

Jafira's Life In a Nutshell: Ages 19-31.

One quick note: this is pretty much half my life story condensed and crammed into a single text file, it will only highlight the crazy portions of my life, the dramas, the stupidity and the growth. Remember that in the long run a lot of my life just consisted of day to day mundane activities. If the white coats come knocking on my door because of this you can expect that they will be leaving empty handed. Otherwise, the only thing I really have to warn you about concerning this document is that it's a lot of stories jumbled together so much like the first segment of my autobiography some dates and events may be out of order and some events may have been disregarded or left out. Overall it only contains the highlights of my life and what came of them.

The year was roughly around 2003, I was between the ages of nineteen and twenty, probably nineteen. I was a high school student, aware of my draconity but under going a delusional mindset were I had believed myself to be a god of some sort. I had at the time three dragon guides or persona's alongside of, or within me. Possibly I was simply experiencing a variant of multiple dissociative disorder, in the otherkin community these persona's are known as "Head Mates". I had Jafira who was my fun dragon, Veltra, my wise dragon and lastly I had my prior perceived dragon incarnation Korageth. Alternatively the three dragons were separate aspects of my personality as I was socially awkward and insecure about my intelligence Veltra and Jafira were likely summoned to compensate. What my trio of dragons were or was did not matter, what did matter was that between the ages of eighteen and twenty I was a total egotistical ass. My recently divorced mother was also going through a crazy phase at the time and my father was entering in to a new marriage and new life. I personally was sick of the drama so had left home to live with my then girlfriend, a women literally named Princess. Princess claimed to be an angel kin. I, Princess, and her best friend a Kitsune-kin named Kyrla all lived at her house supervised solely by Princesses bedridden five hundred pound disabled mother. Princesses mother (Angie) had at some point become crippled by the fact that her had legs broken while trying to stand up and never successfully healed, they literally shattered under the weight of her own body. As a result of this pitiful incident, the sole adult of the household had become disabled and unable to leave the master bedroom of her home. This had left the entire remainder of the three bedroom household in the care of me, Princess and Kyrla, alongside of a few other friends such as our gamer pal Kisai or our anime loving friend Kyouneko who would come to visit on occasion. The house was virtually ours, ruled almost entirely by us without any rules or obligations. There was for a brief time another friend whom would visit on occasion, a friend we knew as Andy, one day however Andy had groped one of the females of the group and I was secretly asked by the victim to get rid of him. I asked Andy if he would go on a walk with me and I then escorted him home. I more or less just gave the guy a long boring lecture and requested that he not return. He never did, thus begun the tale of :''The Walk'' nobody knew what I did or said to Andy to make him disappear and it became a running gag that if anyone ever messed with our group that Jafira would take them for "The Walk". I mention this only because there will be many more walks to come, some quite interesting.

Those days, my late high school and early college years, were epic if not completely childish, I would wake up in the mornings select a series of video game or anime soundtracks to listen to and then ride my bike seven miles down hill to my high school, five miles to my workplace and then fifteen miles back to my girl friends house, the remainder of the night would be spent searching for dragon art over her wifi, gaming, watching movies or with my friends live action role-playing scenes from Inuyasha. Come the next day the routine would all repeat. Princesses living room had a giant 60 inch HD Projection television hooked to a variety of the most modern video game consoles of the day and I having no bills at that time was able to spend most of my paychecks on games and anime which the

girls and Kisai played often. But mostly when I was not hanging out with my friends I stayed in a private room and spent a lot of time working on my website Jafira's lair which I was convinced would somehow make me the leader of otherkin society, make me famous among my peers, result in loads of fan tributes and gift art and so on and so forth. As stated I had a severe ego complex. When not working on my childish website I just hung out with the girls, shared my stories and watched anime or I just did whatever felt good at the time. Living together with all my friends and no bills, It was a paradise of fantasy and random shenanigans. On an average day we would typically watch about four hours of random anime, get in an hour or two of live action role play adventures, three or so hours of gaming, spend an hour or so just walking outside to a park and telling stories and then the rest of our nights or days would usually be spent online doing our own separate things, mostly Gaia online for the girls and grabbing dragon art off Deviant Art for myself. Those were glorious times in my life as any media such as music or videos that one of us obtained was shared freely among ourselves and our collections grew daily, music, videos and randomness, every day was a party it was truly amazing, those years in that house with my friends were the happiest days of my life, it was the first time I felt that I had a home or family that I could trust. I was safe and free there and with our group anything was possible. That is where and how I lived at the time and as I assume is natural for every high school or college students life there were common and mild drama's, but for the most part we were all good friends living more or less alone. free and unencumbered by the weight of societies future demands.

It was about this time in my life where I had left off in my prior writings of this autobiography project.

So, let us resume from the strange explosion. The date was November 11th 2003 and I was roughly around the age of nineteen. I had rode my bike back to my mothers house in order to spend a couple of weeks back at home, as the quality of life at my childhood home was degrading drastically and I had to do some major household repairs in order to regain some stability for my mother, as well, frankly I was probably a bit homesick at the time. On this particular night it had rained for several hours with the rain dying down around roughly 10pm. Realizing that the rain had stopped I ceased speaking over AIM with my friend Kisai and signed off of my computer. Getting dressed up in some of my favorite clothing I placed three cherished necklaces around my neck each of which represented one of my three dragons- Korageth, Jafira and Veltra and then upon grabbing a large broadsword (Nicknamed- The Barbarian Edge) I placed a newly mixed DragonBallZ vocal disc into my CD player and begun a walk out to the desert where I had built my Spirit Circle medicine wheel some years prior. When I had arrived at the circle of stones it was still sprinkling from the dissipating storm clouds but for the most part the rain had all passed, the air was fresh and I was hyper and energized.

Turning the new music of the CD I had brought up to full blast and stabbing my broad sword into the center of my circle of stones, I begun to dance to the music, I visualized that as I danced, that I was creating a whirlpool of energy, multiple colors and elements would be imagined pooling and mixing into a vortex with my sword in the center. I imagined in my mind, a valley paradise, green plains, pristine rivers and lakes, with a ruined civilization in the distance, the visions from my dreams and from my past. I would recall the names of the land marks in that valley and would envision a duplicate of the same vortex that I was dancing around to be forming and appearing a location in the valley. I would then imagine the two portals connecting to each other, my portal here in the desert with the portal there being in a forest. I would then imagine a dragons body forming in the middle of the space between the two worlds and in the center of the two gates, a new dragon body awaiting a spirit. I believed that when I jumped into this portal, that while I was being transferred between dimensions this spiritual dragon form would unite with my physical human body and that there would be a trade off of sorts, that the spiritual dragon that I created would use the flesh and matter of my human body to solidify and manifest physically. So I danced and twirled my a cactus bone staff about projecting my

vision, energies and intent and after I had felt that the portal was completed and that the dragon form was prepared, I ran and jumped into the circle of stones. Nothing happened... This however was no surprise, I had done this experiment in different variations during every full moon, every storm and during every cosmic event for a year or two before hand, so failure was no longer a surprise. That particular night was just sort of a re-enactment of my prior metaphysical experiments, a homage and montage of my past attempts. I may have been egotistical enough to have believed myself a god back at the time, but I had painfully learned by that point of realities limitations.

Still, on that particular night, I did not take such a failure so lightly.. I begun to reflect upon and to realize the years of futility and escapism in trying to go “home” or regain my body for all those years. I came to accept that my “magick” to a large extent was entirely pretend and that the rest was simple energy work or power of intention which was available to everyone. Unfortunately, this acceptance that I had wasted my time was intensely frustrating. I became extremely angry and begun in a rage to kick the circle's stones, to break my cactus bone staff and to throw its segments in all directions while trashing the circle, even going so far as to throw stones at it, cursing it and stabbing it multiple times with my sword. Finally in frustration I begun my journey home, however after walking only a short distance of about thirty feet from the circle, the track on my CD changed to a very fast paced song, (A Vocal of Hikari No Willpower, Trunks theme) this brought back one last spark of rage, seeing red, I focused all of my thoughts on that valley of Tycosa and on being a black dragon! I ran back towards the circle as fast as I could jumping over cacti and bushes running at full speed while screaming a series of made up gibberish at the top of my lungs, finally jumping into the center of the circles scattered remains and plunging my sword as deep into the ground as I possibly could! I tensed up screaming in rage as I imagined all of the energy within the circle drawing up and encasing me, forcefully changing my body into that of a dragon. At that exact second while in the middle of my desperate DragonBallZ inspired charged up transformation attempt there was suddenly a huge explosion about fifty feet above my head. It lit the entire sky and shook the ground, it was deafening and despite the headphones that I was wearing and the music playing at full volume, my ears rang from the sound of the explosion above me. Absolutely stunned, I slowly slipped off the headphones and turned off my CD player. Dogs were barking in the distance, I looked around me, but saw nobody, no sign of a firework, no sign of aircraft, nothing.. just silence and the alarmed dogs in the distance, soon they too went silent. I looked for the source but could see only the clouds above my head and me, in the middle of a desert, alone in the dark. Thus as the distant dogs slowly went silent, I was alone in the middle of the desert, in the darkness, in the silence, a confused punk kid with an over sized sword. I suddenly felt overcome by a sudden aura of negativity from all around me, I felt that I had finally gone to far. I grabbed my sword and ran through the desert faster then I had ever ran before. I ran home crying to myself and repeating “what have I done?” “What have I done?” “What did I do?!” “What have I done?” Arriving home, I told the occurrence to Kisai, he, being a gamer and not a spiritualist, did not really believe me. I, tensed and stressed, took my silly sword, went to bed and prayed that I had not somehow done something terrible.

The next evening after school I decided to go back to the location. I got there shortly before sunset, the place was “cold” not in temperature, but in spirit, the location seemed devoid of life, it felt like being in a grave yard. This location was in my mind a pure pool of natural energy a “mana pool” that would give me the means to return home I once thought. The location of my circle of stones was chosen because I believed it at the time to be a location of life and uplifting energies, so for it to suddenly feel so cold in the daylight, the sensation for me was a frightening experience. I explored the entire surrounding area for evidence of a firecracker or for some form of wreckage, for any possible evidence of a man made explosion finding nothing. I quietly restored the circle of stones out of humility for the situation and returned home to my mothers. That night, I had planned to retrace my steps of the event

and went through the same routine as the night prior, I got all decked out in my favorite clothes, I grabbed my sword and decided to return to the location. But when I entered the desert and begun to walk on the path that would lead to it's secret spot I noticed the weather seemingly did odd things, it felt like it would rain as I walked and then suddenly just stop as I would stop to change a track on my CD, then it would seem to begin again as I returned to walking. As I got within about a hundred feet of the circle, I hit what I could only describe as an imaginary dome or barrier around the spot, it was a wall of fear, I felt incredible negativity and the fight or flight instinct told me to run and never look back. No matter how great my ego or pride was at that time, or my perceived "powers" or what have you, when I hit this invisible barrier I could go no further, it felt cold in every possible way, the sense of fear in that vicinity was just too overwhelming and no matter what angle I had approached from once I hit that imaginary barrier, I could go no closer to the circle.

