of posture regardless of external stimuli, as well as decreased sensitivity to pain. In missing time cases, we find some people who were in a fixed bodily position for a short or long time.

Somnambulism is caused by a neurological or brain disorder, but it is still unclear what the mechanism is. It also seems to run in families, so there may be a genetic underlying link to it. This is the physical component, but there is also an energetic component. Karl von Reichenbach (1788-1896) found that the somnambulistic state arises when the nervous system is overcharged with an energy he called Od (his term for what we now would call, prana, life energy, aether, etc.).

Somnambulism happens naturally and artificially. Natural somnambulism happens when a person is already asleep, and then falls in the deeper somnambulistic sleep. It can be produced artificially by another person. Karl von Reichenbach showed that a sensitive person can be brought easily into the somnambulistic state by magnetic passes, or by pointing the tip of a crystal, or the north pole of magnet to the person. You can find more about these sensitive people in my articles of *The Odic Energy of Life*, and *Somnambulism and Cramps*.

Somnambulism can happen at any time, not only when one is asleep in bed. A sensitive person can fall into the somnambulistic state in the daytime, under any circumstance; while eating, waking, working... The transition from waking state to somnambulistic state happens very quickly, almost instantaneously. When he wakes up, he doesn't remember anything of what happened during this episode.

We find all this with the missing time phenomenon. People wake up in the same bodily position, even many hours later, a situation that resembles catalepsy. After a period of missing time, they find themselves in another bodily position in the same place, or in another room. When walking, biking or driving, they find themselves in another location without remembering how they got there. Even when they were missing for many hours and even days, without remembering anything. Somnambulism can last that long. I would even put some, if not many, of the famous 411 cases into the somnambulistic explanation. Sleepwalking happens especially with young children, as it happens in the 411 cases. In some of the 411 cases children and adults have traveled a long distance in cold weather and in the snow, even barefoot. Missing shoes and socks is not unusual in those cases. In somnambulism we see that the bodily senses are absent to such a degree that a somnambulist does not feel pain or cold. Reichenbach had a case in which a somnambulistic woman was walking barefoot in the snow.



The 411 cases can be easily explained with natural somnambulism. In other cases the circumstances point more to the external intervention by other-dimensional beings.

### **External Induction By Other-Dimensional Beings**

Somnambulism Taken as a natural phenomenon, explains a lot of the missing time cases. However there are some cases that point to an external stimulus by intelligent beings, because of time and space anomalies. These are cases in which the person arrives at his destination in a time span much shorter than possible, sometimes almost instantaneously. This infers that there are some beings on this planet, most likely other-dimensional, who have control over space-time. It looks like these beings can induce the somnambulistic state in sensitive people (who are already susceptible to sleepwalking). They can then manipulate that person to do something or to walk around, go somewhere, or take that person out of its space-time and transport him to another location in a short time frame. You could call it teleportation, I call it Instantaneous Spatial Displacement.

The missing time phenomena is well-known with the so-called alien abductions. I consider the aliens not to be extraterrestrials but terrestrial other-dimensional beings. These aliens always show up in the lives of psychic people. Some somnambulists can also display features that can be seen as psychic, such as mental communication and clairvoyance. It is known that the aliens always communicate mentally. When a sensitive person is in the somnambulistic state, he will carry out actions given to him mentally by the one who put him into that state.

An external influence is also highly likely in cases where more than one person at the same time experiences missing time.

Why these beings would want to temporary take over a sensitive person by putting him into a somnambulistic state and make him go or drive to a certain location or move him across space-time, is not quite clear. Throughout history they have meddled with the lives of humans, and are considered to be mischievous. Maybe it is their nefarious way of having fun.

In the cases where the *Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement* was of short duration, the person usually continues his day as usual, although a little puzzled. However, in a few cases, especially when he is walking, the person reports an initial feeling of muffling of sounds, an eerie silence, and a distortion of distance. A short feeling of dizziness and orientation can also happen immediately afterwards, although in most cases this is totally absent. In a few cases the time loss was initiated by a bright light flash. This strongly point to an external force being applied to the person to initiate the somnambulistic state.

Memory loss is typical after a UFO and/or alien beings have been spotted. Memory loss can be total, but sometimes the abductee does remember parts of the abduction. It is also not unusual for an abductee to 'wake up' after the event

in a different location. There is plenty of literature out there about alien abduction, so I don't have to go into this topic. I consider many of the abductions not to be physical abductions at all, but mental manipulations after the person have been put into the somnambulistic state. As the aliens have the ability to manipulate space-time, they can also 'abduct' a person, that is, transfer him to another location. Going into a trance when seeing a UFO or having contact with aliens, and when waking up finding himself at another location is well-known in the UFO community.

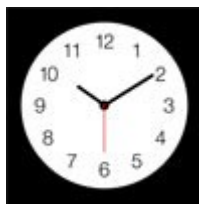
Contact with those alien other-dimensional beings also runs in families, as we see with somnambulism.

When entities are involved, a single event often leads to other strange events. With space and time displacements we sometimes find other kinds of interference. These are not always investigated. It might be interesting to see if people who experience a time/space displacement also have other unusual things happening in their lives.

John A. Keel (1930-2009), the UFO researcher, in his *Why Ufos* (1978), gives us a story relayed to him about a man who had a classical time and space displacement. Keel attributed these anomalies to intervention of 'ultraterrestrials' a term he used to indicate an intelligence or beings who are residing here on Earth, but not in the physical dimension. He did not speculate to what exactly they are but did draw parallels to historical entities said to be living in a parallel dimension. They like to enter our dimension and play havoc with the lives of humans. When Keel investigated cases, he also looked for other phenomena in that person's life.

In the 1960s and 70s John Keel was already familiar with the anomalous displacements in space in UFO cases: "I have now received well over 100 reports in which witnesses have lost from five minutes to several hours immediately after sighting an unidentified flying object. In nearly every case, these people were riding in vehicles at the time."

Keel mentioned here that the sudden displacement in space of objects is called *apport*, a term often associated with poltergeist phenomena. An object is dematerialized at one spot and materializes at another. However, the dimensional entities are able to also transport through space human beings, even when driving a car. The problem is that those people don't remember anything of the event, only that it happened.



## People's Experiences

In the old days researchers would go out and interview people, and write a report of the mysterious event. This was almost always written from the point of view of the researcher, who often left out crucial details because they didn't fit his own belief system. Now, in the age of the internet, or the World Wide Web, people can write their own account of their experiences on websites, blogs, bulletin boards. These are more interesting as we hear it from the experimenter himself. I have looked around and gathered some examples that illustrate the phenomenon of *Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement*. It might take you some time to read them all, as some descriptions are lengthy, but they give you a good view on what is happening to people. Maybe it will remind you of your own experience.



### 1. Missing Memory of Time Passage Only

#### **Inside the House and Unchanged Position**

Most of the following experiences took place inside a house, or another building.

The following was just like my own experience. Even more interesting is that the person normally has problems falling asleep. I also had problems falling asleep. This Reddit page had several one line replies of other people who have had the same experience, usually in their teens, and even two or more times.

It was normal everyday summer night around 9:30 where I decided I would go to sleep but when I lay down I blinked and it was suddenly morning. Usually I can't fall asleep at all because insomnia. Please explain. ([Reddit](#))

The following post gives a little more description, but also mentions his step-brother had it happen to him too:

I can only vaguely recall the other times since it's happened to me when I was way, way younger. It's probably occurred about 2-4 times in total. It happened again this morning however. The thing is, I have always remembered the few instances where I would lay down at night, blink once, and skip straight to the morning without any memory whatsoever or sleeping, falling asleep or waking up. I always acknowledge it the moment I wake up and be slightly freaked about it. After discussing it with some

people I found that my step-brother claimed to have had it happen to him too. To this day I still wonder what on earth really happened. ([Reddit](#))

Another post:

So, it was just a normal, random night, and I was in my bed, trying to fall asleep. I couldn't sleep for some reason, which happens every once in a while, so it wasn't out of the ordinary. I had an alarm clock next to my bed, and I don't recall the exact time, but it was somewhere around 11:00 pm. I was looking up at the nearly pitch black night sky through my window, and a few seconds later, I blinked. BLINKED. And when I open my eyes, it's complete daylight outside. I look at my clock, and it's 7:30 am. This moment completely baffled me at the time, and still sort of does. I mean, I had to have fallen asleep, right? I was lurking around the subreddit and remembered this exact moment, so I had to post about it. I've never heard of this happening before. (Which I guess makes sense because I don't think I've researched it before either...) But if anyone has had a similar experience, I would love to know, thanks! ([Reddit](#))

Replies to this post of people who had the same thing happening to them:

\*This exact thing has happened to me about 13 years ago and I still clearly remember it. It happened in almost the exact fashion as your story. I was awake in the bed sitting up, blinked, and it was morning. Haven't been able to find a lot of information as to what it could have been.

\*This same thing happened to me about 10 or 11 years ago, I was only 11 at the time. It was midnight I was hanging off my bed in a very unusual manner, so I would be able to see my alarm clock. I blinked and it was 9:30 am. Very strange because my alarm never went off and my parents didn't try to wake me for school even though I was two hours late. And I was still half off the bed, and I roll in my sleep. My mom told me I just must have been very tired but it feels like more than that, and trust me I've been much more tired than that before and after but this was a one time event.

\*Happened once to me at about 7 years old. I was staying overnight at my grandparents' place, a common occurrence. I went to sleep at like 9:30, and woke up what felt like a second later the next morning at around 6am.

\*I had it happen only once, when I was a little yaosio. I know it happened between kindergarten and 3rd grade, but don't know my exact age. I laid down to sleep, closed my eyes, and when I opened them it was morning. I wish I could fall asleep like that, even at the time I wished it would happen more often since I've always had trouble falling asleep.

\*I've posted about this having happened to me a while ago. It was damned

eerie, as I was sitting upright in bed when it happened, and I was still sitting upright afterwards. I can't imagine the cramps in my back if I sat like that, unsupported, for 8 or so hours. Also, my position didn't change an inch; it was literally *blink* and it was morning.

This person mentions that "my position didn't change". I had the same experience. The same happened to this person:

I made this account to investigate dimensional jumping and ended up here. My story isn't nearly that interesting but I figured I'd throw it in. It's a short one, the title basically explains the whole thing.

A few years ago I had a normal day. Nothing out of the ordinary happened that I can remember. It was night, and I was getting ready to go to bed. I turned off the lights and got under the blanket. I remember not even being tired. I was prepared to do my regular nightly routine of attempting to clear/relax my mind enough over the course of 30-45 minutes in order to fall asleep. So I was laying on my back just staring at the ceiling for a few seconds and I blinked.

And the whole room was light. Day way shining through the window.

I was laying the exact same way. I wasn't sleepy like I had just woken up. It literally felt like I just skipped 8 hours in a split-second.

And that's the whole story. I tried to tell my roommate what happened, but she was just confused lol. It was really freaky. I guess I could've just immediately passed out? But I felt like my conscious mind was completely uninterrupted in that short second.

I wouldn't mind it happening again. I've never felt more alert in the morning.

([Reddit](#))

Comments on this post shows there are always more people with the same experience:

\* OH MY GOD the exact same thing happened to me when I was a kid, I remember it so vividly. I must've been like 7 or 8, and i went to bed, blinked and it was instantly day. I ran to tell my parents because I was so confused, and they told me I must've just been really tired but it was the strangest feeling ever, it felt like i hadn't even moved because I was facing the room with my back against the wall, and the window was in my view, so I literally saw it go from pitch black to sunny in a split-second.

\* This happened to me when I was about 6. I was staying at my nan's house with my mum and dad, sleeping at the foot of their bed on the floor. I shut my eyes for literally one second and when I opened them again it was quite late in the morning, I had actually overslept and everyone was already up and getting ready to go. I must have been out for hours and hours but

for me it was only literally a second. I never knew anyone else had experienced this too!

There are a lot of experiences inside one's house that are quite uneventful. The following is just one example:

I've heard missing time refers to in alien abductions... I certainly don't think mine was that (for one thing it happened in my bedroom at 10am one morning in a busy town, and with several other people in the house at the time!) but it certainly surprised the hell out of me. Mostly because, in the process of looking up and down from a notepad I was reading, I somehow lost over an hour... now this was a single sheet of paper, which would take - literally - seconds to read. I was wide awake, sitting up in bed. I didn't misread the clock. But about 75 minutes just went \*poof\* in a matter of say, thirty seconds or so... ([Project Paranormal](#))

The following shows that the time skip can also happen at an office:

Hello. In approximately 1991 or 1992, I worked at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska (Alaska's north slope, located in the arctic region and actually far north above the North Pole). Another co-worker and I worked in an office, doing accounting. I was processing invoices and sitting at my desk, as was she. All of the sudden I experienced this super white bright light (like a camera flash only it was so bright, it made everything not visible anymore. The next thing I know, I 'woke up' (my head was laying on the desk). I felt like I had been drugged and there was that silence, like you were writing about. I looked at the clock, and 3 hours had passed, and I was still working on the same invoice! A couple of weeks later, my co-worker asked me "have you ever been sitting at your desk, then you feel like a bright flash went off, then the next thing you know, a few hours have gone by and you can't recall what happened?" I have also experienced other unusual phenomenon in Alaska (UFO related). Do you think the missing time episode was caused by government workers or aliens? I still think about this often as well. Thanks for letting me share. Take care. ([The Paranormalist](#))

Some people have more than one experience:

Twice it happened to me (years ago) that I closed my eyes at bedtime and one moment later it was already morning and time to get up. I had no knowledge of having slept and no knowledge that any time had passed, it felt as if I had just closed my eyes for a few seconds. I probably did sleep and I just didn't realize, however it felt weird. I felt robbed of those pleasant few minutes that mark the transition from wakefulness to sleep. ([Reddit](#), reply to post)

## **Loss of Time when Standing**

In the following case, the person had the phenomenon happening to him, not lying on bed, but when he was standing up. He also made a point that his standing position hadn't changed at all:

Most of the stories I've heard talk about being somewhere else or being in a different position but this story always bugged me. I was about 6 or 7 living in Wentzville, Missouri. I am a notorious insomniac, even as a child. It takes me at least an hour to fall asleep unless I'm exhausted. With all that in mind it was 8 o'clock, give or take a few minutes. I couldn't sleep, I was a rowdy child who wasn't tired, I wasn't on any medication. Bored with not sleeping I looked out the window before stepping back and standing and stretching. I blinked and all of a sudden it was day. 14 hours had passed and it was 10:25. I have no history of sleep walking. My brother does, but he gets it from my step father of whom I am unrelated. When I moved away and sat on my bed I had left imprints in the carpet from standing there, yet my legs weren't tired. So I didn't skip through time even if it was possible. I was physically there and standing for 14 hours. It's fine if it sounds unbelievable, I understand. I just wanted some suggestions on something that's bugged me for the last ten, soon to be eleven years of my life. I'm open to all suggestions. I didn't know where else to post this. ([Reddit](#))

A reply to this post from a reader who had a similar loss of time when standing up staring at a picture:

No way, this happened to me as a kid, can't believe I forgot about it until now. I was about 8 and I had just woken up. I walked down the hallway and for some reason decided to peer at a picture that had been hanging in our hallway for years. There was nothing particular about this picture, but I was so perplexed for some reason. I hear my mom tell my family that dinner is ready. No way, dinner can't possibly be ready, I just woke up. I step back and I see imprints of my footsteps in the carpet. This is just crazy to me because I vividly remember it being morning when I woke up.

Another reply to this post:

I had a similar experience. I was a kid, I remember being wide awake (scared of the dark so it took ages to fall asleep) I blinked and the next minute all the lights were on and my aunt was up mid way getting ready for work. I couldn't explain it then or now years later. Most people said I just fell asleep and forgot but I know I blinked and time had jumped hours ahead to morning. So bizarre!

The following person first imagined "some weird hieroglyphs" just before the time

switch. He also had another experience with a certain loss of time when standing outside:

I have two very vivid memories from when I was 7 or 8, both have to do with me skipping from night to day/ day to night.

The first: It's night. I remember my mom telling me to brush my teeth before I went to bed. She was waiting by the bathroom until she saw me brush my teeth. She was always strict on brushing teeth at night. I remember running to my bed instead and pressing my face against a pillow, and imagining some weird hieroglyphs or some shit and got scared by them. I take my head off the pillow and next thing I know it's morning. My mom is standing by the bathroom yelling at me to brush my teeth and get ready for the DAY. I was at a loss for words and I never told anyone.

The other story is pretty similar but it's the other way around. I remember driving home from a long day at a county fair. It was sunset, and I was looking out the window and admiring the sky. Then like a time-lapse video the sun sets and the moon rises all in about 3 seconds. I looked around the car and no one reacted to the dramatic change. I asked if anyone saw that, and they replied "Saw what?" I couldn't get myself to say it because obviously I thought I was going crazy. ([Reddit](#))

In the following the person lost two hours while awake, but interestingly a flash of light initiated it:

Three months ago I woke up Brown 2:30 AM turn went to the kitchen to get a drink and as I turned the corner to the kitchen, a bright flash of light hit me then all of a sudden I felt confused and proceeded to get a drink and went back to my room. As I lay down, I looked at my phone and noticed it was 4:05 AM in the morning. I sat there trying to figure out what just happened and how two hours was just lost. I still feel lost for was happened that morning." [Phantoms and Monsters](#)

Illuminated by a light:

So I had something really weird happen to me as a teenager. The memory of this night hasn't faded a bit in all these years. One night, about 10pm, in 1974, my friend and I were standing alone on a suburban street talking sports after we had thrown the ball around for a couple hours Suddenly we were awash in a white light everything seemed to be illuminated with the light. The last thing I remember was looking down at my friend on the ground And he says The last thing he remembers is looking up at me surrounded by the light. Approx. 3 hours later we were running on the street to my house. We ran up the stairs and burst into my mom's room. I woke up my Mom with a shake on the shoulder and told her what we could remember happening on the street and about the great lapse



in time. She was upset and accused us of taking drugs, but we didn't. That night we both agreed it was better if we never mentioned the incident again because the response would be much of the same. We never have. ([Skeletons In My Closet](#))

As you will see later there is another story of two people in an office who also had lost time initiated by a light flash.

### **Outside of Time?**

The following experiences seem to imply that the person had been outside of time, if such a thing is possible.

After two hours the same song was still playing, as if he had been outside of time:

Okay so, has anyone had like a time glitch I am leaving Ca on a flight, we get in the air I put my headphones on play work by fifth harmony I felt like I just blinked, opened my eyes flight attendant gets on the mic says thank you for flying united, checked my watch, yup two hours gone and my headphones are still playing the same song when I "blinked" I have got over 600 songs on this playlist no way it picked it again my battery is still the same. I am confused, I didn't even get my pretzels, and no it wasn't on repeat. ([Reddit](#))

The following is a rather long story, but I have included it here because it the woman had physical issues that would have caused her discomfort and pain in the 6 hours unaccounted for, if she was indeed inside her house. Maybe an explanation might be found in being taken out of her physical reality, outside of our time/space continuum.

TL;DR I lost time. No drugs, alcohol, signs of carbon monoxide poisoning, or previous episodes of lost time apply and I wasn't lying down or even sitting when it happened.

What happened?

This will be quite long as I'm including answers to the questions I think might be asked so please bear with me. Three years ago, I was living in a house with my adult daughter, my cat, and her 2 cats. I went to bed early one night and woke up around 5am unable to get back to sleep so I had a shower and started doing housework. After a few hours, my whole house was spotless and I felt great.

I made myself a pancake for breakfast and sat down to eat just as my daughter woke up and started rushing around getting ready for work. She had a 9am-3:00pm shift that day and had woken up late. At 8:45, she

asked me to call her a taxi while she finished getting ready. At 8:50, I was putting my breakfast dishes in the sink as the taxi pulled into my driveway. My daughter asked me to feed her cats because she hadn't had time and then she rushed out. I put fresh food and water down for my cat and headed to the laundry room in the basement to feed her cats. (They had to be fed separately because my cat is a pig and will eat all the food.)

I filled her cats' bowls, put them on the floor. One began to eat right away and the other begged for a morning cuddle. I picked him up and cuddled him for a couple minutes, then put him down to eat and headed back upstairs with the intention of grabbing a nap for a couple of hours. I wanted to be awake before noon because that's when the cats all got their daily Temptations treats.

To get to my bedroom on the 2nd floor, I have to pass by the kitchen. As I passed, I noticed the clock on the microwave. It said 2:53. I assumed it had been unplugged at some point and was showing the wrong time. I was going to reset it but I checked every clock in the house and my phone, and they were all the same.

Even if I got lost in thought while cuddling the cat, it should have been no later than 9:05am. I sat down stunned and tried to make sense of it but I couldn't because if I lost track of time doing something I don't remember, there should have been evidence of it and there wasn't. My house looked exactly as I'd left it when I headed to the basement and other than the confusion and growing concern, I didn't feel any differently either. At about 3:20pm, my daughter returned home from work and told me all about her day. Then I told her about mine. "You left. I fed the cats. Then it was 2:53pm and I don't remember doing anything else while you were gone."

### **What I know for sure:**

- The house faces east and the sun was still shining brightly in the living room window when I headed down to the basement, so I know I didn't lose those hours before heading down the stairs.
- No incoming or outgoing calls were showing on my phone that day, other than to call the taxi.
- The browser history on my computer showed no activity for the day.
- I was wearing the same clothes when I came upstairs as I had on when I went downstairs and there was nothing about them or on them that would indicate what I might have done or where I was for so long.
- None of the neighbours I asked said they saw me that day.

- I have old spinal injuries that cause extreme pain if I don't move and stretch out my back at least every half hour, and my back wasn't sore at all, so I know I didn't stay in one position for 6 hours.
- I have low blood sugar. It drops dangerously low and makes me feel violent if I don't have at least a piece of fruit between meals and I felt fine even though there was no evidence that I'd eaten anything after breakfast.
- I have to pee frequently enough that I get up twice in the night to use the bathroom. If I don't, my full bladder puts pressure on the injured discs in my back and causes pain. I should have needed to empty my bladder at least twice in that 6 hours and my bladder still didn't feel full.
- There's no bathroom in my basement and being a woman, there should have been evidence if I'd emptied my bladder anywhere else in the house. No evidence was found and the house still smelled fresh and clean. I even checked the litter boxes and the drains in a desperate attempt to find some clue that would indicate what I'd done during the missing hours.
- My arms weren't aching and sore when I put the cat down after cuddles, so I know I didn't hold him for 6 hours, even if he would have let me, which I doubt.
- I had no injuries or soreness that would indicate I'd fallen unconscious on the basement floor or on my way up the stairs.
- As a smoker, going 6 hours without a cigarette makes the muscles in my jaw tense. There were no cigarettes missing from my pack, no tension in my jaw, and the ashtray was still clean.
- My bed was still made with no sign that I'd been in it or on it since I cleaned my room that morning.
- I hadn't been on any prescription medications for at least 3 years prior to that day. The only over-the-counter medications I take are anti-inflammatories when my back gets sore and Tums for acid indigestion and I hadn't taken either for days. Nor have either ever had a strange effect on me before or since.
- I've been smoking marijuana on and off since 1979 for stress but always from a trusted supplier and I hadn't had any for at least a week prior. There was nothing in my life causing me stress at the time.
- I had a non-epileptic seizure disorder since early childhood but hadn't had a seizure for several years by then, nor any since. My seizures were caused by stress and poor nutrition, neither of which were a factor that day or in

the weeks leading up to it.

