



Time Slips

Para.Science are currently investigating a number of time anomalies that have occurred in Liverpool City Centre. We present here a number of anonymised reports concerning these anomalies. If you have had a similar experience, please get in touch and share your experiences.

Bold Street 1

Mr X used to work in Bold Street in Liverpool. He was walking one day, about 10 years ago, down Renshaw Street, then turned by Rapid into the lane that takes you across the railway line, and emerges by the Buro Bar.

Mr X had worked in Liverpool for a while, and knew the shops well, noticing the ones that closed down such as Collinsons, leaving empty shoe stands and hat stands still in the window.

Mr X carried on walking, he was going to meet his wife in town that Saturday afternoon, but as he walked onto Bold Street, he noticed that Collinsons appeared to have reopened as the window was full of shoes and hats as it had been a while previously. He also noted that Catchpoles appeared to be on the other side of the street, where it had been some years before prior to moving to a site across the street.

He turned to go down Bold Street, and noticed that all the cars appeared to be 10-15 years out of date, but all appeared new. He then noticed that all the shoppers seemed to be wearing unusual clothes, not dramatically old, but fashions from 10-15 years before. He assumed that there was some event on in the city that weekend. The street also seemed unusually quiet, there were sounds but they appeared quite muted.

Mr X carried on and met his wife outside the bank on Hanover Street. They went in and attended to their business, everything in the bank seemed normal, but when they emerged Mr X was surprised to notice that everything had returned to how he expected it to be - the empty shops were again empty, and Catchpoles was back to where it had been the previous week.

Mr X is unsure if the scene changed back to normal as he and his wife entered the bank, or as they emerged, but as the bank appeared normal we assume things changed back as he entered the bank. His wife, who had not been on Bold Street, had not noticed anything different that day.

Bold Street 2

Mr B had a lady friend who was very much a skeptic concerning matters of the paranormal. In the 80's she worked in Liverpool city centre, and if the weather was pleasant, she would sit outside and eat her lunchtime sandwiches.

On this particular day, being sunny and warm, she decided to sit on a bench which was situated diagonally opposite Waterstones book shop in Bold Street. As she sat down, she noticed that the sun did not seem as bright as it had been moments before, in fact looking back in later years she described the light as similar to when the area had a partial solar eclipse.

She also noticed that the street did not seem as busy as it had been, which struck her as unusual for the time of day, 12.30pm being the height of the lunch hour. She sat down next to a very smartly dressed man who was already sitting on the bench, and started to unwrap her sandwiches. The gentleman engaged her in conversation, and they chatted about inconsequential matters, as strangers do. As they chatted, the thought crossed her mind that although smart and very amiable, the man next to her appeared to be dressed in an out of date fashion, reminiscent of the fashions popular in the 1950's.

As they were chatting, the man asked her a question. As she replied, she leaned forward to put her sandwich wrapper in the waste paper bin to the side of the bench. She took her eyes off the man for a split second as she dropped the wrapper in the bin, but carried on replying to his question. On sitting up again, she was astonished to realise that the man had completely vanished. She immediately scanned the area for him, but he was nowhere in sight, and could not have run off in the split second that she had taken her eyes off him. At the same instant, the sun returned to its ordinary brightness, and the area was crowded with people once more.

Bold Street 3

Central Station in Liverpool has changed much over the years. Before its last major upgrade, trains used to come into the station and were shunted down to a dead end, then came back up the other side of the station. Passengers came out up a long stairway, then on turning left they emerged opposite Casey Street.

One day, Mr B was going down the stairway on his way to catch a train. This was in the 1960's, and it was 5 or 6 years since his grandmother had died. Mr B's grandmother was an unmistakable lady, she always dressed in old-fashioned clothes, more suited to the 1930's - however she was always smart, and very prim and proper.

As Mr B descended the packed stairway, he caught sight of his grandmother going the opposite way, leaving the station. He stared in amazement, and blinked a couple of times to make sure he wasn't seeing things. Sure enough, the lady was his grandmother - no-one else could be mistaken for her as she was so unique in dress and style.

He tried desperately to reach her, but the stairway was so packed with people he could not fight his way through. He saw his grandmother turn left at the top of the stairway, going towards the exit, and at the same moment a gap appeared in the crowd. Mr B instantly took the opportunity and ran through the crowd and round the corner. But his grandmother was nowhere to be seen. There was nowhere she could have gone in such a short time, even if she had started to run (and being in her 70's when she died, this was not something she would have been expected to do).

Bold Street 4

At the top of Casey Street are the remains of St Luke's church, which suffered major damage in the May Blitz of Liverpool during World War II.

One evening about 11 years ago, Mr C was in Liverpool city centre. It was December, and he had been to the Hi-Fi shop which was situated at the top of Bold Street.