About a week after the occurrence of the explosion, I had begged my group of friends to try to accompany me to the circle at night. Two of them agreed. Kyrila, the Kitsune-kin and Princess the Angel-kin. I got them rides to the desert location and we went out to the circle about nine pm. That barrier of fear remained around the area but the three of us agreed to fight it and stay together. When we finally arrived at my circle all three of us could feel overwhelming negativity and fear. Our flashlights promptly died, but we thought nothing of it, it was nearly expected. I having heard of Electronic Voice Phenomena from past occult studies had brought a large analog tape recorder with us, so we turned the recorder on and just sort of sat at the circle and talked among ourselves a little bit to keep our morale up. Eventually the batteries in the tape recorder died and so we all agreed that with both it and the flashlights dead, that it was probably more then a good enough excuse to book it out of the desert back to safety. We eventually returned to Princesses house a couple hours later and reviewed the tape from the circle. Most of the recording was just us talking quietly, but between our conversations were what sounded like hisses or low growls. I blew them off as the wind or as possible engine sounds from the street in the distance, or possibly just artifacts from the analog tape player itself. However, towards the end of the tape, there was a barely audible whisper of a voice saying "help me" followed by a second slightly more audible whisper, "help me" and then directly after words, a third very loud and clear whisper of "HELP ME..." that EVP was the beginning of dozens more..

At that time, in my arrogance, I still felt that I could fix the mess that I had caused, whatever it was... I had studied the occult and paranormal my entire life! I had the soul of a dragon! I had my dragon guardians! I was unstoppable! I immediately did the math and determined that in my rage at the circle, I had accidentally torn open a dimensional rift of some sort. That since my single minded intention at the moment had been to draw up the energies and the dragon body that I had designed to be waiting for me, I had focused only on opening the gate on Earths end but not on the destinations end, in so doing I felt that I had metaphorically dug a deep spiritual tunnel through the unseen universe without an intended exit. I imagined a hole to our reality suddenly opening in the void of spirit and countless entities coming and going to investigate (I called it a "hell gate") As a result of my opening a spiritual portal in the desert without an intended exit point I believed that I had accidentally torn a rift into the spirit world between the two physical destination points. As a result of this invisible hole to the spirit world, entities were being drawn to the energy of the rift within my circle and countless entities were likely swarming in and out of the area. Based on these conclusions I figured that all that I had to do was spiritually nuke the entire location in a sense thus dispersing the entities and then simply close the hole that I had torn. So, a few nights later I returned to the circle in the desert to do just that. When I got to the imaginary barrier of negativity, I fought my desire to run and force myself to go through it to the actual circle. Once to the circle, I imagined blasting everything in the area with spiritual energy, I imagined destroying the imaginary dome of fear around the area and then envisioned a mass of energy acting as a lid and sealing the circle. Feeling accomplished I returned to Princesses house and went to

sleep for the night. That was when things begun to happen..., as it seems that I may had brought home a friend that night. For a few months afterwards Princesses home became haunted, red mists appeared in her back yard, a copper bell would commonly levitate and drop on occasion, a child apparition was seen by Kyrle and a random feeling of being watched became common in her home. In time I was confronted by my friends and had admitted that I had spiritually attacked the circle and had tried to seal it shut while the wounded area healed.

This explanation however, led my friends to react by initiating a really stupid and crazy live action role play wherein the girl Kyouneko determined that we all had to go back to the spirit circle, apologize to it and do a secondary sealing ceremony as a group. I brought Kyrle, Kyo, Princess and myself back to the location with enough snacks, flashlights and digital entertainment to last the entire night if need be. We went through that crazy fear barrier again and set up a small base camp which was just a few feet from the circle. To lighten the mood I sacrificed a pretzel to the circle's spirits as an apology for the aggressive attack from my last visit. then we turned on our flashlights, I activated my analog tape recorder and thus the camp out begun. Princess listened to my CD player near the flashlights as thanks to the area's aura she no longer wanted to be involved, she claimed that the fear of the area was overwhelming. Meanwhile Kyo, Kyrle and I stood inside the circle, Kyo did a little ritual and told Kyrle to chant something, Kyrle did a little made up chant and then I requested forgiveness for my attack while Kyo did some hand gestures and declared the gate to be closed. Princess about that point started to have a panic attack and I rushed over to calm her, at that point the cd she was listening to connected by external speakers died as well as the flash light placed up right near her. I reached into my backpack to get out a digital camera in case something was occurring and at that point it was discovered that all of our supplies was coated in a layer of moisture, this was fairly insane however as it was nearly ninety degrees Fahrenheit with little to no humidity in the air. Still somehow the entire area suddenly begun to get cold and moist. I attempted to take some photos but much like all the other electronics, the batteries in the camera begun to promptly die, I got one or two shots in before the camera shut off completely. At that point, needless to say me and the girls all panicked again, packed up camp and ran out of that desert real fast. Reviewing the tape we got several frightening EVP's most of which I made available online in my Spirit Circle Logs. - <http://www.jafiradragon.com/Evp.htm>

From that point on things just got crazier, I being the egotistical bastard that I was, returned again to the location. I left two digital tape recorders at the location over night and returned for them the next morning. I got incredibly odd results from this particular experiment.. These two tape recorders were right next to each other, however one had an hour of mostly silence and nature, the other however had silence for half an hour and then what sounded like the distant sound of a helicopter approaching, this distant sound gradually got louder and louder until it became deafening, at the recordings peak it sounded as though somebody was idling a vehicles engine or a helicopter's propeller directly above the microphone, this loud engine sound lasted for about ten minutes and then at its loudest point, just abruptly faded and stopped. Confused by this, I assumed that all of the haunting's at the location may have been the result of a nearby car that had been dumped and burnt out in the early eighties. In my prideful state, I determined that I would not have my pants scared off by some possibly area recorded memory. So I returned to that circle yet again, traveled a short distance to where the car was dumped and blasted the car with what I felt was a spiritual energy attack, I then completely destroyed any trace of the circle once again and returned home to my mothers house for a good nights sleep.

That night, I was awoken at roughly five thirty in the morning the following day by an unnatural sound that is nearly impossible to recreate. The sound that I heard was like the combined sensation of hearing the clawing of a chalkboard merged with a skidding tire, a cat getting stepped on, a rusty hinge screeching, a high pitched digital alarm and a human scream all occurring simultaneously! This screech

or scream that I heard was both loud and unnatural seemingly coming from all directions. Upon hearing this screech I woke immediately and shot out of bed, hearing something fall off a wall to the left of me. Instinctively turning towards that direction I saw a floating hooded shadow or black mass, it was like looking at the shadow of the stereotypical grim reaper. This entity or shadow suddenly turned and pointed at me, (if you could call it that) and then flew backwards vanishing through the corner of my wall at an incredibly fast speed. I jumped up and ran out of my bed room hoping to catch it in the living room on the other side of the wall that it passed through, but when I turned the corner it was gone without a trace. I assumed that this screaming shadow was a warning of some sort and I quickly ran back to the desert and restored the circle once again. From thereon begun a series of haunting activity and paranormal phenomena both at my mothers and at my girlfriends homes. The more that I fought back against these perceived entities, the worse the phenomena seemed to become. At one point when I was writing about the events that were occurring on my LiveJournal my computer monitor literally popped and exploded, the event is still mentioned to this day somewhere on my live journal. That same morning a ceiling projection device had exploded above my seat in a classroom while at school. A good example of other events were a series of odd recurring post apocalyptic dreams that I begun to have about that time alongside repeated bouts of sleep paralysis and numerous sightings of apparitions by me and my friends. One such entity was a demonic cat spirit tormenting us (we called it "Tiki"), a static or laughter whenever I would get the aforementioned sleep paralysis and random feelings of dread or negativity. Needless to say things really got out of hand fast. The EVP voices from the circle begun appearing regularly on my mother's home phone's answering machine with calls from 000-000-000 or unknown numbers. I and my friends begun to get extremely ill, bad luck became a common occurrence, many of our pets got sick and died, a lot of our personal cherished possessions were lost or ruined and in a sense it felt at times as if unseen gremlins followed us breaking and damaging all that was important to us. Whether it was a poltergeist or just bad luck, life became extremely rough for my group.

Eventually I succumbed to the idea that no matter how powerful that I thought I was, or how well versed in the spiritual or occult that I believed myself to be, I had to admit that I was finally in over my head and that my dragons and silly magic were no match for whatever was happening out there In that desert. I could not sleep without dreaming of a dead apocalyptic world or being tormented and I could not go about my day without negative occurrences or my possessions and electronics breaking. With these recent events I discovered the oh so obvious truth, that I was just a punk teenager who knew nothing. Admitting this was humbling but necessary.. and so I did the unthinkable at the time, I begun searching for help. It was at this point, roughly around 2004-2005 that I met a dragonkin on line by the name of Mojo-Lahojo. Mojo, though younger then me by a few years seemed to be much more spiritually mature then I perceived myself to have been and so I took him as a mentor and as a friend. Through Mojo's advice I was able to relieve a lot of the strange phenomena that was occurring and return a sense of stability to my life and the lives of my friends. Ha, there is one event from that time period that I remember fondly of my early interactions with him. Once he and I were discussing how energy work was a possibility with my friend Kisai in a three way AIM chat. Mojo said something along the lines of "Let me show you what I can do!" and then my house went dark as I suddenly got hit by a rolling black out and lost all of the electricity in my household. Impressed by Mojo's demonstration of power I giddily ran outside into my darkened neighborhood and in my egotistical way vowed to surpass him and become superior, much as I did for all my perceived superiors back in those days. It turned out the next day to have just been a coincidence that the power failed at that particular moment in his discussions. But it was still epic when it happened.