- I typically only drink alcohol at New Years so it had been months since I had any. I don't take any hard drugs like LSD, PCP, cocaine, meth amphetamines; nothing.
- I have mental health issues (BPD, OCD, and PTSD), none of which cause hallucinations or lost time that I know of and all of which were under control for at least 2 years by then thanks to intensive therapy.
- I've never had a hallucination and I've never experienced unexplainable lost time before or since.
- Other than confusion, which is reasonable given the circumstances, I suffered no other symptoms of carbon monoxide poisoning in the days leading up to that day or since and I had a carbon monoxide detector in my home that registered nothing.

I've run through every sane and insane possibility in my head repeatedly since it happened and still can't figure it out. It's like I bounced forward in time somewhere between putting the cat down at the bottom of the stairs and reaching the top of the stairs. I'm not saying I believe that happened but short of being possessed by some entity that not only made sure I ate, peed, and stretched out my back but also carefully removed all evidence of my activities, I honestly don't know what to make of this.

I do plan to consult a psychiatrist about it as soon as my health insurance is renewed (hopefully this week) because it keeps creeping back to the forefront of my memory and I can't seem to get past it but I'd appreciate any feedback I can get before then.

For anyone wondering, I do like to write but only poetry and I have no interest in being published. If you've made it this far, thank you for reading. ([Reddit](#))

### **While Walking**

Usually when 'missing time' is reported when walking there is also a spatial displacement, that is, one finds oneself suddenly at another location. (see chapter 2). However it can also happen that one did not experience any break in his walk, nor in time, nor in space. The walk seemed to have been normal, but much more time elapsed than can be accounted for. In the following account it is also noteworthy that the person's absence was not questioned by those around him. That is not unusual in these cases.

Back a long time ago, I was out walking the dog. At the time, I was terrified of the dark, so I'd jog/run the entire way. Walking, it was a 10 minute route. It

usually took me 7 when running. I was out walking my dog about 10 minutes. Didn't sit down to rest anywhere. Was walking the entire way. I watch my dog while he walks, no suspicious "jumps" as if I had drifted off.

I left at 7:00. I was walking the dog for 10 minutes. There's no way I could have fallen asleep mid walk, I was walking the dog the whole time. I got back at 9:00. I had never walked my dog for that long before. *No one questioned my absence.* ([Reddit](#))

### **In the Woods**

Time skips can happen anywhere, so why not in the woods? That reminds me that David Paulides also wrote a book about Missing 411 cases involving hunters. In the following case, the lights, although small, might well be related to a UFO, a probe or aliens.

Fort McCoy Wildlife Management Area, 1993. I've kept this story to myself for years now and only feel safe in telling this to you. I had gone to the woods to go hunting by myself that morning and after parking my truck, I then walked into the woods to where I had my tree stand placed. I got up into my stand about 45 minutes before sun up. I couldn't see my hand in front of my face that morning as there was no moon that night. I had only been in my stand about 15 minutes when out in front of me I suddenly saw three white lights flickering from one side to another, the lights appeared to be very small. I thought to myself what the heck is this? I remember watching the lights for what I remember to be about a couple of minutes and then the next thing I knew the sun was up, and I was wondering what the heck happened? Shortly after this experience in the woods I started having dreams at night where I felt something was trying to take me out of my body. Four years after this experience, I moved to another home and shortly thereafter my son got me a puppy for my birthday. When the dog was about six months old we let him stay out one night and when the next morning came, and we went outside with him, he would stop and look up into the sky. I don't know what happened out there in the woods that morning but something did and I've not been the same since. My health has gone down hill ever since. ([The Black Vault](#))



## 2. Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement

### **Inside a Building and Displaced Inside or Outside**

The following experience is by a child that found herself suddenly outside at another location many hours later. Although the person telling her story does not mention any UFO experiences in her life, children who clearly have alien/UFO experiences often find themselves suddenly outside or, more often, waking up outside of their home.

I posted here recently about my experiences and earlier today, I remembered about something that happened when I was 7 years old. I spoke to my parents and brothers about it, and they have all confirmed this did happen and it wasn't just my imagination.

Before I start typing, just want to say that it's way past midnight and I've been working pretty late. So I'm typing in a very tired state. So apologies for any spelling or grammar mistakes. I just want to get this off my chest right now.

On with the story.

When I was 7 years old, I liked to hide in one of our wardrobes and wait for my mum to find me. This often took about 10 minutes (5 minutes of which she spent chilling and the other 5 pretending to look for me) it's a game we played every day.

One afternoon, we decided to play and I went into the wardrobe as usual. I closed my eyes for a few seconds in an attempt to be very quiet and still. Don't ask me why, my childhood brain thought that was a good way to keep calm. I think it had something to do with meditation techniques my mum taught me. Anyway, so there I am, with my eyes closed for a few seconds. When I open them, I found myself on a playground. This playground is a good 2 miles away from my house. I know this because we would often take this walking route to get to my cousins. I say playground but it was more of a large football ground that had no grass. It was sort of abandoned and not looked after because the summer heat killed the grass pretty quickly to something. I can't remember that part. But I do know that it was a large playing ground that kids still played football or other outdoor sports on.

It was a hot sunny day and young me just somehow managed to appear there out of nowhere. At first, I looked around, and I was freaking confused. Till fear set in and I just started screaming. There wasn't anyone around so my screams didn't get any attention. After a few minutes, I had calmed down enough to work out where I was. It took me a while to figure out which way my house was. I was confused, terrified and just framing out. Once I realised which way I had to go, I just ran and I ran, till I got home. There were about 10 people at my house. My mum is sobbing and

the women from our neighbourhood are all trying to console my mum. I just go to my mum and cry my heart out. Everyone is confused and worried. Once everyone settles down, I explain where I found myself and how I didn't know how I got there. It turns out I was gone for hours. My mum said she looked everywhere for me for the first hour and started checking the neighbours houses. Once she realised I was nowhere to be seen, she called my elder brothers and dad to go looking. Most of the family went out looking for me in all directions and had no luck finding me. Till I came home.

When I asked my mum about this, she cried again today. Having lost my sister at a young age (she died at 2 or so I think) it was a scary situation for her no doubt. She said she remembers it sometimes and it still feels like only yesterday that she nearly lost another daughter.

I had blocked this memory out for years and never spoke about it. No one ever mentioned it either. Till a few years ago when I remembered it and only decided to ask my family about it today.

Now, I don't know where I was for those hours or how I ended up on the playground. Glitch? Or something else?

My memory of this event is pretty clear now. What was a few seconds for me, ended up being hours for my family. ([Reddit](#))

It gets really strange when a security guard is sitting at his desk, and the next moment he is on a far away road, 5-6 hours later. It seems that he was in a guided trance when he left and drove to a certain location. It also seems that he had been undressed. Typical for Missing 411 cases. The drive to another location, after which he undid his gear, and probably was taken by an intelligence who undressed him, is also typical for UFO abductions.

I'm an armed security guard in San Antonio. I was working the late shift downtown. 11:00 o'clock, I was doing my paper work, returning to the news station I was guarding. I wrote down 2300 and that's the last thing I remember except coming to, walking down a highway at 4 in the morning. A lady and her son stopped and picked me up. I had no idea where I was, and they drove me to a convenience store. I called my son, and he came and picked me up. It took him about an hour to get there. I had like 5 hours of missing time. When I got home, I went to sleep for like a day and a half. And when I came to, I had bruises all over my legs and all my arms. My uniform was perfectly clean, so I didn't fall down or anything. I had no idea how I got way out there. It was just weird. It took me a week to find my pickup truck. I had to call the sheriff's office to get them to track it down and it was parked on the side of the highway, just perfectly. Not a scratch on it. I didn't wreck it or anything and it never happened again. But it was like 5 or 6 hours of missing time and some bruises. (Clyde Lewis asks him what does he think happened) I have no idea. All I remember is filling out that paper work at the end of my shift and I ended up way out past (sounds

like Wallersville?). (Clyde asks if he's ever had seizures) No. (Clyde asks if it scares him) No. It doesn't really scare me. I just wonder how I got out there, you know, it's just crazy. I never had any... I've never seen any strange things in the sky either. I've been listening to the station now for about two years, since I've been doing this. When I found my truck, my weapon, gun-belt, everything was in the truck. I never take it off until I get home. My wallet, everything else, was all in the truck. Nothing was on me. And my shirt was untucked. My boots were untied. It's just crazy. I was just wandering down the highway. And my head felt totally weird for like a week. (Clyde asks if he slipped on ice and hit his head). San Antonio, there's no ice in the summertime. ([Ground Zero Radio With Clyde Lewis](#) - February 23, 2015 )

### **Two People Together**

I just wonder if the intelligence that took them thought it was the couple's sleeping room, and thus put them together in bed, as it assumed that is what they would have done later on in the night.

I had an interesting situation occur when I was 11th grade. My boyfriend, now my husband, flew in from out of state (we dated long distance) and were upstairs in my bedroom eating some candy around 8:30 PM. Well my parents were very big about not ever closing the door to my room if we were both in there. My husband and I are true believers in Jesus Christ, and we made a commitment to each other that we would wait for marriage to do certain things. Reason I say this is because the next thing I knew was I woke up in my underwear and bra under the covers with my boyfriend at the time, and he was just in his boxers! The lights were out and the door to my room was completely closed and it was now like 1 AM. I woke up my boyfriend, and we were totally freaked out about what had just happened. To this day we still talk about what happened that night and how we don't remember any thing from roughly 8:30 PM to 1 AM. ([The Paranormalist](#))

The next one is interesting because both people's cloths were removed when they came by, just like the previous account. The removal of cloths is also sometimes that shows up again and again with the Missing 411 people!

8 years ago, I was living in a 2 bedroom apartment by myself with 2 cats. I had a girlfriend (who I will name Elsa for this story) who lived 45 minutes away, on her college campus. Most weekends, she would drive into town and stay at my place until she had class again on Monday.

We did regular things, as we didn't get to see much of each other. We liked to spend time alone together, watching movies, playing games, or the like. Please keep in mind that neither of us were drug or alcohol users, as I have a good job I can't risk losing, and she just simply never cared for



intoxicants. Nor were either of us on any medication.

So here's the scene. It's Saturday night, 11pm. Elsa and I are sitting on the couch, watching a movie (I can't remember which). We are dressed, sober, and alert, as we slept in that morning and had plenty of sleep. We are chatting, laughing, talking. The TV is illuminating our immediate area, and I kept the light on in the kitchen to provide some ambient light for the living room as well. My cats are asleep in their favorite chair, all is well. Everybody is safe and comfortable.

Suddenly, without any kind of warning or inkling, the 'Jump', as I have come to call it, happened.

You know when you're watching dialogue in a movie, and they're using two cameras to film? When they switch from camera to camera, to capture the one speaking, it is seamless? With no clipping, interruption, fading, or transition effects? It was that sudden.

We were having a good time together in the living room when in an instant I found myself sitting on the foot of my bed, clothes removed, in the dark. For about one half of a second, a million thoughts entered my mind. Had something fallen off the wall and hit my head? Did I have a seizure? Was I dreaming the whole time? Where is Elsa?

Then the scary part.

I turn to my right, and Elsa is also sitting on the foot of the bed next to me, clothes removed. Her eyes are the size of golf balls, and she's trembling. I realize I am as well.

I try to speak and ask her if something happened, but I'm so frightened. I only stutter. After looking around the room and realizing we are alive, she managed to ask me what happened. I didn't want to answer, in case it was just me, and I didn't want to come off as nuts. I just looked at her.

After a pause, she started asking me again if I had turned off the lights, or removed our clothes, or if I knew what was going on.

I didn't. Neither of us had experienced grogginess or confusion before the event. Furthermore, we didn't experience any sensations other than fear and confusion after it. No aches or pains, no bumps bruises or cuts.

I reach for my phone to call my mom and see if a doctor would be appropriate. I notice that it is not 11pm anymore. Now it's 3am. In that sudden instant, that instantaneous change of scene, 4 hours had passed. Everything in the house had been turned off, and we had been stripped.

We went to the ER, as my mom's fear was a gas leak. No signs of toxins or injury were found on either of us. Elsa made an appt for a cat scan, which also came back as expected.

I explored possibilities like a gas leak, poisoned consumer goods like our soda or fast food, neurological malfunctions, and more. But the one thing that always bothered me was the fact that Elsa and I lost, and acquired the time at the exact same instants, 4 hours apart. Neither of us witnessed anything that the other didn't. And there were no lingering effects.

For weeks, I kept bringing it up with her, just hoping one of us would remember something. I browsed forums from all types of sites searching for answers. Every time I brought it up, Elsa would get scared at the memory, and beg me to just let it go. I couldn't.

I'm no writer, so I'm sure I left some things out that would have been helpful in understanding the magnitude and surrealism of this event and how it affected Elsa and I. Please, if you've read this much and you have a question, clarification, or even a theory, I've been waiting 8 years to hear it.

Somebody, tell me what happened to me.

In the reply section he also said their cloths were in a heap by the couch they were sitting on, instead of by the bed where he usually put them. ([Reddit](#))

It can happen anywhere. This couple were staying in a hotel. They were actually planning to get to the blackjack table as soon as possible.

This happened a few years ago; My fiancé and I were in Atlantic City, and we had gone to the pool bar for some drinks. Now, I guess it's possible the bartender COULD have put something in our drinks but 1) Why? 2) It was a bartender we had gone to and chatted with on several other occasions and were fine and 3) We could see him making the drinks right in front of us.

Anyway, afterwards we had taken our drinks from the bar to the blackjack table and had played for a couple hours, sipping at these same drinks the entire time (which were on the table in front of us), since hours had passed we were not drunk or even tipsy.

Well I started to get chilly, and my fiance hungry, so we decided to get some pizza and bring it back to the room, so we could eat and I could change clothes. We had sat on a bench at the foot of our bed and chatted as we ate, we both had a lot of energy since we were doing well, and we were excited (plus we were both used to staying up until 4 am because of

our jobs.) This was around 10 PM.

Next thing I know, I'm on my back in the bed and three hours had passed. My fiancé was passed out next to me. I shook him awake and asked him what the hell happened, and he jolted out of bed just as confused as I was. Neither of us had any idea how that had happened: We didn't remember any point where we decided to lay down or anything like that (we wouldn't have; we were rushing to eat fast, so we could get back to the table). One moment we were having a conversation and eating, the next we were waking up at 1 AM.

Until this day we are convinced that we were abducted or something.  
([Reddit](#))

One moment inside the pool, the next moment outside of the pool:

I was in the Philippines night swimming with friends. My friend and I decided to occupy the smaller empty pool further down, away from the others talking and having a laugh with each other inside the pool. That was the last thing I remember. This lasted at most 10-15 minutes we suddenly found ourselves both standing by the side of the pool, clothes dry and less intoxicated wondering how we got there. Still confused about where we just came from and why we are both standing by the poolside we decided to go back to our friends. To our surprise the hut was empty and it seemed that they were hiding from us but why take the food and stereo. Finally, found them all inside the van and some were asleep. I asked why they were all here as we only just arrived there. Why is everyone here? My cousin replied and said that they looked all around the resort three times but couldn't find us, but the resort was small, and we were at the next pool down, so I couldn't understand this. They said we had gone for 3 and a half hours!! My friend and I just looked in awe at each other trying to convince them that at most we had gone for 15 minutes. ([The Paranormal Network](#))

### **While Walking**

You don't need to be sitting or standing still to experience a loss of memory in time, or finding yourself at another location. The same happens when moving: walking, biking or driving a car.

Walking in the woods and finding oneself suddenly at another location:

I went to visit a friend who was a student at OU in Athens, OH. We go out hiking by the old mental hospital and set off into the woods. We're hiking the path when suddenly it changes (gets narrower, the light changes) and I get this really strange feeling. We all stop and look at each other, worried

we've somehow been turned around. We decide to backtrack but the trail doesn't look the same. We stay on it and before long there's a clearing. We step out into the clearing, and we are on the other side of the RIVER AND THE HIGHWAY! We at no time during our little hike came anywhere near the river OR the highway. That was awesome. And freaky. Now I wonder if I returned to the right dimension... Things changed greatly for me not too long after that incident.

Edit: here's a map. Started at A: The Ridges, ended at Sells Park, on the complete opposite side of town. <http://maps.google.com/maps?hl=en&tab=w> Here's also a link with pics of The Ridges <http://www.forgottenoh.com/Ridges/ridges.html>. Maybe they might not should put mentally ill people in spots where the veil is so very thin. Just sayin'. ([Reddit](#))

A more dramatic displacement to the opposite side of the town:

I have been having a lot of strange realizations about my past. Some things I can't explain. By far, one of the most disturbing was my experience with missing time. It happened 3 years ago. I lived in a small city in Vermont. I grew up in the area and know my way around very well, I was 28 at the time the incident occurred. I was alone, walking home at approximately 1am. I remember after walking for about 20 minutes I had arrived on my street, but I was still about 20 minutes from home... so yea about half-way through my walk home.... and then nothing happened..... It's like I blinked, and I was completely lost. I very much had no idea where I was. I knew I was walking north on my last memory but then I didn't know if the direction I was walking was still north... was I north of my home? Had I gotten turned around and was now south? I didn't have any idea. Terrified is to say it plainly. I saw a house with no lights on in a field at the end of a very long driveway with a car in it. I ran to the house and knocked frantically on the door for fifteen minutes at least before someone came and yelled at me... I tried to explain to them I was walking and had gotten lost and asked for directions back to town, and they told me the proper direction to travel back to the small city I lived in. I ran back to the road and proceeded to travel back south for about 10 minutes before a car approached from behind me. I was still quite scared and I don't mind to admit I was crying and I walked into the middle of the road and attempted to flag them down to gain assistance, the car changed lanes and proceeded to travel south not even slowing down... I must have looked completely insane. I walked for another fifteen minutes before a state trooper arrived; I assume called by the people whose house I knocked on about a half mile behind me. He ran my name and birthday gave me a breathalyzer (which can up clean), tried to calm me down and gave me a ride SEVEN MILES SOUTH back to my home. It was 4 am when I walked through my door. Somehow I lost 2 hours and traveled about 8 miles without any memory of how it happened and in what seemed like an instant. I don't know why I am posting this story on the internet... but people should know this time

travel/abduction/interdimensional travel experiences are very real. Idk what happened. Idk how it happened. But it did happen. Please if I can get any feedback about this I would very much appreciate it. ([The Paranormalist](#))

The following adds an extra dimension to the missing time event, as the person was led to a crying child and a non-existing house. I have read several stories of people seeing houses or buildings that, later on, turn out to not have been there.

3-Hills in mid Alberta, Canada, was a very small seminary school town back in the 1950's. The old 'Henry -Jay ' (our car) up on blocks and 60 below zero temperatures more likely then not. Even some of the sidewalks had boilers under them. This wasn't a place where a small child would last very long outside. It was very flat there, just 3 Hills in the distance, train tracts and vast ice fields lay beyond our little sheep shed style apartments that the students stayed in. There were 3 instances where I had missing time in the two years we were there (1955-56) this was just another one of them until I saw a small black and white photo of our little apartment and the field beyond it just a few years ago. (04) 1955 - I was walking home from kindergarten, alone. There was a small field with a beaten path just in back of our apartments and this ended at the far end of the apartments. Our apartment faced backwards, away from town so as I walked home the back of our apartments were visible not the front. There were just ice fields for as far as you could see on three sides with the smaller field at the back. There was a three story older grey house out that way, a little before the field, but this was not the house I saw. I heard crying and in the middle of the little field behind the back of our apartment and standing in the center on the path was a small child. I looked up and saw a one story house at the end of the path, so I figured that must be where he was from. I went over, took his little hand and walked him down the path to the house. I walked up the steps and rang the door bell. (hadn't ever seen a door bell before) A tall blond man opened the door, he was dressed in loose, seeming light clothing which was strange as it was the 50s and very cold. Not anything I had seen before. He seemed very kind and I asked if the child belonged here as I had found him crying in the field. He said yes and thanked me and I turned to go home. I had never left sight of the back window of our little apartment the whole time, but as I rounded the corner and went up to our door it was dark outside. As I went inside my Mother starting screaming at me. I told her I found a small boy and took him home, but she would not stop. I have no clue why she had a fly swatter, but she started hitting me with it, getting my hair caught etc. Of course, I was screening too as I couldn't figure out how she could be so mean to do this to me, just because I saved a baby. My Dad came out and slapped her to get her to stop and I heard noting more about it. Of course, I remembered that beating the rest of my life. It never made sense to me and I of course didn't even think about it being dark when I came in the door. That is until 2004 when I was going though some old photos. Someone had taken a picture of the train tracks cutting

thought the ice fields. There was no house there. Never was, at least in the mid 1950s' And it's much more understandable, not that it didn't suck that my mother was freaked out, not because I had been a few minutes late in cold daylight, but because I had been 5 hours late and the sun was down. It was very cold. ([Paranormal Studies and Inquiries Canada](#))

Strange silence, disorientation in the woods, and waking up in another neighborhood:

I just want to share an interesting experience that I had as a child. On a Saturday when I was 10 (or thereabout), I had just finished doing my homework for the weekend and wanted to go outside and see if my friends wanted to play in the woods on the hill that backed onto our houses. It was a particularly sunny day outside and very temperate. I said goodbye to my parents and walked outside and 4 doors down to where my two friends lived. Their mom opened the door and when I asked her if my friends were home, she told me that they were already out in the forest with a third friend of ours who lived on the street and suggested I go find them. As a kid I was very familiar with the layout of the forest because my friends and I would play games there everyday. As I started climbing I heard voices coming from the top of the hill, and assuming that they were the voices of my friends ran up the hill to greet them. The weird part is when I got to the top of the hill, everything was silent. I couldn't hear the voices of my friends, the birds stopped chirping and this strange feeling of confusion and fear grabbed a hold of me. My head started spinning and I could hardly stand up, but I was afraid, so I lurched off deeper into the forest thinking I could lose whatever made me so frightened. But I hadn't taken 10 steps before I realized that the forest looked completely different than I remembered and I had no idea where I was. Panicked, I stumbled off in a random direction. I remember tripping and falling (and crying), and then nothing. Some time later I woke up shaking on the lawn of a house. I thought it was my house since it had red bricks (and I was in shock), but then I realized that it wasn't, and I was lying in a neighborhood I had never been to before. I ran up to the house and the young couple that opened the door were treated to the sight of an inconsolable 10-year old with a dripping nose. They were concerned (obviously) and they invited me in to meet their daughter (who was just small). They gave me some juice and cookies and offered their phone, so I could call my dad. My dad comes by about 20 minutes later, thanks the couple for looking after me and brings me out to the car. He was absolutely furious with me. Turns out that I had been missing for about 6 hours and it was late in evening at this point (almost night). The place where I turned up was miles away from where I lived and my dad thought that I had gotten into a strangers car and been taken. Turns out my friends returned to the house about an hour after I left to find them and maintained that they had never seen me or heard me (though I was calling out to them as I climbed the hill) even though they had been playing in the spot that I knew they would be. To this day I have never been

able to remember what happened. ([Cassiopaea](#) forum)

### **While Driving a Car**

There are many accounts of people who had lapses in memory when driving a car. They 'wake up' while driving on another stretch of the road, further ahead or even back on the same road. Sometimes many hours passed, sometimes only minutes.

