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AKA AUNTIE MATRIX

A GLITCH IN THE MATRIX



TALES OF THE UNEXPLAINABLE UNREAL

INTRODUCTION

A Glitch in the Matrix

“From there to here, from here to there, funny things are everywhere.” Our beloved rhyming children’s author Dr. Seuss had it *almost* right. I would personally replace the word “funny” with the phrase “jaw-dropping, unexplainable, and sometimes creepy.” At least that’s what all the stories I have received suggest.

You see, although I haven’t had many noteworthy experiences myself, I kind of ... collect them. Maybe the fact that I haven’t seen an actual ghost or heard an actual skinwalker or had an actual premonition is the very reason I am so intrigued by these stories. At the end of the day, I’m just a gal with a social media account who is obsessed with all things supernatural, and who now has thousands of emails from fans detailing their most odd true tales; some of the best of which make up this book.

I started a TikTok account for fun in August 2021. I nervously posted a duet, followed by a video of me speaking about the loneliness of spiritual awakening. To my bewilderment, I got an overwhelming response from people mirroring my exact feelings. The video went viral (80k views, which is certainly not in the millions, but was INSANE to me at the time), and I felt seen and understood for probably the first time in my life. Who knew that an app I thought was for dancing children could offer such a community of like-minded individuals, and provide a place to be myself, to learn and to grow?

One day in November 2022 I was reading “glitch in the matrix” stories online, and, thinking they were fascinating and that my

followers might enjoy them, I posted a video of myself reading a few. They loved it. So I posted another. They still loved it. By the second or third video in the series, people had started asking where they could send me *their* stories.

And so I started reading stories submitted by fans. In Part 21 of my video series, I used a reply comment from someone calling me “Auntie Matrix.” I mentioned that I loved the nickname. Everyone started using it, and it stuck.

If you are unaware, a “glitch in the matrix” is an experience that seems strange or unusual. A moment that feels like it is not quite real, or that it is a glitch in the reality that we perceive. The term is often used to describe things like time losses or jumps, moments of *déjà vu*, disappearing or reappearing items, etc.

The stories I was receiving quickly began to branch out from true glitches in the matrix to other related areas such as aliens, dreams, premonitions, and the paranormal. After executing a poll among fans, the phrase “Let’s Read Some Glitch in the Matrix Stories” was kept as my intro, even though the stories now encompassed many other things.

I quickly learned that this niche has an incredibly large audience of believers who are extremely passionate about these subjects. I also started getting very heartfelt comments and emails about how I have touched or helped people in different ways. Apparently my voice is extremely soothing and, despite the creepy nature of the stories, helps people and their children to fall asleep. They enjoy and appreciate my authenticity, and I am constantly told that I make people feel heard and validated in their experiences. I have had countless people say they have never shared their stories with anyone for fear of judgment and rejection. It is known and articulated frequently that in our little community that we have built, we believe you.

Reading these stories has not only made so many feel validated, but has also opened many eyes and minds in the collective, helping people to awaken and realize that we are not just this one human existence. There have been numerous times where a story I have read has sparked a memory in someone else, who is now eager to

share *their* experience. I strongly feel I am helping people to awaken, learn, grow, heal, feel accepted and seen, and become confident in themselves and the truth of their experiences—which is part of what I feel I am put on this earth to do. I fiercely believe that I am not only entertaining people, but helping many in this capacity.

Maybe you yourself have had an unexplainable experience. Or maybe you picked up this book simply because you love anything that creeps you out. Either way, buckle up, because shit's about to get weird.

This book is a compilation of some of the best stories I have read since I started this whole thing. I think the scariest part is that these are *true* stories from *real* people. These are not movies, shows, or works of fiction thought up by some super-creative and imaginative minds. They actually happened. I don't know about you, but for me that really ups the creep factor.

If you are going on this journey with me, I think it's important to understand a few things. If you are already very well versed in weirdness, please feel free to skip ahead and enjoy the stories. Otherwise, I am going to go into a little bit of detail about some stuff that you might read.

