

Stanley Swanson – Breed of a Werewolf

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My journey into the extraordinary began in 1974 in the small town of Stull, KS. Little did I know that this unassuming start would lead me to an eventful career in journalism and eventually, a life-altering encounter with the paranormal.

Working for one of the largest newspaper distributions, the Kansas City Star, I spent my early years immersed in reporting and storytelling. However, my true passion lay in the realm of the supernatural—paranormal existence, sightings, vampires, and werewolves. My name is Kain Edward, and my fascination with mythical creatures traces back to my childhood, fueled by movies that portrayed vampires and werewolves with special powers.

As my career unfolded, I found myself increasingly drawn to the enigma of werewolves. The lack of detailed information on these creatures fueled my curiosity. "Surely there has to be more to werewolves than just being some hideous beast that kills humans at the sight of a full moon?" I often pondered.

My journalistic pursuits took me around the world, interviewing people claiming to have encountered paranormal entities. Despite the numerous stories, my quest for tangible evidence hit dead ends, leading to skepticism and mockery from colleagues. The constant derision, coupled with an unfortunate accident that left me paralyzed from the waist down, eventually led to my early retirement at the age of almost forty.

In the solitude of my home, I returned to my roots, seeking proof of the supernatural. Endless hours were spent in front of my computer, posting inquiries about the existence of werewolves

S.K. Ballinger

and vampires. The responses were typically brief, leaving me frustrated and despondent. Even the distribution of thousands of business cards worldwide yielded no substantial leads.

Depression and a sense of worthlessness took hold, leading me down a path of addiction to alcohol and cigarettes. The turning point came in 2010, with an unexpected phone call from a young man named Stanley Swanson. He claimed to be a werewolf and offered proof of the existence of supernatural beings.

Though skeptical, the sincerity in Stanley's voice compelled me to meet him in Sacramento, CA. As we conversed for thirty minutes, he shared details that seemed more genuine than any encounter I had experienced before. This marked the beginning of a life-altering chapter.

Stanley Swanson and I delved into discussions that would reshape my perspective on the supernatural. In a long-lost and forgotten personal journal, I chronicled our conversations and the revelations that unfolded, providing a glimpse into a world where myth and reality intersect.

ALL THAT CAN BE DREAMED OF CAN BECOME REAL

Kain Edward's anticipation reached a crescendo on the early, cold, and eerie morning he was scheduled to meet Mr. Swanson. The nervous energy surged through him, manifesting in the upper extremities of the only part of his body he could feel. Despite the cold, the excitement was a warm rush that fueled his actions.

Unable to contain the thrill, Kain rose early, motivated by the knowledge that this day would hold answers to questions that had fueled his passion for the supernatural. Cleaning his house became a meticulous task, driven by the desire to create a welcoming space for the guest he had always dreamed of meeting. As he worked, thoughts of the questions he would pose to Stanley Swanson flooded his mind, adding to the overwhelming anticipation.

In the solitude of his home, Kain's happiness was palpable, a rare emotion for him in recent times. The prospect of having proof to silence those who had labeled him a freak and dismissed his pursuits as a waste of time filled him with a sense of vindication.

The financial inability to assist Mr. Swanson on his journey weighed on Kain's mind, but he tried to compensate by making his living space as comfortable as possible. Mixed emotions swirled within him, contemplating the impending arrival of someone claiming to be a werewolf. Questions about Stanley's appearance, judgments, and even the unsettling notion of personal safety played on a loop in Kain's mind.

S.K. Ballinger

Noon approached, and with a knock on the door, Kain wheeled himself to the front, overwhelmed with anticipation. Stanley, the supposed werewolf, stood before him— a young twenty-six-year-old who defied Kain's preconceived notions. The shock rendered Kain momentarily speechless as he took in the unexpected reality. Stanley, picking up on Kain's surprise, kindly initiated the conversation, breaking the silence that enveloped the room.

“I presume you are Kain Edward?”

Stanley Swanson, a handsome young man impeccably dressed, exuded a warmth and kindness that quickly dispelled many of the apprehensions Kain had harbored. The meticulously groomed appearance and genuine demeanor of Stanley shifted Kain's perspective, eroding the lingering doubts that had plagued him.

As Kain swung the door fully open, Stanley wasted no time in extending a handshake, his friendly gesture breaking any residual tension. Expressing gratitude for the offer of assistance, Kain wheeled himself, with Stanley gracefully following.

Finding themselves at the front table in the kitchen, the ambiance was chosen for its pleasant view, providing a comfortable setting for discussions that held profound significance. However, Kain couldn't help but notice a curious absence—Stanley had no luggage or bags in tow. This realization sparked a question in Kain's mind about the whereabouts of the much-anticipated 'proof.'

The conversation between them started to unfold, and Kain delicately broached the subject, "Stanley, I've been exploring these topics for quite some time on my own, and I truly

Stanley Swanson – Breed of a Werewolf

appreciate your willingness to share. But, I can't help but wonder, where's the evidence you mentioned? I expected you to have brought something with you."

The curiosity in Kain's voice was palpable, and he eagerly awaited Stanley's response, hoping for clarity on the mysterious proof that had brought them together.