I have read many stories of skipping towns or cities, and arriving way sooner than possible. Here is just one example:

I had a similar experience but opposite effect. Buddy of mine and me were driving home to Las Vegas from Los Angeles, middle of the night. There's a few key stops along the way. Apple valley, Barstow, Baker. My buddy and I had just finished going through apple valley, and we were going to stop in Barstow to piss, grab some drinks, and stretch. It should have been 20 minutes or so to get to Barstow... We're driving, talking, waiting to get to Barstow. We see a "distances to" sign. The next stop was Baker... Wait, what? Baker! Where did Barstow go? We had just left Apple Valley, we had no idea. There are multiple exits in Barstow, we definitely would have noticed at least one of them! But no, just black in the night and then Baker was our next chance to stop. We made the trip back to Vegas a solid 45 minutes faster than we should have. Those 45 minutes match up perfectly with the travel time of the leg we have no memory of...

I can still go to my friend years later and just say, "where was Barstow" and we both laugh and simultaneously wonder wtf happened. So we lost time and a physical destination. ([Reddit](#), reply to post)

From one driveway into another:

I had a somewhat similar experience when I was 17, I had been playing pool with a friend of mine one Saturday, we left the pool hall about 9 and I dropped him off about 9:15. After talking for a few minutes I got in the car to leave.... OK, this is where it gets a little weird, I looked at the clock on my dash... 9:22.. I backed out of his driveway put my car into drive and was immediately pulling into my driveway 8 miles away at 12:34. I have no memory of what happened in those three hrs... and have no clue how to explain it. ([Above Top Secret](#))

Opposite his destination:

My college is 5 miles away from my residence, everyday I ride my bike to the college and come back via the same route which is 2 miles straight then right, after descending down a bridge and then left, after 3 miles and my college arrives at the left side of the road. So basically I have to take two

turns only one right, and one left. And the roads are very wide and the area is also not confusing. Two days ago I had my Nutrition Practical (yes Nursing college) so my group decided to reach college at sharp 6:00 am in the morning to prepare for practical. In the morning roads are fairly empty. I left my house at around 5:20 am and I vividly remember descending down the bridge and taking a left turn and I swear I saw a new boarding of the candidate for upcoming election just as I took the left turn. From here some crazy shit happened. I was riding my bike and was analyzing the weather and the road when suddenly I felt something wrong. The road suddenly felt unfamiliar and very damp and suddenly I had goose bumps and a wave of depression I cant express that emotion properly. Everything felt weird, my body, my mind, every thing was confused. So I applied brakes, took off my phone and turned on Google map. To my surprise I am 15 miles away from my college and the map showed that I am completely opposite to the bridge which I remember descending minutes ago. I ignored everything and said fuck it I needed to reach college. So I reached college, gave Practical and then was coming home via the same route I have been coming since years and this is when it hit me as soon as I reached the bridge, I saw the same poster of the candidate placed where I saw it on the morning from where I took the left turn in the morning. I went home to see if I took right instead of left would it take me to the place where I went accidentally in the morning. To my surprise the place was far away and opposite to that of my location. In easy words, it would take me more than 30 minutes to reach that location from the bridge. And I would never would have been able to reach college if I was to ride all the way up to that place where I mysteriously went and then come to college. ([Reddit](#))

Suddenly being in the opposite direction, and three hours later:

1968-1969 my mother and I were traveling from my grandmothers home to our home. Bellevue Wash to Burien Wash. We both knew my grandmother's area very well as we had live at her location. My mother took a left turn to go to four corners. It was dusk to dark. It was quiet in the car. The next thing we knew was we were driving very slowly. We were in the opposite direction and were at the lake park. There is no way to go the wrong way. It was now very dark and I believe around three hours had passed. I asked my mother why are we here, we did recognize the location. She said she did not know how we got at this location. Later years, we talked about this, and she stated she never knew how we got there and what had happened. We both knew our directions very well. One moment we were at one location and the next we were at another location. Don't know what happened. We are both sane and not sure what took place. I wonder if after all of these years if someone experienced the same thing in the same area. ([OnLineClock.net](#), reply to an article)

Once in a while people find themselves back on the same road, and they have to



drive that same stretch of road over again. Interestingly, in this example there was a violent spin of air around their car:

When I was a child (somewhere in the very early 70's), I was travelling in a very quiet and familiar road with my nanny and my mom. My mom was driving. To the left was the only building in the area, and we drove past it. The skies were blue and no other cars were around. Suddenly it felt like we were caught in a whirlpool of air and the car started to violently spin around, and the car controls were not responding. The next thing we knew, the car was mostly outside the paved road, so my mom started the car after checking we were OK, and kept driving. To our shock we discovered that we were 3 kilometers behind as we passed again that same agricultural building to the left, and we had missed 15 minutes! The three of us experienced this phenomenon. This happened in Yucatan, Mexico, and no there are not such things as tornadoes there! ([OnLineClock.net](#), reply to an article)

Or on some side road:

We live about 5 minutes from the cinema- we live next to a highway, which you drive down for about 1km, then you turn a corner onto another main road and follow it in a straight line until you hit the shopping center. There's absolutely no way to get lost, no reason to turn off, and we'd made this trip so many times.

Anyway, this particular night we were heading to see a movie, it would've been about 7 pm. My husband was driving. We'd turned off the highway onto the main road and were deep in conversation, when suddenly we found ourselves down a side road. It was strange, it was like we'd both 'woken up' at the same time- we'd stopped talking, couldn't even remember the conversation we'd been having, and we were both wondering why/how we'd ended up turned off somewhere way before our destination.

We couldn't have lost more than a couple of minutes but it's played on my mind over and over since it happened. ([The Paranormalist](#))

To some people it happens more than once. In his third experience, a friend came by and hadn't found them where they should have been. Were they taken out of our reality? :

My wife, children and I were traveling back home from an appointment. We stopped and filled up our car with gas. Upon entering the interstate my wife asked when she thought we would be home. I looked at the clock and seeing that it was 1pm I told her it would be around 3 to 3:30 when we arrived. At that point I reset the gas mileage on my car and also reset the cars timer and mileage counter to zero. The kids fell asleep almost immediately as they hate driving the interstates. My wife started in to

reading her book as I hit the road. about 15 minutes in to the trip is where it gets odd. That was the last point in the trip I remember until entering our city. It was as if I woke up from a dream. However, it was no dream. I looked at the clock and it was now 1:30 pm. We had just somehow travelled 156 miles in 30 minutes. I drive fast but I don't have a supersonic jet. I questioned my wife who was finished with the book she had just read, and she said that she thought everything was normal but could not explain how it only took 30 minutes to get home. I then checked the timers and mileage and both were in agreement, 156 miles and the timer now at like 34 minutes.

The next afternoon we were traveling to a game at our university which is 70 miles from home. Game time was at 7 pm, and we were leaving home at 6. I jumped on the interstate and as we arrived in the city at the university my wife asked if we had time to stop before kickoff and use a restroom. I looked at the clock, and we had only been gone 15 minutes from home yet were now in a city 70 miles away?

How can this be explained? It wasn't clock issues in the car as the time when leaving the car were all in agreement. It was in fact 6:15 or so when we pulled into the gas station per their clocks? I am just baffled with this. The only other time I had anything else close to this was many years ago around 1990 my girlfriend and I were parked waiting on someone. We sat at the end of the long dirt driveway for what seemed only a few minutes looking at the stars and talking. The next thing we realized it was 4 am and neither of us had a recollection of anything but stopping the car and looking at the stars for a moment. Strange part of that story is that our friend the next day came to our home and said he had come by yet...we weren't their waiting or at our home? ([Unexplained Mysteries](#))



### 3. Other Features

#### **One or More Days Missing**

Long periods of missing time become Missing 411 cases, in which the police is notified and a search conducted. As I mentioned before David Paulides wrote extensively them. These cases are told from the researcher's point of view. Here are a couple of cases told by the missing persons themselves.

It gets really strange when a whole day is missing and unaccounted for. This happened to two brothers when going to school. It is strange enough that they don't remember an entire day, but it is even stranger that the surrounding people did not act concerned. This is something we also see in the classic UFO abductions, in which the people around the abductee are often 'influenced' to act as if nothing abnormal happened.

Here's an event that happened to my brother and I almost 30 years ago. We were in high school at the time, 1984. We went to school as usual and were given absentee slips to be filled out by our parents. We were both marked absent the day before.??? My brother and I shared homeroom (we're twins) and we wondered why we were marked absent. We looked at each other and tried to think if we had gone somewhere that day with the family, but we both drew a blank. We thought it was a mistake. Later we shared a lunch period and sat at a table with a close friend. He also asked us where we were. Okay, now that was weird. If we weren't in school, where were we? I tried to think about the day previous but drew a blank. I couldn't remember going anywhere but I also couldn't remember any specifics about the school-day either. We shared a gym class and asked the instructor if we were in class the day before. He said No. Another friend said he didn't see us that day, either. We were completely confused. The thing is, we had our dad drop us off at school in the morning, and then we'd walk home. It was only about a mile. We asked our dad if he dropped us off at school, and he said he did. Our mother called the school and wanted to know why we were marked absent. She talked to the principal, and he said not to worry about it and to just forget it. I still kind of wonder about that phone conversation.

Two years earlier I had cut a first class to avoid not turning in an English composition which I hadn't done. My brother went along and our story was that I had walked to school and was almost there when I remembered I had forgotten my composition paper, so I went home to get it. Just to lose enough time to miss one class, not the whole day. We got home and the school had already called asking where we were. So had we not shown up for school I think the school would have called the house and somebody would have answered that we were in school. Maybe they called and maybe they didn't. But then I wonder if my family was also somehow influenced.

So either we thought we went to school but didn't, and our dad thought he drove us to school, or we went to school, got dropped off by our dad but just never went in and spent the day doing something we couldn't remember. Or we did go to school but nobody could remember seeing us, and we couldn't remember doing anything in school either.

One last thing. Around this time, our friends and my brother and I noticed that a strange car would follow us around when we'd go to each others

houses. We'd see the car pull up at the end on the street and then it would drive off after we got out. We would joke that it was the CIA. Why would they keep tabs on us? Who knows. But we were dungeons and dragons players at the time (nerds) and there was some hysteria then over it being involved with devil worship. It was the Reagan years. Maybe the feds were caught up with the craziness?

Just a very strange thing to have happened. It has never happened again and I have no nightmares about abductions. (a reply to a post on [The Paranormalist](#))

There are many reports of people (also children) who went missing for several days and were later found in good health, but they did not remember anything of the missing time period. David Paulides researched a lot of these cases in his *Missing 411* books. These cases are usually described by researchers, journalists and the like. Here is a case described by the person herself. It is not only strange that she did not notice the time skip (of four days) at all, but how can a person not experience hunger, thirst or fatigue after four days, unless she was taken out of our normal passage of time.

I am still bothered by a missing time experience that occurred in mid-December 2001. I was then in my early forties, married with three teenaged children, and living in south Florida. The evening in question, I stepped outside around 7 PM to smoke a cigarette. We lived in a gated community, with a park across the street from our house. I walked over and sat at a picnic table.

When I went back to my front door, I had to knock because my keys had inexplicably disappeared. My husband and oldest daughter greeted me with a barrage of questions about where I had been. I WAS GONE FOR FOUR DAYS AND MY DISAPPEARANCE HAD BEEN REPORTED TO THE POLICE!!! My cigarette pack and lighter, and my house keys were found sitting on a picnic table across the street from my home. I had no other belongings with me; my purse with all my ID, credit cards, etc., was in my bedroom.

I have no memory of anything of that four days. For me, it seemed as if I had stepped out the door and then returned fifteen minutes later. I would really like to know where I was!

Source: [The Paranormalist](#)

### **Strange Scenery**

When missing memory goes together with strange scenery, one wonders if this was part of mind manipulation in an effort to hide something else. Or do the responsible intelligences project a holographic scenery for our entertainment, or

just to confuse us?

A bizarre scene at a golf course:

My friend and I went golfing. This was after college, between 2005 and 2007. We were golfing in the town of (?), Massachusetts. We were on the second hole. We had an older gentleman who wanted to join us to make a team of three. My friend wanted to do something different. He popped up the golf ball, straight up in the air. The strange thing was, it hit something in midair, making a clanging sound. It dropped to the ground. The guy that was with us, picked up his clubs and marched straight out of there. Meanwhile, after the ball dropped to the ground, my friend and I both remembered two individuals, well-dressed, came out of nowhere, out of the woods, walked across the golf course, picked up the ball, and continued into the woods at the opposite side from where they had entered the course, they just kept going. We don't really remember what happened for the rest of that day. Suddenly it is the end of the day, and we are in the parking lot. It could have taken that long for us to have played golf for the rest of the day. All of a sudden we were in the parking lot, and then we went home. ([YouTube](#))

### **Objects Missing**

In the following account we have an abrupt change of time and space, with both people waking up with different cloths. It is also important that the cake mix box she was holding, when the memory blank began, was never found again. As if the intervening intelligence decided to keep it as a souvenir, or maybe it was thrown away into the trashcan of the flying saucer? :)

Howdy, Reddit! My husband stumbled onto this sub and thought it would be a great place to share our story. I'm using a throwaway because we don't know what people close to us would think. This is the first time we've talked about this with anyone other than each other. I've read through some of the stories here, and I think hope ours fits here too.

I'd like to preface this by saying that neither my husband nor I do any sort of drugs, suffer from mental illness, or abuse alcohol. We drink occasion, but had not been drinking this night. It happened about 8 months ago. We lived in a small apartment with our two young children and our dog while we saved up for a down payment on a home.

It was a typical Monday night around 7:00 pm. We had just cleaned up after dinner, my husband was surfing the web, and I was relaxing on the couch. I was reading the back of a cake mix trying to decide if I had time to bake it, let it cool, frost it, and eat it before I needed to be in bed. My husband was watching a video on the internet, he said something funny about it, we both

laughed...

Then BAM! I woke up, face-down in bed. My clock read 8:00 exactly. My alarm hadn't been turned on. I was very confused and could smell the strong scent of coconut. I sat up and looked at my husband who was also just waking up. He looked at me with a really confused look, and we both jumped out of bed and ran to our kids' room. They were in bed asleep. We went into the living room and the second our dog saw us, she started whimpering and sort of army-crawling toward us. It was such unusual behavior for her. I had never seen her act that way before, and have never since.

Nothing looked out of order in our apartment aside from one small detail. The cake mix I had been looking at that night was gone. I searched everywhere for that cake mix and never found it. Another odd detail from that day is that we were all dressed in our pajamas when we woke up except my youngest. He was in the jeans and t-shirt he had been wearing the night before. Neither my husband nor I would have ever put him to bed like that. Neither of us have any memory of getting into our pajamas or anything else after laughing at the comment he made on the video.

We (already late for work) both called in sick that day. We spent the day talking about it and trying to make sense of it. At some point that day, he asked me if I had smelled coconut when I woke up. We never found the source of the smell.

To this day, I can't look at a cake mix or smell coconut without feeling a little anxious and sick. ([Reddit](#))

How can you lose a gun that you are carrying? 10 hours is also a long time:

Back in 1979, One morning I was walking in the desert near my house in Arizona, I was carrying a 22 rifle just in case I saw some jack rabbits or snakes,, I had walked about a mile when all at once everything got super bright and I felt dizzy, like I was going to pass out, I heard a noise like a high pitch whistle and everything got real bright and it looked like the ground was wavy and I felt dizzy, that was about 7 am and I awoke on my couch around 5:30 pm that afternoon and don't remember where the time went and I didn't have my rifle and I never found it. I would like to know where over 10 hours went to, I have no memory of the time in between 7 am and 5:30 pm. ([Unsolved Mysteries](#), a reply to an article)

## In Trance

I think that when the memory lapse starts, the person is put into a deep trance state. His consciousness is suspended, and the bodily functions are taken over. Only when the person 'comes by', is he conscious again. Sometimes he doesn't realize that something has happened, sometimes he becomes aware simply because he is somewhere else, or looks at a clock. The reason why I think all those people with 'missing time' are put into a trance. That would explain why so many people are in the process of walking, driving their bike, or driving their car when they 'wake up'. We have a few cases where another person saw them as being in such a trance, just before or just after the event.

I lived and worked in Germany for a couple of years. A friend and myself took turns in driving to work. The journey took 40 mins. We usually left at approx. 06.30 as we'd go to the canteen for breakfast before starting work at 07.45. On this particular morning, it was my friends turn to drive – mid conversation I felt, not tired exactly just sort of drained. I remember resting my head on the back of the car seat and staring out the windscreen to the right – there was an enormous unusually shaped building/construction with many lights flickering and dancing around it ... forgot to mention this was Winter and it was dark in the early morning. The next thing I remember is opening my eyes, thinking I'd fallen asleep. I felt so relaxed and comfortable. It was then I noticed I didn't recognize any of the landmarks. I said my friends name ... no answer, repeated, no answer. Her head was also back against the car seat back, her eyes half closed, driving. Her face had no expression and if it hadn't been for the fact that we were moving I'd have thought she was asleep. I spoke her name again more loudly, and she 'came to' asking what had happened. She had no memory, like myself how we got there. We drove on and found a road that led us to our workplace pretty quickly and arrived at 07.35. We both felt a little strange all morning like being submerged underwater. ([Unsolved Mysteries](#), reply to an article)

Here we have again a driver who went into a trance state and when he came by he found himself on the wrong road. Also of interest is the events that happened to the rest of his family at home, strongly suggesting interference by alien beings:

A few days ago I experienced some weird stuff while driving home from work. I picked up my girlfriend around 6:30pm, made small talk before finally pulling out and heading home. The drive home is very simple, I do the same thing every time. Stay in the left lane and drive straight, literally that's it. No turns, no merging, nothing...just a straight drive home.

I've made this drive countless times, and I have NEVER made a turn by mistake, and even so, how often does that really happen? I've MISSED turns, but like I said this is a straight drive. Well that night, it seems like we ended up on a wrong road somehow. My girlfriend was watching, and she

said I made no turns and I did stay in the left lane the whole drive. I also can't tell you what we spoke about, what type of music was playing, anything. For some reason, I remember a feeling of not being able to speak, sort of zoned out or like when you have sleep paralysis and you're awake but you can't move. I don't know why but I remember this feeling. I also sort of recall a feeling of my eyes being closed. I don't remember anything else on that drive, except for snapping out of it and realizing we were on the wrong road. It's scary to think about, because I honestly have no idea how I was able to drive under such a condition.

When I put our address into our GPS, we were way off. Eventually, we got home and I explained what happened to the rest of our family. The meesed up part of this, and probably the part that freaks me out the most, is that my daughter said she saw a 'plane' in our yard going up and down up and down (she's young). My family also said there was a shrieking sound outside the window. She was terrified, I've never seen her like that before, and she wouldn't even leave the room she was in because she thought something was out there.

I don't really know what to make of it, it's never happened to me before. I can tell you about my drive last week to and from work, but I can't remember the other day for some reason. It just seems odd that I would end up in a complete different area without making any turns or even switching lanes. ([Reddit](#))

In the following account, we have a child that just stood up while eating and walked into the woods, suggesting that he was in a trance state:

You know when I was I would say about ten years old I went to a summer camp with the church that my family and I used to attend. One afternoon I remember eating a slice of pizza, surrounded by a group of kids and the next thing I know I found myself walking around in the woods 100's of yards away, hours went by. I know because it was around noon when I was eating the slice of pizza and know it is around eight o'clock at night. I felt confused and disoriented and my clothes was dirty. I always wonder what happened to me that day. Everyone was looking for me and when we asked the group of kids that were with me when I was eating the slice of pizza. They all said that I just got up and walked away. Nothing remotely close to this has ever happened to me before or after this incident. I basically don't remember what happened for about eight hours! ([Beyond Creepy](#), reply to a video)

Trance is well-known in mediumship. The medium thinks that a spirit takes over the body in order to speak, or to initiate automatic writing etc. Most of the time, the medium does not remember anything while he was in trance. here is an example of a woman, Sandy Ingham, who became famous for drawing portraits of deceased people, looking stunning similar to photographs taken while they were still alive. Her trance state started while watching television, not



remembering what she was watching or doing.

It started to happen that I couldn't remember what had happened in my favorite soap. I would say to my husband, what just happened there. And he would look at me sideways and said, you just watched it. And this went on, must have been two or three weeks, until one day, it was happening every night at the same time. The program by the way is Coronation Street. What had happened was that I dropped into this trance state and my hands would be picking up things, backs of envelopes, receipts etc., any bit of paper that I dealt with in my mailing. I would pick up a pencil and on these bits of paper there would be an eye drawn or an ear or a nose and mouth etc., different little bit of a face would be drawn on papers. I never knew that because they have been putting them in the recycling pile. Weeks went by. One day I had to leave the room in the middle of the program. I got up and I was walking around the sofa at the end of which was a coffee table and I must have put down what was in my hands. Again totally unknowing. As I was walking around it, I saw movement in the corner of my eye from the coffee table. So my eye shot down to see what had moved and there staring up at me this perfect set of human eye. So real. It shocked me. And I cannot draw. I still cannot draw personally. (from [YouTube video](#))

### **Initiated by a Sound**

In some experiences of memory loss of time, with or without displacement people hear a clear, distinct sound.

This man went from warm to bitterly cold. Interestingly, he first heard a high-pitched sound.

A curious phenomenon, spoke of by many – “the missing time” experience. Have spoke to some who claim to had this happen. And any reader of paranormal literature or viewer of a number of documentaries and TV shows will know – it often is associated with alien abduction. While I don't believe I was abducted (my rectum feels just fine). The surreal-ness of the awareness of the passage of time is an incredibly strange sensation. When did this happen? You may ask – less than 20 mins ago of the initial time of posting. As a researcher and investigator of the unexplained, my task right now is to cover the bases and go over the details, try and find the crack as they say The story and experience is such, I came home from work got in about 3.35pm-3.40pm. Sylvia my partner in crime was just about to get ready to leave for work which she did at 3.47pm and I recall this because I read her the time from the computer screen, when she asked. Sylvia then leaves the place. I pick up a few bits from the sofa, answer a text from my sister and ready to get on with some design work. Head into the bedroom to get changed out uniform into civvies. I recall moving a few bits on the floor and standing up changing my shirt and trousers to jeans. I hear a high

pitch sound – similar to an old-fashioned kettle with a whistle but higher, a persistent sound. I know recall as I am writing moving to turn around to look at the bedroom door. I am not tired, far from it. Next thing I remember is, I am shivering, bitterly cold, teeth are chattering and I know I'm lying down on the bed, it is dark. Feels like I am coming out of sleep as I'm moving my arm around trying to find the blanket, like you do in the morning or when the blanket has been tugged away – my alertness kicks in. I realize I am lying on top of the bed, diagonally feet to bottom left. Head to top right. I jump up from the bed and see outside the window it really is dark, so my instinct is directing me to know the time my phone reads 18.57! It has been over 2 hours! I come in the living room, got to kitchen put kettle on and attempt to get warm by putting fire on. Then I came to post this well that was just plain surreal – got home from work, Sylvia was just leaving. This was about 3:45. I remember going into bedroom, a strange sound, like a high pitch whine next thing I know its 7pm. I've got some disorientation going on. I assume I fell asleep, but wasn't tired and don't recall going to sleep. I have no recollection of the passage of time, for the 2 hours – I wasn't tired and no intention of going to sleep. The transition of time was virtually instantaneous. Being in bedroom getting changed to waking up freezing cold. The sound is puzzling it was a single note of high pitch. I have no history of tinnitus albeit sometimes I can hear a similar sound generated occasionally by TVs. I must put forward the surreal sensation after wards was very well surreal. ([The Paranormal Network](#))

Again a loud sound outside the building and loss of time:

Let me preface this by saying it is not my story, but is my roommate's who doesn't really do Reddit.