What is a “glitch in the matrix”?

There are a lot of people out there who believe in simulation theory. Simulation theory is the idea that what people perceive as reality is actually an advanced, hyper-realistic computer simulation (the matrix), potentially overseen by a higher being. That we are basically all just characters in a video game. Think of a glitch in the matrix as a glitch in a video game—when something weird happens that doesn't make sense according to the laws of physics. In a video game, you might see a character “glitching out” walk through a wall, skip from one location to another in an instant, stuck in some kind of loop, etc. Real-life glitches in the matrix are the same thing. People have experienced items disappearing and then reappearing in different locations—like the woman who dropped her phone lying in bed and found it on the front seat of her car. Some have experienced items multiplying—like the lady who found a second set of the same thrift-

store baby shoes in a different room of her house—same markings on both pairs. Or the one that all of a sudden had two of the same exact vacuum cleaners, when she previously had only one. Many have experienced time losses or time jumps (both forward and backward) that they cannot explain. I was sent one video where a woman was frozen in place in a very unnatural position, and another where someone seemed to be stuck in an infinite loop getting in and out of a car the same exact way every time. And then there are the multiple videos of planes literally frozen in the air, which is something I have actually seen myself.

Another very common occurrence that is considered a glitch in the matrix is déjà vu. If you remember the original movie *The Matrix*, Neo sees a black cat and then sees the same black cat again. He is told that having déjà vu means they have “changed something” in the matrix (in this case, it was to slow their escape). While we humans in “real” life experiencing déjà vu may not mean the same thing, you have to admit that it does feel like you may have skipped back in time just a few seconds and are going through that moment again.

The “matrix” itself is interpreted differently by different people. There are those who believe it is governed by some higher power. There are those who claim it is just like the movie, in which we have been enslaved by machines. And there are those who think that every person is living in their own “matrix,” which they are creating and projecting with their own thoughts.

And what matrix would be complete without NPCs? An NPC is a term used in the video-game world, and it stands for non-player character or non-playable character. In other words, it’s any character in a game that is not controlled by a player. It is referring to those characters in a video game that can be found in the same exact spot all the time, doing the same preprogrammed set of actions and saying the same collection of phrases. An example of this in real life would be the person who swears that their neighborhood is their own little simulation. They see things like the same person in the same outfit walking the same dog every time they leave their house, no matter the hour.

Some are very strict with the term “glitch in the matrix,” but I feel that it encompasses a lot more than just the traditional definition. When it comes down to it, not one of us actually knows the truth. What many believe are ghosts or spirits may actually just be people in another timeline or dimension who are bleeding over into ours for the moment—either on purpose or by some weird accidental glitch in the fabric of the universe. Speaking of timelines....

Glimpse into the Future

SUBMITTED BY KATIE

First, a little background info. There is a story we tell in our family, about the youngest daughter of the youngest daughter having abilities with intuition. My grandma always knew things before they happened, my mom as well, and it happens to me often. It's nothing insane for me: just a gut feeling, or a simple dream—but it happens. It could be as simple as a friend stopping by after I got a feeling that it would happen, or a dream about winning a prize and then winning one. It's something that happens to all of us frequently, even if on different levels, and is well known in our family.

On this particular day, I told my mother that my stomach was really upset. I chalked it up to having a meeting that I was a little nervous about. She asked me to reschedule the meeting, since she thought what I was experiencing was one of these “bad feelings” and just wanted me to be safe rather than sorry. But I could not reschedule the meeting because it was an important one at work, so I told myself it was just a nervous stomachache and went on with my day.

I was driving on the interstate. It wasn't super busy, so there was plenty of space to pass other vehicles, and traffic was flowing smoothly. There was a semi-truck in front of me, about five car lengths, and a black truck following closely behind it. I switched lanes to get ready to pass them. All of a sudden it started pouring rain. It had just been sunny and clear, and then it immediately switched to very heavy rain, so thick you could barely see. I didn't think anything of it—this was Indiana, and the weather is unpredictable.