A few months after meeting Mojo online and beginning an exchange of physical shipments and friendship gifts, life went on as normal. I hung out with my girl friends, enjoyed games and anime,

explored endless deserts and mountains, went to my jobs (Safeway, Barnes&Noble, Library Page and worked as a Teachers Aid - I had four part time jobs) I had also begun taking classes at a community college for business management. It was sometime around this point in my life that two major spiritual events occurred for me. The first was my discovery of what I call the oasis. One evening I was out in the middle of a desert several miles from civilization simply exploring. I had come to notice the time and that the sun was beginning to set and so I was preparing to turn around as I was still miles from home, but something in me told me to keep traveling deeper into the desert. I had to debate myself on this as it was irrational considering the time and location, still, something powerful was calling me to travel further. As far as my eye could see there was nothing but dirt and weeds for miles, still, I was called to continue on. I consulted my dragon guardians and my head mate Jafira encouraged me to proceed a little further. "Fine" I thought, I will listen to one more track on my CD and then I am going home. (The track was a soothing remix of Time Circuits from ChronoTrigger) I traveled for a little while longer on my bike and after only two minutes or so from the moment that I had my internal debate, I noticed that the ground I was riding began to dip into a slope, I rode my bike about eight feet down into this slope and suddenly found lush green trees as well as grass and flowers as far as the eye could see, mind you there was nothing but dirt and weeds prior. There was a small swampy area fed by a little stream ending in a very large pond that was full of ducks. This beautiful little paradise existed out of sight and out of view from society and since it was in a depression it was located out of any approaching parties line of sight. It was an amazing find and I felt convinced that something had called me to it. A later search on Google maps led me to a very disappointing conclusion that it was just a man made environment and that the area was designed to be sort of a trap for flood waters.. Still, the area eventually became my own private paradise and from that time on, it was my new secret hideaway, a personal garden for me to visit when I needed to read, to write or to rest asleep upon tree branches to the lullaby of ducks and the wind.

The second major event to occur in my life around that time is a night that I will never forget. My friend Kisai had traveled a seven mile walk to visit me at my mothers home. Me and Kisai hung out and played some Pokemon games such as Pokemon Stadium and Pokemon Snap and then we watched a movie or two, eventually it was time for him to return home as it was nearing sunset. Unfortunately a very aggressive storm was brewing in the distance and out of guilt that I had kept him over so late I had offered to walk with him the seven mile journey home to his house. Grabbing a wizards staff that I had purchased while working a seasonal position at a renaissance festival, I begun walking Kisai home. I brought with me my digital tape recorder and begun recording our conversation as we walked down my street passing the nearby deserts. As we begun to pass by the path that led to my circle, I said that "I loved my ghost hunts" I was interrupted by a lightning strike nearby and I jokingly exclaimed afterward that "even the gods approved of my studies" at that point I got the craziest EVP ever on my digital recorder: "Dickf**ker no I didn't" responded to my claim. That same profane EVP would appear and quote the same insult on my answering machine a few months later in an equally bizarre message. The two events combined were mind blowing for me. But that's not all that happened on that particular night, not knowing that I had gotten that strange EVP at the time, I had turned off the recorder and put it away in my backpack because it had now begun to rain and me and Kisai were rushing through the storm towards his home. While crossing my towns main street and running towards a gas station to get dry me and Kisai were flagged down and stopped outside of said gas stations parking lot by some strangers in a car.

Within this cars passenger seat sat a heavy set man whom called himself "Spirit Eye", driving the car was a thin bearded man not much older then myself by the name of Jake. Spirit Eye's first words to me where "you wouldn't happen to be one of the hundred would you?" which was a perplexing question for one to ask a stranger, the driver Jake flipped out before I had a chance to respond, as a particular

ring which I was wearing had matched one that he owned- it was a ring with a dragon and a serpent facing each other. Spirit Eye claimed that he had been drawn to me by my spirit light and that when he saw me I had appeared as a glowing beacon shining out in the rain. He claimed that he was a Cherokee Shaman and that he wished to speak with me again under better circumstances. He gave me his address and phone number and then requested that I speak to him at my convenience. The next day after college I traveled to his home, a small trailer nestled in a slummy trailer park common to my rural area. There I met his wife Becky, she called Spirit Eye and Jake whom were at the local library researching the near by Superstition Mountains. They came back and we begun our first real conversation together. Spirit Eye had claimed to be a Cherokee Shaman and that he had moved to my town from Las Vegas only recently, he explained that while in Vegas he had worked as a construction worker and later a rent-a-cop before having a falling out with some family and hitting the road to leave Nevada. He and his family claimed that they were highly spiritual people stopping in my area but that their ultimate destination was going to be Brigham Utah. At about this point Spirit Eye had asked me if I wanted to tell him about myself or if I wished for him to tell me about myself instead. I asked him to do so and he was able to ascertain or assume that I had a note book full of artwork and fantasy stories located in my back pack. He was able to tell me that my parents were separated, he was able guess that I had written stories and poetry recently, he was able to guess that I believed that I was not of a human spirit and most relevant of all he was able to guess about my circle and it's present negativity. The entire time while Spirit Eye was guessing facts about my life his brother in law and apprentice named Jake was showering me with assorted trinkets and gifts. Spirit Eye then handed me a beautiful glass ball with a laser etching of the Earth's globe in its center and then told me that if I learned from him and listened to my spirit and to the spirit of the world that I would be capable of anything, and that just as I held a glass representation of the Earth in my hands, that I would someday hold the world in my hands in much the same way.

When Spirit Eye mentioned my circle, he claimed that I was connected to something very dangerous and negative, when I asked what it was, he guessed that it was a portal, when I asked where the location was, Jake pointed towards the Circle's direction in the north west. I then confessed to what had been happening and told them my story. Spirit Eye and Jake requested to visit my circle immediately. So I agreed, we all piled into Jake's car and by the time we arrived at the location the sun had set and it was already quite dark. Spirit Eye then walked to the center of my Circle of stones and had me and Jake wait outside of it. He Said that he was going to play a melody for the spirits, he then begun to play a spirit flute that he had brought. While he was playing on the spirit flute both I and Jake saw what could only be described as a black mass or tentacle rise from the center of the circle and swirl around encircling him and as SpiritEye played this darkness seemed to begin to wrap and constrict around him. He then claimed that he was going to now play a song for the land. He begun to play a different melody and the black shadowy tentacle that had encased him slowly begin to recede back into the ground and vanished. Spirit Eye then destroyed any trace of my circle and said that "Symbols on the ground have no power and that this land was like any other" from there we returned to his trailer, talked over a fire and shared stories. At one point in time Spirit Eye had picked up some sand from the ground and tossed it into the flame, the fire erupted and turned purple for brief while, this fire trick was impressive, though likely a parlor trick of some sort, still it was just the icing on the cake in what had been a crazy day.

From that first week on I had spent many months learning and sharing theories and stories with Spirit Eye. I learned that he was heavily influenced by Mormon beliefs and that he was on a spiritual quest to get to a town called Brigham in Utah but for financial and personal reasons he and his family had to travel to Phoenix first and this is what had lead them to my home town of Apache Junction. It just seems that after they arrived they kind of just got trapped living paycheck to paycheck and were unable

to continue their journey. Over the time that we spent together Spirit Eye had worked tirelessly to help me to overcome my ego and pride which wasn't easy, but I also had other influences assisting as well such as Mojo, the many podcasts and talk shows that I had begun to listen such as 2-Sense and Sean Kennedy's recordings, as well obviously my friends and life responsibilities mellowed me out. It should be mentioned however that in the early weeks and months, that all was not entirely peachy with the new addition to my life, Mojo my original mentor distrusted Spirit Eye and assumed him to be a charlatan, he advised me to restore and rebuild the circle before something happened again. Which in turn caused the events to continue on as they had in the past. Spirit Eye's primary lessons to me were of oneness with nature and that all things shared the same spirit, balancing ones conscious between good and evil, understanding the nature of the soul and of the creator and other general new age or native American philosophies mixed with an odd taint of his Mormon and christian beliefs. He never taught me anything too grandiose or ever anything that one could consider epic or out of this world, he only taught me to be at peace with nature, to listen to music, to connect with myself and with others and so forth. When I would ask for hidden knowledge or so some spiritual secrets he would often claim that he believed that I had already spiritually surpassed both him and Jake a long ago, that my potential was immense and simply forgotten or sealed away within me, a claim that I felt at the time was just an excuse or cop out not to teach me. However, who knows, could be feasible.. Spirit Eye was a simply amazing and unique individual who lived with a kind heart and with a charismatic sense of all knowing wisdom about him, he has a personality that could turn any bad day around and bring joy to the darkest situations. I always thought him out of this world though he would always be the first to remind me and others that he was just a man and that all the knowledge that he knew came from spirit and by tapping into spirit and that it was a gift that I and others had equal access to, as well, he would often insist that he felt that I was there to teach him lessons rather than the other way around as I saw it at the time.

So, yeah, Spirit Eye was awesome. Jake on the other hand was a whole another story entirely, Jake was a highly confused person at the time that I had met him. Jake claimed that the apocalypse was to be upon us within the near future and that the original apocalypse had occurred five years earlier in the year 2000, but that he had fought Satan's forces during this event as a kitsune spirit called "Kindol" and that as a result of his actions in that reality he had distorted our timeline and had canceled the event thus buying humanity a little more time on this world. In as such, Jake believed that he and SpiritEye were from another dimension or timeline. Jake was certain that I was a dragon whom would lead him to find a spiritual dimensional gateway or chamber which was hidden in an ancient underground ruin within the Superstition Mountains. Jake backed up his claim regarding my purpose with a collection of nonsensical maps, instructions, diagrams and drawings that a relative of his had given him a couple of years prior. Apparently the information had been drawn into the notebook while Jake's relative was under some sort of trance or vision quest. At least that is how the story he gave me went. The main point was that I was supposedly prophesied to lead Jake to a lost underworld ruin in Superstition Mountain. This delusion of Jake's was only made worse by the fact that, oddly enough I had researched the mountain heavily before meeting him and I had already come across evidence which could loosely back up some of his theories. Because I had been able to share various accounts paranormal accounts of reptilian aliens, UFO sightings, time shifts, disappearances and a few hearsay stories of hikers who had found some purported underground ruins of some form in hollow portions of the mountain Jake was only encouraged more. The fact that I had recently researched this knowledge and was interested in that particular mountain along side of my claim that I was dragonkin had convinced Jake without a doubt that I was the dragon that was meant to lead him to his supposed hall of dimensional gates. I am sorry to say that I humored him for a brief time and in result I spent a lot of evenings staring at and meditating around various petroglyphs on the side of said mountain. Eventually I got tired of the game and said that I could not help him anymore. Shortly after I ceased assisting Jake in his delusional quest, he had a falling out with Spirit Eye and I ended up inviting him to live with me on my mothers property

for awhile.

