

Jafira's life in a nutshell : Ages 0-20,

This document contains the first twenty years of my life, seeing as how I didn't grow up, mature, or get a decent brain until about the age of twenty you can expect this document to be fairly disappointing if not a bit insane.. My childhood consisted of various physical injuries, dangerous competitions between two rival forts, a child's spiritual awakening, a loss of and re-awakening to draconity, probable hints of psychological problems, extreme bouts of depression and opposing bouts of egotistical pride, several failed friendships and relationships and overall a youth full of general childish drama. I was born and raised in a town called Apache Junction Arizona, my home was located in an unincorporated region near the base of a mountain range known as the Gold Fields. Due to my rural location, there was at the time of my youth a great expanse of untouched desert wilderness in which I spent my childhood exploring. In my area, tree houses, club houses, hideouts, caves, natural canals and so on where all very common and easily found or created out in the wilderness bordering my home. Thus, I spent my youth with friends and enemies alike exploiting the wilderness for our amusement. By the age of eight I had explored all of the desert wilderness around my home, by the age of ten, I had owned a dirt bike and driven alongside countless horse trails exploring even more deserts and wilderness miles away from my home, by the age of sixteen I had climbed and camped upon all the mountains near my home. I constantly explored nature and wilderness and this, alongside adventures with many good friends comprised my youth. I got hurt and injured often, I spent my free time speaking to myself or rather to a dragon connected to me through a necklace. I was an outcast and a book worm at school and an epic adventurer and leader of my friends while at home. I was sick with delusions of spiritual superiority I often got in trouble or acted irrational in short, I was crazy as a kid. It was not until my early twenties that I began to mature. So as said, expect this to be quite nuts, I was anything but a normal kid growing up.

Born in 1984, I must have been dropped on my head upon my first day of birth, I wouldn't be surprised at least. Skip ahead to age four, as my first sentient memories begun around that time. About perhaps the age three or four, whatever is normal, I used to run around pretending to fly and hopping over piles of dirt imagining that they were mountains, "lame little brat, trespassing on others dirt heaps!" *shakes fist* moving on to ages five and six. My first friend was a kid named "Skyler", Skyler was cool and a good friend, however his family owned several dogs which liked to bite my legs, fun times that, they resulted in a few pleasant stitches. Also in my early youth I had endured a nasty five hundred stitch wound on my left leg from falling off of a jagged metal garbage can which I had been playing on. I had real fun childhood, but wounds build character or so I was told. (Injuries: three hundred stitches left leg, multiple dog bites)

Between the ages of seven and eight, I guess I begun to show signs of being different. I had an irrational belief that I had magical powers and to use them I had crafted a makeshift wand out of some old fishing tool and carried it around everywhere that I went while hoarding highlights magazines and believing them to be magical tomes to draw energies from. Back then, I believed that with this little wand and a chant of "wind wind wind" that I could turn off and on the wind like a light. Apparently, I've been told that I also feared a shadow entity that would visit my room at night which I called "The Stealer" however I had forgotten about this entity by adult hood and was told about it years later by my parents, it seems that I once thought this entity would come through my walls and ceiling to try to take or attack me, it was a typical shadow monster boogie man, or the usual monster in the closet nonsense. As for my early social life, my earliest friend Skyler eventually moved away about the time that I

turned seven and eventually I met some new friends across the street from my home. Their names being Jacob, Cory and Tyler. By chance, the first day that I met them they shot me in my left eyebrow with a BB Gun, it was a close call which just barely missed my eye, heh, fun first impressions, they were playing around in a large plastic tube and shooting it with their BB gun, when it was my turn I just happened to pop my head out as they were shooting the pipe.

Between the years, of seven and eight I also was involved in a bike wreck which almost disabled my Right leg. In that particular event I had completely destroyed my right knee cap by wrecking an over sized bike on the down hill slope of a newly paved road. This accident resulted in not only an obviously broken leg but required that I remained in a leg brace for a year. Meh, I assure you that it did wonders for my mental development and social life during second grade (sarcasm). (My Injury: A destroyed knee cap on my right leg, five hundred stitches)

Between the ages of nine and ten years of age I had plenty more physical injuries. For example, a nail through my cheek from falling out of a tree house, I broke my left collar bone (the 1st of 2 times on my left side) by tripping over a weed during tag. I endured several more dog bites, got a couple twisted ankles and had countless little bike wrecks. Blargh you're probably thinking to yourself, "That freak Jafira was the most accident prone kid that I have ever seen." You'd be right. Somewhere around this time in my life, roughly around the age of nine, I went on a family vacation to a place called Rocky Point down in Mexico south of Arizona's border. While on the beach, vendors typically sold jewelry, fireworks and miscellaneous cultural trinkets. One of these vendors just happened to be selling a necklace, it was a dragons claw holding a dark marble which had colors resembling a burnt metal, oil in water, or anything else that would imply a rainbow effect. Prior to seeing this pendant, as far back as I could remember, I had always still had a feeling of kinship or association with reptiles, particularly snakes and lizards which were local reptiles, but upon seeing that dragon claw necklace something snapped inside of me and I had to have it. I begged for it and my parents eventually purchased it for me. Thus pin pointing the exact point when that kid (I) went truly insane. ^,=,^

