

AFTER I RETURNED FROM SERVICE, SOMETHING WAS HAUNTING ME.



IN THE SMELLS AT BARBECUES...



IN OBJECTS ON THE ROADS...



IN THE NOISES AT CELEBRATIONS.

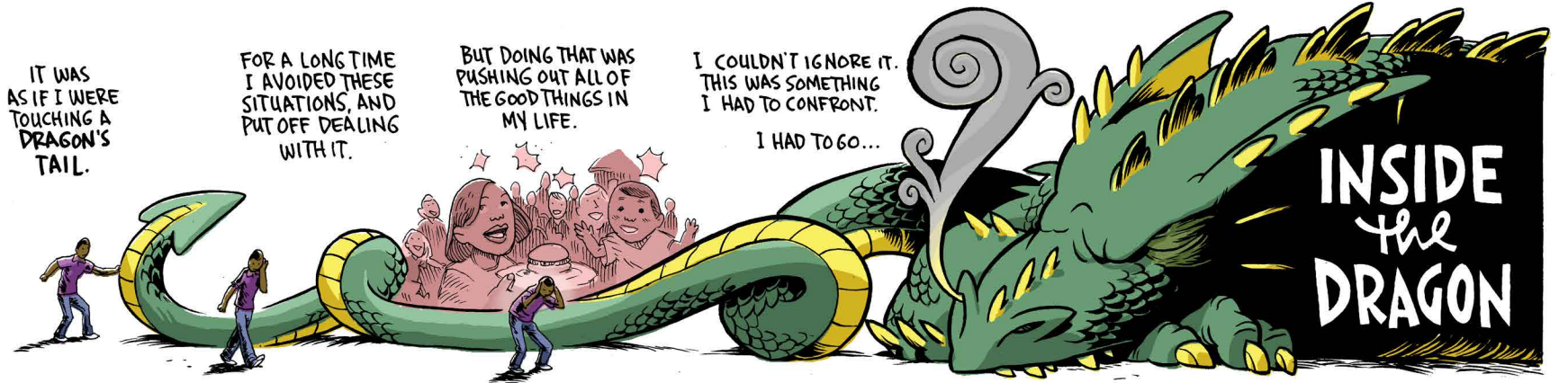
IT GOT SO THAT WHEN I ENTERED SITUATIONS LIKE THESE, I FELT AS IF I WERE GETTING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO SOMETHING TERRIBLE...

IT WAS AS IF I WERE TOUCHING A DRAGON'S TAIL.

FOR A LONG TIME I AVOIDED THESE SITUATIONS, AND PUT OFF DEALING WITH IT.

BUT DOING THAT WAS PUSHING OUT ALL OF THE GOOD THINGS IN MY LIFE.

I COULDN'T IGNORE IT. THIS WAS SOMETHING I HAD TO CONFRONT. I HAD TO GO...



INSIDE the DRAGON



COUNSELORS, FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND OTHER VETS HELPED ME PREPARE TO FACE MY FEARS, BUT...

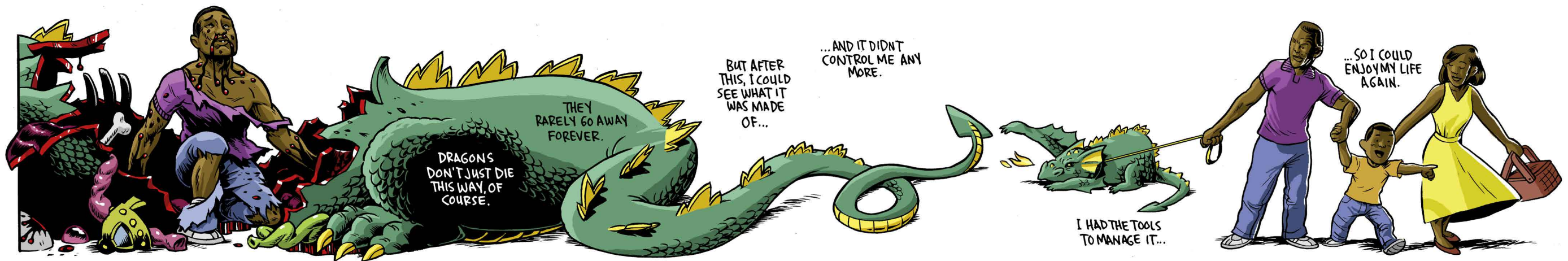
... IN THE END IT WAS ME GETTING SWALLOWED, SO I HAD TO BE READY.

THEY TOLD ME I WOULD MAKE IT OUT.

THEY TOLD ME I WOULD MAKE IT OUT.



BUT NOT AS BAD AS I THOUGHT I WOULD.



THEY RARELY GO AWAY FOREVER.

DRAGONS DON'T JUST DIE THIS WAY, OF COURSE.

BUT AFTER THIS, I COULD SEE WHAT IT WAS MADE OF...

...AND IT DIDN'T CONTROL ME ANY MORE.

I HAD THE TOOLS TO MANAGE IT...

...SO I COULD ENJOY MY LIFE AGAIN.