While all this was occurring off the internet, online I had been going through some transitions and changes as well. I had found some recordings in the “For Dragons” section of the website <http://draconic.com>, and these recordings were the recordings of a new age philosopher called Dr. Wayne Dire. After listening to the “Power of Intention Seminar” that Kanis had left available on his site, I found that his views helped to put a lot of things from my life into perspective and in turn backed up or reminded me of a variety of the philosophies and spiritual teachings that I had been taught throughout my life. Hearing those recordings from Wayne Dire alongside of my recent humbling by the perceived poltergeists from my circle and the teachings that I had obtained from the collective influence of Mojo_Lahojo, Spirit Eye and Jake, I found that all of those influences combined all lead me to a life changing transition. I had suddenly found that I had finally lost or overcame the majority of my arrogance, pride and egotistical nature as a result of those combined events. However, without my false pride, I became somewhat of an even greater recluse online after considering the multiple embarrassing aspects of my “I am a god phase” and it's related occurrences. I gradually revamped my website Jafira's Lair to be less like Tysha's Lair which I had emulated and made it out to be more unique to my own personality. I then tried to downplay my draconity a bit as I had begun to realize that I had made up or assumed a dangerously large amount of what I had written. I stopped talking to Mojo and others whom I had met online and kind of just disappeared completely from the web for a good long while. I was simply so ashamed of my past pride and ignorance from the years prior that I felt that I could not show my face on the Internet anymore.

Spending less time on the Internet was beneficial however, as it allowed me more time to deal with my personal issues. Remembering the dream girl from my distant childhood I had decided to break up with Princess and search for a dragonkin mate who might recognize me and who I was convinced was still out there. I had wanted my love to be only for her. For the record however, I must point out the hurtful truth that there was never really any feelings for Princess on my end.. I did not really love her, we were never intimate and I was sort of just her boyfriend in name only.. I never took her relationship seriously. Worse so, her mother Angie desperately wanted grand children and often pressured her naive daughter to sleep with me alongside of implying to me that I should sleep with her daughter. Princesses mother would go out of her way at times to orchestrate a variety of situations to try to influence intercourse between me and her daughter and I am sure that most men reading this would say “Dude! Why didn't you go for it?” But seriously, I respected Princess enough not to, I did not have feelings for her and intimacy of that level required emotion and love in my view, so I would not hurt her like that. Thus as stated, I broke up with Princess. The break up had many reason, my search for my dragonkin mate Rikara, Princesses control freak mother and of course my own lack of emotions for her. Thus, we broke up. Princess as you might imagine did not take it very well which was to be expected and breaking her heart was one of the hardest things that I had ever had to do.., but life goes on.. Thankfully Kyrle had aided greatly in supporting both parties during the break up as she spent her time going back and forth between us and doing damage control. Sadly due to the fact that Princesses mother had microphones and cameras recently installed and scattered outside and inside of their house she was able to frame Kyrle in the eyes of our group as having somehow conspired to break us up for her own personal gain. Let me set the record straight, the accusations were not true, I came to Kyrle for help and Princess was her best friend. Still, the facts did not stop Princesses mother from using her surveillance systems to seed discontent and turn our group against ourselves and so thanks to my break up and the bed ridden mothers quest for vengeance, needless drama ensued for months.

Shortly after I broke up with Princess Jake decided to invite himself into their household and move in. He scraped everything of value from an old camper trailer that he had been living in and left it

abandoned on my mothers property. He then moved in to Princesses house. There he shared his beliefs and ideas with my friends and grew close to them, gradually integrating their live action role play sessions into his questionable spiritual views and quickly asserting himself as a member of our group at Princesses household. At some point around this time I was asked if I would show everyone in my group to my secret oasis in the desert. I agreed to do it and lead Princess, Kyrla, Kisai, Kyo and Jake on an “expedition” to my little forest. All the while during the trip Jake the self proclaimed kitsune god shared his beliefs with Kyrla whom also identified as a kitsune-kin. This interaction concerned me a lot and although the two of them often sought to be alone I was always nearby watching. I didn't need him infecting my friends with his delusions of grandeur. Besides, they already had enough of such delusions from me, two egotistical freaks would simply be a bit too much. Over time I became increasingly perturbed by Jakes delusional mindset and his influence over my friends, as well, you can likely see that I was being a bit jealous. I kept very close tabs on his activities during the time that he lived at Princesses house. During this period, Princesses mother had attempted several times to hook Jake and Princess up in the hopes of finally getting the grandchildren that she so desperately sought. However Jake always refused her requests and like myself had little interest in bedding Princess, this upset her mother greatly, and so, one night it was rumored that Princesses mother Angie had caught Jake being intimate with a cherished fox plushy which he had claimed was spiritually linked to his mate. Whether or not the rumors were true I do not know, Princesses mother was spiteful and highly manipulative with a dozen cameras and microphones everywhere. It could have been true, but still, to be realistic it was likely just a BS excuse to get rid of him. Regardless of what the truth may have been she eventually called me into her room and requested that I get rid of Jake for her, she did this because she knew that if she did it herself it would upset Princess.

I visited SpiritEye whom I had earlier assisted in moving into a nearby apartment complex and had informed him of Jake's recent activities and the accusations against him. He spoke with his wife Becky and the two of them decided that they would attempt to have Jake committed. They proceeded to contact Jake's parents to have them come down and retrieve their son. Jake's parents agreed and would be arriving in a couple days to pick him up. Thus, it was time for me to confront Jake and let him know what had occurred. I returned to Princesses house that evening, waited until sunset and took Jake for “The Walk”. I took him on a walk around Princesses housing complex and to a nearby park were I informed him of the grievances against him, what had been decided and that he should prepare to leave. This conversation was of course done in a way that absolved me of any blame and transferred the guilt entirely on to Angie, Princesses mother. This kept the friendship between me and Jake intact as I didn't hate him, he was a very good friend and I loved him, I was simply tired of the drama that he caused, at that time I was attending college and still worked at multiple part time jobs, I just couldn't be babysitting someone who was several years older then me.. Jake's parents eventually came and got him and that was the end of my ordeal with him, sadly I never saw him again thereafter.. and from there on, life got much quieter and a bit less complicated.

For the most part not much happened for a long while after Jake's departure. SpiritEye eventually got a room mate for his apartment, a fellow named Nate but calling himself The KramMan. Quite quickly the two of them begun a small weekly podcast aimed at discussing local Arizona events. I at the time enjoyed talk radio and often listened to podcasts such as 2 Gryphons 2-Sense, Sean Kennedy's Newsreel and various other alternative news outlets most of which dealt aggressively with world events and were liberal towards social issues. In as such I found the Kramman's web show to be fairly primitive and uninteresting in comparison to what I was used to. I would try to give constructive criticism on a few occasions but it was seldom taken. My personal opinion of their shows poor quality is today validated in that both their show and it's former website Kramman.com both no longer actively exist on the web. But as evidence that I am not making this all up, there was one episode of this podcast

that was dedicated partly to me. The title for this episode was “Kramman-A Dragons Tale” and it was released on September 6th 2005. I have a copy saved and it is available upon request. There were a few other episodes of their show in which I was discussed or mentioned however mostly it was just the two of them briefly referencing me in regards to how fast or destructive that I was on my bicycle. Having watched SpiritEye and the Kramman working on their podcast and under the grounds that I personally listened to several other podcasts daily, I was briefly inspired to attempt to create my own podcast “DragonTalk”. My goal for the show was to just have my three dragons act crazy, I would discuss philosophy with Veltra, Jokes and commentary would be shared by Jafira and the paranormal news would be read by Korageth. Thus, one night in a mad sugar-rush I made a half hour prototype recording. However everything went horribly wrong, my recording got corrupted with multiple lags and static and I had nothing to talk about so I just sort of ended up reading crap from my own website and looking at pictures on my hard drive while attempting to describe them to the listeners in a pitiful fashion. My dragon voices sucked and it was in every way imaginable, just awful... My prototype podcast Dragon Talk was hilarious only in that it was such a terrible failure. I vowed that it would never see the light of day and gave up immediately for the good of all mankind. The moral was that making a talk show was a lot more work then one may think at first glance, I guess one can not simply grab a microphone and make it work.

Life carried on mundanely from there. I quit my part time jobs in favor of a full time job working in a warehouse for my local school district and when not working I focused on my college education. Around or between the years of 2006 and 2007 Spirit Eye had become increasingly upset with being trapped in my town as admittedly Apache Junction Arizona is sort of a money pit and a slum compared to the neighboring communities like Mesa, Scottsdale and Phoenix. So, in order to allow Spirit Eye to avoid rent and instead pool his finances together I had allowed Spirit Eye and his family to move into a motor-home on my mothers property. It was originally a bus that had been converted and was purchased for me as an investment by my mother a few years prior. Once Spirit Eye had successfully moved onto my mothers property he begin to scrap what little relevant materials remained from Jake's old camper and got him and his family happily acclimated the best that he could into the cramped confines of my bus. Over the time period that he was with me I gave Spirit Eye a fraction of every paycheck that I earned and over the course of a few months I had given him roughly five hundred dollars. Armed with the money that I had given him and that which he had saved and earned on his own, he prepared a van that he had bought for his family for a long journey. Around the April of 2007 Spirit Eye gave me all of his material possessions, we shared a final lesson and a prophecy was given, and then with a tearful farewell, he traveled across the country to Florida to investigate integrating into a reservation.

I heard from Spirit Eye some months later that things did not work out very well in his new home, as crime was apparently high in his area. He lived in Florida for several months and then after giving me a wild tale about his van having been destroyed by a Molotov cocktail during a family outing, he claimed that he had apparently saved up another small fortune and moved once again. This time he moved to Brigham City Utah which was his original destination from the beginning. Once he had moved to Utah he contacted me and I was told that he had been reunited with Jake. According to SpiritEye, Jake was placed under his care after having apparently been captured and interrogated by Canadian border polices outside the province of Alberta. Apparently Jake, fearing an impending apocalypse had armed his truck with several weapons and had attempted unsuccessfully to flee America and sneak into Canada. After telling me of these stories Spirit Eye had warned me that his phone number would soon be changing and he promised me that he would contact me with his new number when that time came. However, he never did.. At some point several months after having lost contact with him I had received a picture message of what I believe to have been his children, but the image was sent from an

anonymous number, “unknown name, unknown number”.. Other than that possible image of his daughters I never heard from Spirit Eye again.. My Emails to both Spirit Eye and Jake went unanswered, their old phone numbers were disconnected and changed. I have been unable to track them down ever since. Every once in a while I will search online unsuccessfully for any images or signs of activity from them but with no success. With the exception of the videos, pictures, audio and possessions that I had obtained from him and his family over the two or so years that I had known him, there is really no proof that he had ever even existed, it was as if they just vanished without a trace.