Quickly little nine year old hoodlum Jafira found that while wearing that dragon claw necklace, he could communicate with a black western dragon inside his mind. This is what I now consider to be my awakening, with that dragon necklace acting as the trigger. This dragon lived inside me, the necklace was only sort of a tool for me to notice him and for him to communicate with me through, it was a focus of sorts and doubled as a sort of battery for him. Back then, in the beginning the dragon mostly just criticized me and tried to teach me to have some pride and confidence. I spent a lot of time alone asking and answering questions with him speaking in my mind. He'd spend a lot of time trying to help me and trying to get me to better myself, telling me that I should be more restrained and to try to stop being reckless and careless. He claimed that magick was real and that all things were possible for me, but only if I believed that they were. He'd go on to teach me that I could never die, only my body would, that I was here for a reason. I'd question him constantly and he would always claim or insist that he was not imaginary, but rather that I and him were one, that he was a different part of myself. That he was me in a different life and that he was sort of a partition of myself. This dragon in my mind would go on and on about all matter of philosophical and spiritual craziness which was often far over the head of a ten year old child.

The dragon in the necklace talked to me seemingly daily, mostly during walks and while I spent my free time exploring miles of endless desert and mountains around my home. The dragon taught me that by imagining energy in all things, that I could draw strength from my surroundings. I was often told to touch the dragon-claw pendant's marble against the elements of earth wind water and fire to keep it strong and that visiting and exploring natural and secluded areas was extremely important. He'd

constantly remind me that “I” was important, that spirits and other realms were real and that if ghosts or spirits ever came for me, that I could simply hold up my clawed necklace and the dragon would remove the threat. As well the dragon taught or tried to teach me all matter of other odd truths, but most of all, the dragon was my friend. I had plenty of real friends as well, mostly six or seven neighbor kids at any given time and even when I was with those other friends the dragon would still be with me, but he would ask that I keep him secret, he would often observe what we were doing and comment or complain, but no matter what, he was always there inside of me, watching, teaching and speaking. So long as I wore that dragon claw necklace, I was never alone.

It was also about this time that I learned of religion, as I would watch my friends wake up in the early morning to go to church and then come back hours later “changed” what games or discussions would have been okay or fun the day before, such as pretending to have magic, watching certain cartoons and so on would suddenly be wrong or sinful after they went to church. Through questioning them I'd learned that their church taught that my pretend magic, my necklace and most important to me of all, my dragon were all sin and that their God would send me to hell. This news devastated little ten year old me. “Why would their God awaken this dragon, and allow him as a friend and a part of my life only to take it all away and make me the same as everyone else? “Why would their God take away what made me special?” “If I used to be a dragon I'm going to be sent to hell? But that's not my fault, I must deny what I was?” The dragon in the claw tried to console me back then and explained to me that the real creator was different, that man uses the church to control its fellow man and that it was brainwashing and not truly of spirit. The dragon taught me to find ones own path, that their Yeshua had existed and was real as an incarnate being but that all spiritual beings can incarnate if they so choose, even the creator of all and that their was indeed an origin god, a source of all spirit, but that mankind uses religion for evil and for me to be free, that I would have to be with the creator in my own way and be what and who I was meant to be. In as such, the dragon would always remind me that mans beliefs were not my own, that I was special and not from this world but only visiting and to never let a church take away from me who I was.

At some point in elementary school, probably third grade, I broke some girls arm by pushing her off a bench (she insulted me, it was retaliatory..) this action resulted in roughly two years of “lunch detention” or no playground or recess. Instead, I was isolated during school lunch's and simply spent my lunch hour drawing pictures with my dragon. I mostly drew crude maps of my town with treasure marks at a prominent landmark known as Superstition Mountain. Superstition Mountain was a place that I had been called to visit as far back as I could recall. Other then the maps, I often drew pictures of a tower or castle alongside drawings of my necklace or doodles of snakes. When I showed educational improvement from reading the text in some of my Super Nintendo games (I learned to read playing FFIV) my parents decided to purchase for me every Goosebumps book available in order to encourage my reading. I read them all and still own most of them to this very day, but the dragon in the claw would constantly complain that the books were brain rot and of no wisdom. As a result of my dragons complaints I moved on to seek books containing uncommon knowledge, I found myself mostly studying the paranormal, particularly books on Atlantis, alternative histories, UFO's, ghosts, conspiracies and whatever other occult or paranormal speculations that I could find in my elementary school's library. As well I was heavily encouraged by my dragon to research more mainstream topics with an emphasis on astronomy, archaeology and martial arts books. Being unable to interact with my peers while at school, reading these types of books and discussing them internally with my dragon is how I spent my lunches for some two or three years time. Living in a religious town and believing my parents to be concerned about social appearances, I often kept these studies and interests these a secret.

