

© 2007 Copyright Brett Paufler

Brett@Paufler.net

All Rights Reserved

This document was originally downloaded from
www.paufler.net

And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be found

It's fiction, yada-yada, and any resemblance is coincidental

Also, might not want to try this at home. Just saying...

Practicing Magic has been known to have severe side effects.

Divining the Broken Heart

The Cynical Witch's Guide to Divination, Spells, and all that other
Witchy Type Stuff

By Eddie Takosori

Original Draft Started 7-2-07

Major Revision Started 9-2-09

Chapter 0 -- Prelude to a Kiss

(The first shall be last & the last shall be first.)

In which the object of our quest -- a one Kelly Takosori -- is
revealed in all of her naked glory. Hot! Cha! Cha!

Kelly Returns

Dinner

Bath

Bedroom, Runes, and Beyond (seashells, flowers. Three
wishes, no matter how far you go astray my thoughts stay with
you)

Chapter 1 -- I Am Not a Witch

(Think back to the golden days of Watergate and Richard M.
Nixon as he informed an incredulous nation, "I am not a witch!" If
only he'd said something believable like that, maybe they wouldn't
have burned him at the stake.)

In which the author explains in painstaking detail that he is
not, in fact, a witch. But methinks the witch doth protesteth too
much.

Personal Failure... candles, astral
Dice Cannot Predict Dice
Cards Cannot predict cards

Chapter 2 -- Nor Am I a Fool
(I mean, if it works, it works. There's no denying that,
right?)

In which having convinced you that witchcraft is a bogus art,
the author changes his mind, does a 180, and decides to put forth
that there are numerous advantages to learning the black, white, or
polka dotted arts. Hey, it's a personal thing.

In short why witchcraft
Fun for the Whole Family (Self, friends, girls)
Form and Function to Life (i.e. Ritual)
Symbolic Interpretation of Reality

Chapter 3 -- Hungry for More?
(Um, what I mean to say is, we've covered a lot of ground.
So, it must be time for a break. How about some tea? I've got
green, black, herbal, orange mist, good morning sunrise, sleepy
hollow, cinnamon spice, and lemon honey. While you decide, I'll
make some cookies. It'll be fun.)

In which

Personal revelation, the cornerstone of witchcraft
Spices are... well, the spice of life
Tea, the fine art of reading the leaves

Chapter 4 - Dreams and Visions
(Astral

Meditations
Visions
Astral & Lucid Dreams

Chapter 5 -- Bullshit is a witches best friend

Self Deception

And the fine line between lying and telling a story

Chapter 6 -- Hand Jobs: It's All in the Wrist

(Um, that seems to be poorly worded. Eh, who will notice? No one ever reads these chapter outline things anyway. So, I'm just going to be lazy and let it ride.)

Chapter 7 -- Swing 'em if you got 'em

(Do your charms hang low? Can you swing them to and fro? Can you swing them in a line? Can you twirl them in a... er, circle? Do your charms hang low?)

In which an actual divination technique is finally covered.

Charm

Consecrating

The Test

What it's good for

Chapter 4 – Dice

Eddie needs a new crystal ball. Come on crystal ball. Have I mentioned how you will get the most from this book if you do every exercise exactly as presented? I have? OK then, where were we... Oh, right. Come on crystal ball, Eddie needs a new crystal ball.

Chapter 5 – I Ching.

Having covered Ka-ching in the previous chapter, Eddie moves on to some of the more rudimentary methods of divination and why they are of limited use. (Hint: because they are rudimentary.)

Chapter 7 - Psych

I know what you're wondering, did he really mean psyche, is there a missing e? I'll be honest, I don't know. After all this typing, in the confusion I lost track. I guess what you have to ask yourself is, "Do you feel lucky!... Huh! Punk... Do You! Do you feel lucky!"

Chapter 8 - Dreams

About the only thing more painful and boring than listening to a scene by scene detailed recollection of someone else's dream, is listening to a poem they wrote in 8th grade.

Chapter 9 – Mindfulness

The chapter on dreams is now over, so it's time to wake up. I said, wake up. Wake Up! WAKE! UP! Good. Now, if you stay awake long enough... stay awake. It's not time for a nap. Hey. No napping. Get up! Wake up!

Chapter 10 - Gra'gl

Remember! When selling your soul, you are in the driver's seat. Gra'gl needs your soul more than you do, so drive a hard a hard bargain... get that book publishing deal you've always wanted... or whatever.

Chapter 11 – Energy Manipulation

Lots of folks, especially white witches, get caught up on the name of this one. There is nothing devious, deceitful, duplicitous, or underhanded about manipulating energy... or at least that's what Gra'gl says.

Chapter 12 – Charms

No. Not Kelly's feminine wiles. We're talking about the other type of charms... no not that other type, the other other type.

Chapter XX – Superstitions & Omens

Why black cats are really evil witches, ladders are out to get you, and opening an umbrella indoors is the quick road to ruin.

Chapter 14 – Tarot Cards

A serious no nonsense chapter that shows you how to cast off the shackles of covently oppressors and create your own destiny!

Destiny, tarot deck... same difference.

Chapter – The End

It is essential to understand that any ambiguity or seeming contradiction in the foregoing manuscript is due to the ignorance of the reader and in no way reflects on the incompetence of the author.

DANGER! DANGER! DANGER!

Witchcraft is the work of Gra'gl. It is evil!

Wait, did I just say that? Ignore that.

Instead, please heed the following advice:

This is not a book on herbalism. Before undertaking the use of any herb, spice, or other foodstuff, seek professional guidance and advice... at least pick up a book on herbs. This is not such a book. The author knows squat about herbs... or apparently writing a convincing warning statement.

Do not sell you soul to Gra'gl. It may seem like you are getting a good deal, but it never works out. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as advice to sell your soul to Gra'gl... everybody knows you'll get a better price out of Yr'goth...

#

Chapter 1

Suckers!

Um, er... I mean welcome to the book.

A white witch is someone who is delusional about their arcane powers (i.e. someone who lies to themselves about what they can accomplish via witchcraft).

A black witch is someone who uses the trappings of witchcraft to deceive others for personal gain (i.e. someone who lies to others about what they can accomplish via witchcraft).

A steel witch is someone with the ability to cut through the bullshit and reduce witchcraft to its core components and raw methodology (i.e. someone who can see witchcraft for what it really is and what it is not).

Ready? Yippie! Then let us start!

Close your eyes, exhale, and relax. Forget everything you know and everything you think you know about witchcraft. Forget it all. Close your eyes, let out a deep breath, and relax.

Are we ready? May we begin anew?

Then let us start on the right foot and the right foot is the one without preconceived ideas about the grandeur of witchcraft. Maybe it is time to breath again. Close your eyes. Let your breath out. Push the air all the way out of your lungs till there is nothing left, and let go. Just for a moment BE. You can call it meditating if it makes you feel better. You can call it clearing you mind, focusing your psychic energy, gathering your spiritual resources together, or you can be honest, forthright, and call it what it is: breathing. Take a moment to focus on your breathing.

Heed it well, focused breathing is the first unwritten step in many of your more traditional minded spells. For example:

Hale'Aka'lalalene's Spell for Dissipation of Anger

Close Eyes

Breath Out – Expel all air out of lungs, till there is nothing left

Breathe In – Take a good full breath rejoicing in the

fact that you are still alive and hence are even able to take a breath.

Repeat until anger dissipates and/or annoying apprentice leaves room, cleans up mess, or explains excessive charge on Visa bill.

Notes: Do not close eyes while driving! (Duh!) If still angry after a count of ten full even breaths (with no cheating), you may wish to employ Hale'Aka'lalalene's Spell for Turning Annoying Apprentices into Flying Toads, though if this last spell is utilized you should be aware that depending upon your locale, there may be some legal ramifications... like patent infringement and royalty payments due and payable upon use. I even hear tell that some of your more meddling do-gooder pure a driven snow white witches consider this spell murder, and this just goes to show how delusional those witches are. I mean it's clearly a transmutation, not murder... and besides, we're talking about apprentices... anyway, to avoid any of your more militant covens labeling this little tome a dark grimoire (or paying Hale'Aka'lalalene any royalties) you won't find that exceeding useful but highly controversial spell anywhere in this book.

I hope you can tell the difference between BS and witchcraft. I like BS. I think it's fun. It's probably what attracted me to witchcraft in the first place... well that and the power, the glory, and the midnight orgies... Not that I ever got invited to a midnight orgy or even a late afternoon orgy, but then I always figured I was doing something wrong... maybe if I parted my hair differently, wore a different shirt, or refined the words of power I used in my...

Magical Spell for Picking Up Girls

Take Shower, comb hair, shave, and put on deodorant.
Find clean shirt and underwear that doesn't smell too

bad.

Cross fingers.

Troll the local mall.

Walk up to youngest, hottest, and sexiest (e.g. sluttiest dressed) girl and say, “Want to go back to my place for a magic broomstick ride?” while leering steadily at her cleavage.

Step back to avoid slap from the feisty young vixen as spell unexpectedly fails yet again.

Try new pick up line, “How about you me and eleven of your closest friends summon the beast tonight... baby?”

Jump back to avoid (flirtatious?) attack while keeping the playful banter alive by saying, “Hey. I’m an experienced Warlock here. You’re going to have to move faster if you want some of this.”

After large, hulking, behemoth size boyfriend appears out of nowhere (... like magic?) and asks, “Is there a problem?” decide discretion is the better part of valor and walk away (depending upon exact circumstances you may wish to run).

Repeat as needed until legs get tired, face gets sore, or security escorts you from mall.