As an aside. I kept an extensive journal of everything that I did involving my desert Spirit Circle and there were quite a few adventures concerning SpiritEye, Mojo and my various friends that can be found within it, just remember that a majority of the journal was written from a much different time in my life and that I am not the same person today as who wrote it: http://www.jafiradragon.com/Spirit_Circle.pdf

After Spirit Eye had moved away not much new happened, just silly and stupid drama's. I continued college and during my ten hour shifts at work I listened to every podcast or audio rant that I could find, I got heavily involved in left leaning politics but purposely listened to right wing conservatives in an attempt to balance my opinions. Eventually I got fed up with politics and listened to a lot of spiritual and philosophical (new age) shows until I also got tired of them and moved on to paranormal and conspiracy crap before finally ending with podcasts on history and listening to audio books and fantasy stories. I always listened to somebody talking while at work. It was always an insecurity of mine that I was stupid and behind my peers in intellect so I made my every waking moment into a constant quest for knowledge. Though, admittedly most of what I listened to throughout most of my day was biased propaganda for one cause or another. At some point one night around this period I got angry at christian intolerance concerning treatment of the gays and Muslims and had begun a project of creating my own religion framed loosely off Christianity, I started the first segment called “Ten scrolls to live by”, however due to the sudden destruction of a PDA which contained all of the long term plans and contents for my new religion I felt that it wasn't meant to be and discontinued the project.

At some point in my history of craziness my friends Princess, Kyrle and Kyo had met a fellow by the name of Sean whom had volunteered to teach them all energy work and metaphysics. I had introduced myself as a dragonkin and introduced my trio of dragons. Sean had claimed that my dragons were just demons and that I was of the dark side. I grudgingly ignored him and went about my own business and later that night when he began to leave for his home I followed him outside carrying my homemade crystal tipped staff. He insulted my dragons and spirituality some more and I, in my prideful arrogance was pleased to have finally had a rival. I was motivated by rivals as I got a sort of high off it, because of this I often tended to create one sided rivalries in my mind, this however was a real one. So, I confronted him, I pointed at him with one hand and began to spin my staff in my other hand while chanting some made up words. He began to chase towards me and was probably intending to strike me, but he was grossly overweight and began to have an obvious asthma attack. Sean somehow crawled back to my friends house and literally cried to my girl friends claiming that I had done a powerful and potentially fatal energy attack against him! (Hah! What a loser!) Kyrle and Princess got extremely upset and scolded me for attacking him and so I came out of my guest room and offered to heal him, however he refused to have anything to do with me. Everyone got further offended and I ended up locking myself in a room and ignoring the ruckus. Probably about a week later, this Sean fellow (who weighed a couple hundred pounds and could barely walk mind you) made a return visit and had asked Princess if she would marry him, she said “no”, he then walked over to Kyrle and asked her if she would marry him, she said “no” he then entered the other room and asked Kyo the exact same question, she also said “no”. The girls eventually got uncomfortable and came to me to demand that I get rid of the freak. So, I took Sean for “The Walk”. I escorted him to his home and demanded that he never

return to Princesses household again. The next day Princesses car tires had been slashed, but otherwise, Sean was never seen or heard from again.

Shortly after that occurrence Princess met a boyfriend online by the name of Thomas and within two weeks Thomas had moved from Salt Lake Utah to live with Princess. During the first week of his arrival, Kyrila -a moderate christian- had gotten into an intense religious dispute with Thomas who was an astute atheist. This religious argument resulted in Princesses mother Angie exiling Kyrila from Princesses household. I called BS on the action under the grounds that Angie had been out to eliminate Kyrila's presence ever since I had broken up with her daughter. I ended up packing up my belongings and moving out alongside of Kyrila, exiling myself in retribution for Angie's power-play. That night I allowed Kyrila to sleep in a guest house that my father owned on his property and I escorted her to her parents home the following day. This personal sacrifice on my part seemed to have sparked a turn of events in which Kyrila began to heavily court me into a relationship. In the beginning I strongly resisted her requests to date under the grounds that I was still waiting and desperately searching for my childhood dream girl, a blond haired dragonkin with a black dragon spirit. (Rikara) whom had existed as Korageth's prior mate. Kyrila however was persistent that I give dating her a chance.. In an effort to try to get out of dating her I gave her a devotional test, I created for her a list of one hundred goals that she would have to meet in order to be "worthy" of dating me. Kyrila achieved ninety seven of the hundred goals in under a weeks time. Now that's some love! She also designed a dragon character so as to try to relate to me better and she began drawing herself as a dragon alongside of my own dragons knowing that I loved her art style and that I was obsessed with art in general. Kyrila also drew other pictures that I requested such as me as a snake and silly things like that. Her weekly drawings got me through good times and bad and they meant the world to me. I loved her art, I loved her personality, and I loved her for who she was, her only flaw that I could honestly hold against her was simply that she was a kitsune-kin rather than a dragonkin. Seeing as how other than her kintype issue, that she was otherwise perfect for me and that we had everything else in common I eventually caved and dated her. Thus giving up on the hope of ever finding Rikara or a real dragon soul mate, a devastating decision at the time as I had been holding out hope and searching for most of my life up until that point. I had originally decided to try dating Kyrila only on a trial basis, just for a little while to see where it goes so to speak. As of this writing we have been together for several years, so I guess it was a good decision. Admittedly, considering my attraction and longing for dragons and reptile art/characters and her own personal attraction for canine and mammalian art/characters there are creative tension from time to time, but we really do love each other..

In the summer of 2007 I had been laid off from my job at the school warehouse were I had worked and I had become unemployed. Kyrila got a job at Kroger foods on the exact day that I was laid off, go figure that coincidence. Kyrila eventually moved into my mothers house with me and we survived mostly on her paychecks and on my savings. I was given my first car that year as a birthday present. Prior to receiving said car I had resisted owning a vehicle preferring to ride a bike, but being unemployed I needed to increase my traveling distance. This first car was a Black 1989 Honda Civic which was purchased with money earned by selling a motorcycle that my father had originally attempted to give me and of which I refused. I celebrated my first car by getting it decked out with various dragon decorations and then called the vehicle "The Black Dragon" It got me where I needed to go. Still, shortly after I lost my job things in my life began to quickly collapse. Upset by our exile and her mothers psychological control and surveillance grid, Princess had eloped and married her boy friend Thomas. The two of them ran away and moved back to Salt Lake City, this meant the loss of my groups primary headquarters and as a result of Princess moving away it knocked me and Kyrila out of contact with our friends Kisai and Kyo for several months. Kyo eventually met a boyfriend called Twitch whom knocked her up and that caused no end of drama. Meanwhile, Kyrila eventually lost her

job due to a short term illness.. With Kyrlla and I both unemployed we survived on my savings and spent most of our free time on educational pursuits, job hunting and working on various personal projects. I being suddenly in possession of plenty of free time, decided to once again revamp my website Jafira's Lair. In the course of redesigning the site I had discovered that I could replace the sites forum with a content manager system and in doing so, create a dragon community site as a sub domain.

Thus, I activated Dragons Valley for the first time and with a victorious pride I returned to the various dragon kin communities around the web and re-introduced myself as a more stable and mature Jafira Dragon. Sadly and unbeknownst to me the first incarnation of Dragons Valley was running on a terribly out of date programming. Within a week of opening the site begun to suffer daily hacks and crashes, many of which consumed hours of my free time. I worked tirelessly day and night to maintain the site with little success. The first incarnation of Dragons Valley survived only for a single month before going down in flames. Ironically enough, I was pulled aside at my college and informed that I had failed an essential college accounting class which would leave me three credits short of obtaining the certification that I was seeking on the exact day that my website crashed permanently. The dual failures were crushing. Kyrlla not knowing or unaware of my emotional anguish at the time had played the video game FFX-2 and ignored me while I broke down in defeat. This painful event, combined with our mutual unemployment, assorted disagreements concerning my mother and mild spiritual differences eventually resulted in several months of unnecessary fighting between myself and her.. That we stayed together at all after that first argumentative year is a miracle to me. During and throughout this extended period of fighting I still made constant and increasingly unreasonable demands for Kyrlla to draw me dragons and preferred characters, requesting a constant flow of daily or weekly artwork while I continually disregarded and downplayed her other talents. As a result of my actions back then I killed the joy of drawing for her and lost her trust. I have been punished since then in that to this very day (with the exception of maybe once every few years..) Kyrlla will no longer draw for me the artwork and dragons which had helped me to fall so deeply in love with her in the beginning. It breaks my heart but life goes on. Still, there were many good times back then as well. It was really only the summer that tore us apart, the first few months of living together and adjusting were the hardest, but we refused to give up and the fighting between us eventually ended and things got better. With one exception that is.., from time to time I would blow up and have periods of angrily and pitifully begging for her art which I admittedly just could not drop.. As low quality as it may be to some, Kyrlla's dragon art is like a drug to me, I loved how she drew her characters smiles and I couldn't get through the day without one of her doodles to spend it with, so when she lost the will to draw because of me I didn't take it easy and was very cruel.. In any case as time and the summer passed, we learned to live with each other and things stabilized. we went to Las Vegas towards the end of July of that year and had some epic adventures. Shortly after the vacation in Vegas and with a new school year approaching I was eventually rehired back to the school district's warehouse and after a couple months of paying off my accumulated debts, life got pretty good again.

Sometime near the end of 2007 and the beginning of 2008, I had begun to strongly question my draconity, particularly the aspects of my spirituality concerning my interactions and history in regards to my trio of dragons whom at around that time period had begin fading in and out of existence for some months. The overall confusion about the presence of my dragon trio was aggravating and confusing for years but I had found a balance between spiritual and psychological explanations. However, at this point in time my spiritual or psychological dilemma was worsened by continued inconsistencies in their stories, history, explanations and interactions within me. At a certain point I woke up one day and my dragon Jafira was suddenly the opposite sex, she didn't know why, Veltra couldn't explain it, Kora didn't care and I just got upset further by yet another unexplained quirk going on inside my head. Finally one night I became determined to get to the bottom of my three imaginary

dragons. I decided to meditate, to try to speak to my spirit and perhaps to find some answers within. So I cleared my mind and ended up going into this odd trance. On that night while in that trance, it was my hope to access solely the mind of my dragon Veltra and use his perceived wisdom to answer my spiritual questions. Instead however I ended up doing something else... I'm not sure what happened but I fell into this crazy all knowing enlightened mindset. While in this trance I was perceiving myself as a formless spirit outside of the physical plane and immune to the perceptions and biases of humanity. While in this trance I accessed a word processing program and typed up a seven page letter to myself and upon completion I sent copies of it to my two closest friends. I did this because while in that state of mind I knew that under my normal consciousness I would seek to cover up or deny the document that had been written. In a sense, the spirit or whatever knew that I would deny or ignore what was written so it preempted me and sent evidence to ensure that I would be unable to ignore what had occurred..