While growing up together I and my dragon kept daily journals cataloging our discussions and

activities alongside how our days went. We mostly just kept short lists of the highlights and notes from our discussions, mostly strange stuff. Sadly out of five or so journals only one survived into my adulthood and it mostly just consisted of gibberish, a few pages of made up words and their English translations, some accompanying made up writing, some made up energy techniques, a list of spells, a list of past life regressions dictated by my dragon listing seven lives and their cause of death. - (1. An ancient philosopher or scientist, killed in a fire, 2. a female prisoner in the dark ages, killed by starvation 3. A cat in the Renaissance era Europe killed by dogs, 4. a dolphin, natural death 5. a snake in a swamp, eaten by an alligator 6. A dragon, natural death, 7, my present dragon killed in its sleep, and all these accumulating into my present existence for which the dragon claimed that I was meant to observe mans decisions and experience life.) This is still all coming from some kids old diary and interactions with a silly necklace. My childhood was quite nuts. The delusions of a dorky kid, if I didn't have at least one surviving journal I'd say it was all made up.

In my social life, somewhere between the ages of nine and twelve my parents had built for me a large two story club house in my back yard. Imagine a tall slender tool shed, this structure was a large slender building with a flat roof, like a small wooden tower or a fort. The building had electricity ran out to it be an extension cord which powered an old black and white television, some digital clock stereos and of course both floors had electric lighting. I tried my best to deck the fort up with a medieval theme, I hung chains from the ceiling and had shields on the walls of the interior. I also armed the roof top with several buckets of throwing stones, I at some point sealed up the front entrance choosing rather to rely on a secret hatch on the roof and a draw-ladder which could be lowered and lifted by chains. There was also a boarded up window on the second floor, the board over the window could be popped out from the interior allowing for an escape if the ladder couldn't be lowered. It was an awesome and elaborate hide out for a kid just entering his early teens. My friends across the street also built an elaborate club house of their own and we got together and I declared "Club Wars!" to find out who's was better. As stated, my fort was well protected with a collection of wooden swords, buckets of throwing stones, containers full of jumping cacti and an assortment of "dust bombs" my friends had pretty much the same arsenal on their end and things got pretty aggressive at times, obviously despite rules against actually hurting each other plenty of injuries had occurred for me and my friends I assure you. But for a child, those were amazing battles, wooden swords and shields in hand, charging through the barrage of flying stones and blinding dust to crush the enemy and take down their flag, the games were just epic.

I had somewhat envisioned the two forts as opposing kingdoms and successfully got all my friends into the fantasy. Every weekend me and seven or eight of my friends would have a little war, then we would spend the remainder of the week partying, hanging out and repairing the damage we caused. Both sides had an army. Usually it was myself and two or three of my friends vs a close friend called Joey and two or three of his allies. Every Friday evening after school and before a weekend battle I would typically stand on top of the roof of my fort and while holding up my clawed necklace to the heavens I would recite: "By the Power of the claw, the storm I summon symbolizes the defeat of my enemies, by the power of the claw I summon the wind, by the power of the claw, I summon the storm!" of something similar, then I would usually do a silly little dance by twirling around a broom handle like a baton or wizard staff's. The next evening would typically have a monsoon or lightning storm looming over the nearby Superstition Mountains, just as I had requested the evening prior. Those were very fun times for me. I used to love monsoon lightning storms back then and would often go out and dance around in them as a child, often envisioning myself flying through the clouds dancing, diving and dodging through the lightning in the sky as a black dragon.

Sometime prior my teen years, I had met my first girlfriend. She was a young blonde by the name of

Nicole, I felt that we had gotten close, but another girl, a brunette by the name of Amanda also had a crush on me. The girl called Amanda eventually broke into my club house and tagged it with love messages written in a marker. The girl I liked called Nicole came over on a later visit and saw the messages, she crossed them out with her own marker and wrote her own love notes. Inevitably these two girls, Amanda and Nicole had a confrontation with me outside of my clubhouse. I brought them both inside and tried to negotiate with them in one of those “can't we all be friends” type moments. However the answer was “No dice”, they both got upset and tied me to a chair in my club. They demanded I choose, I said I didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, so they both sort of called me a jerk and said that they were dumping me. One of them stole a little treasure box of plastic jewelry (my forts treasure), during that scene as well as took some other possessions of mine. They turned off the lights and ditched me. (I wasn't even dating the Amanda chick, how could she claim to dump me? 0,=,o') Rargh, somehow I wiggled out of my restraints and eventually got over it. A few months later I started going after a brunette that I had met at school whom also went by the name of Nicole. But a rival in love by the name of Cody had beaten me in a series of competitions for her affections. Eventually after all the drama I had gone through, I sort of figured at that point that I would take a break from girls. Thus I just went back to playing video games, exploring with my dragon and fighting my silly club wars.