Note: Like I said, I’m still working on this one. I think the problem is the shirts I’ve been buying. They’re probably not loud enough. The point is, you might need to tweak the spell a little to suit you own needs.

Anyway, there might be a line or two of BS in this book--to throw off the insincere--but I’m assuming that being gifted with common sense you can differentiate between the diamonds and the rough. Like this little section, this is one of those diamonds.

At the beginning and the end of it all, this is a book. And I am an author, or at least that is what I tell folks after I ask them if they “want fries with that.” As an author what I want to do is write a best selling book. This is my motivation. It is important

understand and accept other peoples motivations for what they really are and not believe the lies they will be more than happy to tell you (especially those delusional white witches). So, my motivation is writing a book. Why? Money. It's simple, easy to understand, and it's not some load of crap like pretending I care if you become a white, black, pink, or blue witch. Believe it or not I didn't meet Grendel the Mighty in the Seventh Realm of the Twilight Kingdoms where and when he instructed me to write a book so I could spread his message to humankind and help usher in the Golden Age of Aquarius. It was a lot more like at the end of another pointless shift at a fast food restaurant, my hair, face, and lungs full of grease, I looked around and realized I needed to get another fucking job. "This place is killing me."

That too is a lie, but we won't get into that. The point is I am an author. From the start, my motivation has been to write a book that will sell. The fact that you are reading this book means that long ago some agent read this book, thought it had potential, and sold it to a publisher. The publisher in turn printed the book and then (and much more importantly) used their connections and distribution network to place the book onto the stores store shelves, where you dear reader eventually found it. Being brilliant, absolutely brilliant, you immediately realized this was the book for you, bought it, took it home, and are even now studying it intently.

Yeah, yeah. Great for you. Excuse me if I don't get excited. You got the book of your dreams, but what did I get? We were talking about me, the author, after all, the single most important link in the chain of events that delivered this marvelous, life changing, magical manuscript into your hands. So what happens to me? After the bookseller, publisher, agent, editor, and countless other parasites (just kidding... but no not really... parasites pretty much covers it), after everyone else has taken their bite, exactly 25 cents from the purchase price of this book that goes to the author.

What this means is that as a writer I'm actually making less money than I did when I flipped burgers for a living... and as sad and pathetic as this fact may be, it is not what I wish you to

remember. What I want you to remember is that my cut is 25 cents, so at some point should you come to the (misguided) conclusion that this book is full of two bit advice, I just want to remind you that's what I got and as far as I'm concerned, that's all you paid for.

#

Chapter 2

Palmistry

How a Rosy Palm will help you see the light, but a Knuckle Sandwich will only leave you hungry for more.

There was a time long ago, before I served my Seven Years on the Council of Seven, before I was thrown out of the City of Dis for setting up an orphanage, and before I successfully petitioned Froggy into changing the name of his abode from the Temple of the Monkey God, which was a wee bit misleading, to the Temple of the Frog King... no before all this. Before I became ruler of all I surveyed, Master of Night and Day, King of Destiny, and Ruler of the Stars: there was a time when I did not know the Secrets™® and was but a mere human. Awful thing being a human. I shudder at the memory, but there it is, the sad, despicable truth.

Now, whilst I was human lad of 18, I decided to go on a vision quest and travel through the realms in which I lived to see the sights and learn what there was to, you know, learn. This was a long time ago. Back in those days no one had invented the term homeless yet, so me and my compatriots called each other bums, hobo's, hitchhikers, transients, and wanders. Many the romantic evening and cold rainy night I spent under bridges with self proclaimed trolls, elves, aliens, and bums, along with other representatives from the underbelly of society. It was during this time that I worked out a system of palmistry.

I had time on my hands as it were. Get it? Time on my...

hands. Huh? Fine. Whatever. Don't laugh.

The point is, I had enough time to gaze at my hands for long stretches of time multiple times each day. I seem compelled to add a joke about how I would look at my hands, cup them over my eyes, and sob quietly to myself about the deplored turn my life had taken, but the simple fact was, I was happy... I even wrote a song about it:

I'm So Crazy

I'm so crazy

I'm so crazy

So fucked up

So screwed up

Insane

Completely unhindered by rational thought

Logic and sanity I've naught

Because I'm so crazy

I'm so crazy

Just dreaming my life away

Well, in retrospect it might not seem like a happy song, but it was at the time. First of all, it's sung to the tune of I'm So Happy so it has a merry little beat and secondly I always had a smile on my face whenever I sang it, because if you can't laugh at yourself you probably don't have an accurate self perception--something that we won't get into at the moment, but with any luck we'll cover that before we reach the end of the book.

The point is, I had all sorts of time... to look at my hands and develop a system of palmistry. Now, I know most folks go with life lines, love lines, and _____? Well, I don't even know the names of the lines. I don't care. I actually don't know which line is the life line. Not that it matters, it's a bunch of bullshit. Now before you get all in a huff about me calling it bullshit, maybe we all should take a deep breath. We worked on this before. Let all the air out of your lungs. Let all the things you think you know

about palmistry leak out of your brain and let yourself become an empty vessel. Then take a deep breath. Let the world become fresh, alive, and renewed and accept the fact that life lines have no meaning. If life lines had any meaning, we could just do a palm reading on soldiers before they went off to battle and only send the ones with long life lines off to fight, because they would be assured of living through the war... or maybe we'd just send the ones with the short life lines because it really wouldn't matter one way or another if they died anyway. No matter which way you think would be best, we don't actually do either because the length, pattern, and interaction of the lines on a persons hand are not in fact predictors of anything. Nothing. Nada.

Anyway, way, way, way back in the day when I hoped with all my might that the world was otherwise than it is, I developed my own unique system of palmistry... because if you are going to try and sell it down the line, it helps if your system is unique and copyrightable. Not that it was unique... Well, I'll let you decide.

I started by assigned values to the different fingers.

Thumb = Personality, Me, Ego

Index = Direction, Motive Power

Middle = Emotion (Do I have to explain why?)

Ring = Health

Pinkie = Psychic Ability (Have I ever mentioned that my pinkie is over two feet long... and you know what they say about the size of a guy's pinkie.)

It was more complex than that, but it was a long time ago. I don't remember the details. The tips of my fingers represented things happening now. Further down, it was later in time, or maybe it was earlier. I could try to rebuild it, but it really isn't important. It was gibberish that I made-up on the fly. The important fact is that every hour or so I'd spend a minute or two looking at my hands and this remains the single best exercise a person can do in an effort to study the hidden meaning of their

hands... You know, if you want to study your hands (i.e. learn palmistry), then spend time looking at (i.e. studying) your hands might just be key. Anyhow, after careful observation day in and day out, week after week, month after month, I came to the startling conclusion... Da-Da-Dahhh! The wrinkles in my hand weren't changing. What did change were the little blisters, cuts, scratches that everyone gets, the length of my nails, the ebb and flow of calluses, and things like that. It was these little transitory blemishes that became important to me. A little nick on my ring finger meant something was up with my health.

It gets tricky in a second, so just do your best to follow along with me. As I said, this is very, very complicated. One day, probably whilst drunk and therefore heavily engaged in my vision quest, I cut my ring finger. It was a substantial cut. I spent the next few days pondering that cut. What did it mean? This cut on my health finger... could it be? Was I being sent a message from the void? Yes! Yes, I was. It became obvious to me after a bit that the message I was being sent was straightforward and unambiguous. I had a cut on my finger. That was the message. In an effort to alert myself to the fact that I would be cutting my hand sometime in the future (and/or the present), I had subconsciously cut my hand. It was a breakthrough... and quite quickly after that I realized I didn't want anymore messages that involved bodily harm and abandoned the system.

What does this have to do with absolutely anything you might ask. Normally, I smack apprentices when they ask impertinent questions like that, but seeing as how you've paid your two bits and I don't know where you live, I'll forgive your ill advised outburst. In fact, I might even answer the question.

In the end, I believe that ALL DIVINATION, not some, not part, but ALL DIVINATION is a communication between yourself and your unconscious (or if you prefer, the unknown). In my palmology example, I had set up the means for my unconscious to communicate with my conscious through cuts, bruises, and random

nicks to my hands. The bigger the nick the bigger the warning. After I had cut my hand and divined its meaning, I realized immediately I did not want any more communications from my unconscious in that manner. This is a bigger problem than one might, at first glance, realize. It's easy to comprehend how hand injuries might not be beneficial, but the same problems arise from tarot cards, charm pendulums, or other divination techniques, yet the consequences can be much harder to see. If you do a tarot reading on yourself before a date and you heed its advice, you WILL effect the date, which is perhaps unfair to yourself and your date, because your reading will be, most assuredly, to some degree inaccurate. We'll come back to this in the next section on pendants, but for now, take my word on it. Divination is not a science. It is an art, which means it is subjective, open ended, and ambiguous.

Now, back to palmistry and why I'm a good... no, did I really just say good? Forgive the slip. I meant GREAT!!! So, back to palmistry and why I'm a great, world renowned, could search the astral plane for ages and never find a better, in a class by himself teacher of the art.

To do so, let's go back to the very beginning of my quest. At the start, as I was creating my palm reading system, what did I want out of palmistry? The answer is simple. What I wanted was to be able to look into my own hands or someone else's hands, and while I was staring into their palms, see a vision of their future. It was supposed to be like a little TV (or I suppose these days a little computer screen) showing a vignette from the future. You know, like when Dorothy is taken prisoner by the Wicked Witch in the Wizard of Oz and she stares into the crystal ball and she sees a vision of her aunt. Well, that's what I figured looking into someone's palm was supposed to be like. Um... trust me. It doesn't work that way.