The next morning I read what I had written. The letter I wrote while in that crazy all knowing trance state started off in a good fashion in that it answered my personal spiritual questions. It more or less stated the obvious - that my dragons Jafira, Veltra, and Korageth were simply manifestations of my own personality, that my mind was fragmented, that I was psychologically incomplete and that I had to absorb the trio back into my consciousness and become a whole person again. The trance state wrote that spiritually I had indeed incarnated as a black dragon, but that all of my fictional stories and memories were false, that Kora was just a semi domesticated animal which died in its prime and that the spirit had difficulty accepting its death which is why I felt so strongly for that life and identity. The trance state strongly criticized my personal lifestyle and pretty much told me to grow up. The letter touched upon a variety of personal topics and gave me a to do list and more or less demanded a higher level of spiritual and psychological maturity from me. The letter demanded spiritual honesty in all things regardless of controversy and that all things regarding my spirituality be declared using the word perception for nothing could be confirmed as fact. All of this that had been written I could accept and agree with. However, the trance state then wrote a page worth of evidence claiming that I had once incarnated as another dragon separate from my primary spirituality. The trance letter stated that before existing as the black dragon Korageth that I had lived a long and full life as a female dragon before him. It claimed that I was blessed to have lived and experienced separate lives as both a male dragon and a female dragon. It claimed that both lives had equal evidence for their existence in my spirituality and that I had always simply ignored the female aspect. It then lectured me sternly about the importance of accepting all aspects of my spiritual self and identity and continued on to give me some new age mumble-jumbo philosophies and ended its enlightened ramblings by signing itself (or myself) with the final words of "I am all things" and "~ π "

Upon reading the document, I agreed with everything except for the female dragon incarnation claim, mostly in that I was alarmed by the possible social implications such a claim could cause for me within the otherkin community. As well, it was my belief at the time that I was already well established in my spiritual understanding of self and so I had wished not to muddy the waters with such a controversial addition to my personal belief structure. To an extent there was also the sexual factor. For years I had been accused of being gay or queer and so forth due to the sound of my voice and my vocal support for LGBT causes, I didn't need to have people attacking me as a trans-gendered perv or something of that matter due to an otherkin life fluke. Also on that subject, I am of course a male and therefore a pervert by default, so lets be honest I'd personally be very intrigued or excited by a sexual role reversal if it were fictional or artistic. With that said, as I wouldn't be adverse to test driving the opposite sex what if this supposed alternate incarnation was just a sexual kink subconsciously weaseling it's way into my spirituality? How can I trust it when it could just be subconscious perversions or something? More

importantly I felt that if I suddenly came out saying “oh, but by the way, despite saying that I was a black male dragon in my past life I was also once a separate female dragon in another more distant past life.” I feared that such a claim would somehow further invalidate my spirituality or expose me as fluff in the eyes of the otherkin community. (More so then the damage which I had already done over the past years leading up to that point.). I feared that others online would simply assume that I was just a sexually confused pervert furry further screwing up the social perception of the otherkin community.

I didn't want to embarrass myself or others with a sudden claim that I had incarnated as multiple dragons in multiple genders. Everything else that I had written while in that trance was right on the money with the sole exception of that female incarnation claim. Needless to say I was greatly frustrated by all that was happening and what I had somehow gotten myself into. I tried often to resist and debunk the claims from that letter. Still, I was mature enough to at least entertain the idea to some extent. I decided to call the possible female incarnation “Rashau” I chose the name from the list of Tycosian words I had written years earlier. Rashau translated into “peaceful life” and I felt that if she were indeed real, then it was appropriate for her. Through the advice of my mate Kyrlla and my mentor Mojo I did a few things as therapy to better accept the spiritual possibility of Rashau. I was advised to compile the evidence for Rashau from past experiences in my early awakenings and to place what I could find into a document and see if things added up. As well I was encouraged to write a story of how I perceived Rashau's life may have been lived. Kyrlla during this period drew a series of pictures in which she created multiple female versions of my dragons. Kyrlla did this partly in the hopes of getting me to be more accepting of the idea, but mostly out of playful spite in that she felt that my stress and resistance to the idea of a Rashau incarnation was sexist and that I was far too biased towards Korageth. While doing these drawings Kyrlla had drawn an entire life sequence of my dragon Korageth as a female, having a mate, being pregnant, having a family and so on. Publicly I tried to simply downplay most of those pictures or ignored them when and if they showed up online, which Kyrlla declared censorship.

Despite all of the above mentioned drama concerning that letter and the possibly of a secondary incarnation, most of the Rashau stuff happened under the radar publicly as it was just one segment of a much more extensive identity crisis that I was undergoing at the time. I was still coming to terms with the idea that my dragon trio had been false, that a majority of my public dragon spirituality was fluff, and that a lot of my spirituality, mentality and personality up until that point had been absolutely insane. I was going through a complete personal transformation as far as my world view and view of self. My friends were gone, my college education had ended in failure, my employment had stagnated, politically I was confused, emotionally I was a wreck and psychologically and spiritually I was in the process of starting over from a spiritual reset. A was in the process of a complete reset with new self exploration and understandings. For better or for worse, I censored the majority of Kyrlla's transgendered representations of me and kept what I could from ever going publicly online. Some of it still leaked on to her DeviantArt account and I did my best to simply downplay and ignore them. Overall I did my best to ignore everything concerning the possibility of Rashau being a factor in my spirituality and focused mostly on tearing down and rebuilding my website Jafira's Lair. Throughout the course of 2008 and into the year of 2009 I took what I had learned and decided to take down Jafira's Lair for a couple weeks, I looked at every page of the site and re-wrote each one as accurately as possible and then put it back online. The site had been rebuilt in a spiritually honest format, no longer did I claim that my stories, Tycosian language or dragons were fact, but rather I labeled them all as fiction. No longer did I claim my draconity as absolute truth, but rather, I labeled my spiritual beliefs as “perceptions” as in all honesty, I could only perceive that I existed as Korageth or possibly as Rashau, however I could not “Know.” My life had been filled with delusions up until that point and one simple trance letter could not change my knowledge of self so easily. For all I knew I may still have been in

delusion and so I knew that it was important for me to be honest to both the public and to myself. Despite what I believed I may have been in a prior existence my spirituality was simply my own personal perception. I was human now and that was the only truth that I had for certain, all else was perception as it was impossible to know the nature of spirit and the human mind is a powerful thing. The year of 2008 was quite possibly the most important year of my life as it was the most life changing in regards to my personal identity both spiritually and psychologically. 2008 was the year that I finally compiled my life experiences, understanding of self, and personal expectations into a more mature and rational consciousness, it is when I began to really grow up and truly get my act together. The events of that year are what set me on the course for who I am today.

The majority of 2008 was spent redesigning my homepage Jafira's Lair. When Jafira's Lair was done, I got over my depression about the 2007 loss of Dragons Valley and threw some money at some connections who could help, which allowed me to get the site back online better than ever. The new DV had a few hiccups but survived and soon became fully functional. However due to the loss of my once prideful ego I was now far too shy to properly lead Dragons Valley and it stagnated as just another dead forum in an endless sea of links. I began to slowly reintroduce myself into the otherkin communities but because I was so shy and embarrassed about my past I had great difficulty integrating and eventually gave up and returned to just lurking. Offline my life was more or less mundane, I went to work came home went to bed and repeated. The warehouse that I worked at lost funding and eventually got dissolved, after which I was promptly offered a transfer to a janitorial maintenance position. I wasn't thrilled at being a janitor, but it paid good and I had few other options at the time, the job had good benefits so I went with it. My first car the black dragon was beginning to fall apart and I was eventually forced to sell it to pay for my bills. However at some point prior I had saved up and purchased a 96 Ford Taurus, it served me well for some time until the fall of 08 when I got caught up in a wreck caused by a confused old woman driving an SUV. As a result of the wreck my car was a total loss and I got a nice insurance check out of the mess. With the money that I had received from my settlement I purchased a nice 96 Mazda Protege and had enough left over to purchase a 60GB PlayStation3 bundled with ten games. Obviously it can be assumed that I enjoyed a lot of joy riding and video games over the months to follow, so perhaps sometimes confused old ladies in SUV's can be a blessing in disguise (though I wouldn't recommend the drama).

As for my trio of dragons, whatever happened to them? Spiritually and mentally I absorbed my trio of dragons into my mind or alternatively I merged them with Korageth's personality in order to regain the dragon self, or side that I had as a child growing up. Either way, I had lost them and the ability to speak with, or share time with them. For those curious about the Rashau issue, it wouldn't go away and over the course of the year Kyrle and Mojo continued to pressure and encourage me to continue exploring my draconity. As a result of the Rashau fiasco I still had several little identity crisis regarding whether or not I should identify myself online primarily as her or as Korageth and whether or not she was really a spiritual aspect of myself or was just an embarrassing sexual quirk, eventually I decided that "though dost protest too much" and to just accept that no matter what, she was either a psychological or spiritual part of me. Although I remained agnostic about her origins I had stopped denying or avoiding the idea that she had become a part of me and my internal identity. I eventually made Rashau my online fursona, or a cherished character of sorts while leaving Korageth as my spiritual identity, in this way I had hoped to balance the two possible sides of myself or spirit. Otherwise spiritually I had been going through a minor new age kick and had discovered a segment of new age practitioners calling themselves the "Ashtar Command". I did not want to be associated with that particular group so I ceased calling myself new age and began calling myself a pagan, that however got me a good deal of criticism from real pagans and I eventually just determined that I was a spiritual person with no mainstream beliefs. As for the cursed old circle of mine in the desert? A few months after SpiritEye left

my life and a little before I had written the life changing trance letter which reset my spirituality, I had gone out to where the circle was one evening and was compelled to build a stick design around the stones. This design was a square with a diamond inside of it, with my circle of stones being in the center of the square encased diamond. After I did this, the locations phenomena seemed to have come to an abrupt and permanent end. Shortly thereafter I re-purposed my spirit circle into a personal picnic area and it has been peaceful ever since. Not wanting to forget what happened over the years, I compiled all of my journals regarding the spirit circle into a .pdf document and posted it online as a warning to others who would seek to P-shift or meddle with the unknown.