He was now on his way to meet a friend for a drink before going home. The weather was cold, and the streets were icy. Mr C made his way to Casey Street, then turned down the side of the church.

As he passed the church he looked up, and was surprised to see that all the lights were on inside the church. He thought how unusual it was, as the church was derelict, not even having a roof. Occasionally there was a light shining in the porch, but nothing more. Mr C was amazed, but assumed that the church had been renovated since he had last been past it.

Shortly before Christmas, Mr C was again passing St Lukes. However, this time he noticed that the church was again in blackness, and was derelict and locked.

Later, Mr C read Tom Sleman's story of the church, and his "blood ran cold".

Bold Street 5

In the 1950's, Mrs P worked in Cripps in Bold Street (now Waterstones) as a window dresser. At the time, there was an equipment room in the basement of the store. The store employed a commissionaire, an older military gentleman, 6 feet tall and thin. He always proudly wore his wartime medals, and sported a walrus moustache. He had been at the relief of Khartoum, so was advanced in age at this time. Mrs P "hit it off" with the commissionaire and they became good friends.

One morning, Mrs P went into work to find her friend was not there. It transpired that he had been taken ill at home, and had been taken into hospital. Mrs P carried on work as normal, and went for lunch as she normally did. After lunch, she went down to the basement. She heard a cough from the top of the stairs and recognised it instantly as her friend's cough - he had a very distinctive cough, much as you would imagine an upright, military gentleman's cough to be. She was very pleased at the thought that her friend had obviously recovered and returned to work, so she ran up the stairs to where her friend used to hang his coat. She was very surprised to find nobody there.

Later on, she discovered that she had heard the cough at the exact moment that her friend had died in hospital.

Thingwall

Mrs S had recently moved to Thingwall. Her daughter was about 4 and a half, and she had taken a poorly turn. As it was a fine sunny day, Mrs S decided to take her for a walk in the pushchair, to give her some fresh air and also to have a look at the area which she did not know yet.

She went up Mill Lane, opposite the primary school. The lane she walked down was tarmaced, but the surface soon gave way to cobbles. As she walked along, she noticed a cottage on the right hand side, with an old chap leaning on the gate smoking a pipe. He wore a collarless shirt, and had his sleeves rolled up. Mrs P nodded to acknowledge him, and he nodded back.

After this cottage there was a row of whitewashed cottages with hanging baskets outside. On the left hand side of the lane, there was a circle of "country house" flowers - nasturtiums and other cottage flowers. To one side of the circle of flowers, there was a heap of sandstone. Behind this there was a row of cottages. Alongside these there was a stable block with an archway. Further on there were more cottages, some built of stone and some built of cheap looking brick. As Mrs P walked along, she saw a lady dressed "like Mary Ellen" with a high neck blouse, shawl, and black long skirt. She did not appear to notice Mrs P, as she was hurrying into her house. As Mrs P passed the house she could feel the warmth from the fire in the range inside.

At the end of the lane was a five bar gate, and a little girl was sitting on it. At the time, the program Little House on the Prairie was popular on the television, and Mrs P thought how the child was dressed in a similar fashion, as was popular with children at the time. However, Mrs P noticed that as well as a dress and pinafore, the child was wearing button boots. She thought this was odd, as modern children never went as far as wearing old-fashioned items like this. The little girl gave her a funny look, then jumped off the gate and ran into a cottage. Mrs P walked up to the 5 bar gate, behind which was a grassy slope leading to a meadow. She decided that as this was the end of the lane, she would turn round and take her daughter back home. As she walked back down the lane, the man leaning on his gate was still there, and they both acknowledged each other again with a nod.

Mrs P went home, and described to her mother how she had found the old part of Thingwall and how pretty it was.

A couple of months later, the opportunity arose for Mrs P to take her mother to see the cottages. However, when they arrived, the path was no longer cobbles, it was all tarmac and paving slabs. The cottage where the man had been leaning on the 5 bar gate was now boarded up and almost derelict. The stone cottages had gone, replaced by 2 semi-detached houses. The circle of flowers and the stable block had also vanished. At the end of the lane, the 5 bar gate no longer existed, and down the dip was now an estate of bungalows. Mrs P remarked that whilst houses were built quickly nowadays, there was no way the entire area could have changed so dramatically in just a few months.

About 8 years later, Mrs P was involved in a dispute about a footpath. Her solicitor suggested that she should obtain the 1830 tithe map of the area and check the footpath on that. After some difficulty, due to the lack of dwellings on the map, Mrs P located first Woodchurch church, and then Thingwall village. Mrs P was surprised to find that the buildings on the map exactly matched the buildings she had seen that day when taking her daughter for a walk. The pile of rubble she had noticed was actually the remains of Thingwall Mill which had been destroyed in a hurricane.