It's nothing like that at all. Visions, life lines, foretelling the future, it's all crap; it's all lies. You want to be able to read a palm

like a pro? Then here's what you do.

Palmistry Made Easy

a.k.a. The Hand Job

Breathe out. Relax. Calm your mind.

Start with your own hand. Hold it in front of you.

Regard it. Look at it.

Touch it with your other hand.

Stroke the fingers. Feel the skin.

Do this lightly.

Notice the skin. Is it dry? Worn? Rough? Callused?

Notice the nails. Are they long? Short? Cut? Bitten?

Go up and down each joint.

Gently feel the bone and muscles under the skin.

Regard the hand. Regard what it is capable of.

Do you like holding the hand?

Are you friends with the hand?

Is this a friend you would like to get to know better?

Blow on the hand. Stroke the hand.

In a very literal sense, make love to the hand.

Be aware of the hand and as you do this.

Let the hand become your universe

Do this to your own hand. Do it for both hands. Repeat this procedure a couple of times a day for the rest of your life or until you are sick and tired of the exercise. If you are bored, palmology is either not for you, or you're not doing it right, but trust me, knowing which ridge is the life line won't make the experience any more real or intense.

While you are doing this, there are two important goals to consider. The first is to be aware of the sensations in your hand. What aspects of the Ritual of Touch do you enjoy? Practice on yourself, so you may incorporate these enjoyable facets whenever you do a... reading for others.

The second is a thing called focus. Focus is an important

trigger word. We'll get into focus in more depth later, but for now I'll just mention there are two parts to this. The first part is made up of that which is helping you focus. It can be a wand, a candle, a tarot card, or in the case of palmology, the focus is a hand. So, focus on the hand... at hand... Yuck! Yuck! Oh, I cut myself up.

Anyhow, where were we?

Let the sensations of the hand fill your mind. Concentrate on the hand. Focus on the hand, using sight, touch, smell, and if the hot number your doing a reading on will let you, taste. Enjoy the hand. Be the hand. Let these inputs fill your soul as you take long even breaths. You are concentrating on your breathing, right? Don't make me find out where you live. The first part of every spell is breathing deep. So, take all that is the hand and breathe it deep into your soul... yadda, yadda, yadda.

Look you have a mind. Reading a palm is simply a matter of keeping the hand centered in your mind as much as possible. It's easily said, but herein lies the trick: since you are a human, you will find that your mind stretches beyond the hand and wishes to incorporate more. Call it boredom. Call it the limitation of being a sentient creature. Despite your best efforts other thoughts will sneak up on you, ideas, flashes from the edge, impulses from the beyond--telegraphs from the Third Consulate on Digital Imputitis... It is in these thoughts that come unbidden into your mind that you may find insight... but in truth do not expect much. We are talking about a hand here.

I, Eddie Takosori, advisor to Frog Kings, Templar of the Vast Stretches, Panderer of Lies, and Purveyor of Prose, do tell you this little gem of a secret. When you are reading someone else's palm, the most useful bit of information you will ever divine is whether you are enjoying the process and whether this is a hand you wish to hold any further. Take the advice both metaphorically and figuratively. This is what palmology is all about.

And that my friends, it the same advice that cost King Rigel III a small Duchy in the Betel Provinces and 47,000 Alterian Malko-Bucks. And, while we are on that subject, word to the wise

about Alterian Malko-Bucks, Western Union isn't much interested in exchanging them for greenbacks, so you might want to convert to gold before you leave the greater Betel area.

#

Chapter 3 - Pendulums

How to get thrown out of any casino in Vegas.

I'm going to start this chapter with a gem, a literal jewel of a spell. It is the spell I most often employ and I have come to believe it is symbolic of the power of witchcraft, not only because it works, but because of how it works.

Finger Snap of Instant Happiness

Smile.

Snap fingers.

Smile some more.

Be happier.

Note: May lead to uncontrollable bliss. Do not exceed recommended dosage.

The be happier part should be self explanatory, but it has come to my attention that some folks get tied up on the fingers snapping part, so lets review:

Snapping fingers.

Line up top of middle finger with thumb.

Squeeze fingers together while sliding horizontally.

Sound is created when middle finger strikes palm with sufficient speed.

Note: May get better results with slightly damp hands, or after using hand lotion. Repeatedly snapping fingers may lead to pay in finger joints.

You might just already know how to snap your fingers, in

which case the foregoing instructions may prove even more useful to you than for someone who did not already know how to snap their fingers, for it provides you with a template on how I give instructions (write recipes, spells, etc.) on something you already know how to do. I'm sure there is a book, magazine article, or something out there somewhere, where instructions for how to snap fingers are gone into in great depth with photographs or sketches. You know the type of illustrations I'm talking about; a half dozen time lapse pictures showing finger A and thumb B, their relative moment to each other over time, all decorated with little white arrows and technical notations. I won't be doing that. It's snapping fingers. How hard do you want to make it anyhow? While we are on that subject, the same thought applies to the happiness spell. How hard do you want to make it all anyhow? Believe it or not, the easier you let it be, the happier you will likely become.

OK. You say you've tried my little happiness spell and it's not working for you. Try:

Good Boy.

Pat head with hand while panting like dog and saying, "Good Boy, Good Boy," over and over.

May supplement with a small piece of chocolate (or similar food item) as a treat.

And let's not forget the last part of the spell; be happier.

Note: This works best if done immediately following a successful task like casting a happiness spell correctly or remembering to breath properly before attempting a spell. You are focusing your breath first? Don't make me find out where you live.

I've been casting the above two happiness spells for years. They are simply miraculous. I'm happy to say they are pure magic. I'm thinking that they probably utilize the ethereal matrix

which surrounds us. You know, you focus a line of power between your middle finger, the one that controls emotion, and your thumb, the one that is symbolic of your Id and Ego, and you bring them together squeezing the power out of the Mystral Magical Energy Field. The resulting pop sound comes from the energy being suddenly released. From there what happens is your smile picks up the free energy and converts it into happiness by a process described in great length by Percival the Magnificent in his epic if unimaginatively titled work, Energy and Finger Snaps; Harnessing the Unseen Power.

So, that's like one explanation. Another would be that we are all simple minded folk us humans. It is difficult for our brains to distinguish between we are smiling because we are happy and we are happy because we are smiling. By smiling we trick our brains into being happy, but that is just the first level. We also like success. It's a small thing, but snapping one's fingers is a success of sorts and if that's not cause for celebration, I don't know what is. The final thought to remember whilst... whilst is a great word, it makes everything sound witchyish and medieval. Anyhow, whilst learning this spell and attuning your mind, body, and soul to it, you should practice it repeatedly throughout the day.

Turn off alarm clock – snap fingers, smile, be happier
Eat breakfast – snap fingers, smile, be happier
Stop at red light on way to work – snap fingers, smile,
be happier
Do something right – snap fingers, smile, be happier
Boss praises you – snap fingers, smile, be happier
Have fun conversation – snap fingers, smile, be happier
Eat a nice meal – snap fingers, smile, be happier
Read the greatest book ever written - snap fingers,
smile, be happier
Get a smile on your face, realize this is about the
stupidest thing you've ever heard of, and shake your head in
disbelief as you realize it is working, but after all that, don't

forget to - snap fingers, smile, be happier

Repetition is key. It's straight behaviorism out of any psychology textbook, but it works. Happiness doesn't have to be difficult... in fact it's a snap.

As useful as all that is, this chapter is supposed to be on pendulums. A pendulum is anything that hangs and swings. You can make a pendulum by attaching a string--a bit of thread, dental floss, chain, or strip of leather--to just about anything: like a ring, key, rock, charm, crystal, pencil, spoon, or, as I've said, really just about anything.

Me I tend to use an old mood ring I got from my grandfather for the pendulum's bob and a piece of thread for the string. It's a wonderful mood ring. I've had it for thirty odd years. It's supposed to change colors, but that function disappeared decades ago. On the bright side, the naked guy and the naked girl (hubba-hubba) bracketing the crystal are still there, and if that isn't about the coolest ring for a thirteen year old boy to get, then I don't know what is. So, I usually use that ring for the pendulum, but when I was playing around... er, being very serious, mystical, and witchlike yesterday, I put together a different pendulum using a small silver elephant key chain charm I got from my grandmother with a 18" long piece of black thread tied around it. Then I played... er, spent time being very mystical and witchlike.

Engaging in witchlike activity with a pendulum is very simple. You just hold the pendulum between your fingers. Granted, this gets boring pretty fast, as the pendulum just hangs there, so you might want to give it a little swirl. Now, traditionally there are two types of motion a pendulum can make: going back and forth in a line, or rotating around in a circle. If you wanted, you can expand that even further by the direction of orientation, the magnitude (how high the pendulum rocks), spin, and rotation, but I don't bother with those subtleties. I adhere to the:

Tradition of Two

X, / = Linear motion = No (that option is crossed out)

O = Circular motion = Yes (that option is open)

It's easy to remember. Motion in a circle is like the letter O, and that signifies OPEN, which means YES. I don't even want to hear about how the O could just as easily be the O in NO. It's not, so let it go. If I seem a little short and snippy around this topic, it's because after Seven Years on the Council of Seven, I'd about had it with their Seven Characteristics of this and Seven Factors of That. Life does NOT need to be complicated. Circular motion means yes. Linear motion means no.

Not to belabor the point, but I'm only going to cover Yes and No. It's a two bit book after all... Get it? Two Bits... Yes & No: they're two bits. Fine. You don't like the joke, forget it. The point is, I'm only doing yes and no. If you want to get fancier than that, your going to have to figure it out yourself, or call the customer support number that came with your pendulum.