Moving on, many of my childhood years were influenced with recurring and sometimes odd dreams concerning me as a dragon, most of them were simply of me as the black dragon in the claw flying over mountains and forests and sometimes frighteningly of me as the dragon getting killed. I had one or two dreams growing up which were of me as a green female dragon which I often ignored as it always made me feel uncomfortable. I had a couple dreams of me as the black dragon near a lake and a few sleeping in forests and so on. They were usually just the same recurring dragon dreams with different variations of the same themes. I however also had one very vivid dream shortly after my failures in dating relationships. This vivid dream, now considered a wish fulfillment vision, was for many years of my life, considered to be a prophecy or symbolic vision of a future event. In the dream I was a human, still eleven or twelve years old and entering into a palace or pink tower structure like one of those corny Disney castles. I remember to this day that the building was surrounded by grassy plains and the buildings courtyard was decorated with fountains and springs. Once inside I remember I was approaching a throne where a young blonde greeted me as her love, she said that I was a dragon and so was she and that we were together again and that she loved me. From there, I and the girl exited the weird castle, she becomes an adult dragon, I become an adult black dragon as well and the two of us flew and danced in the sky until the dream ended. From the day of that dream onward, I had spent a large portion of my teens and young adult life searching for the girl from that dream having assumed her to have been a reincarnation of a past life mate that I was meant to find in this world. I nicknamed her Rikara but I never found the girl and sadly I gave up my search about the age of twenty three.

There is not too much else of relevance from my early years, the main highlights were that between the age of nine through twelve was when my first draconic awakenings were triggered by that dragon claw necklace. I am sure that I also got hurt a hell of a lot in those years. I know that I got my ass kicked on a daily basis during my early school years as a result of having a slobbery lisp or speech impediment as well as being injured all the time. I know that I got bullied because I was awkward from not being allowed on the playground with other kids for a couple years. As well, I was always called a faggot, gay, queer, and a retard because I was often dressed in cheap or second hand clothes. Between my clothes, my voice and the fact that I was often injured or in a cast, I become a prime target. Bullies were good at finding reasons and I was a loser when I was as a kid. Sadly my weekend friends mostly went to other schools so I was good prey. It was just the typical school hierarchy and things went on that way until I eventually gained some muscles and changed my look years later in High school.. As

for how my draconity effected my social and family life? Well, it didn't nobody ever knew about it, Ever. My dragon warned me from my first interactions with him that it was too dangerous to share my secret, so I never did, not with anyone, ever. Not my parents, no my friends. Of particular concern was the worry that my father seemed to prefer strict normality and did not have interest in anything to do with fantasy, pretend magic or general silliness. So overall thanks to my dragon ordering secrecy, most of my interests and occult philosophical studies were all done in secret, either while alone at school or in the seclusion of my clubhouse. My childhood journals became at the time a vent to at least write about my dragon, the books he had me read and my conversations with him. To be honest I don't think I even let on that I liked dragons until my parents divorced during my mid teens.

Some time in my early teens I broke my right arm jumping off of some cliffs at the Salt River near the city of Mesa Az. It was at a section of the river called "Phon D Sutton". After I broke my arm I confronted my father with the news and he took me home, but not before first bringing me with him to buy a frozen chick and some groceries at a local store, I kind of think he was in denial of what happened, or perhaps dreading yet another medical bill, regardless the circumstance I went shopping for a time with an obvious broken arm. When I eventually did get to a doctor I had to have my arm set in a cast and it remained in this cast for a couple months. Amazingly the day after I had the cast removed from my arm, I immediately wanted to celebrate with a bike ride along some old horse trails in the nearby deserts, I quickly aired up my bikes tires and begun the journey of my victory ride! Unfortunately I made it about a yard from my homes drive way before my bikes chain fell off. Although the bike didn't have a lot of momentum at the time I begun to slip off the bike at a slow speed, so I instinctively through my arm out to catch myself from hitting the ground. I successfully caught my self from falling with the newly healed arm, but that caused it to break. It was but amazing and depressing how my luck worked out. I broke my arm on the same day that I got it out of the cast. So yeah, the doctor and my father were so annoyed with what happened that they put a titanium plate in my arm to keep me from screwing it up again. I also somehow found a way to break another collar bone around that time (1st Right side) in a separate bike wreck.

As well, about this time, towards the end of that year 1996 I think it was, I had received an all terrain cycle or "three wheeler" as a Christmas gift. The ATC was unfortunately far to big for me. I was tall and scrawny at the time so there was no way for me to safely use the device. Instead I drove a smaller and better handled mini bike that I had received alongside the three wheeler. Still sometime in early 1997 I had somehow gotten that behemoth trike started and with a desire to brave my fear of it, I hopped on and drove off without telling anybody, I rode the unwieldy ATC a block from home to where some school bullies lived and were playing baseball in the street. In a show of spite I did a victory lap right through the middle of their game flipping them off while trying to be an ass, it was finally my chance to get revenge for them hurting me in the past. But the vehicle I driving was too fast and to large for me to handle and flipping them off weakened my control. While doing a U-turn to return home I ran over a stone that caused the bike to swerve, I was moving too fast to regain control and the bike skidded into a large jumping cactus flipped up and rolled over me. At that point, between the realization that I was going to crash and the actual event, all time briefly slowed to a stop and my entire life had flashed before my eyes, in that brief second I thought to myself, "so this is it, I'm done here, I'm going to die." I closed my eyes, and accepted my death. The next thing I knew I heard the grinding of metal as I hit the cactus at around a max speed of 30mph, the trike flipped over and landed on top of me before rolling off my body and on to its side.