About a month ago my roommate came home from staying at her partner's house and told our other roommate and I about how she and her partner were both woken up by a very loud sound outside of the building. My roommate is typically a heavy sleeper because things at our apartment are usually loud due to shitty neighbors, ongoing construction, and just generally living on a very busy street on college campus, so for something to wake her up is has to be LOUD.

When they woke up, they looked out of the windows and didn't see anything unusual, so they got back in bed and checked the time, it was 3am. They both sat there for, what she told me, was about 5 minutes, just enough time to look through notifications on their phones, when she looked at the time again it was 6 am. They lost three hours. She swears they didn't fall back asleep during the three-hour gap, didn't lose track of time scrolling on their phones, or anything that could be deducted to them simply not noticing the time going by.

My roommate doesn't use Reddit, isn't familiar with glitch-in-the-matrix type stories, and genuinely doesn't make things up.

Three hours of time disappeared. ([Reddit](#))

There was a small comment on this post with a similar experience involving a sound:

My wife said a similar thing happened to her while alone in the house. A strange high-pitched sound and then found half the day gone and it was evening.

### **With Night Sky Lighting Up**

[I only found one example of this, but it is nevertheless important, because it shows a connection with the two phenomena. The whole night sky suddenly becoming bright as day, is another of these weird phenomena, or experiences people have; and happens more than is reported.]

I'd like to explain an event that happened to my friend and myself while at night fishing in Wisconsin. Late in the spring of 1992 friend and I decided to go night fishing on a backwater lake of the Wisconsin river in Grant Colorado, Wisconsin. We arrived before sundown, so we collected firewood in the daylight. The bigger the fire, the better the light to see our rod tips, so we always like to have a good blaze going. In the summer we didn't even need the fire for heat. We didn't light it until around 9:30 p.m., as we sat on the bank and the fire started to burn down. I decided I'll stoke it up because the light was fading from my fishing rod in front of me. It's now about 11:30 pm. Fire stoked, I sit and continue fishing with my buddy. About five minutes pass by as we sit on the bank and I'm liking the orange glow from the fire on my fishing pole. I can see it fairly well. In an instant night turned into daylight everywhere, that I could see for as far as I could see. That's freaking bizarre. Everywhere that I could see for as far as I can see bright daylight. It was unbelievable. I turned to my buddy and told him "Hey, in all seriousness, it has been good knowing you and having you as friend. I'm just saying, because a nuke is the only explanation I'd come up with and we just haven't felt the shock wave. Yet good knowing you bud." It lasted what seemed 90 seconds without any source just daytime. After the light went out we returned to nightfall. I decided to turn the radio on in the truck to see if there was any news on a nuclear attack I noticed the fire was nearly out, but it couldn't be. I just stoked it ten minutes ago. I looked at the clock in the truck. It is nearly three a.m. We had lost over three hours of time. We both had the exact same thing happen. I'll never understand it. I'm still totally confused on this one. I would truly be interested in hearing about anyone else having experience like this. ([Youtube](#))

### **With Light Flash**

[This is an interesting account because the missing time, or memory loss, was initiated by a light flash. She mentions that the water of the brook was shiny and sparkling. This might be luminescence, as in a few UFO accounts the water over which a UFO was hovering became luminescence for a short while. Bright light flashes are also known with UFO encounters.]

"I've thought about this incident nearly every day for the past 20 years and still don't know exactly what happened. I believe I experienced a rip in the space-time continuum or some other less cliché version of that. All I know is that one moment the sky was blue and the next second it was night. We were staying at my grandmother's house in rural Lancaster County, Pennsylvania during the summer. When I was a kid I loved going to my grandma's because it was so different from my life in Philadelphia. So, we'd been there for over a week at this point. I just needed to get out of the house. There was a small creek that divided the woods from the property and there was a thick tree branch that stretched across the brook so I could use that to hop over the water and then also used some big rocks as additional stepping stones. I got over the stream and into the woods. I just meandered about. Many years previous, my brother and I had built a tree house so I decided I would go and try to find it to see if it was still standing. I walked about five minutes into the woods and reached the large oak that once held our makeshift treehouse. Not surprisingly, it was a total wreck and I decided that I'd be foolish to climb up there. So, instead, I just started to turn around and walk back to the house. When I reached the creek, this time there was this faint white glow coming from the water. I thought it was weird looking back on it but just figured that it was probably the angle of the Sun or something. I mean the water looked normal except for the edges and the ripples almost shined and sparkled in the light. It's sort of hard to explain. Also, the stream was moving more quickly than usual but not flooding or anything, so I had no clue why something like this would be happening. I just started to hop my way over the rocks and onto the branch bridge but when my foot touched the far bank I felt a flash of light overtake my vision and I fell flat on the ground. When I opened my eyes again I thought I'd gone blind. I honestly wondered if I had hurt my eyes somehow. The world had fallen into complete darkness even though it couldn't have been even half past two in the afternoon. I managed to get myself back on my feet and made my way back to the house. Luckily I knew the property well and I made it there without incident. I flung open the door and there stood my mother and my grandmother in the kitchen. The looks on their faces were frightening. I'd never seen them with such serious expressions. My grandmother was on the phone with the police and my brother was sitting quietly on the couch. His head spun as soon as I opened the door I could tell by looking at everybody's faces that they had all been crying. Their cheeks were streaked and their eyes were red. My mom then asked me where I had been and said I knew I wasn't allowed to be gone that long. Apparently, I'd been gone for hours. I watched as her face moved between anger and being relieved to see me alive. I couldn't understand it at first because I'd only just walked five minutes into the woods. But they said they had searched and called my name and went down to the creek. But they never saw any signs of me. Nothing. I still don't know what happened but I do believe that I somehow was caught in a time warp. There's no other explanation that's reasonable for what happened except for something supernatural. I couldn't have fallen or gotten lost because my family searched the area. They would have seen me. I didn't go far. They would have literally had to step over my body if they were in the area of that creek. It's just impossible that

I was near where they were looking and not in some otherworldly place. Still, none of them believed me and my mom was always very adamant that I do not share my story with teachers and friends. Since then, I realized that I wasn't alone in this experience after watching various videos and reading other accounts. But I'm still looking for answers. I can't easily go back there to check it out because my grandmother ended up passing away a few years ago and after that, my family sold the property. I am eventually going to contact them and see if I can go back and find answers." ([source](#))

### **With Sighting of UFO/Aliens**

As I have mentioned before, the UFO/Alien phenomenon is rife with so-called 'missing time', which is actually 'missing memory' due to the aliens wiping the memory of the abductee after the abduction event. It is quite possible that all *Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement* experiences are the result of intervention of alien entities of various kinds. There is plenty of literature available about this type of missing memory. I am giving here only a few typical examples.

Bright lights followed by memory lose and being suddenly at a party:

I attended Framingham State University (in Framingham, Massachusetts) from 2000 to 2004. While I was there I made some friends. We were coming back to have a party on Cape Cod, in the town of Sandwich. In that area of Cape Cod is a military base. It was called Otis Air Force Base, now it is Joint Base Cape Cod. While I was trying to locate the party...I was stone sober, nothing on board, nothing weird happening. I was on my way to the party, I was pretty late. I was expecting to get there around 6 o'clock in the evening. I am looking for the place, driving around in circles. Finally, I am on the wrong road, and I am heading towards the Air Force base. So I turn around and started heading back into the other direction when I remembered two very bright lights, orb shaped in the sky, which seemed to be part of one craft. They come up to my driver's side window, floating above the tree line. Really enormous lights, about the size of a truck, and they were separated by the width of a truck. They shine on me, and then I don't remember anything else. All of a sudden I come to. I am at the party, in the living room, sitting there, bewildered. My vehicle is outside. This is hours and hours later, the party is over. It is 1 o'clock in the morning. I am just in this living room. My vehicle, I was told, was cold. Apparently it had been there for a long time. Suddenly, the core, surviving party members come out from the other room. They see me sitting there on the couch, and they say: "Woow, how did you get here? Where have you been? You are incredibly late." I had no explanation. I was tired and hostile in general, and looking to go to sleep. ([YouTube](#))

The typical appearance of Gray beings inside a house, and a memory lapse in the middle of screaming:

It took in 1950 or 1951, in North Bend, Oregon. We lived in one of the four houses of a complex. It used to be military dependent housing. It was abandoned and boarded up. My mother and stepdad took the boarding of the windows and doors, and we squatted. The newspapers and the police came out, and we said we were moving. Within 24 hours every unit in this complex was occupied by people like ourselves. While we were living in this building, one night I recalled vividly, although there were other nights. I am lying in bed. My brother Gary is lying on the other bed, we are sharing the same room. He is seven years older than me. I was about five years old. He was about twelve. In the adjoining room were two sisters. One was 8 years old, the other 3.

I am lying there asleep, total darkness, when I am feeling there is something going on, and the temperature is dropping, it is getting cold. I look up, I see these small beings, people, things, whatever they are. All I can remember about them was that they were all dressed the same, almost like coveralls. They had almond shaped eyes. They were short. I was very short, but they were taller than me. There were at least five of them in the room. They were standing all around me. I am looking at them, and I am terrified. I start screaming. My stepdad comes in. He turns the light on, and everything is gone. There is nobody there. It was odd, as my brother was sleeping through all this. My stepdad told me to shut up, there is nobody there. Go to sleep. He leaves and says don't call me again.

As soon as he leaves, and closes the door, they are back. They are trying to poke me with some kind of mechanical device that looked like a fishing pole with a hook on it, trying to poke me and do something to me. I hide under my blankets, but I could see through the blankets. I get really scared. I grabbed all the courage I could, and shot out of the bed. My brother is lying only feet away from me, and all my screaming and yelling doesn't wake him up at all. My stepfather is not hearing it either, nobody is hearing me. I run out of my room and into my sisters room. I am looking at them, and they are standing there up their beds with their eyes, like huge saucer eyes looking at me. I turn around in the doorway, and there are all these beings. At the time I did not know about aliens. Their lips are not moving, but they are trying to communicate. They are coming towards us. All three of us are screaming.

The next memory that all of us have: the sun is coming up. We were screaming at 9 o'clock at night, and the next memory we have is 7 o'clock in the morning. We are standing in our front room. We are looking at three of these beings in front of us. They are smiling at us in some weird way. They are giving me this loving hand gesture, or whatever it meant. We are

still scared. I was a little angry. Just, as the sun is shining in through the curtains and the window behind it, they vanished. We looked at each other.

What happened between 9' o'clock at night and 7 o'clock in the morning? That is a period of 10 hours of having no memory. What is really odd, is we all went back to our rooms, and went back to bed. We never discussed it with the parents, my brother and even my sisters, until I decided to write about it in 2003.

From that night on, my ESP, the abilities I had, increased. I would wake, and I had nose bleeds, every morning for years. When I would wake up I always had the feeling there was somebody there and saying goodbye.  
([YouTube](#))

Vanessa Westburgh who had UFO experiences during her life along with many paranormal events, writes in her book *Realms of Reality* about a missing time event she had with a man she was dating. It lasted two days. Because of her many UFO experiences, it strongly suggests that the missing time period was related to these aliens:

I eventually got myself fostered for a short while, went back into care for a while and then got a flat at the age of 18. I was dating a guy called Roger and things were progressing. We were asked to house sit for a friend for a few days and we agreed. Our friends flat was overlooking Mile End Road and was quite a busy road. It was Saturday night about 10 pm. We settled down to sleep wanting an early night. It was quiet and cold so it was a good way to warm up too. We slept well, too well. We woke up at the same time, Roger asked me what the time was and I looked, it was 6 o'clock. It was still dark outside. It was autumn so I didn't know if it was morning or night. I looked out of the window, there were school kids on the busses. That's weird I said to Roger, but not knowing if it was morning or night we had to go out and ask someone if it was morning or night and what day it was. I felt stupid asking but I needed to know. To our utter shock it was Monday night. What the hell? How can that be? It can't be? Can it? Well it was true. We walked the high street bewildered and felt robbed of time and somewhat violated. Neither of us could explain this and there was no way at all of finding answers. We just had to deal with it.

### **With Man-in-Black**

"One night while driving to work on Interstate 75 near Ocala, Florida (about 2 years ago) I watched a bright light come down from the sky, almost like a helicopter, and shined a light right into the cab of my truck. I was very scared. At the same time, a car came speeding past me erratically. It was late so I couldn't see the car. Instantly, I called a friend to tell her what happened as I was really

scared. She told me to pull over and so I did, into a gas station.

It was about 10 pm. I parked and tried to regain myself. Then I saw this man pull up right in front of me. He looked like he stepped right out of the 1950s, black everything. Black car wheels, windows, etc. Everything he had on was black. He also wore black sunglasses. I saw him and felt really odd. His presence took my breath away as he looked right at me. I felt very intimidated, and it was almost like no one else saw him. He went into the store and I never got out of my truck. I was too scared. On his way back to his vintage all-black car he never stopped glaring at me. I could feel it through his glasses. He got in his car and I waited for him to leave, as I didn't want to chance him following me. He disappeared behind the gas station and never came out from the other side. I waited about 30 minutes, nothing. So I left. When I finally got to work, I sat in my truck terrified. It wasn't over. What I'm going to say next is very odd but I am telling you all what I saw. It was about 11.30 pm by then, and I noticed clouds about 200 feet away floating over and landing on the tops of trees parked right in front of me. A literal stones throw in front of me. I sat and watched, confused, to say the least. I didn't notice anyone coming or going while I watched. By the time I got out of my truck over 5 hours had passed, I had missed work but was in the parking lot. I'll never know, but my face and shirt were soaking wet as if I was in tears the entire time. I felt a lot of things that night but sadness was not one. I haven't really told anyone this in fear it at happen again, or I would be ridiculed." ([Phantom and Monsters](#))

### **With Bigfoot**

It is rare that some can remember afterwards what happened during the period of 'lost time'. Here we have an account related to Bigfoot or Sasquatch. That might sound strange at first, but after all lost time is often associated with 'aliens', and Bigfoot is also associated with those aliens. They are all part of the same phenomenon. In this account of 'lost time', we find the classic features if being watched, electrified air, a feeling of being unnerved (sometimes fear), the feeling of being followed, weird sounds, and no sounds at all in the forest.

My last encounter was back in September 2016. I went on a solo hike on the Mann Road Trailhead just south of the small town of Startup, Washington next to the Skykomish river. It was an overcast day, and arriving at the trail head there were no other vehicles or signs or other hikers. When I started down the main trail, I felt pretty uneasy and had that sense that something wasn't right. I felt that 'they' were around [a reference to Bigfoot]. It is a hard sensation to explain, but it is like the air is electrified and all your senses become heightened. Some people may call this sensation one of pressure. That's what I call it. Even though I felt this way, I wanted to press on and spend some quality time in nature alone. I had stopped in an area that had recently been clear-cut, and I listened for several minutes. I definitely felt like I was being watched and even though I was unnerved by this. I just did not want to turn around and go back. I continued to mentally project that I was a friend of the sasquatch people



and I just wanted to spend time in nature and open my heart to whoever or whatever was observing me. I wanted to be an open book, and that although I consider myself a friend of the sasquatch, I did not want to intrude upon them. I always feel that this is vital to be transparent and never try to hide anything from them, like an agenda to capture them on film or to gain evidence of their existence. In my opinion they already know your intent and plans, so it's always best to be humble and transparent when venturing into the forest and lands. After sitting for a while projecting who I was, being transparent, I got up and continued on down the trail. After about a half mile of walking the trail, I turned to the south and I started going uphill. The further I went up the hill the more the air seemed electric or charged. I did not feel scared but it did seem very odd and I was pretty weirded out over it. The sensation was growing, until suddenly in an instant I realized that it was gone. At the same moment everything seemed very different. The trail had changed instantly. One moment I was walking up the hill and the next moment the trail was level again and everything was different. That's when I realized that I was walking back the way I had just come. I was next to the clear cut again walking back towards the trail head. I felt so discombobulated and confused as to what had happened. How did I get to this point. Why was I walking back the way I just come. I traversed at least several hundred yards from the last place. I remember going up the hill. I just didn't make any it just didn't make any sense. I stopped sat down on a stump and tried to process what the hell was going on. The feeling of electricity in the air was gone but I still felt very very unnerved. After several minutes, I stood back up and started walking the trail again towards the hill where I'd just been. I felt fine physically, so I was hoping there wasn't something wrong with my brain. As I started coming close to the part of the trail where it started going uphill again, I started having that what I can only just call flashbacks to what had just happened to me. I started remembering I was walking up this hill and I just passed a small creek. Feeling this crazy sensation of electricity in the air, and then all of a sudden a large male sasquatch stepped out onto the trail about 50 feet in front of me from the right side of the trail. It looked similar to the Patterson-Gimlin Film. Although it did not have any breasts, it was huge. Even from that distance I could tell it was so massive and I felt so incredibly small even though I'm six foot two and two forty. It walked onto the trail and turned to its left looking at me. It stopped and spoke into my mind: "You do not see me.", and I went into some kind of a trance. I turned around and walked back. All this came flooding back to me. I realized that I would be in danger if I continued up the trail where the encounter happened. I don't know how I knew that, I just did. At that point I felt pretty terrified. I started back down towards the trail heading at a quick pace. I still felt like I was being watched and followed the entire time and my hair was standing on end. I had gotten to a point on the trail where it turned towards the parking area and I heard a noise coming from the thick patch of tall brush. It sounded like the chopping of teeth like if you

chomped your teeth together really fast. I couldn't see anything. I had not heard any movement in the bushes at all. That totally freaked me out. I also smelt a very strong stench like skunk mixed with rotten food. This sound happened right next to me and I took everything I had to keep myself from running. After that I cried out saying: "Okay, I'm leaving. I'm leaving. Sorry I interrupted you guys." It felt like something was going down in those woods and I happened to walk into it, interrupting something. I believe he escorted me out all the way to the parking area even though I saw and heard nothing else. Oh yeah, there also were no forest sounds of birds or critters at all. It was totally silent the whole time, but this is a normal occurrence in our area and you tend to get used to the silence of the forest here, or maybe it's just me. (from a [YouTube video](#), starting at 20:48)



# Missing Time: Has It Ever Happened To You?

## Additional Stories

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### People's Experiences

#### 1. Missing Memory of Time Passage Only

##### **Inside the House and Unchanged Position**

When I was about six or so I went camping. I was in a pop up camper about to go to bed. I sat up looking at the kitchen then blinked and it was instantly daytime, no darkness, I was still sitting up looking at the kitchen in the same exact spot, I freaked out and asked my ant what happened she thought I was crazy so I just shrugged it off this happened to me twice so far. ([Reddit](#))

This happened maybe 2 years ago. I was in my bed and it was night time. Usually I watch the TV and when I feel tired I just turn it off and go to sleep. I turned the TV off, everything was dark. I slept in a fetus position on my left side. I was just

staring at the door and suddenly daylight came. As far as I remember I didn't even blink. I was just staring with my eyes wide open. My whole body moved a tiny bit, maybe a centimeter. I know I fell asleep but it's still weird how I did it with my eyes open, something I never did. Keep in mind all of this happened with my eyes open, not even a blink. Not even when daylight came. I saw the whole transition with my eyes wide open. Weird. ([Reddit](#))

So, this is my first post in this sub here. This happened to me years ago, but it's still beyond vivid in my mind, and I can't think of a better sub to post it in. Apologies in advance for formatting- I'm on mobile and it can't be totally helped.

I was around 9 or 10 when it occurred. It was late at night (for a kid), and I was just mulling about in my bed, utterly unable to sleep. To this day I can't remember ever being as unable to drop off as I was then. I tried everything, counting as high as I could, just lying still, and I was getting seriously cranky. So I'm sitting up in bed, and I remember this very clearly too, like this: <http://www.lexiyoga.com/images/vajrasana.jpg> (half-kneeling, half-sitting) with my hands on my thighs. Anyone who's sat like that for any amount of time knows it's not particularly comfortable, especially for more than a minute or two.

I'm just glancing about, no idea what to do, because I just REALLY have to get to sleep at this point and like I said I was getting pissy. I look over at the digital clock across the room on the floor, and it's 11:23. I would swear on the validity of this memory under oath. I was about to despair, because even though I knew that realistically it had been less than 2 hours since I'd gone to bed, we all have that irrational hope that more time has passed than we thought when we want time to go. Even in my irrational child mind I had the vague sense that the elapsed time on the clock was consistent with my internal clock. And still I was not the least bit sleepy. So I look away from the clock, BLINK ONCE (not even intentionally, just on reflex), look back at the clock. 6:34 AM.

I haven't moved a muscle except my neck (and eyelid of course). This is where how I was sitting comes into play. I hadn't moved that either. I admit, I sat back hard in surprise, and as I straightened my legs there was no sign of soreness or loss of circulation at all, and it felt as if I had just started to sit that way (which I HAD). Even the most comfortable sitting position would cause some soreness if sat in for 7-odd hours, no? Nope. On top of that, when you fall asleep you tend to be slightly lucid, and aware you're asleep (not consciously, but still) or are at least afterwards right? None of that feeling at all. And I didn't feel rested. I was still cranky as I had been 30 seconds (or 7 hours?) ago, now with an added dose of weirded out child feelings.

Five minutes later my mother comes in to get me up for school. I don't tell her at the time, but that afternoon I did and she just dismissed it as me falling asleep without realizing. I reiterated that if I fell asleep then I was sitting up in a position that a yogi would turn up his nose at for spending such a duration of time in. By this point I'm feeling the effects of not sleeping for 24+ hours as well. I fall asleep that night with no issues. Never happened again.