The absence of any tangible evidence for the existence of werewolves weighed on Kain's mind as he couldn't help but express his curiosity. With a respectful tone, he inquired, "Mr. Swanson, if you don't mind me asking, I am assuming this is a short visit as you have brought nothing with you and yet have traveled a long distance?"

Stanley's response was concise but enigmatic, "I travel lightly, Mr. Edward."

Seated at the table, Stanley directly across from Kain, a certain tension lingered in the air. The atmosphere demanded clarification, and Kain, eager for answers, ventured into his second line of questioning.

"Would you like something to drink?" he asked, extending a welcoming gesture to his enigmatic guest.

"I would love to have some ice water," Stanley replied with a warm smile, a stark contrast to the mysteries that surrounded him.

As Kain prepared the drinks, he couldn't shake the feeling that the real revelations of the day were yet to unfold, and the enigma of Stanley Swanson persisted.

S.K. Ballinger

Relief swept over Kain as he observed Stanley's demeanor at the table. The young man appeared entirely human, a stark contrast to the fantastical claims he had made on the phone about being a werewolf. Despite the apparent normalcy, Kain found himself standing firm in skepticism. It was challenging to reconcile the mundane presence before him with the extraordinary narrative he had been presented.

Inwardly, Kain grappled with conflicting thoughts. A part of him resisted accepting Stanley's claims, chalking it up to stubbornness ingrained from past experiences. However, the financial commitment made by Stanley to travel for this meeting nudged Kain to give him the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps there was more to the story, and Kain felt compelled to navigate the conversation cautiously, treading the fine line between skepticism and openness. The meeting had just begun, and the mysteries surrounding Stanley Swanson remained intact, waiting to unravel.

Stanley's courteous offer to fetch his own glass of ice water and even prepare a drink for Kain added a layer of normalcy to the situation.

"If you do not mind, Mr. Edward, I will be happy to grab my own glass of ice water. Just tell me where you keep your cups at. If you would like, while I am up, I will gladly fix you a drink as well."

Kain, amused by Stanley's proactive demeanor, responded with a large smirk. "I am fine, thanks, and the cups you can find in the cabinet on your right."

The easy exchange between them hinted at a camaraderie that was starting to develop, but the underlying questions about Stanley's claims still lingered, casting a subtle tension over their

Stanley Swanson – Breed of a Werewolf

interaction. As Stanley rose to fetch his own drink, Kain couldn't help but wonder if this seemingly mundane action would lead to the unveiling of the proof he had been desperately seeking.

As Kain observed Stanley gracefully navigating his kitchen, an air of admiration overcame him. The simple act of Stanley grabbing a cup and walking to the faucet of Kain's old ceramic kitchen sink became a moment of fascination. Stanley moved with a classy style that caught Kain's attention – his footsteps light against the hardwood floor, his suit impeccably ironed, and an odd yet captivating touch as he moved his right hand from the base of the faucet to the tip, observing the water flow into his cup.

Every detail Kain witnessed only served to reinforce the notion that Stanley was something special, even if not the werewolf he claimed to be. The walk back to the table, cup of water in hand, was as inspiring as the initial approach. The ordinary act of fetching water took on a certain elegance, leaving Kain intrigued by the aura of uniqueness that surrounded Stanley Swanson. The meeting was becoming more than just a discussion about the supernatural; it was a study of the enigmatic character seated before him.

As Stanley settled back into his seat, cup of water in hand, he posed a question that cut through the lingering tension, "So, Mr. Edward, what is it that you wish to know about silly vampires and werewolves or even aliens for that matter?"

A warmth spread across Kain as he caught Stanley's gaze, appreciating the informal shift in address.

"Please, call me Kain," he responded, feeling a sense of camaraderie building between them.

S.K. Ballinger

The loaded question hung in the air, inviting Kain to articulate the deep-seated inquiries that had fueled his decades-long pursuit of the supernatural. The table was set for a conversation that promised to unravel the mysteries and perhaps provide the answers that had eluded Kain for so long.

As Kain settled into the conversation, explaining his long-standing fascination with vampires, werewolves, and aliens, he must have inadvertently chosen the wrong words in his response. The atmosphere shifted, and a subtle tension replaced the camaraderie that had begun to build between them. Stanley's expression changed ever so slightly, and the room seemed to hold its breath as if awaiting a response that could either bridge the gap or deepen the divide. The unintended misstep hung in the air, leaving the trajectory of their discussion momentarily uncertain.

In an attempt to navigate the unexpected shift in the atmosphere, Kain swiftly adjusted his words, seeking common ground.

"Well, vampires and werewolves seem so intriguing, and they also are of the same nature in some ways to start with."

The words flowed with an air of diplomacy, an effort to course-correct the conversation and maintain a sense of shared curiosity.

Stanley's reaction remained enigmatic, leaving Kain to wonder if the unintentional misstep had been successfully smoothed over or if it lingered beneath the surface, awaiting further clarification. The delicate dance of conversation continued, with the mysteries of vampires and werewolves at the forefront of their discussion, waiting to be unraveled.