Qualifications aside, on with the show. Here we are again holding our pendulum. You might want to ask it a question, which seems kind of stupid, because I would never ask my ring or house key a question, but you attach a thread to this inanimate object and all of a sudden it's supposed to be smarter. Don't ask me the logic behind this. Anyhow, you hold the pendulum and ask it a question. A good first question is "What does a Yes answer look like?" If it swings back and forth in a straight line, it's defective, and the only thing to do is make another one or return it to the store where you bought it. If it just sits there, it may be shy, or having only moments before been a door nail (or whatever), it might not really be with the program, so show it what a yes answer looks like. Just sort of jiggle your hands to get the pendulum in motion. Once you are satisfied that both you and the pendulum know what yes looks like, do the same thing with no by saying, "What does a No answer look like?" Once again, if you get anything but a straight line, the pendulum is defective. Get a new

one.

You may have noticed I have a certain lack of respect for modern day pendulum technology. It all goes back to pendulum training, you know the process of teaching a pendulum what a yes or no answer is, and the tradition of giving a pendulum a little jiggle to start it off at the beginning of a session. Some folks call this training. Some folks call it cheating. Some folks call it by the more accurate description of self deception.

All the same, let's pull back for a second. I must admit, I'm amazed as the next person whenever I watch a pendulum in my hand start swinging spontaneously in a circle. "What? I am going to be a world famous writer. Folks are going to buy my books by the millions. Hot damn." It's amazing how the pendulum just goes around and around and around in a mesmerizing circle, but it begs the question: if I can train a pendulum to swing, if I can consciously move a pendulum, how do I know I'm not just moving the pendulum on my own? The fact is you are. No matter what combination of fingers I hold the pendulum with, no matter what charm I use as a weight, color candles I burn to set the mood, or words I use to frame my question, in the end, the only thing moving that pendulum is the motion from my hands and my body, and the only thing that is controlling my hands is my conscious and unconscious mind.

Now a white witch will tell you until they are blue in the face (which sort of makes you wonder why they aren't called blue witches) that some outside force is controlling the pendulum, but we've been over this before. White witches are delusional. Black witches are no better. They'll just lie. A very important thing to take form this is that if someone tells you some mystical force, undead spirit, or power guide, is directing the answers to their pendulum there is no practical way to determine whether they are a white or black witch. A steel witch on the other hand will simply shrug and say, "It's probably my unconscious... maybe I'm doing it on purpose."

It's a fine line between the conscious and the unconscious and walking that line is what divination is about. Let's start the pendulum exercises from scratch, but this time I want your arms to be tired. Do a bunch of push up. Or better yet, juggle for a half hour.

Juggling – Two Balls One Hand

Hold two balls in one hand.

Move hand in small circular motion.

On upswing of motion, throw ball into air.

On downswing, catch other ball.

Repeat ad infinitum, or until tired.

Note: This takes a fair amount of practice. The trick is combining the two actions, throwing the first ball and catching the second one, into one fluid motion... without throwing the two balls into each other. Believe it or not, juggling two balls in one hand is easier than juggling three balls, but not as easy as;

Juggling – Two Balls in Two Hands

Start with one ball in either hand.

Throw ball from one hand to the other.

Use motion you learned from one handed juggling to throw ball in receiving hand before first ball gets there.

Catch both balls.

You end with one ball in either hand.

Repeat.

Note: This is the same sequence of events for standard juggling, but this exercise breaks the activity down into a smaller chunk that is easier to learn. More importantly, it will also reduce the amount of time you will spend chasing after balls.

Juggling – Three Balls in Two Hands

Start with two balls in one hand and one ball in other

hand.

Toss one ball from the hand with two in it, into the air.

Throw ball from other hand into air, catch first ball.

From here on out you will alternate hands.

Throwing a ball into the air, and then catch the descending ball.

With other hand, throw ball, catch ball.

With other hand, throw ball, catch ball.

Repeat.

Note: Practice, practice, practice. You might want to consider that by the time we got to juggling three balls in two hands, it was assumed you knew just about everything there was to know about juggling. It is part of the nature of instructions and learning. Spells are just recipes, i.e. sets of instructions. There is fundamentally nothing different between learning to juggle, snapping your fingers, or practicing divination, and although I do spout an awful lot of crap and/or smack regarding the various forms of divination, I do believe in it enough to write a book about it, so stay in there. This is the path. This is the easiest way.

However you decide to do it, push ups, lifting weights, washing dishes, shoveling snow, or juggling: your arms should now be tired now. Hold them out. If they are shaking from exhaustion, then the time is ripe to do some pendulum work.

The Shaking Tree

Stand

Hold pendulum out in front of you.

Let pendulum dangle its full length (+/- 18").

Pendulum bob should be even with your eyes.

Ask pendulum question.

Wait for answer.

Note: If your arms are tired enough, you will shake. It is inevitable. An answer will be quick in the coming.

Being tired doesn't solve the conscious versus unconscious dilemma. What it does is frees your body to shake. Shaking (i.e. hand, arm, or bodily movement) is a prerequisite for pendulum movement. If your hands don't move, the pendulum won't swing. It's basic physics, something I'm a firm believer in. The bottom line is, the more uncontrolled shaking you have from exhaustion, the more likely the pendulum will swing accurately.

At this point, I'm just going to assume you have a working pendulum. If you ask it to swing in a circle, it does; and if you ask it to swing in a straight line, it will do that as well. If you can't get your pendulum working, then pendulums probably aren't for you, but no loss. I made one yesterday and have been using it this morning, but it's the first time I've used one in years. For the most part, I don't find pendulums very useful. To understand why, let's conduct a little experiment. We can call it an exercise, or a spell if it makes you feel better, but by whatever label, it's a straightforward, time tested method for determining one's affinity for magic, psychic potential, and/or one's ability to deceive (themselves and/or others).

Black or Red

Get deck of cards. Shuffle.

Don't look at cards.

Take top card, place on table face down.

Place pendulum on card.

Let pendulum get attuned to card.

Ask pendulum, "Is card Red?"

Determine Yes or No from Pendulum.

Without looking at card, place in yes or no pile.

Go through entire deck.

You should have two stacks of cards.

One stack of yes cards.

One stack of no cards.

Look at cards.

Note: If you have psychic powers, one pile will be all red and the other will be all black. If you are a human, both piles will be random mixture of red and black. If by some miracle you can actually separate the red cards from the black cards, you are the first person in the history of the human race to be able to do this. Congratulations you are either a white witch or a black witch. If you can repeat this under experimental conditions fame, fortune, and substantial cash prizes await, but you won't be able to. Nobody ever has.

You can try other versions of this experiment... er, spell. If you can determine the results to a future football game, the winning numbers for the lottery, whether a stock will go up or down, or the advance outcome to any number of similar events: if you can determine any of these things you will be rich in no time at all. I'm writing a book for two-bits a pop. Believe it or not, I'm not able to do these things. I've heard tell about contests where they will literally pay you \$10,000 or more for the slightest proof of psychic ability. Separating red cards from black cards (under hyper-controlled conditions) is such a thing. No one has ever collected on these contests and no one ever will. Why? because it is not possible. Divination will NOT accurately predict the future, nor will it do something as simple as determine the color, suit, or number of a random, unknown playing card. These things are beyond the ken of divination. If you wish to practice divination with any degree of clarity, you must understand and accept its limitations, so let me reiterate. Divination will not reveal that which you or your unconscious does not already know. False, grandiose expectations aren't going to get you anywhere. Please do us all a favor and attempt this exercise over and over until you are convinced it can't be done. Then realize, if you cannot determine the color of a simple playing card turned face down on a table in front of you, you certainly aren't going to be predicting

future financial information, lottery numbers, sports results, or anything other future event. Nor is divination going to reveal to you anything that might be occurring in another room: be that room down the hall, across the country, or three dimensions over.

Now, I practice divination. I love it. I think it's wonderful. And that it does do something. It does tell us something. But, what is that something? Let's try a slightly different exercise.

Training for Red or Black

Take deck of cards. Shuffle.

Turn one card face up.

Lay pendulum on card. Let it get attuned.

Ask pendulum, "Is this card red?"

As before separate all cards into two piles.

Note: Since you are doing this with the cards face up, the answer should be obvious to both your conscious and unconscious mind. If at this point you cannot separate the cards into a red pile and a black pile, based on the answers the pendulum gives you, pendulum work is not for you, or you need to practice more. The choice is yours.

Hopefully, these two versions of Red or Black have given you some flavor about what is possible and impossible with divination.

Divination is an amazingly powerful tool, well suited for confirming that which we already know. The beautiful part is that you don't have to necessarily consciously know it for you, or part of you, to know it. If your unconscious knows something, sometimes that is enough. The unconscious is huge. They say we only use 10% of our brains, but what is more accurate is that we are only consciously aware of 10% of the activity in which our brains are engaged. Pulling back the edges and beginning to explore the remaining 90% is what divination is about. I don't really know what is contained in that 90%. I've seen glimpses here and there, and each time it's enough to keep me coming back

for more, but I don't want to be selling you a bill of goods. I'm not going to teach you remote viewing, clairvoyance, or teach you the secret of prescience. What I intend to do is help you open up a little crack and peer deeper into your soul. And point of fact, I've never peered into your soul, so I don't know what you will find there, but I do know I been staring into the void for a long time and I like what I see.

We those lofty minded words promising mystery and intrigue, let's return to reality and end the chapter by taking another rudimentary step on our journey into the mind's eye.