The next thing I knew, the semi-truck began to jackknife, trying to stop, skidding across the pavement. The black truck slammed into it—hard. I reacted quickly, veering onto the shoulder, putting on my brakes to avoid slamming into the accident. Other cars that were farther behind us did the same, leaving traffic at a standstill behind us. I was shaking, feeling like I was about to puke from coming so

close to being in an accident. I jumped out of my car to attempt to help the people in the semi and the truck. Rain poured down on me, but it was beginning to lighten up. As I exited my vehicle, I looked toward the accident. The person in the black truck was moving. I told myself that was a good sign, but I couldn't see the driver of the semi-truck. I reached back to slam my car door shut, and then I took my first steps toward the accident.

At the exact moment that I slammed my car door, the scene reset. It wasn't raining. There was no water on the road. In fact, mere seconds had passed since I'd seen the semi-truck five car lengths ahead and prepared to pass it. The semi was back in its lane driving normally, with the black truck following closely. But I was still standing outside my car pulled over on the shoulder, and my body was still shaking from the adrenaline of almost being in an accident. An accident that apparently never happened. I was so confused. I ran my fingers through my hair, a nervous habit of mine, and realized it was soaking wet. I looked at my car and noticed it was covered with water droplets, like it had been through a storm. But there were no other signs of rain. The traffic continued to rush by.

I called my mom to tell her what had happened and obviously canceled that work meeting.

I drive by that spot on occasion, but never if it's raining—just in case.



Wrong Apartment

SUBMITTED BY AMY

I've *never* told anyone this story before, because to this day I still struggle to understand what happened. This is wild, so buckle up.

In 2002, I got a divorce and moved myself and my two children into a small apartment in a four-plex apartment building: two apartments upstairs, and two downstairs. There were four of these four-plexes on this block, but mine was white on the outside and the others were tan. We occupied the top-floor apartment on the left-hand side of the building, directly across the hall from an apartment that belonged to a trusted friend of mine, Dawn. I asked Dawn to watch my kids for me while I went to the grocery store, as my kids were two and four at the time and shopping with toddlers can be difficult. When I got back, I pulled up directly in front of my building, the white one, and I saw my four-year-old son waving at me from my apartment window. I waved back and grabbed the bags and went inside.

I climbed the stairs, opened my door, and immediately realized I was in the wrong apartment. Now, remember, there are only two apartments on a floor, and they're directly across from each other. There's no way I could have walked into one that wasn't mine, as there's only one apartment on the lefthand side. But, it wasn't mine. The furniture wasn't mine, it smelled like men's cologne, there was a big area rug on the floor that wasn't mine—this was *not* my apartment.

I shut the door, grabbed my bags, and went back to my car, thinking I had walked into the wrong building since I had only lived

there for a couple of weeks at that point. But no: I sat in my car and saw my son again in the window of *that* building—in the window that would be my living room. I ran back in, without my groceries this time, and flung the door open, thinking I had to save my children; but when I opened the same door I had just wrongfully entered, it was now my apartment.

I was totally confused and must have looked terrified, because my friend asked if something was wrong. I told her I didn't know what had happened and I started to tell her about entering the wrong apartment, but she cut me off and asked why I had been sitting in my car for so long. She said they saw me pull up, my son waved from the window, and then they watched me sit with my hands on the steering wheel for about five solid minutes, staring straight ahead. Then they saw me run out of my car toward the building without the groceries, and she thought something bad had happened because I looked panicked. I tried to tell her that I thought I had gone into the wrong apartment, but she said I just sat in my car, motionless.

I still don't know what happened, and I've never told anyone about this because I didn't want someone to think I was unfit to raise my kids, since my ex and I were going through a custody battle at the time, too. My kids are twenty-four and twenty-two now, so I guess it's safe to share.

Stuck in a Loop

SUBMITTED BY ANDRIAH

I live in a small(ish) town about thirty minutes north of Nashville, Tennessee. I work in Franklin, which is about fifty minutes away from home when there's no traffic; in rush-hour traffic it takes about an hour and twenty minutes to get home.