The majority of the year of 09 was pretty much the same mendacity as 08, not much of extreme interest really occurred, just more of the same personal growth that had been happening over the course of the year(s) prior. Really it seemed that 2009 came and went in the blink of an eye, literally, there wasn't really much to report on that year and everything was just a blur. But to force a short list of highlights, at one point Kisai had dressed as Kenshin from the anime SamuraiX and brought a reverse blade katana sword to a Halloween party located on the campus of our former school in which I worked, he got arrested for that and I had to help him go through the court process and acted as a witness for him, luckily he got off on a plea deal and was simply given a slap on the wrist for his blatant ignorance of the obvious fact that public schools have a zero tolerance towards katana blades on school grounds, really though, my friends are awesome. On the internet, after failing to ignite attention towards my form Dragons Valley I had instead placed myself into a position in which I had begun giving advice to newly awakened otherkin, this was good for building my own confidence but also resulted in its own unique dramas from time to time. As far as my spiritual pursuits, I meddled in Wicca for a brief period and supposedly I got possessed for a few days as a result of joining in a ritual without any experience on warding, grounding or their general protocols. Not much else to mention. At some point over the summer Kyrila had experimented with smoking, I supervised and made sure that she didn't get caught up in it, some lessons were learned from such obviously. Later Mojo visited for the Christmas of that year which had by that point become somewhat of a tradition. During Mojo's visit I, he, and Kyrila went on a small road trip to the Grand Canyon. I got to play in the snow and nearly freeze to death as a result and the trip was overall awesome and exciting aside from the fact that I, being a desert rat had little immunity to this thing called "snow", and in result whined a good deal about it's effects on my hands and feet. Unfortunately the road trip to the Grand Canyon had damaged my car and it's engine "threw a rod" shortly afterwards. There was not much else of real interest really to report from that year. Mostly my days just consisted of day to day life and mendacity. There were a lot of self explorations, some more denial/acceptance of Rashau, a good deal of paranormal research and some random video games, but overall nothing noteworthy.

In 2010 I had gotten into the habit of giving advice and helping newly awakened otherkin over the internet and towards the spring of that year I had begun speaking with a fellow dragonkin from <http://draconity.org> called Rossenod. Rossenod had spent a portion of his childhood in Arizona and over the course of the summer I gave him assorted spiritual advice and told him to follow his heart. His heart said that the Superstition Mountains and Arizona were calling to him and that he was convinced that Superstition Mountain would play a primary role in his awakening. Thus in the July of 2010 he had moved to my area. I picked him up at a bus stop in Mesa and allowed him to stay at my household for a week. Unfortunately my mother whom I still care for and support was upset at me always inviting "strangers and vagrants" to stay at our household and as deed holder she kicked him out and requested that he not return. I immediately assisted him in getting set up in an apartment nearby and the two of us spent a lot of time researching the metaphysical nature and ancient lore of the nearby Superstition Mountains. We bounced spiritual ideas off of each other from time to time and on occasion I commissioned him for art. I must also mention that a hometown hero and popular treasure hunter/miner

by the name of Salvador had moved into my household around this period. At some point in the summer of 2010, I finally decided to just go with Rashau being a true aspect of my spirituality as I had come to the conclusion that a spirit has multiple incarnations and that an androgynous spirit can incarnate into multiple forms and genders over multiple lifetimes. I decided once again that I was taking the whole thing far too personally and just decided to relax, she was now both my online identity within the art community and a part of myself within the spiritual communities.

As a result of this decision I designed a fictional fusion of my two dragon incarnations called Korashau, the inspiration of which had come to me from a dream or vision that I had during a migraine. Creating the fictional Korashau dragon was therapeutic for me and was symbolic in that my two opposing kin identities had become one. I eventually made Korashau into another persona or roleplay identity which could be used online as a means to have fun with the concept while not tainting my separate spiritual perceptions of either Rashau or Kora as individuals. I could place Korashau into any fictional situation, for example Korashau controlling the secret government of the new world order from her orbital doom fortress or leading an attack of alien war ships against the sea monkeys of Kazakhstan. I assumed that I could do all manner of silly things with this fusion hybrid without anyone assuming that I was taking my draconity too lightly as making stories and art of Korashau would not reflect negatively on my perceived incarnations as she would obviously be just a character. In my mind, by creating a blatantly fictional entity I could allow Korageth and Rashau to remain as separate spiritual identities untainted, and this was extremely important to me because in the past my fictional stories and spirituality were considered one in the same and so I didn't want my spirituality of today to be tainted by even the slightest hint of fantasy. I eventually went public online concerning Rashau by posting her fictional biography on DeviantArt, Furaffinity, and on my websites. I also attempted to draw a few representations of her and commissioned Rossenod to draw reference pictures of Korashau and both of my dragon incarnations for future artists to go off of as I would soon be considering commissioning art regularly of them. There still remained a part of me that was skeptical of Rashau, but I just accept her as a possibility and simply another part of the whole of who I am, which is what was recommended and encouraged all along.

As an aside, after spending a month or two developing and rationalizing the idea of "Korashau" for the purpose of fictional and fun scenarios, I quickly abandoned using him/her as a character and just settled on being silly with my two dragons, as I realized that I was worrying too much about others' perceptions. My idea of the Korashau hybrid form quickly changed and I instead turned the idea spiritual. I concluded that Korashau was in some ways, my "true form". That as I was once the dragon Korageth and I might have been Rashau before him, when you fuse those two aspects of my spirit together you get Korashau. So I kind of came to see that dragons design as myself, a fusion of my two draconic identities. Korashau was no longer a character but rather became myself in my mind's eye, my reflection in the mirror. The fusion design became my new inner identity.

Towards the end of 2010 I was being swamped with common questions from newly awakened otherkin, most of them asking for the same advice and experiencing similar problems. This common occurrence inspired me to create "Jafira's Otherkin/Draconity Guide" mostly in that I could refer newly awakened otherkin to whatever topic may be in question and save myself and them a lot of time. I finished my otherkin guide within a month's time and placed it online in the fall of 2010. I then took a break from the internet shortly afterwards. In the December of 2010, Mojo came to visit again as was tradition for him. Me, Kisai, Mojo, Kyrila and Rossenod spent a lot of time together exploring the mountains and enjoying camp fires. Mojo eventually left which was always saddening and life returned to mundane order as it tends to do from time to time. Briefly after Mojo's departure me and Kyrila had some more fights regarding her artwork or lack thereof which occurred naturally around every holiday

or time when gifts would be given, but overall life went on as usual. I guess sometime around mid March of 2011 I was researching some information on reptilian aliens for the sake of my own amusement and I had come across a site created by Sherry Shriner. She was a christian conspiracy theorist with a podcast who believed the sun glare in a camera to have been a second sun in which the souls of the saved would someday go to live, she believed a giant UFO (The Shema star) was on fire above her home for about two years, as well that the planets and moons hovered only over her home in Ohio, as well she believed that her orgonite had destroyed “10,000 aliens” in her back yard and would always spread the wildest assumptions or assorted foolishness. Listening to Sherry Shriner's works was awesome as I found her amusing in her lack of common sense. In many ways she made even I look normal and that was saying something. This hilariously confused false prophet had on the top of her personal website a zip folder of all of the files that she had ever made, and seeing that had somehow put the concept into my own head and had inspired me to place all of my greatest works on line. I mean after all, my life was far more insane right? As well, likely more intriguing then hers ever was or ever would be. Feeling that I had lived a unique life and believing that my experiences and accomplishments or lack thereof may be of interest to other dragons, otherkin or simply for random people. I said what the hell and decided in 2011 to create “Jafira's Collective Works” and to start this biography. (Realistically just advertisers, data-miners and the occasional psychology student would care I assumed.) But, if nothing else, meh, I felt that it was an intriguing way to introduce myself, and it was great propaganda to get my face out there and share my crazy world and experiences with others. Just remember, as crazy as I, and my life had been, the people I have met and known in my lifetime have been far more insane, in the end, this whole planet is nuts, we are all aliens to our own world.

(Ends- Age 20-26 written in 2011) <-----> (Begins- Age 26-31 Written and updated in 2016)

Although seemingly starting off very well, Rossenod quickly fell on hard times living in my area, however he was still convinced like my Kitsune-kin friend Jake had been before him, that somehow he and I had some spiritual calling to find something of supreme spiritual importance by exploring the Superstition Mountains and so we spoke of it often, unfortunately as had happened in the past nothing was discovered or encountered during any of our expeditions. Eventually he had to leave his apartment for personal reasons and it seemed that my home town was trapping him much as it had my old friend SpiritEye. I did my best to help him in any way that I could, but in time it was decided that he would leave Arizona until he could regroup and determine his next course of action. I, my friend Kisai and my mate Kyrila saw him off to a greyhound bus stop and he sadly drove out of our present lives. He was briefly replaced in my life by a writer called Bill Johnson who had lived at my home for a few months, he wrote the book “Spirits in the Mountain” regarding Superstition Mountain and had requested me and Kyrila to help him to make a book trailer while he stayed with us: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_A6KAavb1Tk, He, I and Salvador explored and researched the mountains together during his stay, but eventually, he too moved on from our lives. I also obtained a couple unique rocks “the thunder-stones” which consisted of basalt or galena mixed with amethyst and which were centered around an urban legend in my area. Lastly, I also was lead to, or checked out some unique locations in the mountains which would later be featured or investigated on a related history channel show.

Sometime shortly after his departure (perhaps around 2012) I had begun to get disillusioned with otherkinism and with my own overall spirituality. I got the sense that a lot of the dragonkin forums that I had been lurking on were becoming hostile to spiritual explanations of being otherkin and were solely pushing for a more psychological explanation. Although I do try to keep a balance between the two, I still have a strong bias that I am reincarnated from a prior dragon life, I was unimpressed by the thought that everything that had happened in my life up to this point could simply be explained away as “hey, otherkin is just an identity in your head, wear it for a time and move on”. The kin community in

which I had first learned that I was not alone in, from back in 2002 was a place of spirituality where anything was possible with faith, but now it seemed that the community I had come to associate myself with seemed to be moving away. As its members aged, magick and belief in the ability of spirit seemed to be replaced with discussions of IT jobs and the psychological origins of their kin identities. I felt it was a sort of an otherkin agnosticism or at worst, kin-atheism, the cultures direction was upsetting and foreign to me, so I gave up and slithered into my cave to live my life off line for the years to come.

Shortly before I left the dragonkin communities I passed my failing dragonkin forum off to a younger member of Draconity.org known by the name of Esshtrait. I had high hopes for Esshtrait as he reminded me of myself at his age. He seemed very spiritual with his beliefs and was very talented and creative. I figured that as I saw so much of myself in him, that he would be a good successor of sorts to pass my internet creations off to. He and a few of his friends from Draconity.org ran my site nicely for a few months, but sadly, it seems that he eventually moved on and turned out to be more of a furry than an otherkin. Without him to run the forum and with myself too disillusioned to maintain it, the features and capabilities of Dragons Valley begun to fail as the site's ancient coding begun to deprecate, it slept abandoned while it decayed and rotted over the years.