It is a simple exercise, perhaps even a tad too simplistic, but with any luck it will pull the chapter together nicely and leave us all with that happy feeling...

Am I happy?

Snap fingers.

Put smile on face.

Realize that although it's kind of a shame you won't be picking out the winning lottery numbers anytime soon, at least you tried. If anyone could do it, I was sure it was going to be you.

Let thought go.

Snap fingers again.

Smile.

Ask pendulum, "Am I happy?"

Note: Do NOT take no for an answer. Swing that sucker in a circle if you have to. Take charge of your destiny. Control your future. You know how unreliable this old arcane technology is. Stupid thing's probably broken anyhow.

#

Chapter 4 – Dice

Eddie needs a new crystal ball.

I hope you have tried the Finger Snap of Instant Happiness. Beyond a doubt, it is the best spell I have ever crafted--if for no other reason, than because it works. This here is another spell I'm fond of and have enjoyed practicing. It's a spell intending to attract wealth and money to the practitioner, but I can't really vouch for its effectiveness. How would I know if it worked? My wealth increased during the two year period I was casting this spell, but my wealth had already been increasing before I cast it for the first time, and has continued to increase since I have stopped using the spell. So, in the end, the spell might not do a thing, but I can't see how it would hurt.

Sleeping with the Dragon's Hoard

Make bed in morning.

Grab handful of silver coins and scatter over sheets.

Go about day.

Get ready for sleep.

Gather up coins and spread beneath sheets.

Sleep.

In morning gather up coins and repeat.

Note: Being the fastidious sort, I recommend washing coins before first use and at occasional intervals. Loose change will work, certainly for the first couple of night as you get the feel of it and determine if this is something you wish to pursue, but if you decide to do this for any length of time I recommend investing in at least pure copper coins (old pennies), if not silver, gold, or even gems and jewels. If you are big on somatic components, you also might want to add some words.

It is rumored that Midas, Jack of beanstalk fame, and the man with the golden goose, all utilized versions of the Dragon Horde Spell, but since I started these rumors, you might not want to put too much faith in them. Frankly, I've always been a little annoyed at mystical books, which present case study after case study as if that

was some sort of proof. It's not. Never has been. Never will be. Read a book on the scientific method my friend for a complete explanation as to why. The short version is that without carefully crafted controls you have no way of knowing whether some or all of the case studies being presented are from lying black witches or delusions, unreliable white witches. Let's be honest, I would go so far as to say that I believe that in a full half of the books on the occult, witchcraft, and arcane knowledge that I have read over the course of my life the author simple made up the case studies. I mean, why wouldn't a black witch lie... it's what they do. So basically, I don't think presenting case studies is a meaningful way to convince another person that a spell works.

The best way is to try a spell for yourself. If you are a serious student, by this time you've given the Finger Snap of Happiness a go or two. I hope it has worked for you, but if it doesn't, all I can really say is that it works for me and I believe the basis is in behaviorism. If we look at the Dragon Horde Spell in the same way, it should be obvious that casting this spell focuses your attention on coins (i.e. money) first thing in the morning and last thing at night. You might even discover that the coins find a way of entering your dreams. Even if they don't, you can be assured that during the course of the night, coins will work themselves deep into the creases and crevices of you skin. It was not unusual for coins to drop off me as I walked down the hall for a midnight pit stop and glass of water. Nor was it unusual to look in the mirror in the morning as I got ready to shave and see a coin pressed into my forehead or cheek. What is perhaps most amazing is that over the course of two years, I didn't loose a single coin. Coins dropping off you, picking them up, washing them, scattering them: without a doubt, with all this activity you can be sure that silver, coins, and money will be at the forefront of your mind for longer periods than it had been before. This is a focusing exercise. The spell focuses your mind on money. It's a good straightforward explanation as to why the spell works that doesn't rely on magic or force lines, but it is a bit dry, so I like to pad it out with a concept I

call Critical Mass. I'm sure some call it the Power of Like or the Law of Attraction, but the name isn't too critical... (yeah! You like?)

Distilled down, the basic the concept behind the Critical Mass is that once you sleep on a big enough pile of gold for a long enough period of time, the pile of gold will spontaneously grow on its own. It's the same thing dragons do, hence the name of the spell. If you're close minded and don't want to believe in dragons, think of it as akin to the power of compound interest. If you put a million dollars in the bank, in a decade or two you'll have two million. It's like money for nothing and if that isn't magic, I don't know what is.

OK. Enough of that.

By the end of this book, you should be able to craft your own spells. One thing you should keep in mind when making a spell is not only what might cause a particular spell to work, but also what might cause a spell to fail.

As an example, let's try another one of my all time favorite spells. I call this one:

Eddie Needs a New Crystal Ball

Roll a six sided die, while repeating the magical chant, "... come on crystal ball, Eddie needs a new crystal ball, come on crystal ball..."

After rolling die, consult table below.

1 = \$100

2 = \$200

3 = \$300

4 = \$400

5 = \$500

6 = CRYSTAL BALL!!! (and not one of those cheap plastic ones. We're talking about one of those 6-8" clear quartz balls with a few gold inclusions. Top of the line.)

Send off the appropriate amount to Eddie Takosori in

care of the publisher.

Note: It is VERY, VERY IMPORTANT to do each one of these exercises exactly as presented. You may want to repeat this exercise two or three times and mail the checks in the same envelope to save on postage.

You are planning on doing this spell? Aren't you? What? No! Of all the... haven't I explained how I'm a starving writer? Didn't I teach you the Finger Snap of Instant Happiness? Happiness... if you have happiness, don't you have it all? That's got to be worth at least \$100, \$200, \$300, \$400, \$500, or even a new Crystal Ball. You've heard of Karma right? You don't want to be owing me. I mean here I am giving you all these secrets worth untold millions and all I'm getting is two-bits. The scales are uneven... You'd feel bad if you didn't make things right... Wouldn't you?

Sigh.

One or two of you suckers... er, wise initiates with gifts beyond your years, might send me a check, but I'm not going to hold my breath. Why would you send me a check?

Think about that. Most spells for instant wealth are put together the same way and hinge on the same sort of delusional thinking. Why would the universe simply send wealth your way? Why would the universe send you the metaphorical equivalent of a check? It's just not the way things work. I don't care how many candles you burn, or chants you say...

Wait scratch that. I figured out what we did wrong. The problem is we didn't do enough magically witchy type stuff and to be more witchlike, we need to be able to tell the signs of the moon.

Phases of the Moon

New Moon = Can't see, it's black

Waxing = It's growing. You can see at sunset.

Full Moon = Big and round

Waning = It's getting smaller. You can see at dawn.

To be honest, new moon and full moon you should know by now, but waxing and waning are a bit harder to remember, so here's a mnemonic (a memory device) for you.

At sunset it survives. If you can see the moon at sunset, it is waxing (i.e. it is growing larger).

At dawn it dies. If you can see the moon at dawn which means you can't see it at sunset and also that it rises sometime in the night, the moon is waning, (i.e. getting smaller).

Now that we know the moon signs we need to make some ink.

Magical Witchy Ink

During New Moon (Pitch black night)

At Midnight

Collect Soot (scrape from side of unlit chimney, Bar-B-Q, or fire pit)

If necessary, powder with mortar and pestle.

Add one drop resin (glue) to a shot of water.

Add resin mixture to soot a drop at a time forming a paste.

Let dry.

Use like dry paint.

Note: May wish to mix up as needed and just use wet (before letting it dry). You may also wish to mix up with rubbing alcohol (instead of water) and leave as liquid. Or, you may just wish to go out and buy some India Ink--on the night of a full moon. Don't even think about doing this some rainy afternoon when you've got nothing better to do.

Anyways. As always, concentrate on your breathing before beginning the collection of soot. You don't want to inhale this stuff. And, you may wish to say a word or two before you begin, if for no other reason than to alert the creatures of the night to your presence.

Make Paper

Under a clear noonday sun gather fibrous plant material.

Crush material in pestle with water.

Lay out in flat sheets.

Let dry.

Decide it's not quite as you envisioned.

Go to store under noonday sun and buy parchment.

Be sure to say the magical words, "Charge it!"

Note: There should be some relation to the material one collects for the paper and the type of spell the paper is going to be used for. We are going to use the paper for a money spell so I recommend using dollar bills... preferable \$100's. These are readily available from any bank.

Fateful Die

Take paper and draw four 2"x2" squares on it in a straight line and then add two more at the top one on either side. All the squares should be touching and look like a T. You may wish to practice on regular paper before you use the good stuff.

Cut out paper with suitable witchlike scissors, sacrificial dagger, or whatnot.

In each of the six boxes write one of the following phrases with your ink using a suitable writing instrument, feather quill, door nail, sharpened twig from a willow branch that you collected on the morning after the first frost, or whatever...

The magical phrases are as follows:

1 = \$100

2 = \$200

3 = \$300

4 = \$400

5 = \$500

6 = CRYSTAL BALL!!!

Fold paper together making a square, being sure that the writing is on the outside.

Hold die together with some thread, twine, or ribbon... perhaps ribbon made from another sliced up \$100 bill. Bow of ribbon should be over the Crystal Ball face, letting the universe know what we are hoping for (and reducing the chance that the die rolls Crystal Ball face down).

Roll die.

Forward appropriate check and or item to Eddie Takosori the Steel Witch. And NO! It's not a pun. I don't know why everyone always asks.