What the hell happened that night?! Some weird temporal jump? It was like someone pressed a "skip scene" button on a cosmic remote and title flashed forwards. Still makes me shake my head in confusion to this day. ([Reddit](#))

When I was about four or five, I had trouble sleeping one evening (I have ADHD so I've always had trouble sleeping, especially when I was younger). I was tossing and turning that evening and I vividly remember it being late at night. One moment, it was pitch black outside and when tossed/turned to the other side, it was suddenly bright and sunny outside, about 8:00 in the morning and I soon heard my mom telling me to get ready for church that morning. I knew that this was something inexplicable and I still have no explanation for it. I was wide awake when this all happened and I know for a fact that I didn't go to sleep during any of this. It's been close to fifteen years since it has happened and this experience has left an impact on me that I can't explain because the event itself was inexplicable. ([Reddit](#))

A couple months back I was feeling sick so I decided to go to bed. I went on my phone for 10 minutes, then turned off the light and tried to fall asleep (BTW I have sleeping problems so it can take me hours to fall asleep.) I closed my eyes for a minute then opened them to get a drink of water, then I did a slow blink (3-5 seconds probably) and it was day. I still remembered what I was thinking about and was still tired enough to go to bed?! BTW I don't have any mental disabilities and have no clue what happened. ([Reddit](#))

Comments on this post:

- Same thing happened to me when I was young!  
For the longest time when I was young I thought the shortest day of the year's night was only about a minute long because one year on the shortest day of the year I laid down in my bed right next to a giant window could see the moon. I closed my eyes and not even a minute of me being (or at least feeling) fully awake went by before I blinked and the sun was rising. It felt so real and I was convinced for a full year that the shortest day of the year had basically not night.  
And no I do not live in Alaska or anywhere where that could happen.
- This has happened to me. Only once, when I was a kid. I was laying in bed and looked at the clock and it must have been around 10/11, I literally blinked, just like you, and when I opened my eyes it was daylight and 6/7am. Just like you, I remembered what I was thinking about and it was like I'd not even slept, I hadn't moved a muscle. I've never forgotten that.
- This happened to me as a kid too, so I totally understand how this was a weird occurrence and not just 'falling asleep' as these killjoys are all saying. In my version I blinked - literally blinked, I wasn't closing my eyes in order to go to sleep - I was hyped up that evening and had complained about not being tired (I was about 10yo, old enough to know when you're not tired

but still young enough to have a bedtime). This blink happened as my dad switched off my light and went to bed. Before he'd even fully closed the door, I was opening my eyes - from the exact same position, not having moved a single muscle - to see daylight, my dad walking back through the door, telling me it was time to get up. A full 9 hours had passed but I was still upside-down in my bed, on top of the covers, from where I'd leant over to switch on the lamp at the end of the bed, in the exact same position and not feeling any different physically, as you usually do when you wake up (no heavy eyelids, a need to stretch, tiredness, nothing). By the time the school break came around that morning I was exhausted, as if I still hadn't slept. It freaked me the hell out and I've always wondered if anyone else had experienced it, so I'm super glad to hear your story.

I've recently found out about this sub so I figured I'd share here my story, for which I still don't have an explanation.

Back when I was in middle school, I just couldn't sleep: no matter how hard I tried, how many "tricks" I used, no matter the lighting, it would always take me forever to fall asleep, if at all. Also my mother didn't want me taking meds, as I was a child.

One night, I was laying in bed, staring at the ceiling as usual (at around midnight); I didn't know what to do so I just closed my eyes: as soon as I did so I saw a pair of hands just shaking frenetically in front of me. What I felt like a millisecond later, I opened my eyes, terrified from that sudden "vision" and it was daytime; I didn't feel relaxation or anything: to me, I just blinked. Next thing I heard was my mum telling me I was late for school so it must have been around 8.00am. As it turned out, it really was time for me to go to school, so I went, without telling anyone about what happened.

The next night, I was both tired and scared to close my eyes. As soon as I did though, no strange images appeared but to my surprise I started feeling sleepy and managed to get (for the first time in years) a good night of sleep. From that day, I never had any trouble trying to fall asleep again, managing to do so in 10 minutes or even less.

Even though I always try to find a logical explanation for everything I experience, this is the one event I still, to this day, cannot explain to myself, nor have I found other cases like mine. ([Reddit](#))

This one still freaks me out when I think about it.

Around age 7 I used to sleep in a bunk bed and my mom would put me to bed and wake me up every day. I was excited one night because the following morning we were going to Disneyland, or my grandparent's house, or some such place. I don't remember being particularly tired or out of sorts but here's what happened:

The very SECOND that my head hit the pillow I was already waking up the following morning. It was like I blinked my eyes and it was the next morning. My

mom turned the light on and came storming in to wake me and my brother up. I even said out loud "What happened? I just went to sleep." My brother had no such experience.

No matter how tired you are there's SOME kind of transition into sleep where you can appreciate the passage of time, but not this time. In fact, I sometimes suspect that my mother pulled some kind of charade and in reality only a microsecond actually did pass before she came back in...but why would she bother putting us to bed just to wake us back up and pretend like a normal night of sleep had happened?

Has anyone else had this bizarre blinking passage of time with no account for where it went? ([Reddit](#))

A comment on this post:

I experience this periodically! It's like I'm laying there and suddenly its morning. I don't remember falling asleep or waking up. Like you said, its like I blink and it's morning with absolutely no recollection of any of the regular transitions. It's very freaky and it always throws me off.

Our son was in his crib sleeping. We had been partying all night. It was 6 am. We started fooling around and the next thing we know we both looked at each other and said, "What just happened?" It was 2pm, our son was standing in his crib, not crying or anything. To this day we have no memory of anything, just 8 hours missing from our lives.

The weird part of it was that there was no sense of passing of time or waking up or anything; one moment it was 6 am, the next it was 2pm.

I don't know if it was a glitch in the Matrix, but it was an odd experience that has stuck with both of us all these years. ([Reddit](#))

Thankfully this doesn't happen to me anymore but a couple years ago I was having very strange episodes for about a week or two where hours and hours of time would just disappear. I remember this so vividly and thinking about it still freaks me out. It was always more or less the same and back when I was still in school and living with my parents. It was just me and them and I had my own room where they would only occasionally come check up on me. I had some issues with staying up too late to study a lot throughout my school years (thankfully I've fixed that for college now) but these specific events have never happened to me again except in those couple of weeks. So taking one of such days: I was in my room doing my homework at around 10PM thinking I'll be done in about an hour and go to bed because I didn't have much left. Parents are in the living room watching TV. I'm not very tired and I feel quite normal for a bit. And then things just kind of stop for only a second. I literally close my eyes to blink for one second and the second I open them I feel normal, not tired, not weird, normal. But the second I open I hear my mom saying "Why are you still up??" and I can tell from behind her through the open door that all the lights are off which means parents have gone to bed. Very confused. I look at the time and

it's like 3AM. I know what it's like to take an unintentional nap because it happens but I get a specific feeling of just having woken up even if it was a short sleep and I can always recognise it and know that I had fallen asleep. But this was just me literally closing my eyes for a second being in the exact same position, opening my eyes, staying the same, and not feeling any kind of sleep on me (like teary eyes, muscle aches, fuzzy head, etc). Especially if I had slept that long (5 hours) I would definitely feel it on me but I never did. This happened for a few days and really freaked me out and my parents kept being concerned that I'm randomly up so late. Thankfully it just stopped happening after that and hasn't since. I know a nap when I take one so I'm still weirded out by this. ([Reddit](#))

Well when I was around 13 years old, I used to live on a dairy farm in Maryland. Erie place, not but two neighbors very far away. I would always watch TV sitting on the edge of my bed every night. It was a ritual. I just loved TV before bed. Well while watching Cow & Chicken, the weirdest thing happened to me. On the show cow jumped into the air as this happened, I blinked. As she was landing as my eyes opened my alarm was going off and it was time for school. I felt well rested and literally not groggy at all but left trying to understand what the hell just happened. I'm sure my mom and the rest of the people in the house at the time thought I was full of shit but still till this day that memory doesn't go away. I went to school and continued on through life like nothing happened. Now I am here. ([Reddit](#))

One night when I was 8 or 9, I was being put to bed by my mom. I remember sitting up in my bunk bed, watching my mom say goodnight and then leave down the hall. I had just started adjusting the covers when she came back into my room and told me it was time to get up. Nothing had changed. About 20 seconds had passed. I thought she was kidding, so I laughed and was like "very funny, I haven't even closed my eyes yet" Turned out she was telling the truth. It was in fact early morning. I know for sure that I didn't ever lay down. My mom believed that I had just been too tired to remember passing out. I was and am a heavy insomniac and was at the time unmedicated. I just didn't pass out like that. Some way some how, I just...glitched through that night, completely awake. No memory of any of it. Alien abduction? Matrix? Who knows. ([Reddit](#))

This happened about two months ago now...

I was up late one night, as I often am, and felt the call of nature. I went to the bathroom, sat down, and suddenly felt pretty tired. I'd been alright before I'd gotten up, barely tired at all. My eyes fell closed for just a second before I opened them again. The door to my living room was half-open, so I could see into in, and I saw that the room was starting to get light, the normal pale-grey light that comes in with the sunrise. This was immediately off-putting; when I'd gone to the bathroom it was pitch dark out there.



When I get up in the middle of the night I bring my phone with me because I won't lie, I'm scared of the dark, so I had it with me, and I checked the time. It was past 6 in the morning. I'd gotten up at 1:30 or 3:30. That's another odd thing, I couldn't remember what time I'd gotten up, even then in the moment. I'm great at remembering numbers, including the time (I have grapheme-colour synesthesia, so letters and numbers have distinct colours to me, which means it's much harder for me to confuse strings of numbers, such as the time) and I always take note of what time it is, so it's not normal for me to not know what time I got up. The whole thing was super off-putting. I never went to the bathroom before I lost the time, so I just got up and went back to my room and fell asleep, unnerved.

Before anyone asks, no, I don't think it's aliens, and I don't think I fell asleep. I know what it's like to fall asleep for what feels like a second and it's actually 3 hours later. It felt nothing like that. I didn't feel the normal grogginess and disorientation of waking up. I just opened my eyes. Not to mention my legs weren't numb or anything (I was leaning on them with my arms, so it's likely the circulation would have been cut off) and I didn't feel like I'd been sitting that long. I don't think it was aliens because first off, I don't really believe in alien abduction, and I didn't feel strange or uncomfortable or like anything had been poked or prodded. I hadn't touched any substances that night, and I wasn't sleep deprived or anything.

I can't ever remember losing time before this, at least not when it couldn't easily be explained by "I got distracted by what I was doing and it only felt like a couple minutes." I feel like it's only made weirder by the fact that nothing felt weird. I was only shaken when I actually realized I'd lost time. ([Reddit](#))

This was years ago but traversing this sub sparked this memory. It was just an ordinary day, I had school in the morning then video games rest of the night. I was in middle school so my life was simple. That night however I layed down in my bed, had some pre-sleep thought. Next thing I remember was closing my eyes and reopening them to day time in less than a second. Went from night to day almost instantly. As soon as I opened my eyes I got up immediately out of shock(?). Then I just went on with the day and didn't go back to bed. ([Reddit](#))

Let me start off with I have insomnia ever since I was a child it has taken me hours to fall asleep. That being said when I was younger till about my teens sometimes when I would lay down to get ready for bed I would stare at my ceiling thinking about my day and I would blink and POOF morning. I would literally be in the same exact position same thought process everything but it would be morning. Anyone else experience this? ([Reddit](#))

I was like 7 or 8, I know I was in 2nd grade. I went to bed normally and I don't remember being very tired. I got into my bed and there was a blue glow on the ceiling from my nightlight, (yes, I was afraid of the dark in 2nd grade). I closed

my eyes for a split second, and when I opened them again, the ceiling was white. I looked out the window and it was the morning. This was around 8 hours of sleep, all in one blink. Has anyone else had this happen? ([Reddit](#))

Don't remember the date or specific time but there was a time recently where I was sitting in my room. I remember I was sitting on my bed reading a book. It was afternoon, so maybe about 2 PM. The book I was reading wasn't particularly long yet I remember sitting down and reading, maybe, a chapter of it. The next thing I know, my sister is calling me down for dinner. Well, I looked at the clock and it was close to 7 pm. I don't remember anything about that book I read, don't remember anything between starting the book and getting yelled at by my sister. ([Reddit](#))

When I was around 6 years old, I would spend every day at my aunt's house. She picked me up from school and my mom would pick me up from her house after work. Well one night I happened to be having a sleep-over there, and I remember laying on an air mattress to sleep in the computer room. 5 seconds with my eyes closed and I open them to daylight.

'How is it morning?' I thought to myself. I frantically ran around the entire house waking my cousins and aunt saying 'it's already morning, it's already morning!!'. I was given the most confused looks ever. As a kid you kinda just brush it off but not a day goes by where I don't think about it. ([Reddit](#))

Comments on this post:

- This happened to me at 5/6 years old. I laid in bed and was looking at the light coming from my door because my parents were still awake and had their lights on. I blinked and my dad opened the door and said it's time for school. I was so confused because I just took a long blink and was still in the same position. It was one of those things that happened once and the memory burned into my brain of how strange that sensation was.
- It happened to me a couple times when I was a child. One of those times my mom was the one who woke me up and I remember being really confused and telling her that I just blinked, that I didn't slept. She just laughed and told me that it was morning already. I was confused but I wasn't tired at all so I assume that I just past out really fast.
- When I was about the same age, my mom traveled and I was sleeping on a mattress on the floor in our new house with my sister and dad in the same room. I remember lying down and opening my eyes again 5 seconds later and my mom was there in the morning.

I was 10 years old, living in Perth, Australia. It was night, and I had been put to bed. I was lying on the top bunk of my bunk bed that I shared with my younger brother, but he wasn't there at the time. The room lights were off. I had rolled on

to my stomach, and was holding the curtain open with one hand, looking outside. It was dark, and I could see the street from my window.

I blinked.

It was broad daylight.

My arm and body were in the exact same position, holding the curtain. I hadn't moved from the top bunk. I was not groggy or sleepy as though I had just woken up. There was nothing to indicate I had done anything except blink, or that any significant amount of time had passed. The blink itself was sudden and involuntary, as though I had been surprised by something, but the rest of my body did not move.

The difference in lighting outside could not have been more apparent. It was not twilight, or dawn, or any other time of day. It had gone from twinkling stars to blue sky in an instant.

In retrospect, I should have checked a clock. Or observed if the streetlights had been turned off (hard to tell if they're on during daylight). I'm pretty sure this happened on a weekend, which is why my brother was at a friend's house, and my parents hadn't woken me up for school. Slightly stunned, I just got up like it was a normal day -- because that's exactly what it looked like.

I will never forget just how sudden and complete the transition was. ([Reddit](#))

About a year ago I was staying at my in-laws. Sometimes on the nights my sister in law and I would stay up chatting after everyone else had gone to sleep. I remember checking the time and saying to her 'oh it's nearly 1:30 am let's go to bed in a minute', and then I left the living room to put my mug in the sink and came back. When I came back into the room my SIL sat in the same position and place as when I had walked out the room, she was still on her phone. As I walked back in the room I noticed it was getting light outside. I was shocked as when I walked out it was pitch black and had only put my mug in the sink and said this to my SIL who despite sitting there hadn't even noticed it was light as she was on her phone. When we checked the time it was past 5 am but she swore I had only been out the room for a minute at max if that, and I didn't feel like I'd been out of the room for nearly 4 hours. To this day neither have us have any explanation for what happened. ([Reddit](#))

As a child growing up I had always had intense Déjà vu and such. Just odd things that have happened that I can't explain. But one thing that has only happened to me twice before today, has always stood out from the rest. A gap in time?

So I live in California. Just to set the time frame, it was 5 o'clock PM. I was playing ps4 and then took to Netflix. I was laying on my bed relaxing. Most times when I am still I fidget a little, (just cause I'm not moving?). So I'll usually rub my thumb and index finger in circles.

Anyways, while watching Netflix and laying on my side, I was rubbing my fingers like I sometimes do, and I blink. What to me seemed to be your regular blink, something happened. When I opened my eyes it was dark outside. I then checked

the time and its 1 am, (30 mins ago). My psy had gone into rest mode and my phone had lost significant battery level, which was an obvious indicator that I may have fallen asleep.

Here's the odd part. I usually move a lot in my sleep, waking up with all the sheets messed up and always waking in a different position than when I fell asleep. The sheets were not disturbed and I was still laying on my side in the same position. And the part that confuses me the most is that when I had opened my eyes I was still rubbing my two fingers together. Now I cannot prove that I don't do this in my sleep but it seems highly unlikely for me to do so, especially in a rem cycle. ([Reddit](#))

This is something that happened to me when I was 8 years old (I'm 31 now) and it has haunted me over all these years. I couldn't sleep one night, so I was just staring out the window watching a lightning storm and cuddling my cat. I had been watching it for a while and all of a sudden there was a bright flash of lighting and as the brightness went away it was suddenly daytime. I was extremely confused and actually pretty scared so I ran downstairs to tell my parents what happened and they just thought I must have fallen asleep. I vividly remember being fully awake and watching the storm in awe. I know it was around 2 in the morning and then all of a sudden it was 8 AM and sunny out. I have no explanation for this, I know I didn't fall asleep. Now that there is this forum to reach out to many people, has this happened to anyone else?! I'm a logical/scientific person and this just bothers me and freaks me out. ([Reddit](#))

I must have been around eight years old when this happened. I was trying to fall asleep but I couldn't. I was really energetic and not at all tired. It was probably like 9:00 pm and I was pulling my covers over my head and putting them back down again over and over. The thing is, when I pushed my covers down for the last time it was morning. I mean sun fully up. I wasn't even tired. ([Reddit](#))

This isn't a throwaway account or whatever, I just don't do much lol. Anyway, this first story is me at my grandmas. I was probably around 6? 5? I was sleeping out in the living room with my sister, she was asleep, and I was watching TV. It was around 11pm, so I decided to turn the TV off and go to bed. So I closed my eyes, then about a second later, I heard voices. It was 7am, and my dad and grandma we're sitting on the couch. ([Reddit](#))

### **Loss of Time when Standing**

When I was maybe 4 or 5, I remember just getting into bed. I literally blinked, then realized I forgot my pajamas. I went to my mother's room, where I kept my clothes, and grabbed my pajamas. My mom looked at me, confused, and asked what I was doing. When I told her, she said that it was morning. I was so

confused. But I looked outside, and sure enough. It was morning. This is also the only perfectly clear memory I have from that long ago. ([Reddit](#))

Comment on this post:

I had the same thing at the same age. I went to bed fully awake, felt like I just blinked and suddenly my mom was standing in my room, saying that I should get up, because it's 10 in the morning, which was very strange. At this time I usually was awake at 6-7 o'clock in the morning. To this moment I read your story, I simply brushed it off to be an weird illusion or an very good sleep. But I've never heard from others, that had the same story.

Three years ago I was alone for about two weeks because my parents went on a holiday. It was hot summer day and I woke up late around 1pm. My brother was also out of town so I was all alone. I went to bathroom and ate breakfast and decided to pick up trash around the house and throw it away. So I took garbage and went to the trashcan that is located at the end of my street about 50 meters from my house. It was hot and sunny outside (I remember because I hate great heat). Then I came back through my garden and opened my house window door, and when I stepped in my house and turned around to close the door I saw through the window door that it was dark outside. It looked like night fell in an instant. I paused in confusion. I didn't know how to explain what happened. I went to my room to check time on my phone and it was 9pm. Somehow time skipped for 8 hours in an instant and I felt fucked up totally. I called my brother to see if he maybe came by in that time period but he was still out of town. I didn't chat nor I communicated with a single person. I felt terrified. I wasn't hungry or thirsty either. My parents haven't called me yet to check on me which was weird.

I wasn't doing any drugs at that time nor I drank alcohol.

The creepy thing was when I turned around to see darkness, I didn't change location, I just realized that it was dark outside. ([Reddit](#))

This is something that's freaked me out for my entire life. I'm not sure what to call it other than just disappearing. No one really believes me when I tell them. (Sorry for formatting, I'm on mobile)

The first time it happened, I was in preschool. I was a teacher's pet and clung to my teachers side all the time. We went on a field trip to this building that had a lot of different areas to explore and play in. The preschool classes were split in to groups to go around and play in each different area. My group was supposed to go from the statues, to the library, to the foam pit, to the playground. Each group went into this rotation, just starting at a different point, so that once one group left another was ready to come in behind them.

My class went to the statues first. It was just a room with a bunch of art and statues in it and we were walked in a single file line behind the teacher to see everything. Being the teacher's pet, I was right behind my teacher holding her hand as she lead us. We got to this dog statue, I looked up at it, and all of a sudden no one was with me anymore. My entire class was gone. I didn't know

what to do, so I went to find another teacher. She told me that my group was already on the playground, I lost over an hour of time. I was scolded by my teacher for running off.

The only problem is I was in the EXACT same position when I realized no one was there. I hadn't moved at all. Why did my teacher not realize she let go of my hand? Why did all the kids behind me just walk around me? Why did the other classes that came in not notice me? I was staring at a dog statue for over an hour and have no recollection of it, meanwhile my teacher couldn't find me.

The second time it happened, I was 16. My mom had taken me and my younger sister shopping for clothes and we were all looking through the clearance rack. We were all on the same aisle. We were talking and I noticed a cute shirt. I grabbed it off the rack and looked at it for a second. Decided it was cute, wanted to show my mom. I turned around and said, "Hey, look at thi-". My mom was nowhere to be found. Neither was my sister. The only person in this aisle was an older lady, who seemed extremely confused.

The store was set up so that you could clearly see over the racks, so they weren't one aisle over or anything. They weren't anywhere near me. I went walking through the store and found them at the checkout. 20 minutes had passed and they had no idea where I had went. They said they assumed I walked off to look at something.

I think about these experiences often, trying to make sense of them. How do I lose that much time? How does no one notice me? Where do I go? ([Reddit](#))

[Here is another child that disappears and appears at the exact same location:]

Ok so I'm new to this thread so I really don't know if other people have posted about this "glitch", but I just find it really creepy. Here it is:

When I was a child, I used to go with my grandma to this huge supermarket (don't remember its name) that had a mini Coffee Shop and a Bar. I would usually go to the family-friendly bar and just sit there and watch TV while my grandma was shopping. The thing is that one day, as soon as I got to the supermarket I went straight to the bar as usual, only that this time there was no one, not even the bartender (probably in the bathroom or something). When I sat in the middle of the bar table, I realized that the TV was streaming a live soccer game, so I decided to get comfortable in the high chair and watch it. After a while, I clearly remember that all of the sudden my focus was completely on the TV, to the point where everything else on my POV went black. I kind of zoned out and just concentrated on the soccer game... Just when match had ended, I kind of "zoomed back into reality" and immediately I started being aware of my surroundings. The creepy thing is that, as soon as I got out of the big chair, when I turned around I was completely shocked by the scenario that was going on. There were around 10 cops next to my grandma who was crying, because I apparently VANISHED COMPLETELY from the supermarket. Since I was only child, I was totally confused rather than scared of what just happened. I started to explain to my grandma that I had been in the bar the whole time, and that I didn't even move for a second. To this date, I'm still creeped out about what

happened at that supermarket and why did I vanished as soon as I "zoomed out of reality" while I was watching the soccer game.

I'm currently 17 years old, and I was around 8 when that happened, so I clearly remember everything of that day and how I felt. Have any of you experienced that before? Could there be an explanation? ([Reddit](#))

...The final incident occurred at the same apartment. I was in the bathroom kneeling in front of the tub washing my hair under the tap. I should say that I have always been very good about "time". I knew I had a certain amount of time to do my hair, get to work, etc.

I found myself holding my head under the tap and wondering how long I'd been there. Washing my hair took about 3 minutes and when I finally got up and looked at the clock in my kitchen it was 60 minutes later. I was actually going to be late for work.