At that moment, the dragon in the claw spoke in my mind, "Open your eyes! You're not going to die here!" I opened my eyes, and struggled to breath, the wind was knocked out of me but I was alive. "Get up!" the dragon yelled. I stood up and stumbled around dazed, a jumping cactus was stuck in my

eyebrow, I pulled it out of my face and accessed my condition, I couldn't breathe and my right collar bone was broken again. (2nd time Right side). About that time the bullies and kids that I had mocked had arrived at my crash site. I was worried because my trike was laying on its side and still running while leaking gasoline. I walked over to try to flip the cycle over but I was restrained by those who had come to my aid. The dragon requested through my speech that the bike at least be turned off, but by that point it had apparently stalled on its own. From there my dragon kind of took control of me at that point. The paramedics arrived about ten minutes from the time of my wreck and as I or my dragon struggled to maintain my breath and maintain the situation the paramedics asked me a series of questions, I explained that I was fine, that my right collar bone had been broken for like the second or third time now and that I was winded, but overall unharmed. As I appeared well and in control the paramedics were preparing to take me home when one medic became concerned about my breathing and requested that I be taken to ER for analysis first. The medics led me into an ambulance, the dragon in the claw said I would be fine and then I passed out slipping into coma.

When I was revived weeks later, I had learned that both of my lungs had been punctured and that by all accounts I should never have survived or maintained consciousness as long as I had, that my survival had been a miracle of sorts. A couple of weeks later I returned home to my life, but all things were different from that point on. I had faced my death and lived, the dragon in the claw had saved me. Up until that point my life had been just a game, considering how accident prone I was and how vulnerable to persecution I was, I had figured that if the world didn't get me, Y2K or something would. I had somewhat planned for an early death and wasn't expecting to live later than the year 2000 at the latest. To be honest, prior to my accident I had somewhat believed that I was just here to observe and that life was just a show for my amusement. Earth had been up until that point somewhat of a fantasy world in which I drifted through. I felt that I existed as a tourist here and only to see what this world and time period was like and that I would just die, merge back with my dragon and move on to a new world. I had always planned, expected and anticipated that I would die young and move on. So I was shocked to see that I had survived what I had believed was meant to be my preordained death, I blamed the dragon spirit for changing my expected future, my higher self cheated and canceled my perceived destiny. So I was left with the simple question, "Now that I'm trapped here for a lifetime, what do I do now..?"

About a year later when I was around the age of fourteen, my parents marriage began to get tense due to the financial strain of my accident and they were continually incensed by irrelevant disagreements. They eventually begun the process of divorce, I myself was too busy trying to understand what my new purpose was in this world and for what reasons that I had been spared my death. The divorce of my parents was simply a curious drama for me, it felt like a dream or a sideshow to a greater story, the same could be said for my time at school and for my friendships at that time.. I got angry and tried to get rid of my dragon, ignoring him hoping he'd go away, but it was impossible. I spent my days and afternoons in the aging ruins of my childhood clubhouse watching tv and reviewing old journals from my past youth. I moved in to the building for a time, however by this point I had outgrown it and it was becoming painfully cramped and awkward. For the most part the year was uneventful, I injured my hand being stupid (I was exploring in a metal drainage pipe and slipped on jagged metal.) twenty stitches, but no more broken bones or punctured lungs. I just spent most of my free time with my dragon demanding knowledge of my purpose and my meaning of my life and his answer was always "to live and to observe, to learn" Overall there were no major social events that year. At some point I met a run away friend named Josh who had ran away from an abusive home to live with my friend Joey. I had a brief crush on a girl named Melissa, until her siblings stole my life collection of video games, gaming consoles, electronics and for good measure a Vespa motor scooter that I owned. Her family robbing me blind kind of killed the romance that I felt towards her real fast. The Vespa was found trashed in a ditch so I replaced it with a moped, life went on. Overall there wasn't much to report

for the years following my near death, just me pouting over the gift of life. I had gone to Vegas a few times, gone to the beach at Rocky Point a few times, camped a bit, but not much of substance really happened. Just my parents split, I reflected on my future and unsuccessfully suppressed my draconity for a few months thinking I had to “grow up”, mostly it seemed that life and time went on as it always does.

Shortly after my families divorce, somewhere around my mid teens around the age of fifteen, my mother went mad with her new found freedom, ripping out the carpet from my childhood home, painting the walls various colors, selling our vehicles, spending her savings on horses and tropical birds, losing her job and prematurely retiring. My mother dated various strangers and scum in a drastic spiral downward, my father on the other hand, beginning from a fifth wheel trailer, begun to rebuild himself a new successful life, he started dating a new woman whom he eventually married, this woman had a son named Brandon. One night I was asked to babysit Brandon while my father went on a date with his mother. I agreed to do so and this kid Brandon introduced me to a cartoon called DragonBallZ, an anime which I would quickly grow to associate with myself due to the characters use of energy work. However, when I went home the next day after watching the little brat I had realized that my dragon claw necklace had slipped off of me during my sleep the night before and that I had apparently forgotten it when I left. I quickly jumped on my bike and rushed back to my fathers the next day immediately after school to retrieve the dragon claw. But by that time, it was too late. The ten year old child Brandon had crushed my most cherished and spiritual possession with a hammer in order to retrieve the colorful marble that the claw was grasping. In so doing, Brandon as far as I was concerned had killed my dragon, whom was already weakened by my earlier resistance to his presence within my mind. My dragon spirit was now dead...