One day in March 2023, I was leaving work and I called my best friend McKenzie, like I do every day on my way home, and started talking to her. It was just our normal banter, talking about different aspects of life. There was more traffic than usual, and I was frustrated with the way people were driving, so I commented on it periodically. I had been on the road for almost an hour and was in standstill traffic. I looked up at the sign over the road and told Kenz that I was only just now at exit 85, and she told me, "Man, that sucks. I'm sorry." We continued talking and traffic started to thin out. She asked me if I was any closer, and I told her yes and that I was now passing exit 95 and traffic was better. For reference, from exit 95 I was only about twenty minutes from home.

She started to say what sounded like "Oh, that's good," but there was suddenly static on the line and I heard a weird deep voice under the static say, "No further," and then the line went dead. I tried calling her back but my phone kept displaying a *call failed* error message. I was focused on calling her back for a minute or two and was not paying attention to where I was, but at this point I should have been coming up on exit 98. I gave up on trying to call her back and started looking around and realized it was dark outside, even though it had been very bright two minutes earlier. Suddenly I saw a road sign that said ROSA L. PARKS BLVD., EXIT 85.

It was then that I realized I was the only vehicle on the road! There were no cars on either side of the interstate, no cars off the exit or on the bridges, and if you know Nashville, you know that this area is always busy no matter the time. I looked at my actual phone because I had been connected to my car and was just using the screen to call McKenzie previously, and my phone said *no service*. But the time on the phone was still 4:21 p.m. I was scared and was trying to legitimize it in my mind, thinking that perhaps a solar eclipse had caused the change in the light—maybe, I told myself, I had just missed the news about it. But something didn't seem right, and I was terrified. I tried calling my husband, but again it said *call failed*. I tried calling Kenz back, but my phone would not connect to any call. So I just decided to focus on getting home.

I was coming up on the 24/65 split. As soon as I went right on 65, I was back at exit 85! There were still no cars anywhere. I started speeding. I was going ninety-five miles an hour, because I knew I needed to make it home. I saw the split coming up again, and I sped up even more, thinking, *I just have to make it past this point*—but once again, as soon as I went right on 65, I was back at exit 85! So I changed my strategy. This time I decided I was going to go left onto 24. Surely that would get me somewhere different, right? So I sped up once again, and when I got to the split, I went left and started going around the curve. I thought for sure I was finally free, but as soon as I got around the curve, I saw ROSA L. PARKS BLVD., EXIT 85.

I started crying and I didn't know what to do, so I tried pulling over just because I was crying so hard at that point that I needed to breathe, *but I couldn't pull over!* My car physically would not stop! I pressed on the brakes a thousand times and they wouldn't work! So I tried to intentionally wreck my car. I know that sounds crazy, but I was just trying anything to pull me out of this. But my car was not reacting to my jerking the steering wheel or pressing the brakes at all—it was as though it was driving itself. I started screaming in panic, because I just didn't know what to do or if I was ever going to get out of this.

At this point I had to have been on the road for at least three hours, and I just kept going either way at the split to end up back at exit 85, with absolutely no one in sight, in a dark world where my

phone was still stuck on 4:21 p.m. I was thinking about how I would never get to see my kids or my husband again. I started crying with my head in my hands while my car was driving itself on this endless loop—when, out of nowhere, static came over the speakers of my car and I heard “Continue” in that same deep voice behind the static. Instantly, as though someone had flipped a light switch, it was light out again, there were cars on the road, and I was passing *exit 98!* I looked down at my phone, and it said 4:22 p.m.! I knew I was out of that loop finally!

I called McKenzie back and she swore we had only been off the phone for thirty seconds, but she could hear in my voice that I had been crying and was very upset. I got home and basically kissed the ground as I got out of the car! I told my husband about what had happened, and he giggled and said I probably dozed off at the wheel for a minute and had a bad dream. I still can't figure out why or how it happened, but I know that it did. I'm still terrified every day on my way home from work that it's going to happen again.