

Hello, Everyone, and welcome back to an old guy who knows shit. Stluhdog here with another Story from Life. This is

## **Episode 11 Guide**

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[1479]

My son was born when I was 38. I had had a life, and I had had more than a few remarkable, shall we say, paranormal experiences. But I never imagined that my infant son would add so much to those experiences.

When he came home from the hospital, we had, as all parents do, quite an adjustment to make. The one that I think surprised both of us was the sense that this was not our child, and that this child's parents were going to come pick him up any time now. It became a big joke – “when are this kid's parents gonna come get him?” - but secretly a part of me marveled that my son seemed so alien to me.

So I watched him sleep a lot in those early days. I have a hundred reasons, and yet I can't tell you why. I couldn't relax anywhere else. He was over nine pounds at birth, so he was never a tiny infant – he started life looking a couple months old. But it was watching him sleep, in the very early weeks, probably second or third, that I witnessed, and took part in, two extraordinary events.

In the first of these, I was sitting at his cribside watching him sleep, when gradually his eyes began to focus and move under his eyelids. This caught my eye, because it seemed a bit early for him to be focusing – and what could he possibly be dreaming? He's two freakin' weeks old! I leaned in to watch. And as I did that, he saw something and his whole body went rigid – and then just as suddenly his eyes led the way to the right, focused on a spot and then his body leapt to that spot. I don't know how else to explain it: his legs poised, sprang, landed; his arms pulled back, then swung forward. And then he sprang from there into a dead run. Flat on his back, his little baby arms & legs swinging and pumping – and then all of a sudden I felt I could see what he was seeing: that he was running through a forest. He was looking right and left and dodging and ducking and pushing branches out of his way and picking out places to step – and then stepping there. It was astounding. It reminded me of watching a dog dream of a chase. We've all seen dogs do a similar thing, their eyes darting, their legs twitching in unison with their eye movement. It was similar, but way more specific. I could see his eyes picking out where he was going to step, and then his body stepped there.

After a few moments of quite vigorously running through woods, he slowed down, then got slower, then stopped, then twitched a few times, then was a sleeping baby again.

I had to ask myself – how would those who claim we have but one life, and one life only, explain this? It was clearly a very specific dream – before this little person even had fully formed senses, much less life experience. It was marvelous, and I felt an affirmation of my personal belief that reincarnation is at the very least likely in the universe we inhabit. This was a dream from somewhere else. It certainly was no dream of his current life. I was watching my son dream of a different life. It blew my mind, and I would have remembered it as an important paranormal experience if it was the only thing that happened. But it wasn't.

Skip ahead a few days. We're maybe third week. Still flat-on-the-back infant. I'm watching him sleep again. And suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, his eyes pop open. They focus instantly, and look at the ceiling, and in that instant, that little baby transformed completely. All of a sudden, there was somebody there. His focus came down the wall, made a circle of the room, saw me, and then tried to turn in my direction, only to discover that movement was not working quite right and then the focus came down as the hands came up and the eyes looked at the hands, and the feet came up, and the eyes looked at the feet, and then the eyes started rolling and clenching and his mouth opened into what I thought was going to be a huge scream, because he took a big breath, but there was no sound whatsoever. The eyes clenched, the mouth grimaced and he looked like he was weeping uncontrollably but he was making no sound. His mouth seemed to form the word "no" over and over and over, while he rocked back and forth, kicking his legs and banging his fists onto the mattress. He was wracked with silent sobs for a few minutes. Finally, his breathing evened out, and he stopped wriggling, and he just lay still for a moment. Then his eyes opened again, and this time he turned just his head and looked at me. He looked me up and down first, and then his eyes met mine directly, almost sharply, and we looked into each other's eyes. There was a mind, no question, a conscious, sharp, mind looking out at me from those eyes, and it seemed to say "All right. Who am I stuck with this time?" But then the hardness changed into recognition, and the eyes seemed to say "Ah, it's you. Well, you'll do . . ." And then his eyes started to close, and I watched the consciousness behind the eyes just drift away. And then he became just a sleeping baby once again.

Now that experience really blew me away. Much more than the dream, because I felt like we had had a conversation. I felt like I had watched my son wake up in this life, that we had taken each other's measure, that he had recognized me, and that we were cool.

But I'm not done yet. There's more. One more step in the circle of my son's transition into this life. It was when he was a few months old, still a crib-bound infant, but starting to look out into the world, and beginning to crawl and reach for things. We had finally stopped waiting for his parents to come pick him up, and were completely caught up in that wonderful stage of first discovering life, and it was great fun to watch. Well, at some point during this stage in his life, a, what? entity? Being? Critter? I don't know what to call it, but it seemed to be one of those things, an entity, a being or a critter, appeared, and it hung out on our dining table. It was approximately a foot high, right over the center of the table, and my son was the only one who could see it. It delighted him utterly. Whenever he would come into the room, especially after his naps, he would crane his neck to see around the wall well before he got there, and when the table would come into his view, he would scream with delight, and laugh and goo and giggle – and we would have to take him over to the table, and sit down with him on our lap, and he would – I don't know, commune with this entity, being, critter, whatever. It looked almost like a conversation, with times of oogling and boogling intermingled with times of listening intently. We obviously had no idea what transpired between them, but my son always found it very amusing. And after a few minutes it would go away. It always brightened his day, and we (well I did, anyway) came to call it his Guide. It lived with us for a few weeks, and there were many witnesses to this. We had neighbors come over and sit around the table when we got him up from his nap, so they could watch this happen, and some of them did a few times. After a few weeks of regular appearances, it turned up less and less, and finally it was seen no more. Sadly, the only photo where you can clearly see my son reaching for a spot of nothing on the table, is thought to

have survived, but an exhaustive search only yielded a blank space in an album. If we find it, you'll see it, for sure.

There is one last bit of information I would like to share with you before I go. And that is that my son was born on the 21st of December, the winter solstice. And when I had his astrological chart drawn, the intersecting lines are so close together they make a triangle just a bit bigger than one line by itself. Sure looks like something's goin' on there.

But the really wonderful end to this story is that my son is a devout atheist and very good general all-around debunker of any claims supernatural. After we get all the stories out there, maybe we'll hear from him.

This is an old guy who knows shit, signing off till next time.