



# I CLEARLY RECALL BEING ABLE TO BREATHE UNDER WATER AS A CHILD.

>> I remember having chickenpox when I was little. It was horrible, itching, I just hated it. My parents treated it with some white solution that came in a brown glass bottle; I remember exactly how it looked. Also I remember going to the doctor and looking at all the red itching spots I had. My mother told me that it never happened, I never actually had chickenpox.

>> I remember biting into a mouse when I was four as a child in Indonesia in order to make my brother be quiet. I was sitting outside in the garden making mud pie and he just kept talking. A mouse ran by and I bit into it. Blood filled my mouth and ran down my face. My brother and the rest of my family have assured me that this has never happened.

>> For years I was convinced as a child that I had visited Russia with my family. It turned out I had actually been on holiday in Overstrand, Norfolk.

>> When I was younger, I had these memories of flying. I would start to move my arms really fast, up and down, and I would lift off the ground. Then as I got older I couldn't do it anymore so I shrugged it off thinking it was because my muscle mass had decreased or that I had just gained weight. Now of course I realize that it is so completely impossible. But the thing is I remember it. I wasn't just a dream, it was reality. So of course this makes it a so-called "false memory".

>> I have a very vivid memory, one of my favourites as a child, of being driven along in the back seat of my Dad's car. I could see his head over the top of the seat, and we were going quite fast along winding country roads. He turned his head and told me I had to look after the car for a minute, as he had to pop out. He then proceeded to open the door, and his head disappeared as the door closed. I can clearly see him in my mind rolling along the grass verge and disappearing behind me as the car sped on. I sat, panicking, for what felt like minutes, until the door opened and he jumped back in - I can't remember how he managed that part though.

>> I was in a family member's house in New York State during a summer holiday when I was a child. There was a tornado and I vividly remember seeing it approach from the window. We all hid in the basement. After asking my mother about it years on, she assured me this never happened.

>> When I was about 3 years old my Granddad broke his leg by falling down a mountain in Tasmania. It wasn't until I was 15 that I learnt he'd slipped a meter down a slope as opposed to my memory of him somersaulting off a cliff face.

# I REMEMBER RUNNING AWAY FROM THE HOSPITAL AS A NEWBORN BABY.

# MY MUM PASSES A RAW GARLIC CLOVE FROM HER MOUTH INTO MINE, IN THE KITCHEN...

>> I have a small scar on my left wrist that I remember as the result of putting my hand in a cage at the Philadelphia Zoo and being bitten by a baby monkey. My mom says that never happened (but she doesn't know how I got the scar).

>> As a young child I remember lifting my feet at the top of the stairs in the morning and gliding downstairs without touching the steps.

>> At school, playing indoor cricket two fielders collided going for the same catch and the ball fell between them. This actually happened. I cannot remember if I was one of the fielders, or if I watched it happen.

>> As a child, I had false memories of being beaten around the back and neck so badly that I could "will" my consciousness to leave my body so as to avoid pain. Yet I was never beaten, nor were any of my five siblings. My parents were softhearted, trusting, and rather permissive.

>> My mother told me that her maternal grandfather was still alive for the first few years of my life. She had taken me to see him. He lived in a grand house with a zoo. She had had to keep me quiet because children were to be seen and not heard. Later, after my mother's death, I did some digging into the family tree and found that my great-grandfather died two years before I was born. The facts seem to support a slippage of the generations - the little girl was actually my mother herself and the old man was her maternal grandfather's father.

>> When I was 3 or 4, my mother sent me to my bedroom after lunch every day for a nap. I remember being bored and jumping off my bed with ever-bigger leaps. Eventually I jumped off the bed with so much force that I flew right around the room and landed back on the bed.

>> I remember copying my cousin's gestures who had just been stung by a bee, but seeing it through my aunt's eyes.

>> I have always remembered the television news of the assassination of John F Kennedy; I was alone in the room and vividly remember my mother overhearing the television, running in and exclaiming, "They've killed him". Not knowing anything about the President of the United States, I thought she was talking about my father, so the news concerned me. I only learned some 30 years after the event that I would have been 16 months old at the time so it must be a false memory.

>> At university I met a man I liked. He told me that he had a girlfriend but we slept together anyway. Then I met her and really liked her, and now (12 years later) we are still friends. She is not with him anymore, although they were together a long time, and we have never talked about it but I suspect she might know. My distorted memory is about whether I ever slept with him after I met her. I have not allowed myself to think that for so long that I am almost convinced it's true but I fear otherwise. I don't think I'll ever remember clearly or with any degree of certainty.

>> I remember being told to go home quickly because there was a fire at our house by a lollipop lady on the way home from school. In fact we did have a fire at my home but it was when I was only 4 years old and pre-school. I also remember starting the fire by lighting matches and throwing them under the bed - so I imagine that my memory is a reconstruction born of the guilt at starting the fire that destroyed much of our home!

>> I always think I have a little sister that I love so much. And I can feel her presence.

>> I remember so clearly visiting the chimpanzee enclosure at Chester zoo as a child. I'd heard about this particularly naughty chimp who used to throw stones at the glass, and when we saw him he was 30ft tall and filled the whole indoor enclosure! I was dreadfully disappointed when we returned a few years later.

>> When I was 7yrs old my father died after a long illness. When the undertakers came to remove his body, I vividly recall watching them struggling to get him (in a body bag) round the bannister and down the stairs. However, I know I couldn't have actually witnessed this scene, firstly, because my mother would never have allowed it, but also because I remember watching it from halfway up the wall behind the stairwell, and no human could have stood there! I have since asked my Mum about it and she says she took me and my sister into a closed room when the undertakers arrived, and kept us in there till it was over, but I have no recollection of that.

