

*Dragon Awakens:  
The Tail of the Dragon*

*A fable emerging from the town of Jelsa, on the island of Hvar, in Croatia,  
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I.

This, is a tale that goes back many many more than a many million years ago.

It is, 'The Tail of the Dragon.'

This tale reaches way way back when, long before the Humans ever even began to think about leaving their overpopulated home of Paros, and coming to inhabit the 'barbarian' island to their North, which they eventually came to name Pharos.

But Pharos was no land.

Pharos was a dragon, a beautiful beast!

Today, some Scholars say, that the dragon had crept and crawled up and out of the monstrous Sea.

Some Scholars scrutinize that, with his wild wings, he flew in from the far Eastern Sky. But these are just tales.

For the Humans did not step a foot, neither left nor right, onto Pharos until many many moons after Pharos first came here,

to this very place. So,

how could such Scholars claim to really know for sure, about the beginnings of this tale?





The body of Pharos, the dragon, became the design of the beautiful landscape that the Humans crafted as their new home. Pharos stretched across two great king-sized beds of rock, two islands, and from his scaly green back grew deep emerald green pines and white lime rocks.

Underneath his rocky belly, underwater caves formed; deep blue caves with only a glimmer of light trickling in from outside, the cool salt water lapping on his belly. All around and on top of his scaly back, the sinuous mountain ridge cut high up into the Sky. And on the other side, where his fiery breath simmered in the glare of the ruthless Sun, the dragon's long neck sprawled and curled itself into the pine forest that gave the Humans a magnificent shade. And there, on his long tail, is where the first Human inhabitants of Pharos settled themselves.



In the generosity of that great green shade, a small miracle was formed – a circle of friends, who embodied a spirit of togetherness; A harmony like the world had never seen. Each year, the Humans would return to the tip of the tail, what they called the edge of the Earth, to celebrate life and togetherness. This celebration was a great festival with dancing, singing and smiling. Returning to the tip of the tail each year, they held this ritual to renew their friendship and harmony, which was under the protection of the dragon, Pharos, who they knew not of, and who they mistakenly thought was mere land.



## II.

One day, there was an earthquake, or so the Humans of Pharos had thought. They became frenzied with panic; concerned that their beautiful harmonious life, was being threatened by an unknown and unstoppable force.

The Humans formed a task force, and set out to the very tip of the tale of the dragon to decide what they should do. They were determined to find out where the earthquake was coming from. Little did they know that the earthquake was neither of Earth nor a quake.

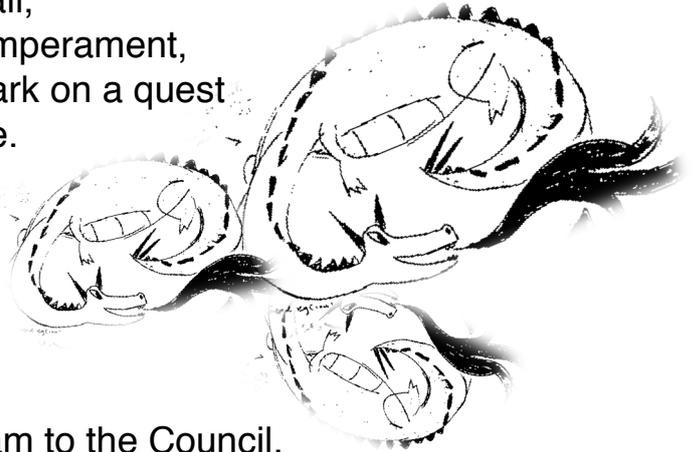


Pharos, the dragon, was called upon by the Council of Dragons and Mythical Creatures to speak at a conference about Creaturely Co-Existence. Pharos' displacement into the Sea, where he settled, was part of a social experiment funded by the Council. The funding had now run out, and the Creatures wanted their findings. They insisted that Pharos must come back up to the Sky, rejoining his fellow Creatures, to give a full report.

Pharos was conflicted. He knew it was his duty to the Council and to his fellow Creatures, to share his new knowledge; to tell tale of his experience with the Humans, who lived harmoniously on his tail. But, leaving his post, he knew, would cause a great disruption to Human life. He was scared that the journey to the conference, which was way up high in the Sky, would displace and destroy the Humans. As Pharos became scared, he shivered and quivered with worry, causing the tremors that the Humans called an earthquake.



As the Humans met at the tip of the tail, the quakes quickened, as did their temperament, straight to fear. They decided to embark on a quest to find the epicenter of the earthquake. They would set forth, up the tail and inland. They began marching through the streets, gathering more and more Humans to rally behind their cause.



Meanwhile, Pharos sent a dragon-gram to the Council, explaining his dilemma, and sending his regrets that he would not be able to attend the conference. He offered to send a written report in gusts of smoke from his nostrils, that would signal to them his loyalty to all Creatures. The Council responded with great anger and little understanding of the situation. They sent a dragon-gram in response, insisting that he appear at the conference, threatening to have him removed if he failed to appear at the conference. This put Pharos at even more of an uneven unease, and thus the 'earthquakes' only intensified, feeding and fueling the fervor of the Humans in their quest to find the cause of the this disruption to their once comfortable lives. Pharos had to make a decision: Disrupt the harmonious Human life, and attend the conference as requested; thus displacing the Humans. Or, stay put and refuse to attend the conference, thus inciting a cataclysmic creature conflict, thus risking an even more violent and destructive disruption of Human life. To him, both paths seemed disastrous.