At first I thought I may have passed out, but that doesn't explain why I was still kneeling in front of the tub, exactly as I'd been when I started. Then I wondered if the alarm clock in the bedroom had been wrong, but I checked that and it was ok. ([Reddit](#))

It was an ordinary morning. I used to get up a 4 am everyday to get ready for work, by 6 I had to be out of the house. I woke up with more energy than usual, keep in mind that I don't use any type of drugs nor vitamins, I woke up cheery as well. Got out of bed and headed downstairs to shower. On my way down I double checked my phone's time as well and the clock on my dads phone, only two or three minutes had passed. I turned on the boiler and played some music while I was in there. By the time the 4th song had ended I was already out of the shower (I measure how long I am in the shower with music), all of this should've taken no more than 15 minutes as they were fairly short songs. I expected it to be around 4:20 by the time I went back upstairs, however, when I checked the clock, I was already 6:30. I bolted upstairs to check other clocks and it was the same, 6:30. I couldn't understand how it had happened, but in a span of 15 minutes I lost 2 hours. ([Reddit](#))

[The following is a really strange case, because the child was physically not there at the spot where he had his missing memory. There are actually more stories like this in which a child disappears, parents and other people frantically looking for him, and then the child is found at the exact same spot where it disappeared.]

Imagine 1984. Eastern Europe. Romania, to be exact. I'm 4 years old, and am on a vacation with my grandparents to improve my health.

I disappeared into thin air for 5 hours and, obviously, I reappeared. It's hard to be precise about this, because I remember what happened so clearly, that after 34 years I can't stop thinking about it.

I'm trying to make sense of this, but so far... Your guess is as good as mine.

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So, the 80ies. Eastern Europe. To be precise in Romania, in the northern Carpathian mountains. Early summer. I think it was May or June.

As a kid, I was always sick, usually with some respiratory infections, so my grandparents thought it a good idea to take me to the mountains, for my health. Back then nobody had heard of allergies. My grandparents took me on vacation, to a little mountain village and resort called Vatra Dornei.

In that time, it was a sweet, and cosy place, in a woodsy, elevated area. The hotel, we stayed in, was in the middle of a park, morphing into the woods around. I remember, lots of squirrels lived in the park surrounding the hotel. The animals were used to people feeding them. It was a major attraction. You could buy walnuts in the hotel, and bang them together, and the squirrels came racing down the trees to snatch the nuts out of your palm, or just eat them then and there. They weren't shy.

The village was further down a slope, and stretched along a main road, and train tracks. There were several tiny shops, a restaurant and a coffee/pastry shop. The train station was tiny, but it was the heart of that village. The main road then split to a U-bent "Y" shape, over a narrow concrete bridge. The side road ran with the broad creek on one side, and a woodsy rocky slope, with only one row of civilian houses on the other side. And that was it. That was the village, as far as I remember.

The water in the creek was low, and had a blueish-green, and it was a hot and cloudless day, maybe a bit muggy. A fairly pleasant day, birds chirped, the creek whispered, there was warm sweet scented wind rustling the lush green trees. It was nearly noon, when my grandparents and me were on our way to the into a boutique of sorts.

For some unknown reason (I really don't know why I got so weirded out by that shop), I didn't want in. I told my grandparents, that I didn't want to, but they tried to drag me along.

"I'm a dog now. Dogs aren't allowed inside." I grabbed a light pole in front of the shop and hooked my arms around it. Like children tend to, I was serious about it, and demonstrated with stubbornly clinging to it, hiding my face from grandma and grandpa. I remembered my gran losing it, and just telling me: "Fine! Dogs stay where you leave them." I simply nodded, happy to have gotten my will. I barked, panted and looked around, scratched my ear with a pretended paw. Then it went fuzzy.

Suddenly, I focused into consciousness (I don't know how else to describe a slowly growing sense of re-cognition, like waking up, or wiping off your dirty glasses, and suddenly seeing properly? I hope that makes... sense?), walking down the side road, the bridge now in my back, the river to my right, the rocky slope to my left, with the woods looming over the street.

The shop was over 500 meters behind me. I was suddenly aware that there were no people. At all. I felt it: a hollow, empty feeling of loneliness. I was truly alone. Then I noticed, it was silent. There was no sound whatsoever. The river, the wind, the birds - all gone from the sound sphere. I couldn't even hear myself. I walked in absolute silence. I suspected that all movement around me had stopped. My



mind was working miraculously effortless and crystal-clear. Even at that age, I marveled at that. Since then I never reached that level of clearness and concentrated logic, and that is a remarkable thing.

I made several paces on the pavement, and I looked at my feet. I noted that I was throwing out six long shadows into every direction, I was the center of a shadowstar. I asked myself where the light was coming from. So many shadows weren't normal, I knew that. I tilted my head to look up. In the sky, there was no sun, no moon, no light source whatsoever. It was strangely dim though. I was in a most remarkable place. Nowadays I named that place either behind the curtains or hallway to reality.

Right as I started to fully realize the strangeness of the situation, I focused again into holding the pole. I felt dazed. For me, this all situation took only five minutes.

My grandpa grabbed me by the shoulders, frantically asking me, where I had been. Why did I wonder off? Confused I told him: „I was right here. I was a doggy. I waited for you to come out again.“

Then he scooped me up and yelled, that he has found me.

About ten people, including people from the shop, from the hotel and the train station gathered around. Everybody was relieved, they talked to grandma and grandpa. As my grandpa told them what I told him, they shake their heads. Grandma's eyes fogged up.

Then I was told, that they formed a search party to find me. I was nowhere. Nobody saw me. Nobody found me, only when I was back from that place...

I got really sick afterwards. Three days of fever and diarrhea, the doctors told my grandparents, that I had food poisoning. We all ate the same, but I was the only one getting ill.

After that we left the resort and I never got back to that place. My parents weren't told the story right away (only several months later), which I thought weird, but my grandparents probably had their reasons.

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Some years ago, I talked to my grandma about the incident. Her version: she told me, that she recruited all the people around town, looking for me. She tore through the whole village, my grandpa walking the length of the creek, the hotel, the park, the woods. They looked everywhere possible for 5 hours. She thought, people looked in every house, and stopped a train to look for me. I was gone, until grandpa found me in the same place, they saw me the last time. First, they didn't want to believe me, that I was there, and waited. I told them what happened, and never changed my story. A day later, I got really sick, and grandpa ran with me in his arms to the doctors. I seemingly lost consciousness from the high fever. ( that was news to me)

This whole thing is bugging me. I don't really know what to make of it. The memories about it are still clear and impressive, I trust the sensory perceptions of that event. ([Reddit](#))

[Here is another case in which the child disappears for hours, From the child's

point of view she was in the bathroom , then in the clouds, then sleeping in the bedroom.]

The following story happened to me when I was four years old and I have no recollection of it. I only know what my family has told me.

When I was a kid my dad worked in Mexico and would visit us about once a month. We lived in a small town in south Texas. One day before picking him up at the bus station, my mom told my siblings and I to use the bathroom at home so we wouldn't have to use them at the bus station.

My brother and sister said they saw me walk into the bathroom, but they never saw me walk out. My mom opened the door to check on me and I was gone. With the lay out of our apartment, it would be impossible for me to walk out without anyone noticing.

My mom started panicking and called my grandpa who was a police officer at the time. Within an hour multiple police officers and neighbors were searching for me at our apartment complex with no luck. Three hours later, my godmother found me in my bedroom sound asleep on my bed. The weird thing is that there were multiple people searching inside the apartment as well, and they hadn't found me anywhere inside.

It gets weirder. When they asked me where I was, four year old me said I was in the sky making clouds with a duck using a machine that had a crank that you would spin on one side, and then clouds would come out the other side. I also kept saying that I would see a red light on the TV screen for a few weeks.

I didn't fully believe this story growing up until I was visiting my grandma in Mexico City years later, and she confirmed it saying that my mom had called her crying right after it happened.

My family likes to joke that I was abducted by aliens then returned home after a few hours. This all happened thirty one years ago, and I still have no memories of it at all. ([Reddit](#))

A comment on this post:

I was watching fish in a large tank in my aunt's kitchen once when I was maybe 6 years old. My dad couldn't find me. They yelled and searched the house. Then, the neighborhood. They found me in the same spot when they came back. They were FREAKED. I only remember watching the fish - none of the yelling or people in the room.

So I really wanna know if this has ever happens to anyone before. It was pretty strange and it happened on a work day. I was figuring the angles for some ridge caps on the roof. I had another worker with me when this happened, so I know I wasn't just tripping or something. I just cut an angle for one of the caps and was about to go on the back on the roof. I asked the dude I was working with what time it was, he showed me his phone it said 10:56. I was like okay cool and went

up on the roof and he followed. I get up there and put the cap down, look at it for a second and light a cigarette. I take two measurements, figure an angle real quick, make a couple marks, and start heading for the ladder. I flick my cig which burnt all the way down and head down the ladder to make a cut. This whole time maybe 10 minutes passed by if even. Right before I make my cut I ask my co-worker what time it is. He kinda laughs and starts to say "u just ask me ..." Then I see a look of pure confusion. "Its 11:53" he said still looking puzzled. I look at his phone in pure disbelief sure enough a hour passed by. But it's super weird cause it's literally impossible for an hour to pass by like that. For one I smoked a full cigarette in an hour? Don't think so. Also I saw his phone before we went up and after we both knew what time it was. We even asked the election what time it was to make sure his phone was right.. Which it was. And the last weird thing is that he has 3 missed calls from our boss but we didn't hear his phone ring and he had it turned up an in his pocket. I don't know I know there's probably a logical explanation but this was just really. Anyways anyone ever experience anything like this? ([Reddit](#))

[This story is told by his friend, but from his point of view, he was in the bathroom and the next moment in the closet.]

Similar experience but with my grown friend! It was roughly 4-5 years ago and four of us were at my friend K's house. We were being dumb teenagers and came to the conclusion her house was haunted, and proceeded to do "cleansing rituals" which were basically boiling spices and burning candles, weird kids I know. After a while we realized J was missing, and we weren't sure how long he'd been gone. We assumed maybe he was in the bathroom so we left it alone, but after 10 minutes or so we went to check and found the only bathroom empty.

We all got a bit worried and started checking the entire house, closets, under beds, sofas, cupboards, ANYWHERE he could've gone. We thought maybe he had gone home? I ran over to his house (he was about 5 minutes walking from K's house) to find he wasn't there, or anywhere along the way.

I go back to K's house and we look for him again, about 45 minutes has passed now. We talk and try to figure out what to do, when K goes to the bathroom and finds J coming out of a closet we checked twice. He was disoriented and nauseous and didn't want to talk but the next day he was fine. He doesn't remember a thing.

Still not entirely sure what happened or where he went :/ and yes we checked the floor and behind clothes in the closets , so he couldn't have just hid to scare us.

### **Outside of Time?**

I must admit, this happened years ago but I still remember it perfectly.

Since I was a child, I've not slept well. I've tried sleeping masks, shutting off electronic devices, white noise apps etc. I always wake up after only a couple hours sleep, not feeling well rested.

But one night I was packing with my mum to go to the airport. We had to wake

up at 9am so I went to bed at one. I put on the radio to help me sleep as usual, my mum said goodnight and shut off my lights. I put on my sleeping mask closed my eyes for about 3 seconds while listening to the music.

I then felt a warmth in my body, where it felt going up to my brain and almost felt like my thoughts are clearer. I chose to ignore it and continued listening to the music, trying to get to sleep - still feeling a little weird.

My mum then called me from the other room, so I took off my blindfold (after what must've been 10 seconds of having it on) to see what she wanted, and I looked outside my window to see broad daylight! I also felt completely well rested. And the same part of the same song was still playing, as if no time had passed at all.

My mum came into the room to wake me up and saw me startled, so she asked me what's wrong. I verified the time (9am to the dot) on her phone. She didn't believe me when I told her I experienced no time passing since she shut off my lights.

I remembered this memory after years, when I woke up to go to an airport again. Had to post it here. ([Reddit](#))

### **While Walking**

I used to work at a coffee shop. I opened the shop and worked from 5am-10:30am. I watch the clock like a hawk to get off and left at 10:30 on the dot. I only lived 5 minutes away, so I went home, let my dog out and took a piss in my own bathroom real quick before I went out to the store. It could have only been 10:45 am at the latest at the time I left my house for the store.

When I got to the store I checked my phone and it was 3:32 pm. About 5 hours of my life had just disappeared. I double checked that I was reading that right, and I was. I assumed my phone was wrong so I didn't think anything of it. Got my shit and went home. The clock on the microwave read 3:48. I couldn't believe it so I checked my laptop, stove and iPad and it was 3:48. I was getting a bit freaked out and called a friend to ask them what time they had, and they confirmed it was (by that time) 3:50-something pm.

I told my friend what happened and they thought maybe I misremembered what time I had worked... but I had opened the store at 5 am alone, starting all the coffee and tea, those aren't normal tasks you can mix up with the tasks you do on another shift. I then texted a coworker to send me a photo of our schedule, and it confirmed I had worked from 5am-10:30am.

Is there a term for this specific phenomenon or losing large chunks of time? It's so strange and unnerving, I wonder about where I was or where the rest of the world was during those lost 5 hours. I wonder if anyone else lost the same 5 hours I did. ([Reddit](#))

I was just reminded of this bizarre incident that happened about two years ago. My friend and I were living in an apartment in a large complex. Every night, I'd take my dog outside before bed; the building was almost totally surrounded by an open lawn, so I just did a single lap around the building as she did her business.

The area was open, well-lit, and I was never further than 20 feet from the exterior wall of our building. The walk only took about 7 minutes at dog-stop-and-sniff speed; you could sprint it in less than a minute.

One night, right after we finished watching a TV show (so we knew the exact time) I went out to walk the dog, and everything was completely normal. No delay, no unexpected hiccups, exactly the same as every other night. But when I walked back in, I took one look at my friend and realized something was terribly wrong.

He was in an absolute panic. Where minutes earlier he'd been lounging in his pajamas, he was now fully dressed (complete with shoes) and was so drenched in sweat his shirt was pasted to his back. His eyes were wild and he looked like he'd been crying; this is a huge 6'4" guy, typically unafraid of anything, and he looked scared out of his mind. He ran over, picked me up off my feet in a bear hug, and half-screamed/half-sobbed, "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

He frantically explained that I'd been gone for 45 minutes. After the first 15, he'd gotten dressed and gone looking. He lapped the building multiple times, never seeing me. He spent 20 minutes running around searching before going back home to get help. I'd taken my phone with me and he didn't have one, so I could see that he had several browser pages open trying to find a way to call 911 over the internet (but fortunately hadn't been successful). I pulled my phone out of my pocket and showed him that it had, in fact, only been 7 minutes. He was stunned, but insisted that he had watched every clock in the room as 45 excruciating minutes ticked by, though now all of them reflected the correct time.

None of it made any sense. There was absolutely no way that he would have had the time to wait, get concerned, get dressed, go outside, search around, give up, and come back all before I made it back home 7 minutes later. Even if he had, he could not possibly have missed me (or vice versa) when lapping the building; there is absolutely nowhere to hide. At the very least, my dog would have noticed him running around even if we somehow didn't see each other. (And I've known him for nearly 20 years and he's not an actor or prankster; whatever happened, there's not a doubt in my mind he was absolutely honest.) ([Reddit](#))

I was walking my dog one afternoon, and I decided to go through an alley (I pass there sometimes, but usually not with my dog) and when I got out of the alley, I found myself on a different block, which was not connected in any way to the alley. I was spooked, so I didn't go back through the alley, and just went the long way back. A couple of days later I went through the same alley, and I got to the normal exit. Very eerie... ([Reddit](#))

I was walking around Las Vegas with my friend and as we were talking as we were navigating the maze of a casino. Then, the next thing I remember we were in a completely different part of the hotel (went from the casino to the mall) I asked my friend if he has a big gap in his memory and he said yeah wtf. As we were going over the story we have 2 gaps in the same place. Once when we were

walking through the casino and we ended up in the mall and once after we were in the mall and tried to find our way out. ([Reddit](#))

[The following is not exactly walking, but skateboarding. This story is interesting because the person was just outside the building and was there when looked for.]

This happened when I was about 14 years old and it's something I've never been able to explain and my Dad flat out refuses to believe me.

On this evening my Dad had a meeting at our local bar/club type deal. My older brother was going to be gone for the night so my Dad gave me the option to either go with him (we were both members at the club) or stay home by myself. Not really wanting to be home alone I opted to go along. My Dad would always buy me as many sodas/snacks I'd ask for so it was a win win. I decided to take along my skateboard because not too far from the building there was a small incline with the sidewalk and I thought if I got bored I could go out and skate down the small hill (if you stepped out the building you can see the hill). So we get there and I get settled in with my soda and snack while my Dad is attending his meeting. About an hour in, I finished my chips and soda and get pretty bored, so I go find my Dad and tell him I'm going to go skate up and down the hill a bit, he said fine just to check in with him from time to time. So I go do my own thing skating up and down the hill. About half an hour passes and I go back in to check in with my Dad and ask for another soda. My Dad thanks me for checking in, buys me another soda and tells me his meeting will be wrapping up in an hour or so. I let him know I am going back to skateboard the hill I check the time before I head back out it was 8:30 (this will be important here in a minute). I skate up and down the hill for a bit again before I figure my Dad's meeting is about over and I head in. I walk in to everyone stopped and looked at me, before I see my Dad rushing toward me. Dad: "WHERE IN THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN!?" Me: "I been skating up and down the hill like I told you Dad." Dad: "I went out there and hollered for you half an hour ago and didn't see you anywhere" (Remember I said you can see the hill if you step out of the building and my Dad has a voice that you can not mistake and definitely not not hear think Sam Elliott's voice.) Me: "Half an hour ago? Dad it's only been half an hour since I last came in to check in with you. (Looks at clock and sees its 9:30 not 9:00) Dad: "I've walked up and down that hill and hollered your name so stop lying and you need to call your brother because he's worried about you and he's on his way to come look for you. I was about to call the Damn police "Sarah" (not my real name).

There is no way in this world that 1.) I would not have heard my Dad call my name trust me. 2.) If they did walk up and down the hill they would have found me because on everything I was there. 3.) how did I lose half an hour chunk of time because I looked before I walked out and the clock said 8:30 and the building had a clock on the outside and I SWEAR it was 9:00 when I went to walk back in. It would not have took me more then 2 minutes to walk back inside that's how close it was. ([Reddit](#))

I was hiking with a friend one day and we climbed up a small hill off the trail for a scenic view. Half an hour later we start hiking back down and suddenly we find ourselves as if we backtracked and going up the same hill again. There was NO way this could've happened. I've hiked there before and I'm pretty familiar with the trails. There was no way we could've even walked down and back up to the same spot where we where within a minute. We both looked at each other wondering how the heck did we end up here again? Has that happened to anyone else before? It was as if we entered a wormhole that backtracked us, walking that spot all over again. ([Reddit](#))

### **In the Woods**

This is the first time I have ever told this story to anyone other than a few of my close friends. I would just like to hear if anyone has experienced anything similar. I found some photos for proof, and may be able to track more down when I go home for the holidays.

I grew up in a rural community in Southern Ontario, it was one of those places where everyone wears camo and when deer hunting opens everything becomes deserted. As a kid I spent the majority of my time in my forest playing alone, as my sisters weren't too fond of leaving the house and my closest friend lived a few kilometers away. My favourite pastime was finding anything I could hit things with (stick, axe, hockeystick) and just run around the woods for hours practicing my combat skills against defenceless trees. Everyday my bus would drop me off around 2:55pm, giving me lots of time to defeat my wooden enemies before my parents returned around 5:30pm, and once it was summer, I was out there from the moment I woke up. But I was always sure to be back, and in the house before my parents got back (so they couldn't catch me messing about with a splitting axe). This was my nightly routine from about age 9-13.

By around age 13, the act started to get boring; I knew my forest like the back of my hand, and finally had worked hard enough to buy an Xbox. One summer day, the internet went out ruining my game of Medal of Honor, so I decided to do the one thing I had done a million times before and go get lost in my forest. It was probably around 10-10:30am, so I knew I had plenty of time before my dad came home.

This being Southern Ontario, the only thing that I was remotely scared of were fishers. Combined with the fact that I was no longer interested in fighting the trees, I only brought with me my fancy pocket knife I had kidnapped from my father's police cruiser. I ran into my forest, up the main path and over a ridge I had scaled many times before. I was gone probably 20 minutes when things started to feel strange. For some odd reason, I felt as though I was being watched. I had never seen anyone but my neighbour in my forest before, so I immediately tossed the idea aside thinking that I was just being overreactive. I kept run/walking for about another 10 minutes when the feeling started to get much stronger. I suddenly felt as though I was somewhere I shouldn't be; as though the branches overhead started to get thicker and everything got much darker and much quieter. Occasionally, I would hear this strange sound. It wasn't

like any animal I had heard before, but more like the bell on a bike with an odd echo to it (almost like a metallic cricket). I decided that I should probably head home and checked the time on my phone: 11:00am. It was then that I realized I had no idea where I was. Keep in mind that I knew every inch of this forest, from the roads that boarder 3 sides to the lake that borders the other, I had hiked every inch of it numerous times before. Yet, I had no idea where I was. And then things started to get stranger. I looked down around my feet and saw a bunch of metal buckets and various metal tools. This is when I heard a voice. It seemed like a child calling for me by name. The voice was light and seemed to flow effortlessly on the wind. In my panic, I assumed it was one of my sisters calling for me to come home, so naturally I called my sisters name back. When I got no response, I took my phone out and tried calling; but this being the middle of nowhere on the Canadian Shield, I had no service. I looked around and out of the corner of my eye saw something dart behind a tree. I looked around me and saw laying in the ground among the buckets a rusted red bicycle, like one from the 50s you see in anti-nuke posters. And the bike seemed to be in the one part of the forest that light was shining through, kind of staging it. I quickly opened my camera and took a photo, thinking my eyes were playing tricks on me. And then I heard it again. But this time the child sounded like they were almost singing my name, breaking it up at the syllables. I started to quickly walk away, hoping that I would end up anywhere but this area. But the voice seemed to follow me and I kept seeing glimpses of something running behind the trees keeping pace with me. So naturally, I started running as fast as I could. I ran as quickly as my legs could manage, not caring for the branches that would whip me in the face and eyes. After about 15 minutes of running, things started to look familiar. I ran down a massive hill and the trees started to become more open and brighter. I slowed down and started to walk, too terrified to check behind me. Once the feeling of impending doom settled, I finally mustered the strength to turn around. The moment I turned around is a moment I will never ever forget. I turned behind me and through the trees saw my house; as if I had been running away from it the entire time. Thinking that I must've just gotten turned around, and absolutely hating the idea of running back into the forest, I walked towards the house. As I was probably 100m from my house, I heard a spinechilling shriek come from the forest behind me, similar to the sound of a mountain lion screaming or raccoons fighting but it was far louder and seemed to be coming from not just one place, but almost many places at once. I sprinted the final steps to my house and did not turn back. As soon as I entered the house I came face to face with my father, who was sitting at the kitchen table. I looked at the clock on the wall and saw it was 4:45pm. I have no idea what happened in the 5 hours between the time the photo was taken and the time I got home. All I remember is the 30 minutes it took me to get in, and around 20 minutes it took me to get out. I went right to my room and stared at the photo on my phone, assuring myself that it had happened, and I had seen what I had seen. This was almost 5 years ago, and I still find myself looking at the photo to show myself it happened, and I didn't just go mad. After that day, I decided that I



would not venture out into the forest alone and started a new character on Skyrim to assure that I wouldn't want to go outside even if the internet was down. My parents moved out of that house this past summer and into the city. I still love going outside, and even found myself working in isolation camps in the middle of the Rockies this past summer, yet I cannot go alone or outside the calling range of a friend. I have no idea what occurred that summer day, nothing paranormal has ever happened to me before or since that date. ([Reddit](#))

I was on a field trip to our local park. Our teacher decided to let us go on one of the trails. This trail had a larger trail and a smaller trail inside it's loop. The smaller trail had a slimy stinky pond inside it. The small trail was just a circular area surrounding the pond. But the pond had an area that went under a little bridge walkway. On one side of the bridge was the pond, on the other was a flowing tiny creek.