Note: See how complicated and arcane feeling this spell is. If you did it right you have a handmade cube of fate made out of artisan paper, and decorated with magical ink. How much more magical and arcaney can you get than that? It's even tied with a ribbon of Power & Influence. After you've done this a time or two and sent the appropriate gifts off to Eddie Takosori, you may wish to make another cube for your own nefarious purposes--whatever they might be.

And it is in making another cube for your own noble (and/or nefarious) purposes where divination starts to get useful.

Chapter 5 – I Ching

I Ching? No. Actually, I think of myself more as a Japanese American...

By now, everyone should have done both of the exercises in the preceding chapter and mailed off a half dozen checks and or crystal balls to yours truly... Well, I suppose those evil, vile, despicable, cold hearted black witches haven't done this, because they never pay their way... and the pure hearted, if delusional, white witches haven't sent me any checks either, because they've somehow convinced themselves this was all some kind of joke

despite all indications to the contrary... and those visionary intelligent steel witches haven't, because of a quirky little thing they like to call common sense... but everybody else has done both exercises several times, so in no time I should be getting a slew of packages containing one or two of those new high-end crystal balls and/or a check for several thousand dollars from each and every one of you.

Now you might think that we are even and I would have thought so too, but last night I was reading another one of those cheesy arcane books full of case studies and I read how a barber in New Jersey got a check for \$200,000 from a mysterious stranger, how a plumber in Ohio dug up a chest of buried pirate treasure while he was installing a septic tank in his back yard worth over \$4,000,000, and how a hairstylist in Los Angeles, who normally never gambles, bought a lottery ticket on a lark, and won \$269,000,000... all after burning a green candle sitting on top of a dollar bill while reciting the secret magical words passed down by Alcabazar... or something stupid like that.

I know what you are thinking. It's just coincidence. But, No. It's not. How could it be? These three case studies were just the tip of the iceberg. The whole book was full of examples (i.e. case studies). There were hundreds of them. I knew the author wasn't lying or making the case studies up, because right there in the first chapter he said he was a white witch and lying was wrong. Let me repeat that, the author said, lying is wrong. You know somebody who said that would never lie, make up case studies, or discuss non-existent anecdotes from fictitious books. But with all of that being said, what I can't seem to understand is why I've not heard about this green candle technique on the Six O'clock News. You know:

Hairdresser in L.A. wins the big Mega-Big-Super-Large Lottery Jackpot. She says she owes it all to burning green candles. Film at eleven...

Or,

In related news, it is now illegal to buy, sell, possess, transport, or burn a green candle in the state of Nevada.

“We intend to set up roadblocks at the border and utilize specially trained wax sniffing dogs... and if we find any green beeswax candles... well, I just wouldn’t want to be that person,” the Las Vegas deputy police commissioner said whilst adjusting his silver pentacle badge of mystic authority and slapping his fist menacingly into his palm... whilst whispering additional words of arcane power silently to himself... whilst being sure to have put on his underwear of power that morning... etc... etc...

Anyway, what with these plumbers and hairdressers striking it rich... And you know, I really can’t be bothered with a mere barber and his piddling little windfall. It’s not even a million. Anyway, with all of these riches being bestowed by the universe, I’m thinking my cut of \$100-\$500 (or even a brand new crystal ball)... Look, even if you did the exercise several times like you were supposed to, I’d still only get \$3,000 at the best. You get \$269,000,000 and I get \$3,000? It doesn’t seem like a fair cut. I should get more, right?

But, like the story goes, results may vary. If you do the Dragon Horde Spell, maybe your pay will increase by \$0.30 an hour after your yearly review, maybe you’ll graduate from college and make \$20,000 more a year, maybe you’ll hit the super jackpot, or maybe you’re already rich and \$3,000 is what you spend on lunch. The point is I don’t know how much you are going to benefit from the knowledge in this book, and therefore how much money you should send me as my due and proper commission. I simply don’t know? And if I don’t know how much my due and proper commission is, how can I figure out what amount to tell you to put on the dice? And also, although a new crystal ball sounds nice, I don’t really need 10,000 of them sent to me in the mail.

There is a quandary in there and it is central to the limitations inherent in a yes, no, or any other limited choice divination system.

Right now, you probably think that I'm rambling. And come to think of it, you're right.

So, let's review. There are countless ways to get a yes or no answer from the universe.

Swing Pendulum : Circle = Yes, Line = No

Roll Die : 1-3 = Yes, 4-6 = No

Pick Playing Card : Red = Yes, Black = No

Flip Coin : Head = Yes, Tails = No

Yes and No are only two possible answers. As with the dice experiment we can list any number of possible outcomes:

Tomorrow's Weather

1 – Sunny

2 – Cloudy

3 – Rain

4 – Snow

Then we just use some random method to determine a number between 1 & 4, and use the chart to figure the result. We can use cards, dice, dominoes, slips of paper in a hat... anything. But whatever method we use there still remains a problem... well two problems actually, but they are two different sides to the same dilemma. If it's July (and we're in Hawaii), there is not much chance that it's going to snow, so we may be including some possible outcomes that aren't very likely (like you sending me a check); or, we may not include other outcomes that far more likely, like a thunderstorm (or your simply enjoying the book, telling someone else about it, them buying a copy for themselves, and then Ka-Ching! I'm two-bits richer. Hot Damn!)

The world is a wide and wonderful place. Yes and No

doesn't really cover all the possibilities, but neither does warm, windy, rain. If we look at paint colors for a moment, it is obvious Red, Blue, Yellow, Orange, Purple, Green, Black, White, and Steel is not a complete list of the available colors. Just go down to the paint department at a hardware store. The color selection is near endless and those are just the stock colors. In fact, colors are so variable, they don't even stock the stock colors. What they do is stock different pigments and mix different proportions of the pigments to make the color you request.

In a simplified way, a paint color reverts to:

Paint Color Traits

So much Red

So much Blue

So much Yellow

So much Black

Mixed into one of several different gloss bases (which can be thought of as so much white)

We can also use a similar procedure to break down the weather on any given day.

Basic Weather Characteristics

Wind Speed

Wind Direction

Temperature

Cloud Cover

Precipitation

Humidity

Barometric Pressure

Both of these examples are simplified, and in the end because they are simplified, they too are of limited value, but many of your popular divination techniques start with the premise that reality can

be separated into distinct, definable, and categorically understandable traits. If we are willing to make this assumption, or at least use it as a starting point, we can make a more complicated fortune telling toolkit, but before we do, let's go back to the paint for a second.

Random Paint Generator

Need one six sided die for each color: Red, Blue, Yellow, Black, and White Die, and the corresponding paint colors.

Roll all five of the dice (or one die five times).

Record results and mix paint together according to the appropriate ratio as shown on the dice (i.e. X parts of red, X parts of Blue, X parts of Yellow, X parts of Black, and X parts of White).

Walla you've got a random color.

Note: You might find that many random colors look more or less like the same sloppy mess. This is a problem. You might also find this is a generalize problem with most divination techniques. If you were to record a palm reader's session with numerous clients, you might be surprised how similar each session was and the generic sort of advice which was elicited. (Also, because so many of the results are a similar looking black-gray smudge, over time one might decide it was appropriate to tweak the system and use 2X white and only 1/2X or 1/4X black and see how that goes. Which it to say, your dice might need to be calibrated for them to be effective.)

I hope you realized that was just a conceptual warm up. It is now time for something a lot more complicated than anything we have tried thus far, but don't worry. Relax. Breathe deep. Accept that error is part of the process. Confusion is normal. Don't worry about getting it right the first time. Just let come what may. The important thing is to take the first step and begin your journey.

Creating a Weather I Ching

Gather free fallen willow branches after the first frost, or gather free fallen bamboo after first monsoon of season.

Split wood into slats 6"x1"x1/4", dry, cure, sand, and polish.

Or, if that sounds like a hassle, go to the store and buy a bag of tongue depressors and/or Popsicle sticks.

Concentrate on your breathing.

Light candle or whatever it is you do to prepare.

Or, simply breathe and call that preparing.

Center your mind.

Grab one blank rune stick.

Hold stick in front of eyes.

Concentrate on rune stick and one aspect of weather be it precipitation, temperature, humidity, wind speed, etc., etc., etc.

Concentrate on the weather and figure out what you want this particular rune to tell you about the weather and how the rune might communicate this information to you.

Draw suitable rune on stick. Remember each stick has two sides, and that each side has two ends. So when drawing a temperature rune you might have a hot side and a cold side and on the hot side you might have really hot and not so hot, and on the cold side you might have really cold and not so cold.

Paint runes for all the major traits as you see them. Don't worry about all of this too much. It's not like these are the only runes you'll ever make your entire life. If you decide to be a rune castor, you should update your runes on a continual basis, so be at ease. It is amazingly easy to grab another stick and start from scratch.

When done with the regular runes make one or two special weather runes. Maybe one for storms. Maybe one for subjective aspects of weather (e.g. whether it is a nice

day). And, maybe one last rune to indicate yourself, but feel free to leave this one out for now.

Note: As said, your first set is just that, a first set. When you gather the wood, gather a lot. Popsicle sticks come in packs of 100, but you'll only need a dozen or so for this exercise. You might want to assume that the extra 90 are there so you can fine tune your rune set and get it "right," whatever that means. Believe it or not the word "HOT" is a perfectly acceptable rune for the concept of hot.

Having made the Weather I Ching, you'll probably want to do some readings. Good luck with that... um, what I mean to say is that you made it... so you know how to read it, right? No? You were expecting me to tell you.

Reading the Weather I Ching

Toss all of the runes into the air.

Examine the rune stick pattern (as they fly through the air, as they land, and so on).

Use common sense, general heuristics, and intuition to guide your interpretation of the reading.