*What would you do, if you were Pharos?*

### III.



Pharos, in his indecision, was only growing more and more nervous and unsettled. The Humans grew more and more fearful, yet more determined to solve this otherworldly riddle. The Humans doubled down on their mission, doubling in size, as the tremors of Pharos tripled in strength. As his tail twisted and turned, some Human lives were torn apart from the world they once knew. They traveled up his tail, over his spine, up and around his belly, right through his shaky and quaky gut, bubbling with bad feelings for the future. This was when and where the Humans came to realize that their existence was not what they had always thought to know to be true.

Their beloved land of Pharos was no mass of land.

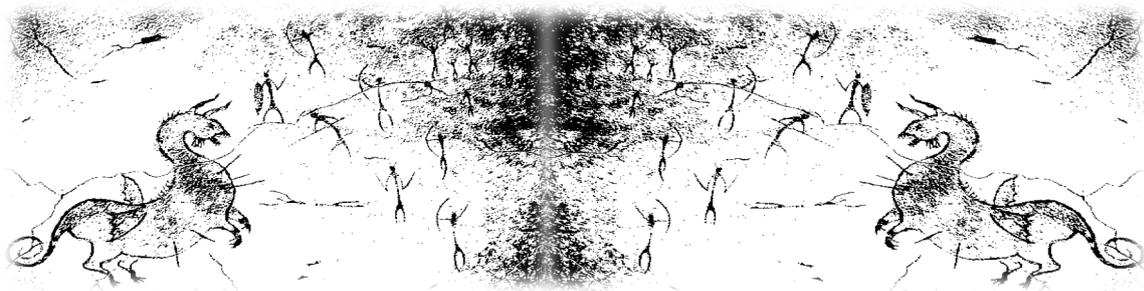
No utopian island. No! Pharos, was a living, breathing... beast!

And this beast was disrupting the life they once knew.

*What else would they resolve  
but to destroy this beastly beast?*

The Humans agreed that they must go to the heart of the beast, where they could unleash a Heart Attack. They returned to their homes to re-up on supplies, and set out to attack the heart of the dragon.

They would put down this beast once and for all!



Pharos could feel a turn in the spirit and energy of the villagers, from harmonious to hostile.

The air around his entire beastly being was becoming violent. And Time, was ticking. The creature conference was just days away.

It was now too late for Pharos to decide to attend the conference.

Carrying the Humans across the celestial skies would only pierce their pride and incite their panic.

The Humans were plagued with aggression.

The once safer seeming option was now the far riskier route.

Pharos made his decision.

He would stay put.

He must stay put. He had to.

He had no choice.



*Or, does he?*

Pharos sent another dragon-gram to the Council, in the form of an invitation, stating that he would not be able to make it to the conference, and that therefore the conference should come to him.

This cheeky chess move played by Pharos only angered the Council, boiling them up up up close to a volcanic eruption. They were furious over Pharos' disrespect! Pharos' disobedience! Pharos' disgusting display of disdain for the divine law of the code of Creature.

The Council set out with their Army of Creatures, to go and get the traitorous and treasonous Pharos, to bring him to justice!



Meanwhile, the Humans were getting closer and closer to the heart of the dragon. Pharos could feel their angry pointy marching feet stomping and jabbing him, up and down his back, under his belly and just over his heart. Their determined drumroll was driving a piercing pain straight to the center of his heart. He was overcome with pain and sorrow. He could not see a way out of this disastrous dilemma.

The depleted and drained dragon dragged his head forward, deeper into the Sea, desiring to discover its deepest depth, when suddenly, The Humans reached their final destination, entering the heart of the dragon, sending Pharos into a razor-sharp upright stance, his body and the Sun forming a shadow, his silhouette darting into the pathway of the Council and their Army of Creatures, who were marching to declare war and ready to wage their attacks. But, the Creatures stopped in their tracks. The heart-wrenching wrestling of Pharos' body caused the waves and the winds to wash over the entire world, becoming a tailspin of a whirlwind of wonder. And the entire spinning world suddenly had a moment of pause.



Pharos then spoke, on the topic of Creaturely Co-Existence:



*"My fellow dragons. Creatures. The Council. Humans. The Inhabitants of Pharos, Me. To All Citizens of the World! I have been asked, to speak with you, on the topic of Creaturely Co-Existence. As many of you know, I, myself, was an experiment created and funded by the Council of Dragons and Mythical Creatures. I was intentionally displaced. Put here. In this place. And I defied all odds.*





And that was that.

Pharos managed to bring the conference to him.

In an act of 'Togetherring,' his words put a pause on all the paranoia and panic, derailing all unnecessarily violent and aggressive intentions and actions, of both the Creatures and the Humans, and a culture of creaturely co-existence was once again possible.

Pharos led a procession, with the Humans on his back, and the Creatures following behind, forming a great parade through and around the Land, the Sea and the Sky; dancing in harmony as fellow dragons, fellow Creatures and fellow Humans, making offerings to us:

offerings of dance,  
offerings of song,  
offerings of smiles,  
smiles for miles and miles  
for many many million more  
years of many...