My friend and I decided to just take the small trail and stop at the bridge and wait and then go back to the bus..cause we didn't feel like walking that day. So that is what we did. I remember it being shaded by the trees except for the little bridge so my friend laid down on the bridge in the only sunny spot...facing the larger trail.

You could see the smaller trail from the larger trail. I thought I saw a crawdad...loved those things and decided I was going to go into the little creek and grab it. I remember thinking that it was convenient that there was stone steps down into the creek. I walked down them and thought nothing of it.

I remember standing in the creek and looking down it. I remember saying to my friend along the lines of something doesn't look right in this creek. Look at it, it just seems to go on for a long time..but it shoudn't. I mean it should end at the parking lot. The parking lot was in front of the trail right outside the tree line.

I remember nothing else...NOTHING..at some point my shoe was Untied and I stooped down to tie it and my stomach growled. I said to my friend.. we need to get back..I stepped up the rocks out of the creek and onto the bridge. My friend said yeah and I remember me being afraid. I was like its spooky here, it seems so late lets hurry and go. She agreed, got up and we ran towards the entrance.

Our teacher, our classmates and our bus was gone. But the cops, the fireman, the principal and our parents were all there. They were getting ready to drag the pond. We had been gone for around 4 hours. Numerous people walked both trails and walked over that little bridge..they said.

They were mad because they said we could not have been where we said we were. They were mad cause they thought we were hiding and not coming when they screamed our names. But we weren't lying. My friend and I became

distance. We never ever talked about it... not once. ([Reddit](#))

[This is a longer story but very interesting, and similar to what I found is one of the reasons of people going missing.]

I grew up in Vietnam. my family is very affluent so we had just 10 acres of land all to ourselves, no one else really lived here except a house here and there. our closest neighbors were 3 miles away. Our territory wasn't gated except for a smallish brick wall and we had a ton of street dogs that we adopted that kind of roamed around.

I was under strict instructions to NEVER go anywhere past these certain trees that were marked and once sunset started I couldn't go past the west territory. Now I want to say that in Vietnam, people are very superstitious. It is not so much whether you believe in ghosts/spirits/the paranormal or not but whether they can harm you.

Whenever I walked past these trees the dogs would furiously bark and a few would drag me back by my shirt or even go bark at my family's workers and kind of "tell" on me. I always assumed that it was because I was very young so they didn't want me to wander off and get lost. When I was 13 I became more and more interested. My family went to a funeral while the workers still worked and my grandmother watched me.

My grandmother was a very old woman, I was a very sneaky child. I obviously snuck off and while I was wandering through the woods, I explored, saw pythons, lizards, water monitors, and monkeys. Here's the weird thing. I felt like the whole time these animals were like kind of leading me to something if that makes sense. I distinctly remember the first animal that I saw was a huge dragonfly. It lead me past the marked trees on the east side of my territory and then I saw frog that had really weird texture to it, very rough kind of lizard like.

I felt like I was in a trance like state and animal transformed into another animal and I began to come to the realization that these weren't different animals but the same one transforming. I didn't see it transform but it could be a monitor lizard and then it would go past a rock and the next animal would be a huge python.

I should also mention that all my dogs (we had about 20 of them at that time) were fiercely protective of me and trailed me like shadows. All the workers always said that wherever I walked a hoard of dogs would follow and when I slept around night they all slept directly outside my window. However, less and less dogs followed me as I got deeper into the woods. By the time I saw the lizard monitor I'm pretty sure only a handful were still me. Most stayed back after the first few trees.

I realized it was getting really dark but the sky looked weird for some reason. I stopped following the "animal" which was a monkey at this point and just turned back. Getting back was a lot more difficult than getting there. When I was following the creature I felt like the woods were just kind of opening up a trail for me. Like I didn't trip on any shrubs or vines and nothing really blocked my way. The way going back I was convinced the woods completely changed.

I wasn't really scared just a little cold since I believed I didn't even wander off that far. Eventually I heard some dogs barking and followed and I could see my house. Everyone was frantic when I came back, they had about 100 people searching for me (family and our workers) and a few more people like extended family of workers that owed favors to my family.

Apparently I had been missing for three days and the husband of one of my aunts workers went in after me and he's been missing since then. I got really scared and told my family what happened and they were white in the face. We drove to a very popular Buddhist temple and we got blessed and the monks told my family what they believed happened while I stood outside eavesdropping with my older cousin.

Our family has a problem with people going missing. My grandmother's brother said he felt like he was being guided with a hand on his back and he was stuck between two rocks. His old black dog found him which is a common belief in Vietnam that all black dogs are very powerful and can scare spirits away which explains why my uncle always picked all black dogs.

My grandmas first son was playing in a creek while she traveled a little more downstream to do laundry and she said it seemed like someone pushed him in and held his head down and as she tried to run to him, something in the water wrapped around her foot. A villager nearby ran down to save him.

The monks gave me a Buddha necklace they blessed and I still wear that necklace today. The man that went missing who was looking for me was never found although my mom told me they did. I believe my aunt paid the wife a large sum of money and bought them a house far away and still sends money regularly. A few days after this the workers started chopping down trees and a fence was built around the east side of our territory and we started a karaoke bar that now resides there.

What do I believe happened? I have many theories but I think the spirits are upset that my grandmother came into their land and built over it. Before my family cut down trees and built our house there, no one lived there. I think they were upset we were disturbing their peace and quiet.

I still don't like going hiking to this day. when I do it's never a very far hike and I don't let my dog off leash because I'm terrified.

... I thought I was gone for only a few hours. I wasn't hungry or thirsty at all and it seemed like nothing changed. I also want to mention that the sky did not go from light to dark to light to dark like it should have if it was three days. I left home at noon and came back at night. ([Reddit](#))

I don't know if this was a glitch or just my mind being weird, but here it goes.

Some years ago, when I was around 18 or 19, me and some friends were hanging around town when we decided to go to one of the guy's home to watch a movie or so. I have not been there before but it was about a 20 minute walk from where I parked my car near the city center.

So we went to his home, watched a few movies, drank some beers, nothing too

special yet. At some point, around 1 am or so, I began to feel tired and most of my friends had already fallen asleep. I remember sitting on the computer chair watching the movie on the screen, having my feet put up on a small table, which was surprisingly comfortable so I must have fallen asleep as well although I don't really remember doing so.

The next thing I remember is me walking down the road towards the city center in the middle of the night. I was confused because I didn't remember anything that happened in the time gap between 1 am and 4 am, which was about the time my phone said. I was fully dressed, with neatly tied shoes and all, had all my stuff with me, including a backpack with all the things in it. I took out of there earlier. Nothing was missing. I have absolutely no memory of waking up in the chair, getting up, packing all my stuff, putting on my shoes and jacket, looking for keys, going out of the house or strolling down the road or anything else.

I knew where I was heading to from the moment my mind became clear though. I kind of "woke up" thinking about going to my car which is weird because I don't remember even making that decision. Also, I don't really know that area of town that well to remember all the way to my car when I'm half asleep but I was on the right way. And again, I have no memory of how I got there or what happened, my mind kind of popped into consciousness while I was already acting like I was awake for at least 20 minutes.

What was also weird is, that the time felt kind of odd. To me, my last memory of sitting in the chair around 1am felt like it was maybe 30 minutes ago, but it must have clearly been more like 3 hours, although it didn't feel like that at all.

Of course I have considered the possibility of sleep walking, but never, in my entire life before or after that night, have I ever experienced sleep walking or anything else you would not consider normal sleep behaviour. Neither had my family. I don't think it was because of the alcohol either, because I only drank 3 beers which was already a while back. And apparently my friends didn't even wake up when I was leaving which is also weird considering the noises I must have made.

To this day, I can't really explain what happened, and it feels kind of weird thinking about it. Does any of you have an explanation or maybe similar experiences? ([Reddit](#))

## 2. Missing Memory of Time Passage and Spatial Displacement

### **Inside a Building and Displaced Inside or Outside**

This might sound pretty lame in all its simplicity, but even after six years I wonder what really happened that day.

It was a sunny day. (Maybe 12 PM.) I was alone at my house, spending time online and doing just normal everyday-stuff.

Next thing I know, I wake up in my own bed and it's dark outside. It's late at night. I have absolutely no memory of how/why I was in my bed and where did

all those hours go.

I was completely sober, and I have no medical issues. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before or after this.

I guess I could've taken a nap without realising it, but I think I would remember that. It was just a normal day and then it was night, like somebody pressed the fast-forward button. ([Reddit](#))

I've never told this story to anyone, not my husband, not anyone, neither have I posted it anywhere. Mostly because I know (think I know) that the majority of people will likely think I'm mad and then by extension and the circumstances the missing time surrounds, probably think me negligent.

When this day does pop into my mind, I'll google it away, looking for an explanation or similar stories - but today, here I am, presenting to you Reddit, my missing time experience.

To date I'm a mom of 4, all 7 and under, but back in 2013 we just had the 2 kids. Our eldest was 1 1/2 and our then youngest was about 3 months old. When it was just the 2 of them I was more meticulous when it came to routine, with timed naps/feeds/meal/snack times, my eldest was (still is) high maintenance and my then youngest had colic and reflux and was quite a sick baby (vomiting lots) so routine was essential especially when I was on my own with them during the day. Since then and the addition of two more kids we now live with organised chaos.

That morning was average, nothing much stands out but come the time for the kids joint nap time is where we lose our time. I had just put the toddler and baby down for their naps, the toddler in her cot in her room and the baby down in his bassinet in the lounge room.

We used to live in a two bedroom apartment with an open living room and kitchen area. I stood in the kitchen feeling quite impressed with my self looking forward to the hour/hour and a half I was going to get to myself.

Next thing, I'm sat on the edge of the lounge feeling suddenly off really odd.

I pick up my phone to message my husband - and it's 3pm.

I don't remember anything. Not even going to the lounge.

I've lost four hours.

I remember my heart beating so fast, I'm full of panic, the kids, I check the baby, he's still asleep, hasn't moved, check the toddler, she's asleep hasn't moved.

I stood in the kitchen heart still racing, I remember feeling sick a feeling of dread hanging on me. I also remember wondering what to do next, make lunch? Its 3pm! I'm completely shook how did so much time pass? What did I do in all that time? How did the kids not wake? Neither sleep more than an hour a time unless it's night. My first logical thought was to wake the kids, all the time I'm trying to work out what the hell just happened.

Every time this day does come back to me I am constantly filled with the same feeling, it's dread. I feel sick.

It has never happened again. I have no medical issues. don't do drugs, rarely drink.

I know for a fact it was after 11 as that was the first joint toddler/baby nap my first free time for the day. That's four bloody hours. To this day I still can't fathom how this could have happened.

I do have a horrid image in my head of me just standing there for four hours while my kids sleep on, horrifying, shit of nightmares.

...

It feels as though time continued without us. Almost like the kids and I just didn't exist for those four hours. It's like we were gone from time, or time was just gone. I don't feel like we were elsewhere, abducted, spirited away. I feel more like we were nowhere. That's when I feel dread, like I have to stop thinking about it. ([Reddit](#))

I have a memory of something weird happening when I was younger, maybe when I was around 6-8 years old. It was night, around 8 pm, and my family and I had just gotten home from the mall. I remember being excited because my parents bought me some toys. As I was about to unpack, we all heard an urgent series of knocks on the door. I know for sure that all of us heard it because we all reacted to it. I got up to open the door and this is when the weird stuff happened. All I can remember seeing is a bright sunset. Orange sky with a dark purple outline, bright sun setting on the horizon like what you would see on a beach. This is weird because we kind of live in a valley and so a sunset on a flat horizon is a little hard to see, plus our doorway is facing east. After this, I remember opening my eyes, laying on my stomach, and waking up wearing my usual sleepwear. I asked my mother about this when I got up but I don't remember what she told me. ([Reddit](#))

### **While Walking**

I'm 17 years old and this happened when I was about 10 or 11 years old. I was walking from my dad's house to my mom's (they are divorced, but lived close so I could walk back and fourth) when I took a short cut down a dirt hill and I remember looking up at sky and it was still light out. It was summer times so it's light outside until about 22:00 and it was about 19:00 so it was still plenty off light. Well I was walking down the dirt road looking up at the sky when I hear a sudden boom. Not like an explosion, but kinda weird like everything vibrated, but very loudly. Almost like something in a movie. In just a second the bright sky I was looking up at turned dark, not pitch black but still pretty dark. I remember being really confused, but I have never told this to anyone before. If your wondering what time it was when I got home I honestly can't remember, but I wish I could. ([Reddit](#))

This happened in 2011, I was 13. I was home, watching movies on my laptop. It was around 9 PM-ish. My mom told me to take out the trash. I went to throw trash outside. It usually takes a minute or two as the garbage bins were right in

front of my house. There were guys outside chilling and smoking in the streets not to far from the garbage bins. I knew them as most of them were my neighbors. I threw the trash in bins. Headed back home to find out my mom angrily standing near my room. The conversation goes as follows Me: Mom, what's wrong? Mom: Why did it take you 2 god damn hours to put out the trash?? Me: What? Mom: You have been gone for 2 hours. Where have you been? Me: 2 hours? Mom, it's only been a couple minutes. She storms off angrily into her room. I went inside my room, confused. I look at my laptop to check the time. And it's really fucking 11:13 PM. I checked my phone, wall clock even googled the time. It was really 11:13 PM. I hurriedly went outside to find the street empty. There was no one. The next day I asked them if they saw me throwing the trash. They said they remember seeing me throw the trash and head back home. I don't even fucking know where did I spend 2 hours. I have never been diagnosed with any severe mental illness. ([Reddit](#))

This experience has always annoyed me and I still don't really know what to make of it.

A few years ago my then boyfriend and I were out on a small hike. It was a really simple path with only two trails. I'll try to explain them in the most concise way possible, but I'm terrible at describing things.

The main path started at the parking lot, went in a straight line, and hit a dead end when it reached water. The second trail extended off from the main trail, on the right hand side, and ended at a dead end, where it also reached water. Essentially the two paths made a sideways T. Either path you took - you had to turn around and walk the exact same way you came.

We started from the parking lot and walked halfway down the main path. After about five minutes, we reached the halfway point, took the right onto the second path, went to the water, and talked for a little while.

We headed back down this path, reached the main path, and decided we just wanted to go back to the car and get our waters. We took a left back onto the main path - coming the exact way we had originally.

We walked for what felt like forever - it was surely longer than the original five minutes it took us to get to the smaller path. We both stopped and started discussing how we should be at the car already and considered the idea that we might be lost. I pulled out my phone and googled a map of the park - it was exactly how I described, all dead ends. Without straying from the path, there was literally no way of getting lost. The path was very clear, and very well maintained. We were definitely still on it.

We figured we were probably just tired and dehydrated, so it felt much longer than it was. We kept walking in the same direction. After a little while longer we saw the smaller path up ahead, to our left... the same path we had just taken a left to get out of.

It literally made no sense whatsoever. There was absolutely no plausible way we could have walked in a complete circle. Either we would have had to walk out in the water, or would have passed the parking lot. We felt a little unsettled and

vaguely joked that it was a ~glitch~.

We kept walking in the same direction and ended up at the car, just as we should have the first time. We even stopped to check the wooden map in the parking lot - still the same T shaped, dead end paths.

We brought it up a few times throughout our relationship and how weird it was, but could never figure out how in the world our five minute walk turned into us walking for almost an hour in a circle.

It was ~5 minutes for each path... ten at the absolute most. Which is why we were so confused at how long it had been. ([Reddit](#))

### **While Biking**

One day, 5 or 6 years ago, I was bike riding with my dad. I was riding my bike, turned onto a street, and suddenly did not see my dad anywhere. I waited for at least 5 minutes, confused and scared. I tried to remember how I got to this street, but I had no memory except when I started bike riding. I rode home and called my dad, who was in a place at least 2 or 3 miles away from where I was. I'm assuming that I rode my bike on autopilot and did not look where my dad was going, but I doubt it, due to the fact that I couldn't remember the time period between me leaving my house and me realizing that something was wrong.

([Reddit](#))

### **While Driving a Car**

#### **Arriving Sooner than Possible**

I have a time slip for you. I have NEVER wrote this before here or anywhere else. I live in Southern Missouri. I live EXACTLY 3 Hours from Memphis, Tennessee. Several years ago I had a meeting to attend in Memphis. I left my home 3 hours and 30 minutes before the meeting was to take place. I was driving on I55 South with a bunch of cars around me. As we passed the Dyersberg Tennessee exit they just seemed to all poof. Nothing around me clear road. I remember the cars passing the exit with me, but where did they go?

That's the end of the strangeness tho. Next second I can remember, I'm at the meeting site. Only problem is it's still 2 hours before the meeting! I left with enough time to get to the meeting with about 30 minutes to spare. So I arrived at the meeting site in 1 hour and 30 minutes! I would have had to drove there at around 120 Miles Per Hour to get there in that time! I tend to drive the speed limit. If I do speed it's only by a few miles per hour over the posted Speed Limit. I would never drive several hundred miles at over 100 MPH!

I still can't figure it out! Where did all those cars go? How did I get over 200 miles in an hour and a half? It just doesn't make any sense! Drive home was normal.

Took 3 hours to get home. ([Above Top Secret](#))



### **Arriving Later than Normal**

So a little back story. I was living in Germany with my now ex boyfriend and I had to do 3 presentations a day for my job. One in the morning, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening, every day for two weeks (it was a sort of punishment from my job). I'm the type of person who gets out of bed once my alarm goes off because I hate the sound of it going off.

So we woke up one morning at 0430 for the presentation and got ready to leave which only took about 10 minutes. We got in the car and drove down the street for about two minutes when he looked at the clock and it was already almost 0700. We checked our phones to see if it was the wrong time on the cars clock and even checked to see if there was a daylight savings time but there was nothing. We were both so sketched out about it and to this day never figured out where the heck that time went. ([Reddit](#))

### **Suddenly Somewhere Else**

So one night after getting off work around 10 pm. I was driving to a friend's house that was located the next town over. So it was going to take me about 30-45 minutes to get there. So I would have been arriving around 10:50 - 11pm at latest. I've drove there plenty of times in the middle of the day and late at night. So I knew the directions by heart.

Well this one night in 2015 something new and very different happened to me while in route to my friends house.

I was driving and by this time I had made it into the woodsy part of my route (About 15 minutes left of my journey before I would have reached my location) I've drove this way hundreds of time so obviously it was nothing new. I remember glancing at my radio to check the time & This is where it gets really weird and really hard to explain because this is the part where I don't know what exactly had happened.

I checked the time and blinked and all of a sudden I'm at a dead end staring at one of those road signs with the arrows pointing left and right indicating that you have to choose a side because you can't go forward anymore. My car was in park and my radio which was on earlier was now off and my hazards were on.

I literally had no idea 1.) where I was 2.) how I had just gotten there 3.) how much time had passed.

Because even though it felt like just 1 second ago I was looking at my radio to see the time. It was obvious that much time had passed since that moment. Because my clock was showing me that the time was now 11:15pm. When I swore just a second ago when I had went to check it the time was 10:30pm I was so confused as to what the fuck just happened. I don't know how I got to where I was without any memory of doing so. I don't even know where the hell I was either which was the really weird thing.

I don't know how my car got into park, how my hazards turned on...literally anything.

The weirdest part was because I wasn't sure exactly where I was or how I got

there I figured I'd GPS my location to my friends house. My GPS showed me that I had somehow made a giant circle, at some point I drove by my friend's house and ended up where I was.

I was spooked. Because even though I was driving through a woodsy area at night. I had done it so many times previously and nothing ever happened. No weird encounters, no weird sightings and certainly no weird driving experiences. I also found out while trying to reroute to my location that at some point I had got off the main road and went down a side road.

Something I would never do at night especially by myself in the woods of all places.

Maybe someone here will have an explanation or even better a similar experience! Please tell me what you think.

If helps knowing where this took place. It happened in Florida. ([Reddit](#))

I was with my bf, I was driving West on a large well known (to those in our city) road. We drove past another well known and well used road and after about 5 minutes of driving, we are suddenly at the same road we just passed. Except now we are on a different street a few miles South of where we were (still driving West). We both were just like WTF just happened? We also noticed it is now almost an hour later. The next day we tried it again to see if we somehow missed something (we were also South of an expressway that we didn't remember crossing and it would have been difficult not to notice passing this expressway) nothing bizarre happened this time.

This happened a couple of days ago, I looked at a map to see if maybe the road we were driving on circles around or something and drove the route again to see if we somehow just got turned around. No, the road we were on goes straight West and I didn't turn onto a different street or anything. We can't explain it and it kinda freaked us out. It was also a bit annoying because now we were now miles away from where we were trying to drive to and the gas gauge showed the we lost about 40 miles (car has regular gas gauge and will show about how many miles we have left with the amount of gas that is in the tank).

Edit: Forgot to add; where we ended up was maybe 5 miles at the most from the last place we remembered being before realizing we were in a different area. No way we would've used about 40 miles up of gas. ([Reddit](#))

I am so scared over this I still can't sleep.

I decided to do Lyft as a side hustle and around 4:00 am this morning it was time for me to take people to work and for them to start their day. A side note: I never believed this whole matrix thing or parallel universe but this is mildly alarming to me.

I took these passengers to Phoenix and we were saying how I could literally just finish up after that ride and go home since I lived just 5 minutes west of them. I dropped them off I vividly remember looking at my compass on the digital screen of my car and proceeded west on the road I've taken literally hundreds of times. I

can see the highrises and sky scrapers. The city I love so much and I remember admiring it because the city looked so pretty under the cold dark November sky. I was with cars following light traffic, a white Nissan was in front of me.

I took a glance at my speed to make sure I was following the speed limit and I shit you not when I looked up less than a second later I was in a rural part where Scottsdale meets Mesa. No buildings. No houses. No street lights or cars it was a desolate space with NO BODY. I was so so caught off guard I looked at my compass and I was driving east and I tried to logically debunk it but I couldn't. I then had to look up directions for my home because I had no idea where I was. I remember feeling this vibe and the closest thing I can describe it was of pending doom, I did not feel comfortable at all. Here's where it gets freaky: when going west I go on Thomas and I was on Thomas because my passengers were on Thomas. But when I looked up I was then on McDowell and Pima. Pima and McDowell is 20 minutes from where I live. How did I get 20 minutes away in a nano second in the opposite direction on a different road. I found a freeway and it took the full 20 minutes to be where I was before that freaky shift.