During the years that I was off scene living my life and doing my thing, there is sadly very little of substance or use to share within a "highlights of my life" biography, the past years have been dark, wasted and generally uneventful, days, months and years simply given away to mendacity as I "woke up, went to work, came home, watched tv, went to bed," and repeated such eternally. I played a lot of video games, my classic retro favorites such as Final Fantasy IV, Final Fantasy VI, Final Fantasy VII, ChronoTrigger, ChronoCross and of course, my all time favorite, Secret of Mana. I also played newer games such as Skyrim, Fallout New Vegas, Fallout 3, Divinity II and several others. Still, a lot of my life was lived in a foggy haze. A recurring trait that I had experienced whenever I denied or suppressed the idea that I was once a dragon, if I'm not true to myself, I just kind of go numb inside it seems.

Some highlights however of the years that I was mostly inactive online are that I had been very inspired by the brony community. I had discovered My Little Pony Friendship Is Magic during season 1. I had been on various art sites and continued to encounter artwork and 4chan memes of RainbowDash and the other ponies from the mane six and so I became curious and awkwardly convinced my mate Kryla to look into it with me. We downloaded the first few episodes and were hooked, we joined in on the fad about the time that episode 13 was coming out, so I may have been a little late to the party but not that bad, we remained hooked ever since. I fondly remember that during one of the first "Bronies of Phoenix" meet ups me, Kryla and Kisai had brought cupcakes, pizza and Smash Bros Brawl to the party and many fun times were had^^

During the fad I had made a couple of Pegasus Ponysona's based off my dragonkin identity Kora (a dark grey stallion with the moon for his cutie mark) and Rashau, who had a dragon wing for her mark, (though her's would be obscured by a pink cape) Unfortunately I never used the characters for anything other than avatars on Equestria Daily, which I had joined but never participated in. Kryla also made a unique ponysona for me and herself at the time and made a little roleplay family, it was quite cute but it too never went anywhere. She made her version of my ponysona out to have color traits from my two dragons and his cutie mark was a green meteor flying past a crescent moon. (A recurring scene that I've been lucky enough to observe once or twice a year since my late teens.) She said it represented my proneness to experience unique encounters in life.

So, yeah I was a brony, I'd seen every episode at least twice, I purchased all of the large vinyl pony collectibles, all the lunchboxes, all the buttons, keychains, jewelry and anything else that had a pony on

it, I was pretty awful^^ But who knows, perhaps the collection might be worth something someday. I spent the majority of my free time watching PMV's on youtube and when not watching Smosh, Pewdiepie, PeanutButterGamer or Game Theory, FlimFlamfilosophy was one of my favorite channels for the mentally advanced cartoons and for their FFVI and Skyrim Lets Plays. I was also a fan of shireclopponie's "Friendship is Witchcraft" parodies and used to visit jhallery's top ten videos every month. I listened to the crazed Ramblings audio recording of Fallout Equestria in the winter of 2014 and ended up crying like a wuss through most of it, loved the story.

In the year 2014 I had decided as a new years resolution that I would come out as a furry and perhaps pursue a place within the local furry community or meet ups. I had always considered myself a furry. The origin story of how I came to discover furies dated back ages ago. Back in 2003'ish on a site/forum called Silverdragonsden (long gone - replaced by <http://dragon-realms.net>) there was a debate posted regarding dragonkin claiming to be real physical dragons. Somebody had posted a rant by 2 The Ranting Gryphon (<http://www.ranting-gryphon.com/>) regarding the matter. This introduced me to this comedians rants and later to his podcast 2-Sense. I listened religiously to every episode and when his show ended I had moved on to Furcast and various other furry themed media, over the years I joined FurAffinity, F-List, Sofurry, Transfur, Herpy, and various other furry sites. although I was only ever active on FurAffinity and DeviantArt.

However, up until around the year 2014 I had never allowed myself to become very active in any of the furry communities due to a fear of reflecting poorly upon my personal spirituality or the dragonkin community as a whole. However as I had become disillusioned with otherkin I felt that it didn't matter anymore. Still, for the most part I never really allowed myself to participate in anything beyond listening to furry podcasts, media, or viewing the communities art etc. That said, I sadly never really made any friends or built connections, for better or for worse I just lurked as I had always done. I did however decide that I would make mild efforts to accept this interest. After joining some local meet ups in my area (off and on) I eventually commissioned a fursuit of my dragonkin identity Korageth. (strangely, now that it is done and in my possession, I have found that I don't feel very natural or comfortable in it, if anything it makes me feel ridiculous and embarrassed to wear it, I get incredibly insecure whenever I put it on). So yeah, overall I officially became a furry in 2014, artistically I have primary interests in anything relating to dragons, hydra's, snakes or raptors.

When it comes to furry artwork, I sometimes liked soft vore (snakes/dragons) although the interest seemed to come and go randomly. Mostly I was primarily fascinated with transformation art of any kind, probably because I grew up reading Animorphs. I loved the idea of experiencing existence, sensations or the instincts of alternate forms. Honestly, if I could have one superpower, it would be to shape shift myself or others at will! I loved it whenever I saw a character transformed into something new or twisted around like a pretzel, accompanying gender shift's were an added bonus, whatever was most likely to force a new perspective on to, or to mess with a characters psyche (I.E turning a predator into a prey - vice versa) or whatever pushed a character the farthest away from their natural state of being. Rawr! Draggy Likes! ^,=,^

Lets see, what else.. In the summer of 2014 I was leaving a graduation ceremony at the high school I worked at when some student ran to my car covered in blood and in a panic asked to be driven to safety, I drove him to a nearby gas station and sent him off without any questions, turns out he was covered in the blood of someone else, he had stabbed a student in a confrontation and then used me as an unwitting get away car. When I found out the next morning I went straight to the authorities and shared the information I had. (They caught him shortly after) In a similar experience a few months prior I was driving home from a store with groceries and had pulled off to the side of a road to call

Kyrla and tell her that I was coming home. As I resumed my journey I noticed somebody tail gating me. I sped up but the car behind me did the same and they followed me all the way home. When I pulled into my drive way the car behind me kicked on some police lights, I looked behind me to find that I had apparently led four cop cars on a high speed chase to my home. They approached me armed and demanded that I place my hands up and exit the vehicle, they frisked me and demanded to know who was in my back seat and that I open my trunk. When I proved that I was driving alone and that the only thing in my trunk was a gallon of milk and some cat food, they explained that somebody had been shot and that I parked my car right in front of the premises of the incident, they assumed that I was a get away car. Apparently I was real good at being at the wrong place at the right time back then.

Let's see, what else happened, In regards to vehicles I had terrible luck and went through several crappy cars and cheap lemons between the time that Rossenod left and the time that I am presently writing this. In 2014 I got tired of old cars and had bought a full featured navy blue 2006 Chrysler Concord upgraded with a bluetooth stereo and gps, It was my trophy, but.. the car costed me a fortune to maintain and during the year that I owned it the Chrysler bankrupted me, I spent about four thousand dollars trying to keep it running. Eventually it out right failed. Devastated, I took the stereo and gps out and sold the rest of it for roughly a hundred dollars. After that catastrophe I drove a large van for the entirety of 2015, until getting a primitive (yet reliable) 1999 Hyundai accent in the spring of 2016.

Those were most of the highlights of the past five or six years that I can clearly recall, as stated, I'm embarrassed by the matter, but I didn't do very much, I stagnated spiritually, socially, employment wise and in life. Oh! I did propose to Kyrla in the Christmas of 2014! ^,=,^ But I promised her that I would buy her a house before we would have the wedding. As of this writing in 2016, we are still living in a partitioned segment of my mothers home and are still engaged. Sigh..as said, I had a long period of stagnation in life, it just seemed like everything was fast forwarded. Most of the year 2015 was spent helping my friend Kisai, as his father had died and he ended up squatting in his fathers repossessed home for most of the year. Kisai did get a few thousand dollars from his fathers accounts and funds after the incident, most of which he prioritized towards beginning a transition from male to female. He / She did get out of her fathers old home and into an apartment of her own in the spring of 2016 and is now stable, working and transitioning into her new life.

Some other highlights over the years between 2011 and 2016 include the members of <http://yinglong.org> translating my otherkin guide to Chinese. Another event was that Kyrla purchased for me, my first gaming tower (Windows10, 16GB ram, six core processor, Geforce 760 Graphics card, 2TB hard drive) I had also gotten a Playstation4 for the Christmas of 2015, lets see.. anything else..? Oh, As I became sort of a recluse I developed some extreme social anxiety on the internet which caused me to run from anyone who spoke to me during those years. However, despite my self imposed exile I did still want to have a presence, so I begun placating my insatiable addiction to dragon art by commissioning amateur and affordable artist's on DA and FA whenever I could, I quickly built quite a galley of images for my two dragon identities Korageth and Rashau. - <http://jafira.deviantart.com/>

There is really not much else that I can recall which is worth writing about at this present time. Between 2015 and 2016 I met a dragonkin going by the name of Krayos Whitelyon and he communicated with me through Steam's messenger and through email, typically asking for advice and support. My interactions with him slowly drew me out of my spiritual funk. I turned my attention to the otherkin on Tumblr and what had become of the culture that I had come to call my own. I wanted to help otherkin again, people like myself, it had always been my calling. So thanks to the confidence that I had gained through talking to and hanging out with Krayos I moved on to clean up, re-color and reboot my two dragon websites, as well I begun posting every so often to social media and updated my

2011 draconity guide with some of the letters that I had written to Krayos and others. Doing that inspired me to update this biography with recent events as well. Hopefully, I plan to now ease myself back into having a place in the larger dragonkin/otherkin community again were I might be able to help, meet and befriend others like myself as my calling has always driven me to do! ^,=,^

Blargh... Yo, any artists out there, drop me a line, I'm still greedy and need my dragons drawn, I will worship the ground you walk on and will do anything you want, I promise! ("Anything" *flicks lizard tongue and winks * ^,=,~)

Come on, I need dragon art to live!! (pretends to be dying....)

Hell, In the end, everything that I do online is for attention and the hope that it will result in gift art^^

Seriously, did you read all of this? Gods.. get a life, sigh, on the plus side I'm probably (in)famous after posting this! ^,=,^

As a side note, don't you think this biography needs a drinking game? Like every time I question my gender identity you take a shot? Or something of that matter? It would be so easy to make a drinking game out of this cringe! It has to be done!! ^ ^

In any case, please send your gift art, hate mail, questions or money to Jafira1@aol.com

Thank You, and Good Night!

\ /
^,=,^

~ Jafira Dragon,

AKA: Korageth Nivano
AKA: Rashau Seriana
AKA: Korashau Dragon

“ Come on kids, you've got to have fun with your life, you only live once, experience it to the fullest, live each day as though it were your last and never grow old in spirit, you are alive, be free! ”

“May you fly high on dragon wings”

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