



My life Thirty-Eight Years of Field Data - : An Autobiography

Mr. Toby W Hurt

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This Book is Volume one of my life in Autobiographical form... Here is a sample from chapter one-- Chapter One Early Awakening's I suppose in each of us there is a place in our lives, where we can truly remember when our lucid memories of infancy became a more solidified and more concurrent reality. My concurrent reality started at about three-years of age. Remembering even back to when I was three-years of age, I possessed an insatiable curiosity as to the inner workings of things and what made them tick as it were. I began to have very lucid, dream memories, as a child as well. I refer to them as Dream Memories, because that is precisely what they are to me, fully realized conscious memories in my waking life that I remembered being in, the night before, or being at, I should say. There are many of us Traveler's in this World who live on a distinctly different plane of existence, beyond what is known in mainstream society as a PSI, telepathic, empathic—thing that we all possess within each of our being's. In that lucid world of dreams, a reality, where light and shadow seem to intermingle at times. All of the ideas that I am briefly touching on in the Beginning of this chapter are of sincere relevance to us as human's and what I refer to as Early Awakening's. Early Awakening's in my opinion are our first memories that solidify after a certain age when our brain is developed enough to make decisions and learn the consequences of those decisions whether they be good or bad we learn something from them. I suppose in every one of the early parts of our lives we all possess what are called our comfort memories of a time when we were young and innocent. Over the years, sometimes earlier than later, we come to an understanding of the World as it truly is which can be very traumatic and at any time we could lose our oxygen permanently, for one reason or another. I suppose it is when we first learn about death is when we don't see things the same ever, after witnessing or experiencing our first death. We might have lost a dear relative, such as when a Grand Mother or Grand Father may have died in the family. Distinctly, I can remember losing a couple of family pets as well as a dear friend Anthony who committed suicide year's later which was a very hard tragedy for me beyond any word's even here. There was also another dear friend named Forest. Forest had short, copper red hair that burned like the Sun itself. Forest had green eyes like Emerald's with gold flecks and whom I loved deeply in a way that all I can say is she was an ethereal woman who could sing like an Angel and God knows I miss her. Someone stabbed Forest when they tried to rape her on the side of a highway while she ran to escape they chased her and stabbed her. God?— Why her?? She had done nothing but bring light into the World and someone that evil could ever do anything like that! I will always love you forever Forest. May you sing in God's choir. Amen. --I need a breath here. I need some oxygen— We all lose our innocence sooner or later, some Travelers lose more from seeing the brutal realities of life, rather more to the point it truly is my key belief is to not allow my heart to grow cold and even callous. Even though my soul is made of one feather wing and one leather one, which is what it feels like sometimes when you are out there alone or when with a friend. The "Jungle" the "Concrete Jungle" I should say, emerges as the Sun sets like a hungry animal. When I use the word "animal" I am not referring to a stuffed character on a day trip to Anaheim. When I use the word "animal" I mean a hungry tiger waiting for one of you in G.P. (General Population) to stay out a little later than you should be in one of those dark places you know you're not supposed to be. Its 2:30 A.M. and anyone that knows to be home at that time, is.

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