If appropriate, share reading with another. This is an especially important step if you have, say, a paying customer.

Collect large fee.

Move to Jamaica.

Sip Mai Tai's on beach.

Note: You might wish to substitute some other local for Jamaica (say Hawaii) and the beverage of your choice for a Mai Tai (say Hot Chocolate).

Weather I Ching Heuristics

Vertical = Yes, important

Horizontal = No, unimportant

Somewhere in between = Somewhere in between

On top of pile = More important

Bottom of pile = Less important
Somewhere in between = somewhere in between
Off to side = Less important, unless it's the only thing that matters.

Dials (Wind Direction) = Are pointers

Note: Some runes will only make sense in certain combinations, when touching each other, etc. It is important to realize the reading is relative and not absolute. A hot day in the middle of a summer heat wave is different than a hot day in the middle of winter during a blizzard.

Seems a bit thin, you say?

Not to fear, I will actually help you a little more with the reading, and to do this I'm going to take an imaginary bundle of runes... Oh, didn't I mention this. I made my runes a long, long time ago. Way before I ever found myself living under a bridge, and basically I didn't find them worth the effort to keep, but no matter. I can show you how to read runes. Trust me. They will make a lot more sense with an imaginary reading anyhow... and I'll find it less frustrating.

So, I'm sitting at the kitchen table writing. I'll just toss the runes... crash, clatter, plop... OK. Maybe I should have cleared off the table, but let's look at what we have. The wind rune (one side is blank, the other has an arrow with a blowing mouth); hey, guess what, this one fell right on my keyboard and is pointing at me. Immediately I look for the temperature rune (one side has C on one end and CC on the other, while the other side has H & HH). HH is standing straight up out of my mug of hot chocolate. No surprise there. Between the wind and temperature runes we have a clear indication that I will be blowing a lot of hot air. I'm happy to say that the barometric pressure rune fell off the table and landed in the chair where my wife usually sits. Kelly is a bit of a powder keg. It only makes sense to read the pressure rune with the humidity rune, so we look for that and it is pointing straight away from me (vertical) which means its important and at high pressure.

Perhaps not coincidentally it is also pointed right at Kelly's chair, and past that to where she is standing in the kitchen... She's looking a little pissed. She has this really uncanny ability to know whenever I'm writing about her... possibly because I read the bits out loud, and ask if her if it sounds good... Well, we need not get into that. Clearly there is a high pressure Kelly front moving in carrying a frying pan in her hands. Now, I should mention that when you are doing readings in front of others, you want to be able to put these runes together fast. Speed and agility are important. So, as I stand and walk around the table to get a different view of the runes and keep the table between me and my dear, sweet, understanding wife, I notice the cloud cover rune landed in the weird candy dish she insists on keeping on the table, and although it sort of looks like its indicating a thunderstorm or something it landed in a dish... I mean if we were playing Monopoly, that roll would never count, so I'll just toss it again... well, actually at this point I'm just going to set it on the table and point out that it's a nice sunny day. "See, it's landed across one of the special runes indicating a rainbow," I explain as I cross my fingers and hope she doesn't realize I just flipped that rune over as well. Continuing my reading as I look outside, I note that, "It looks like a nice day. Maybe we should go to the beach later?" At some point, it should be noted that a reading is never done in isolation. You want to get feedback from your client as you go along, so as I notice Kelly has not been appeased by my far off, distant offer, of an afternoon jaunt to the beach, I modify my proposal... er, I mean, reading to indicate a complete, total, and immediate surrender. "Or now? Now's good. We should go to the beach now."

It turns out she wants to eat breakfast first. "That's right woman! Fix me some breakfast!" To which she gives me an evil look. I didn't even read that last part to her. I don't know how she knows I'm writing about her. She's spooky.

Anyway, it looks like I'll be going to the beach soon, so let's wrap this up.

How do you toss the I Ching? However you want. Throw it across the room. Let the bundles of runes smack against the front door. Drop them on the chair your dad used to like to read the paper in. Flip them into your mom's sewing basket. Or, if you want to be anal about it, get yourself a square of purple velvet, yellow silk, or some other suitable occult looking cloth the size of a handkerchief, sit cross legged on the floor like you were about to go into a meditation pose, hold the runes in front of you at arms length, breath, and drop the runes onto the cloth. Note: since you're being anal, and you now have a well defined "playing field," those that bounce off the cloth shouldn't matter (even though they probably will most, but whatever). Then to complete the entire arcane feel of the thing, when you are done, you can wrap the runes in the suitably blessed, sterilized, and sanctified fabric for storage. Tell me you sanctified that scrap of purple silk before you let your runes touch them... Lie to me if you have to.

Next up on the list of obvious questions after How do you throw the I Ching is How do you read the I Ching? The answer is simple. Do it in the fastest, quickest, and most expedient manner possible. If something comes into your head, that is the reading. If you are looking at scraps of paper to tell you what a rune means, you are missing the point. What scrap of paper would have ever told me that the reading I just did was going to lead to a trip to the beach? Storm clouds is just an idea, as is a rainbow, as is wind direction. Go with speed. I know this sounds cynical, but if you are doing a reading for others, they won't have the slightest idea what the runes mean, so what you do is; look at the overall pattern, quickly select a prominent rune, explain what the rune means in a general sense as you stall for time, and then make up a story... That's right. Make it up... If you are a black witch, you should be good at this. If you are a white witch, you have a lot of practice lying to yourself on a subconscious level, just let it rise to the surface. And, if you are a steel witch, then trust me. This is how it is done. Speed is key. Do it enough and you'll become fast--not to mention accurate... Well, maybe.

There are a few more ideas I'd like to cover before we end this chapter and I go work on my tan. The first I will explain by way of metaphor and let you figure out what it means. I play chess. I'm not saying I'm good, but I do play. Seldom do I actually play with the same person more than once or twice in any given year and often the person I am playing against I've never played with before. In other words, for all practical purposes every time I play chess, the person I'm playing against is someone I am playing against for the first time (or haven't played against in so long, they can't possibly remember the details of the last game). Knowing this, I don't reinvent my game every time I play. I use the same opening move, the same counter moves, build up the same defensive structure, and work on the same attack strategy... game, after game, after game. If you and I were to play a game of chess, I already know my first move, and probably my second, third, and fourth. I won't have to think about it. I'll just do it. Now at some point, I have to take into account what my opponent is doing, but not during those opening moves.

I guess in the end what this means in regards to reading runes is that you need to practice and know what you are going to do-- immediately, right from the start. Every reading is different. Sure. But they are also all the same. They are just readings. You toss. You look. You interpret. If you are doing it in front of others you also explain. You talk. The sooner you start talking the better the show will be, so get the show off to a good start and begin the banter immediately. It doesn't matter if it's the same old hash. Aren't you supposed to call forth the powers from the North Wind, the South Wind, the East Wind, (and please just kill me, I'm already bored), the West Wind... and if you are a complete and total hack, feel free to include the Northwest Wind, the Southwest Wind... Oh, who am I fooling? I can't even complete the sequence on paper. It's too boring. Nonetheless, if you're doing a reading for another, you are putting on a show and a performance. Ask any radio personality and they will tell you, dead air is a bad

thing, so when you are doing a reading, get right to it. Let the words flow out of your mouth from the second you pull out the runes. This is your show. Besides, if you are talking, your audience isn't interrupting and asking questions... and this is probably a good thing, or a bad thing, depending on which way you want to take it. Anyhow, what you talk about is easy, you simply explain what you are doing as you move the show forward. But please realize one thing, no one is going to be impressed that you know what the wind dial stands for. Definitions and stock explanations are a starting point, but they are NOT a reading. A reading is a story. Your audience wants a story, so give them the story. Telling them what the wind dial stands for should only be used as a stalling technique to give yourself a few moments till you figure out the first part of the story. The story is the reading. Trust me on this.

Suppose I had a deck of cards (and we'll get to this in a bit) but suppose I had a deck of cards and I pulled one off the top. "Three of Hearts," I say. And? "And? Um, er the three of hearts was lonely. He didn't have much of a job, not much of a life, and he was pretty down on himself..." Flip over the next card. Eight of Clubs. "Now, Eight of clubs, not really much of a card. You know if you were playing poker you wouldn't be so happy to pull the eight of clubs, but for the three of hearts... he saw her for what she was, I mean that hourglass figure, her self confidence... she was way out of his league, but he couldn't help himself. He was in love..." and on it goes. It's a story. Tell them a story. LIE. MAKE IT UP. If the cards are guiding you, it's called divination. If you're reading off definitions, it's called BORING.

The second thing to consider is presentation. Sure, you can read I Ching with Popsicle sticks or tongue depressors, but no one will take you seriously. Hand carved wood runes with black inlaid ink look cool. They look unique and by the time you've actually made a set like this you will know the runes backwards and forwards, up and down. They need not be a work of master

craftsmanship, as long as they are hand made, but they also can't be dominoes with paper glued on the back. Take a few hours, a few weeks. Make a custom set out of chopsticks, clay, or whatever. Buy a set if you have to... but if you are going to buy a set, what I recommend is going to a coin shop and looking through a bag of silver bullion coins and picking out the cool looking ones. Just explain to the owner that you are looking for an odd assortment of cheap foreign coins. They call them bullion. I have no idea what silver will be worth when you are reading this, but if it is worth \$10 an ounce, you can expect to pay about \$20 an ounce for cheap bullion coins. That means you can walk away with ten dime sized coins, four quarter size, two half dollars, or one dollar size coin for \$20 or thereabouts. Of course not every coin dealer sells bullion, so if you can't locate one, go to a coin show and you'll be able to find what you need. For under a \$100, you should be able to put together an awesome collection of silver coins with pictures of birds, ships, animals, people, buildings, and yes even silhouettes of islands with rainbows overhead. You'd be amazed.