Heart broken, I picked up the marble and what remained of the dragon claw and returned home. I built a little alter for it and hid it in my room, the dragon spoke to me a little longer and survived for about a week or two without the claw before he had faded from my mind entirely. In my dragons last speech he promised me that if I got a new necklace to act as a focus that he could return, then I lost him. I went into a deep depression from that point on, the year prior was a year of aimless wandering but this event was the final straw. The loss of my dragon resulted in the darkest period of my life. I had existed with my dragon for what felt like all of my life up until that point and I didn't know how to survive without him to guide me. I was a zombie for several months and my friendships and grades suffered greatly. Josh my runaway friend had moved in with me as a room mate of sorts a few months prior to the loss of my dragon claw. Because he was seeing me crushed and depressed as I was month after month, week after week, he became increasingly frustrated by my senseless and unexplained depression. He ordered me to grow up and living with him became progressively more tense as my depression caused daily confrontations. I decided I would stay out of his way and spent most of my free time mourning the death of my dragon and reviewing my childhood journals in the cramped and rotting ruins of my childhood clubhouse. Josh had eventually become so infuriated by my childish actions that one night while I was away, he rammed my mothers truck into the side of my club house tipping it over on to its side. Needless to say that all of the electronics and possessions which had been housed inside were either crushed or destroyed. Without means or friends to lift the building back up on to it's foundation the structure eventually collapsed and was no longer salvageable.

I drifted through life the remainder of that year 1999, aimless and depressed without purpose or meaning. I just got bummed, If my life was without meaning just by being a live, it was even moreso without meaning now that my dragon was gone. “Dragons were not real, I had no magic, the paranormal, Atlantis, ghosts and all else were false, all occult all philosophy and all spirituality was simply a deluded fantasy there was no god, there was not point, my body was weak the dragon lied” “I

was mentally stunted, the dragon lied” “I was worthless the dragon lied” “I should have died, the dragon stopped it and afterwards the entirety of my life was only meaningful due to that make believe dragon, a past incarnation, an insane imaginary friend living in a marble. He was all a lie, insanity, delusions, pointless and worthless.., my past and my life was all just a ridiculous fantasy. In truth all reality was only cold logic.” In my teenage depression, I took my hurt and rage out on the religious in my community, hunting down believers and proudly ranting and raving about the superiority of atheism and logic vs the delusions of mans meaningless and cruel beliefs. At some point that year I broke my left collar bone (2nd on the left side) on a friends trampoline, but I didn't even bother seeking help or having it set, I just ignored it and let it heal. The broken bone was just another pain for this body to endure, it was my life. I eventually had a final confrontation with my roommate Josh beginning a fight over what he had done to my former clubhouse. The clubhouse was literally the last refuge of my childhood, the last hint to the glories of my youth and of the time spent with my dragon and friends, the pride I once had and so on. The fight between me and my room mate did massive damage to the structure of my mothers home, destroying doors and walls alike, even a window and all this devastation to my home was done fighting somebody who had for some years been one of my closest friends! My advice is such, never become room mates with a best friend, I learned it the hard way. Ultimately and not unexpectedly I had lost the fight, I was still a very scrawny nerd back then and that confrontation was my one and only true fist fight. Needless to say Josh moved out shortly after that day.

About a month after Josh moved out and about the time I turned sixteen, I went on vacation again to Rocky Point Mexico, there I searched in vain for a new dragon claw necklace but found none that matched the original. I eventually settled on a silver eastern dragon necklace which seemed to call to me. After about a month of wearing it, a new dragon came to me one day while I was at school. This one wasn't the dragon from the claw, but it claimed to be “a part of him” this new dragon was extremely wise and helped me with my class work and day to day situations typically encouraging me to remain calm and rational at all times, he had all the wisdom of my first dragon, but was not the same.

Months later, I found a dragon claw necklace at a yard-sale, this replacement was similar to my original, but it had a white multicolored marble whereas the original dragon claw had a burnt metallic marble. Some time after wearing this new necklace alongside of the eastern dragon pendant, a second entity or dragon persona awakened within me. This one was young very happy and care free. I came to call the young one Jafira, and the older one Veltra, and I asked Jafira and Veltra to help me to reconnect back to my true dragon spirit, the one that spoke from the claw and whom I grew up alongside. They would always say that he was simply asleep within me and that time would bring him back.

In one last final desperation, I found at the Arizona State Fair, in the year 2000, a western dragon necklace wrapped around a glass crystal. I purchased it and did all of the lessons that I was taught by the dragon back when I was a child about how to “charge” his pendant. Then I prayed that it would awaken the dragon from my youth. A third dragon persona came to me a couple days later, a young adult black one, strong and proud but very arrogant and full of pride. This dragon although much more headstrong, was the closest to the dragon that I grew up with and lost. It was not as wise or as energetic, but I accepted that I was now reunited with the dragon from the claw. I would come to name him Korageth based on a dream I had as him and declared him to be my dragon, my true spirit reunited once more. Now that I believed that I was whole again (or so I thought at the time, obviously you can tell that the three dragons were three separate fragments of the original consciousness which I had lost the two years prior...), I and my trio of dragons were now ready to take on the world and start life anew again!.