I am so confused and I don't know what it means. I ended lyft early today and I still am so shaken up. Has anyone experienced this? What does it mean? ([Reddit](#))

My friend Steve came to town (Chico, CA) for New Years (he lives two hours south of where I live). It was New Years Eve, so we went out to dinner. During dinner, he was telling me about an amazing pillow he'd bought at the Bed, Bath and Beyond near where he lives and said he wanted to take me to Bed, Bath and Beyond after dinner to buy me one of those fabulous pillows. So I agreed. It being winter, it was already dark outside and it was five minutes before 6:00 PM. The store manager informed us as we walked into the store that we had 5 minutes since it was New Years Eve, they would be closing at 6:00 PM. We quickly scurried to look through the pillows, not finding the one Steve wanted to purchase.

We heard the announcement that the store was closing and to please exit the store. The store manager had to unlock the door to let us out, as it was exactly 6:00 PM. We'd parked near the store entrance and as we got into the car, Steve saw a Krispy Kreme donut shop across the street and suggested we go there to get some donuts. We turned out of the Bed, Bath and Beyond parking lot and the first sign we saw said 'Chico: 15 Miles.' What!!?? I live in Chico. We are in Chico. So how did we get 15 miles away in a matter of 3 to 5 seconds from driving out of that parking lot?? We were speechless, shocked and Steve was actually frightened. We kept driving, heading to my house. We arrived at my house at 6:45 PM, 45 minutes after leaving Bed, Bath and Beyond but the drive is only about a 10 minutes to my house. We talked about it with my family and Steve called his family as soon as we got to my house to share our strange and unexplained experience with them. We're still both stumped as to what happened. There's no way we could have driven 15 miles in the opposite direction of my house in a matter of a few seconds, so what happened to us?" ([Phantom and Monsters](#))

## **Just No Memory**

I carpool with one of my coworkers. I usually drive as her husband works shifts and she can only have their car on odd days.

The other day, I turned into my street only to realize I had no memory of the trip from work. I couldn't recall traffic, conversations with my coworker or even dropping her off at her house. It felt like I got into the car at work and teleported to the street where I live. Complete blank.

I've never experienced such total autopilot before or after that day. ([Reddit](#))

Well, you see this one time my brother and I were driving home. We had just got done hanging out with a couple of friends about 40 minutes away and we decided it was getting late and we should go home. We were just driving listening to music and all of a sudden we were in a town very close to our house, which was on the outskirts. Only 15 minutes had passed, it was like an instant warp through time, exactly how you think it would be, but I have no clue how to explain this phenomenon. Imagine your mind goes blank for one second and you come back into reality only to be 3 minutes from your house and cutting the travel time from 40 to 20 or so minutes. My brother had similarly experienced it as well, not remembering driving at all and not remembering passing any popular landmarks along the way home. Very bizarre experience and from that point my mind has always been curious. ([Reddit](#))

[The following account is quite different as it involved a near-accident. Clearly some intervention happened by someone who can manipulate reality.]

This is something that happened to me years ago, but I only realised it might have been a true glitch earlier today when I was talking about it with some friends.

I was 16 and the first of my friends had just passed her driving test, so a bunch of us piled into her car, which was this old beat up Fiat Stylo, and went driving aimlessly as teenagers do. We live in arse-end of nowhere in Yorkshire, so it's lots of narrow winding roads bordered by hedgerows which aren't very well lit. We were just cruising around, music blaring, thinking we're cool as hell. Suddenly, there was a huge fucking 4x4 Land Rover came speeding round a corner far too fast, going the other direction to us, and heading straight for us. We were in a Stylo. This other car was huge. It would have totally crushed us. I remember my friend saying "oh shit, oh shit, oh shit", another of them screaming at her to hit the breaks, and I closed my eyes and braced myself for impact.

Except there was no impact. The car never hit us. When I opened my eyes (had them shut for maybe 15 seconds), we were on a completely different stretch of road, everyone was acting like nothing had just happened, and it was about half an hour *after* I thought the near-crash had happened. At the time, I was fucking terrified, but I didn't say anything. You see, I've got a pretty severe case of

bipolar, and I have psychotic symptoms - including hallucinations - occasionally if I'm not treating it. This was pre-diagnosis, and only shortly after I'd started having hallucinations. I knew something pretty screwy was going on with me, and I didn't want my friends to think I was fucking crazy, so I never said anything, just pretended I was tired and wanted to go home.

Fast forward to this morning. I met up with three of the other people who were in the car that night, including the driver, for breakfast. We got onto the topic of dreams, and this one guy goes "you know the freakiest dream I've ever had was in the back of [driver]'s car"...and proceeded to explain the event, exactly as I remembered it. Obviously, I got freaked out and I told him that I had experienced the same thing but thought it was a hallucination so I never said anything. The girl who wasn't the driver, who had been high as hell that night, said she remembered it too but thought she was tripping. Kicker was the driver, who was clearly neither intoxicated or asleep, and who doesn't experience hallucinations, quietly said that she also experienced it, but didn't say anything for fear of having her license taken away. I'm kinda freaking out about this - I've had some weird hallucinations, but knowing that this probably was not one of them is definitely the strangest thing that I've ever experienced, and I really can't come up with a rational explanation for it. ([Reddit](#))

Back in about 2013 I was in college, one weekend I was driving back up to campus which is 2 hours north of my hometown. There's a specific exit that I always took that is about halfway through the trip. So I was driving and I wasn't distracted at all, not tired, was just listening to the radio as usual. Looking at the road ahead, plenty of other drivers around me, when suddenly I blink and look around. My mind thinks, "where am I?" Nothing around me looked familiar and I knew I wasn't on the usual path. Without remembering the last 30 minutes or so of my trip, I'm very confused and pull up my phone gps to discover I was well past the exit. I was sure I hadn't missed the exit and I hadn't been distracted but then again, I didn't have any recollection of the most recent part of my trip. It was unsettling and I couldn't get it off my mind as I carefully drove the rest of my trip back to campus along the rest of my normal route (once I was able to find my way back to it). Every now and then I think about it and tell someone the story and it still makes me shiver. Not at all sure what happened. Obviously I did not deviate from the road or cause any accidents. Was in one place in one moment, then the next I was 30 minutes down the highway (a part I had never before driven on) going too far north when I needed to go northeast. ([Reddit](#))

So this happened about 4-5 years ago. It was Sunday and we (my whole family) were returning from our grandparent's house (they live about 1-2 hours of driving away). It was about 6 PM and there were no cars on the road, which was weird as it was quite a busy highway. When we went in to the tunnel next thing we know we were past our exit about 10 KM down the road, but no problem we just turned around and went home. When we came home we were home quicker than normal

(not missing our exit). Next day on Monday there was a talk show on the radio and one of the hosts mentions how similar thing happened to him in an area close to us (he drove from one city to the other city without him even knowing it). I still have no idea how it happened. ([Reddit](#))

I had a really similar incident happen about 15 years back. Was in my early 20's driving back through a dark canyon late at night with my dad and uncle. We had been in a different city for a boxing match for my dad's birthday and were getting back home late.

Around 10 PM we called my mom telling her we were headed into the canyon, which had no reception. The canyon takes about 30 minutes to drive, maybe 45 if you're behind slow traffic. This late at night it was empty. We drove and we chatted and fell into this odd daze. I recall just see the road appear from out in front of our headlines, with the same curves passing, almost like in a dream like state.

Then at some point I snapped out and looked down at the clock. It was nearly midnight and we were still in the canyon. I mentioned it to my dad and uncle and we all got a bit creeped out. We stopped talking and paid more attention to the road. We finally exited and got home around midnight. My mom was still up and was getting a bit panicked at not reaching us.

We still have no idea what happened to this day, or where those 1.5 hours went. ([Reddit](#), comment on post)

A few years ago I was winding down at night when an old friend reached out to me on fb messenger to tell me that he had been admitted to the hospital for complications with a medication that had slowed down his heart significantly. I expressed concern, and asked a few questions, and he assured me that he was generally alright, mostly bored and craving a burger. Once I realized he wasn't joking, but rather, not-so-subtly hinting, and even specified In-N-Out as the best late night option, I offered to pick one up for him and pay him a visit.

\*\*I think it important to mention that while kind acts of service are certainly one of my "love languages" if you will, I. Love. Bed. So it is rare that I get out of bed-mode unless absolutely necessary. And delivering a burger to someone who I care for, but who isn't really in my innermost circle, at midnight no less, is highly unusual in itself. And yet I happily and willingly got dressed and set out for what I assumed would be a quick jaunt, a good deed, and probably a few yummy nightfries.

I don't live far from the In-N-Out, probably less than 2 miles. And the hospital is just a few miles away as well, off a main street in downtown. I order the food, and despite being fairly certain I knew the fastest route, I pulled up the hospital address into gps, and proceeded on my way.

\*\*Also important to note, I have lived in my city for 11 years at this point, am more-than-familiar with commuting in this area, and I am a proficient navigator. I

mostly use gps in town to test my knowledge of quickest routes, get traffic updates, and play the "beat the gps ETA" game. It's the little things that bring me joy.

Here is where it gets bizarre, and also where the details get hazy...

I drive. And I drive some more. And I continue to drive. I recall very little more than a blissful night drive, just me and the road, no traffic at all, as I made my way up into the winding, tree covered hills, with only one fleeting intermittent amused thought of, "well this is an inconvenient location for an emergency room. The ambulances would have a tough go at these narrow curves, I'm sure." And I drove on, smiling, enjoying the unexpected luxury of breathing in the fragrance of redwood trees. I followed the GPS voice's guidance from one small secluded street after another, until I heard "you have arrived".

At this point I stopped to take in my surroundings, grateful to no longer be navigating the ever winding roads in nearly pitch darkness. I looked to my left, and saw only a large home that was by no means a hospital. The street was a dead end/cul de sac, and it was so very dark. I sat in my car in a dazed state of confusion for a moment. It was like waking up from a nap after the sunset, a bit disorienting, though physically relaxed... And then rather suddenly every cell of my body was alert, and I realized the absurdity of this situation. I was in the middle of nowhere, nearly an hour later, and had no idea when I veered so off path, and more importantly, how I didn't realize sooner. I mean, I could not believe I had so blindly followed bad directions. Most strange, in retrospect, is how easy-breezy I handled the whole thing, never once getting irritated, frustrated, scared, but rather joyfully accepting the oddness of it all. Not exactly in character for this Virgo.

I looked at my phone again and verified that had typed the hospital correctly. No typos, but I my best rationalization was that perhaps a doctor's personal address had been listed by mistake. I had no rational explanation for my failure to notice that I was miles away from the city center. I had a hearty laugh at my own expense, took a screenshot, texted a friend, and located the correct address and proceeded to drive back into civilization.

As I reached the hospital driveway entrance I noticed several flashing lights. I assumed it was an ambulance pulling into the ER, but as I got closer I saw police and paramedics in the street. Closer still, I saw debris spread out across several lanes, and what looked to be at least 3 totaled vehicles. As I waited to see if I would be directed away or allowed to enter the driveway, I got close enough to see blood on the street, and I asked a paramedic what happened. He told be that just an hour ago or so a very gnarly accident had occurred wherein multiple people were critically injured. I wondered aloud whether or not they had been rushing to get to the hospital when it happened, and said a little prayer for the folks involved. He allowed me to pass over the mostly cleared pavement to the entrance, and as I did I was suddenly covered in goose bumps and flooded with gratitude for having narrowly missed being involved in that catastrophe.

I still have no idea what exactly happened that night. I know my friend got a cold burger, I got a good story and possibly a second chance at life. ([Reddit](#))

### 3. Other Features

#### **One or More Days Missing**

[The following story is interesting, because the loss of memory was initiated by a flash of light. A flash of light is often the sign of an intrusion of dimension a beings into our physical world. Sometimes it is also used to bring a person into a trance, after which he is manipulated. it seems that this was the case. Although his consciousness was suspended, he acted seemingly normal for three days until he regained consciousness. I suspect that some entities can temporarily take over a human body.]

Almost 3 days of lost time.

When I was 17 I went to a concert to see the Australian Pink Floyd cover band and laser light show with my Uncle. (In USA) It was a HUGE party. We were out late and it was a thing where you camp and watch other bands all night long. While at the stage, I felt a burning sensation on my foot. (The area around the stage was sand) I looked down and realized I had stepped on a 40 oz. Beer bottle. It had cut through my shoe and was bleeding profusely. I definitely should have gotten stitches, but I was young and wanted to stay. So I left the stage area and was walking back toward the tent areas. It was a fairly long walk. I tried to take a shortcut through a wooded area. I remember getting my ankle tangled in a ball of discarded barbed wire. (I still have the scars from both things) Then I remember a bright light flash. It was completely dark and the last thing I remember was a flash of light so bright.

I ended up waking up 2 1/2 days later. The crazy thing, when I woke up... I was walking down the street talking to someone. I have no memory of the time between. I have no flashes, nothing at all. I just came to mid conversation with a friend. It still remains the craziest, scariest, weirdest, thing that has ever happened in my life. I was not drunk or on drugs. I was dead sober. Unless someone poisoned me, but when I went and asked my uncle he said I was gone for a couple of hours that night, but I was just fine afterward. He said my foot and ankle were wrapped nicely when I came back. So I was only missing for a few hours, but I was acting fine when I returned. I had even dealt with my parents after I came home. No one saw anything off about me. Yet I remember nothing but apparently functioned fine the entire time. Still feels like all my breath gets sucked out when I think about that and it's been 18 years. ([Reddit](#))

#### **Initiated by a Sound**

So I woke up in the middle of the night, feeling pretty energized. You know when you wake up randomly but you feel energized right? So I'm curious and check my phone. It's 2:53. It like okay, time to go back to sleep. Right after this I start hearing this almost electrical humming, pulsating and getting louder, but it's not getting too loud. I sit there for what felt like only a minute, as I try to think about what was causing the noise as it was something I hadn't heard before. So I close my eyes and keep listening, trying to drown out whatever it was. It doesn't go



away at all as I sit there for like two minutes. I check my phone again as it's preventing me from sleeping and it suddenly just stops. I check my phone and it's 3:29. What felt like only 3 minutes ended up being 36 minutes. I was fully awake and conscious about the amount of time I spent listening to that sound and I wasn't really tired. Idk how I most so fast into the future while being so awake. ([Reddit](#))

### **With Sighting of UFO/Aliens**

[A flash of light is often indicative of the presence of UFOs, so I put the following account under this heading.]

About 15 years ago I worked nights driving a truck. I had the same route, and finished the same time every night. This one night, as I was driving down a long stretch of road, there was an immense flash of white light. At first I thought it must be lightning, but it was a perfectly clear night without any clouds. Then I thought maybe it was a speed camera, but I know there isn't one there, and they don't use mobile ones at night. As I kept thinking about it, I realized that had the light came from behind me, there would have been a shadow, and in my mental image there wasn't, so it must have come from above. Cutting to the end, I arrived back at my depot 45 minutes later than I should have, with no explanation as to where the time had gone. ([Reddit](#))

[Another flash of light:]

...Anyway, the moon was shining brightly and while we were walking in a well used snowmobile trail that led to the main road when I saw a flash of light, I thought it was just me so I told my dad's stepdad's daughter that I saw a flash of light and she said, "Me too." When we got to my grandma's house my dad's adopted sister asked us why we took so long, it took half an hour longer than it should have to get us over there. We didn't know how to explain it and so I shrugged it off ... ([Above Top Secret](#))

[The triangle this person saw probably was a black triangular UFO:]

When I was like 12 my cousins used to live across the street for me. So every weekend we would walk over to their house and have a campfire or something of the sort. So one night we left really early like 10pm (we usually stay like until 1 or 2) because my dad has to wake up at 4am for work the next day. I remember it being that early because my brothers and I were complaining about how it was only 10. So we said our goodbyes to our cousins and walked home. Right as we got into our front yard I was compelled to look at the sky, which I did. And when I looked up it was an incredibly starry night. (Where I live it's like a small city/town so we get pretty moderate light pollution and can't really see mass amounts of stars) And I noticed this triangle of nothingness in the sky, like it was the most black nothingness I've ever seen. It almost hurt to look at it was so black. And I

stared at it for a second, then the edges of it glowed purple/blue and got super bright and all of the sudden it shot away leaving a purple streak in the sky. Then for some reason I looked at my watch and it read 1am and I was like no way that's not right, so I pulled out my iPod and it too read 1am. And I also noticed that my parents weren't outside anymore. So I went inside and everyone was asleep and all the lights were off, and all the clocks said 1 am and it felt like it was 10 pm seconds ago. So I go to bed and after that I didn't look into the night sky for a solid 7 more months. ([Reddit](#))

When I was 24, living in Tucson, AZ, I had something unexplainable happen. I just seen this sub for the first time and always wanted to put this out, so here it is.

I was working construction in Arizona. It was fall and about 70 degrees at night time. My buddy and I had just got done working on a multi family development outside Yuma, on the way to Tucson. We parked the pick-up off a dirt road, on a ridge overlooking the desert floor. We had to be about 15 minutes from interstate 8.

We both cracked a beer (don't drink and drive kids) and watched for the imminent and beautiful Arizona sunset. All of a sudden, about 2-4 miles in the distance, I saw a cylindrical structure (maybe vehicle) appear on the desert floor. We both saw this and didn't say much beside "what the f\*ck is that".

The thing, imagine a giant bullet sitting upright, illuminated with a very bright light. A spiral walkway appeared and ran down the object from the top. We began to see numerous, small outlines walking down the ramp I assume to be humans.

We were both speechless. It happen so fast. Only about 45-60 seconds had taken place. Staring at these figures walking down the ramp, they all stopped abruptly, and disappeared.

This is the last thing we both remember. What I can only describe as similar to getting knocked out in a fight, I just ceased being conscious.

I awoke at about 6:30 in the morning, sitting in my car, with buddy in shotgun, 90 miles away in Tucson, a block from my drive way.

We both never talk about it because no one would believe my story. But that was the only thing that has happened in my life that I can't explain and had lead me to be much more open minded. ([Reddit](#))

The loss of time thing happened to me once. I was on the phone with my girlfriend at the time and she asked me to come out to her house. She lived about 10 minutes outside of the town I lived in. So as soon as I hung up with her I jumped into the car and left to her house. I remember being on the highway about 2 miles from her house, I looked up in the sky to see a very bright light which descended on the vehicle. Next thing I know I'm pulling up to her house and when she came to the car she asked, "what took you so long to get here?" I said, "I came straight here" and she said, "It took you at least 45 minutes to get here." Till this day I can't remember what happened after the light came down on

the car. All I remember was pulling up to her house and thinking to myself, "that was weird." ([Phantom and Monsters](#))

Not my story but my brothers. He used to live in Washington state and was making a rather long drive back to his house with his girlfriend (they had just gone camping. Which they did a lot so this wasn't like a new thing for them). It was like 1 am and they were the only ones on this back road. No other cars around them or going the other way. All of a sudden it looks like a bright light is right up on the back of their truck. Not like headlights. It was one super bright light. Next thing they both remember, it was 3 am. And they were on a completely different road going the opposite direction they had originally been driving. They told me they don't remember anything and it was like time just skipped. I don't think it was necessarily a glitch in the system but Needless to say. His girlfriend and I both think it was aliens. He denies this completely but I think he's just too scared to admit it. ([Reddit](#))

My grandfather told me the story about how he was driving west to east along an empty stretch of road in southern South Dakota. He stopped at a stop sign at an intersection with nothing in sight: no buildings and no other vehicles. Then there was a bright light that hit him. He looked up and saw a bunch of blinking lights. Next thing he knew, he was at the counter of a diner about an hour down the road. It was about 6 hours later and he had no idea what had happened. He asked the person at the diner when he came in and the guy told him he came in about 10 min ago and just started drinking coffee without talking much. My grandpa told him what had happened and the guy said something like, "Yep, that's happens around here sometimes."

Nothing weird ever happened to him again. He avoided that area for the rest of his life. He said he doesn't believe in aliens and doesn't know what happened, but I had a suspicion he thought he had been abducted and just never accepted it. He told me never to tell this story to other people, but he died years ago and most of the people who knew him are dead, so I figured it was OK. ([Phantom and Monsters](#))

This was a few years ago, but it's really stuck with me just for how strange it was. And I'm hoping this is the proper place to put it, as my encounter was with a humanoid being.

Anyway...I was heading out of my house at around 6 am. It was summer, so I took my walks at sunrise to avoid the daytime heat. I had done this many times, and had my walk down to a science. Just my muscle memory could get me through.

So, shortly after leaving my home, I'm heading up this road toward the highway. I lived behind a school, so I was very aware of the roads and vehicles, even if I was distracted by something else. Which I was. As I walked down this road, I was going through playlists on my MP3 player. I was almost right on the first intersecting road by time I found what I wanted to listen to and looked up. Everything was normal, and there were no cars to be seen, which made sense as it was a Saturday morning. So, I continued up toward the highway where there

was a sidewalk.

But about three intersections from the highway, I noticed a shadow on the School Zone sign ahead of me. Figuring it was mine, I just kept walking. I was only two intersections away when a disturbing thought hit me. I was walking east. There was no way that shadow belonged to me, and since there was absolutely no one around, there was no way on Earth that that shadow was really a shadow.

And as if it could read my thoughts and sudden fear, a figure stepped out into the intersection right behind the school. And the only thing I can figure it was was a Grey alien. It had all the features: spindly limbs, enormous head, gigantic black eyes, and barely a nose, ears, or lips to speak of.

For anyone else, this would have been time to panic and run, but my military training kicked in. I didn't know what it was. I didn't know what it wanted. But I knew it had no place this close to my home and my children.

So, I charged at it, hoping at the very least to run it off, or better still, find some way to capture it. Of course, under both of those desires, I wanted to kill it. To this day, I don't know why I wanted to kill it. Maybe it was part of my training that had stuck into my brain, or maybe it was because this being was undoubtedly a threat, at least in my mind. I don't think aliens come all the way to our neck of the intergalactic woods just to hide behind signs. There was something going on here, and I had to fix it.

The next thing I know, I'm standing in the intersection. The creature was gone. Naturally, I was confused. The sun was higher than it should have been, and a quick glance at my MP3 player showed that I'd missed at least ten songs. By my best guess, I was missing nearly half an hour of time. Now, scared and disoriented, I turned back and walked home. It was already getting hot, and heatstroke was not going to help me sort out everything that had just happened. I haven't told this story to anyone other than my parents and a single friend. We all agree that this was something strange, and that whatever it was, it was definitely not right. Even now, years later, I wonder what I really saw. Was it really an alien? Did I honestly try to capture and kill an actual extraterrestrial? I don't have those answers. And that scares me.

But one thing is, I don't think I got abducted. I don't have weird dreams, and I couldn't find any mysterious marks anywhere on my body. The only thing that I can't explain is a painful feeling in my upper left arm. It feels like there is something in there, but X-Rays have shown nothing. Could it be that I was tagged by this creature the same way we tag animals for study? Another question I can't answer, and that scares the daylights out of me. This pain has not gone away, but I have become accustomed to it. Maybe one day, I'll be able to get better scans of my arm and see if maybe a different machine could see what the X-Rays couldn't.

([Phantom and Monsters](#))