>> An acquaintance was murdered and the policeman, when he conveyed the news to me at midnight on the day it happened, said I would be called as a witness. Before going to bed that night I wrote everything down exactly as it happened. Two or three weeks later I was called to give my statement. I was sure I had all the details clear in my head but just to confirm everything before talking to the police I re-read my notes - the first time since the murder day. I was astounded to discover that my memory of the event was quite different from my notes written immediately after hearing of the event. I had been quite prepared to swear in court that my memory was correct but obviously it had been coloured by other people's ideas about the case and I had woven them into a plausible story. I used the notes.

>> My false memory: in 1965 while away at college, I received a very upsetting phone call from a friend informing me of her mother's death overseas. Over the years, the memory has changed - even though I KNOW this aspect of the memory is false, now when I "remember" it, I'm standing on the sidewalk in front of the dorm, talking on a cell phone. No matter that I know that part is false, when I call up the memory, I "see" myself standing there holding a cell phone to my ear.

>> I remember standing on the little balcony in front of our house (I must have been 5) and seeing a yellow helicopter hover three or four meters high some five meters away from the house, something that is clearly impossible given the presence of trees and power lines just in front of the house.

>> My false memory was where I was convinced I had seen a music concert at the ICA in London where the bassist had a rubber sheet across his whole face which pinned him to the back wall - turns out this was entirely the memory of someone else.

>> I saw Tim Henman lose at Wimbledon in the quarterfinals in 2002. This is the only time I've ever been to Wimbledon and I remember it clearly. But what actually happened was that he won, not lost.

>> I have a very vivid memory of watching the Challenger shuttle disaster in high school. I was standing in the Science/Media library in my school, and there was a TV on a tall metal rolling stand -- the kind that was rolled into classrooms for presentations. Several of my friends were there. I can remember exactly how I was standing in the room, where I was, the angle I was seeing the screen from, the shock of others in the room. This memory is as real and vivid as any other I have from high school. The problem? The Challenger disaster happened two years after I graduated. When it occurred, I wasn't in that high school, or that city -- I was living in another part of the country. This memory is completely real to me, and yet I \*know\* that it's false -- it didn't happen that way. I have no idea where I really was when or if I saw the Challenger disaster on TV -- but I know for sure I wasn't where I "remember" being.

>> I once saw a dog humping a coconut

**WHEN I WAS 1 OR 2 I WAS CONVINCED THAT MY BROTHER WAS ACTUALLY MY NEIGHBOUR.**

# MY GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS HER FATHER RUNNING OUT OF THE HOUSE TO ANNOUNCE HER BIRTH.

>> I have a false memory. I am young - maybe 2 or 3 years old - and I am sitting in a high chair at a dinner table in my grandmother's house. My mother and father sit to my right. To my left is my grandmother, and at the other end of the table (opposite me) is my grandfather. I am offered a small glass of something, but told unequivocally not to bite the glass. I bite the glass and my mother gets little glass shards out of my mouth. My parents and grandmother are very concerned. My grandfather chuckles and says something along the lines of "he's a child - what did you expect?" My false memory closes out there. Why is it false? Because my grandfather died 8 months before I was born and when I questioned my grandmother and parents about it they say it never happened. But to me, and even though I know the memory has to be false, it is very real.

>> I have a memory of when I was born. I clearly remember the cold on my skin, all I could see was a white bright light, I remember the tactile sensation of strong hands on me, and I remember water. I remember I felt extremely curious, and I remember having an un verbal thought that something very important was happening to me. Nobody believes me, with the exception, of course, of my mother. I will never know if this memory is true or false, it is, this is certain, 'non-believed'.

>> I 'remember' how I saw a big commercial airliner driving along the road as child, today I know it is not true, but I just have this exact memory and it feels like it really happened...

>> When I was about 7 years old my twin sister and I were playing in the street my sister ran into the road and was hit by a car. Cars were much fewer then (1957). In my teens I discovered that this event never occurred to my sister, or any other child in the neighborhood. I continue to have vivid memories and flashbacks of this event; these are random and are not triggered by anything. I am now 63 and my twin sister died 15 years ago, not in a road accident.

>> According to mum, I hated going to see my father in the weekends. According to me, those weekends were the best thing in life ever - providing a place where I was left at peace, addressed like an equal. Am not sure whose false memory this was, though I love to think it's hers.

>> I remember so clearly taking a medal that belonged to my father and burying it in the garden. I then looked for it for ages, digging up little pieces of earth but never found it. When I think of it now it must be a false memory. Why would my father have medals? Why would I bury them? But the memory feels like truth - shiny colours and crisp edges.

>> Somewhere in 1997 when I was 6, I was living in a small apartment with my family and we lived on the 4th floor. There was a room next to our balcony and inside the room, there was a small isolated window at the left side facing a field and the sky. I remembered that I saw a green comet on the sky through the window, it was spectacular. About 2 years ago me and my family recalled back about our old home, and I found out that the small isolated window never existed.

>> I distinctly remember as a child playing on my dad's lorry in the desert. He was a driver in the RAF, and was posted in Aden. There is no way this memory can be true as my father returned from Aden over ten years before I was born.

>> I have always believed I was on a plane from Italy to Gatwick in 1968 at the age of 12 and the plane overshot the runway. I have very specific memories of getting off the plane via the emergency exit, shoes in hand. Other people who were on the same plane as me have told me it never happened but I have gone as far as checking our newspaper reports from the date to see if it was real or not.