Armed with my trio of dragons and a restored vigor for life, I was now about seventeen and in high

school, The year was late 2000, early 2001 and my dragons Korageth and Veltra confronted me about my grades and pointed out that many of my teachers were obviously going easy on me and giving me a free ride due to my having been diagnosed with a learning disability in math during one of my depression streaks. My dragons also pointed out that my past childhood friends were all becoming criminals and that I needed to find new friends who weren't delinquents. So under my dragons directions I dissociated with my childhood friends whom were indeed becoming criminals and quickly and drastically improved all of my grades from C's to A's. During my free time I begun drawing my dragons as I saw them in my mind, I also begun writing stories of their world and what I "Thought" their lives had been like, basing the stories loosely around my old dragon dreams and then asking my trio to fill in the holes, or making "educated guesses" on what they thought happened. I then proclaimed the made up stories to be factual accounts of my trio's lives. (baseless, like so many other claims and thoughts in my youth) I also wrote poems based of the stories and off the world that my dragons had constructed from my dreams and shown me. At the encouragement of my dragons to return to nature and through my longing for a new hideaway similar to my childhood clubhouse, I begun to build several small tree-houses in the deserts scattered around my town so that I would always have a place in which to hide, read and relax. Someplace to draw, to write and rest in peace. By the end of 2001, I had over eight tree houses scattered at all corners of my home town and had explored miles of new desert on my bike. I had again, at their insistence hiked all of the mountains near my home and had credited it all thanks to the help of my trio of dragons and their teachings. Much like their predecessor, they had changed my life for the better and guided me to better myself.

Between the ages of seventeen and eighteen, probably about late 2001. I had just obtained the internet, being a severe late comer to the web I learned and adapted to computers very slowly. But eventually I discovered a site called draconian.com. As throughout my life I had never spoke to anyone about dragons or of my association with them, it felt like a dangerous crime to visit the site. I was conditioned by my dragon and societies expectations to avoid public displays of my infatuation with dragons or reptiles. So I was legitimately worried to visit the site, prior to visiting draconian, I always ensured that everyone in my house was asleep or away. My paranoia on the matter was needless and extreme, but still, I only went to the site at night when everyone was asleep or while home alone. When I did visit the site, I explored every single link in their web directory and read everything that I could possibly find on dragons. The website was a treasure trove of my kind and a dream come true as up until that point I honestly knew very little to nothing about dragons other then what my own had told me in the past. As said, while growing up, I was not allowed to talk or think about them without the risk of ridicule. The Internet had suddenly opened a whole new world for me.. As a result of my explorations I discovered a site called Dragonfire.org, or AltFanDra. Coincidentally, shortly thereafter it would disappear forever, but that one visit to the site was enough for me find that others at least liked dragons as much as I did and shortly afterwards I discovered a site called Tysha Dragons Lair. Tysha's forum was my first experience with a dragonkin message board and it blew me away. From there I had learned for the first time ever, that I was not a lone alien to this world and that there were other people with dragons or who were dragons like myself and most importantly, that I was not alone anymore. That we had a name, "Otherkin" I found Baxil, Tysha, Kanis and the leaders of the day and read of similar experiences to my own. I was no longer a secret or insane, suddenly for the first time I was free!

Suddenly I was validated, everything in my life concerning dragons was validated! That was proof my life was real, I wasn't completely insane! Ironically... the belief that I was insane was the only thing that kept me somewhat stable.. and discovering that I was not alone resulted in a period of time that I like to refer to as the "I am a god!" phase of my life. After discovering that otherkin existed I went completely off the deep end from the excitement and it ignited another long stage of emotional and mental instability in my life. The sudden validation of my spirituality turned me into a fearless egomaniac.

From that point on, I stopped caring what my friends and family thought about dragons. I was an adult and they couldn't control me anymore, I slowly begun spending hundreds of dollars gathering anything with a dragon on it, making up for all the lost years of denial and for the suppression of my beliefs. I started with three little dragon statues resting on my computer monitor, moving on to four, six, ten, up to several dozen in the present day. Likewise, while on the internet, I aggressively sought and collected dragon artwork wherever I could find it. While on the internet I spent my nights excessively saving roughly a hundred dragon pictures a day while still on dial-up internet, which I then sorted into categories by type, as of 2011 those categories contained over 18000 dragon images. I also determined that since my dragon and otherkin beliefs where all real, then that possibly meant with a certainty that I was a dragon once before and that I could be one again. As a result of that prideful assumption I forced my trio of dragons to devise a method of creating a vortex of spiritual energy to return me to a dragon form, I was told by them that It was impossible, but I had to try, thus was born the creation and origin of my desert medicine wheel the Spirit Circle!

Although I was in love with the idea that I was not alone I did not associate my self with other dragonkin or otherkin while online. I was very shy on the internet but at the same time I was equally arrogant. I was so impressed with the website Tysha's Lair that I decided that I would rip it off and create my own website, I vowed that I would build a superior version. In my logic this would make me popular and bring my fellow dragonkin to me, greedily I thought, they would draw me pictures and learn from me and I would be their leader! (woot..) likewise in my arrogance I believed at the time, that since I had three dragons that I was unique and somehow superior to all of the other dragon kin and that they would not fully understand my beliefs unless I created a complex website to explain it all to them. So when I created my duplicate of Tysha's site I listed the made up language from my childhood and my made up stories as proof that I was a dragon and introduced my trio in what I considered at the time to be an interactive fashion. I then sat around and waited for the obligatory acceptance of my people as their new leader..(As said, for whatever reason while I was going through that phase, I was an egotistical bastard believing myself to be a draconic god- luckily I was only popular in my head and my shyness ensured that nobody really noticed my activities back then.) Meanwhile during every full moon I would go to my Spirit Circle in the middle of nowhere to dance and do energy work on the construction of a new draconic body. At the time I was certain that I would be the first dragonkin to physically Shift and to show the rest of my kind the way to do it, thus becoming praised as their savior! Fun times, many people tore into me for my various and fluffy views back then particularly J'karrah, Shiari and a few others who were in charge of Tysha's forum, but I blew them all off. "I mean come on, being the only "true dragon" I simply knew better then them."

Through the age of eighteen and nineteen I more or less continued on that way. Egotistical and mad with power while perceiving myself to soon become some kind of dragon savior, whereas a year or two prior to this I had seen myself as nothing but dirt. *Shrugs* meh, I blame human puberty, teen years, hormonal imbalances and just good old fashioned stupidity and naivety on my part. Face it, when you are eighteen you are insane and I was insane already to begin with so that was twice the insanity I had to work with. In any case. I built a prototype Jafira's Lair while taking web design classes at a trade school called EVIT and gradually improved upon it to begin my present day website in late 2001. All the while ripping off Tysha and other dragon sites in the process whilst I generally ignored or bashed the very people that I wished to attract, impress or generally be accepted by. I eventually gave up trying to shape-shift at my circle, blaming "the veil of this world as being to powerful", but that defeat did not stop my stupidity, rather I just moved on to a new project where I begun attempting to create a portal to transport me to Korageths home world or at least a portal that could take me to the world from the story that I wrote for him. I figured back then that if I could create a physical gate using quantum mechanics and energy work, then I could come back for the other dragonkin and bring them with me! (yay...) Not

surprisingly nothing came of any of those experiments at my circle other than some phantom forms, and some spiritual power trips which were boosted by the epic gravity of my own insufferable ego..

Meanwhile about that time period while I was in high school I had met a friend calling himself Kisai and he eventually introduced me to a Kitsune-kin named Kyrle, Kyrle whom I quickly developed a crush on, introduced me to an otaku-kin / angel-kin friend of hers literally named "Princess". I maintained my crush on Kyrle and worked to build a relationship with her but despite my efforts Kyrle somehow ended up dating Kisai. As a result I settled and somehow ended up dating her best friend Princess for a year or two. However while dating Princess I was continually peeved and eventually realized that I had no real feelings for her. As a result I left her to continue my years long search for my childhood dream girl, or what I had believed to be Korageth's mate Rikara reincarnated. Lots of fun and drama would later come of that break up and future events..

On 11/11/2003 one night after a thunder storm, I had gone to the Spirit Circle to do a sort of reenactment of one of my stupid portal experiments which was designed to return me to Korageth's home world and in the process give me his dragon body. After another failed attempt to either become a dragon or go "home" I became infuriated by the years of failure at the location. Being practically a god as I thought I was, I should have succeeded long ago, Infuriated, I shouted a series of made up words while destroying the circle and finally I ran up, jumped and impaled the circles center with a giant broad sword- at that point the sky exploded directly above me causing the ground to shake and my ears to ring. The explosive event traumatized me right out of metaphysics for a long while and scared the hell out of me. From that point on for roughly three years the location became haunted and I was cursed with bizarre dreams and bouts of sleep paralysis along side what I believe may have been demonic attacks. The explosion that night also began a long chain of events in which I encountered a variety of spiritual people, found an emotional and psychological balance and overall matured to who I am today.

As a result of that fateful night, I gradually lost my ego and arrogance. Defeated and tormented by unseen forces I was no longer fit to call myself a god, I reverted back to a normal state of mind, humbled and ready to grow and learn anew and from that point on I matured and entered a new phase of my life. I became an adult and experienced events that made my youth seem normal. But those years are another life of their own. The years that follow will see the equal acceptance of both my draconity and humanity. As well as maturity and forgiveness, personal growth and personal stability, years of employment and college, tempered with new friendships and new teachings, new adventures and new discoveries. This document that you have read, my first twenty years of life on Earth, have only been a prelude to the present in which I now live. I have changed and experienced so much in the past few years that those two decades I have written above are as two separate life times. In any case, I hope that you have seen through the years of my youth that despite the injuries, abuse, the pains, emotional spats, and all other trials that my youth was unique and special if not quite demented at times.

Thus end the collective highlights of a deluded child.

~Jafira Dragon..

End: Jafira's Life in A Nutshell Ages 0-20.

Continue on to document: Jafira's Life. Ages 20-26, (Pending...)