I mean, sure, you can buy an I Ching set, but think about it. What is more impressive? Opening a mass market box that says I Ching on the side, going through commercial packaging, placing preprinted instructions to the side, and so on and so forth, or whipping out a small bag of silver coins and tossing them on the bed where dear Auntie spent her final days. From a divination perspective they may be equal levels of bullshit or equal levels of the art (depending on your point of view), but without a doubt one looks real. One looks professional. One looks like you know what you are doing, and in this game, that's half the battle. The other half is sounding like you know what you are doing. Sad to say, but the half of the equation where you actually know what you are doing or following some ancient tradition is pretty much worthless. I mean sure, follow some ancient tradition if you want to, but I don't know the ancient traditions. I do know something about witchcraft, but I know squat about ancient traditions, and if I don't know the intricacies of some purported tradition, your casual

acquaintances or paying customers won't either. That is to say, from the perspective of the average client, there is no difference between an actual ancient tradition, arcane secret, mystical ritual, and something you just made up.

I remember once I was on a new age cruise and one night for dinner I was lucky enough to secure a seat next to Ernest T. Tiltensbark III... the Ernest T. Tiltensbark III!!! Well, after we ate, he took out the most impressive deck of tarot cards I have ever seen. They were hundreds of years old, hand drawn, with gold illumination... the artwork phenomenal... but for the most part his reading was dry and slow. He wouldn't take any chances. He was afraid of being wrong.

Now, my intention is not to belittle Ernest T. I have every respect for him and the Tiltensbark family. Holding those cards was one of the highlights of my life... but that doesn't change the fact that his reading was a dry, stilted, and old, in a word boring. After he had excused himself, one of the ladies at the table had expressed some dissatisfaction in the reading she had been given, so I took the opportunity to take out a deck of cards that I was hawking. They were nothing special. Just a standard deck of 52 playing cards with a different Looney Tunes cartoon character on every card. They don't look like tarot cards and I knew they were a little off putting, so I didn't delay. I didn't ask her to cut the cards, nor did I shuffle them. I simply cut the cards, peeled one off the top, placed it on the table, and starting telling her a story about Wiley E Coyote, Bugs Bunny, and the Tasmanian Devil. Characters she and most every other American know intimately. It was not hard for her to cast herself in the role of Bugs Bunny and her husband in the role of Wiley E Coyote... genius. When I was done, I left the Looney Tunes cards on the table and put a factory sealed reproduction of The Tiltensbark deck next to them, and I told her, "The Tiltensbark deck is 200 years old, looks impressive, and costs \$150, but they are hard to read... Or, you can go with a Looney Tunes deck, which looks like a joke, costs \$5, but even a

four year old can read them.” I sold two cases of the Looney Tune cards during that cruise, but they weren’t very profitable. I made more money from any one of the numerous private readings I did, or from selling just two of the Tiltens reproduction decks.

So, you figure out the moral of that story.

Popsicle sticks will work, but depending on your motivation, other rune sets might work better. It’s not my decision. It’s yours. I got my two-bits out of you. It doesn’t bother me which way you go. Use sticks, discs, pieces of paper, or silver coins. They are all the same. I’m hoping I don’t have to explain how a coin has two sides, with a top and a bottom on both sides, and so is functionally no different from a stick and can be interpreted the same way. The point is, whatever rune set you use, you will need to practice, practice, practice, until the bullshit just flows off your tongue or the answer comes to you from the beyond.

In fact, if your desire is to have the gift, a deceiving misnomer since it is acquired over time by practice, but if your desire is to have the gift, then you will need to practice morning, noon, and night. At the very least, you will want to do a casting the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, and as long as you are doing that, you might want to keep in mind something I learned from living under bridges. Sticks aren’t all that comfortable. I’d much rather sleep on a bed lined with silver and gold.

Chapter 7 – Tea Leafs

It must be tea time somewhere.

I must have been swinging pendulums, tossing runes, and reading tarot cards for well over a decade before I figured out how to read tea leafs, which is a crying shame, because reading tea leafs takes divination to whole new level.

Hopefully by now we realize that a pendulum is a pretty useless divination tool. The types of answers it can provide are

very limited; yes, no, maybe, if you wanted to stretch it, you could arrange choices in a circle and have it point to one possibility out of a half dozen... but even if you did, a pendulum still can't predict squat. Like I said, all you have to do is be able to merely identify whether an unknown card is black or red and unbelievable amounts of fame and fortune await you. No one has ever been able to do this. If you think you can... well, then I'm pretty sure you're a delusional white witch and you've found some way of lying to yourself. Convincing as it may be to you personally, I'm confident your procedure would never hold up to a rigorous test under skeptical eyes and scientific controls.

Of course, the other possibility, is that you are a black witch and simply lying. I mean there is little difference between training a pendulum and learning how to swing it surreptitiously in a circle. I don't think I have ever shown anyone how I work my pendulum without them commenting on the obvious, "you're just moving your fingers, shaking your hand." And it's true. How do you explain to an audience that yes, sometimes I move the pendulum consciously and sometimes it just moves on it's own?

Well... I'll tell you how I explain it; by walking. Walking is so second nature that I don't really know how it is accomplished anymore. OK. Sure, I tell myself to walk, but what nerves do I send the command down, what muscles and in what combination do I use? I haven't got the slightest idea. I really don't know. The whole complex, intertwined process of walking is accomplished by a simple decision to walk. The rest of the command is carried out below my conscious awareness. Let's take it further. If I decide to walk to the store a mile away, I can make the entire journey without once thinking about my specific foot movements. My legs are on autopilot. It's kind of amazing, but what is even more amazing is that if something goes wrong and I trip or stumble, I don't have to think about what to do. My body responds automatically below my level of awareness in an instant.

The same process is at work in my hands right this very minute. I'm not paying attention to my fingers as they dance

across the keyboard, I am off in my head trying to write these lines, but my fingers tap away. Now, I know I am consciously deciding to type, but, it is amazing when you think about the complex arrangement of keystrokes, backspace, correct, type, correct again, backspace, all of which goes on in an instant without any conscious effort. I don't decide what keys to hit or in what order. I decide to type, and then what words I want to type, but I don't decide which specific finger movements to take. I'm on autopilot.

After playing with a pendulum for years, the same situation has arisen. I can consciously hold my leg in the air, consciously hunt and peck at keys on the keyboard, and I can consciously swing a pendulum in a circle. But, I can also walk to the store without thinking about my feet, type complete sentences without so much as thinking about spelling, sentence structure, or which keys to hit on the computer, and finally, yes, I can hold a pendulum in the air, ask it what a yes answer looks like, and it will spontaneously swing in a perfect circle without any conscious effort on my part. It's weird. It's eerie. It's on the verge of being a mystical, magical thing. I mean, I understand why pendulums have the following they do. It's just weird to watch a pendulum swing when you know you aren't controlling it--consciously. It's just bizarre, uncanny, and in a word--magical.

But the bottom line is, no audience is ever going to be impressed with a swinging pendulum and far, far more important is that the binary responses a pendulum is capable of providing are not going to help you the least bit in delivering an original, custom made story tailored fit to the current situation at the drop of a hat... or a die, card, or magical mystical rune as the case may be.

Look, while we're talking we might as well make some cookies.

Magical Shortbread

1 stick Butter

½ cup Sugar

1 cup Flour (maybe a little less)

dash of Vanilla

Cream sugar and butter together.

Mix in Vanilla.

Mix in flour.

Form into Tablespoon size balls.

Cook on ungreased cookie sheet for 15 minutes at 350 degrees.

Note: May want to use a little less flour or tweak the recipe a little. The last time I made these, they were a little doughy. Can cook as bar cookies, flat cookies, smaller balls, bigger balls, or you can make them look like animals...

And some tea...

Traditional Tea

Boil water in kettle

Pour hot water into waiting teacup

Add teabag

Watch tea dissolve

Watch the cool, soothing patterns

Breathe in the vapors as you do this

Note: You are a master if you can divine meaning from the diffusing tendrils of essence that leak out of a teabag as it seeps in water, bottom line, you don't really need my help... which is a way of saying if all you see are cool diffusion patterns and nothing else, this is normal.

To pound it to death, so it sinks in: pendulums are not accurate, give very limited results in the first place, and are not impressive. Runes are slightly better, but don't fool yourself; they aren't accurate either. Throw weather runes until you are convinced of this fact. You know the red black trick with cards. It is a generalized challenge for all clairvoyance techniques.

Red Black Rune Challenge

Make a rune red on one side, black on the other.

Breathe, light candle.

If a black witch, set up mirrors, and/or mark cards.

Shuffle cards.

Place rune on deck so it attunes.

Toss rune.

Based on result, place top card in red or black pile.

Go through deck.

Look at two piles.

Note: Do this over and over until you are convinced that you cannot tell anything you don't already know from runes, pendulums, cards, or any and all divination techniques.

So I don't have to keep on saying dice and runes, keep in mind that dice are runes. Runes can be nearly anything. You can even use tarot cards for runes if you want to, but it's not what people expect, and this is an important point. Part of the goal is to look cool, impressive, and suitably arcane. Another is to be able to point to evidence (cards, runes, etc.) and enable others to see the beginnings of your story. Think of it like a parent reading a book to their child. The parent reads the words while the child follows along looking at the pictures. Everybody is happier when the pictures match the story.

But let's get back to where we were going in this chapter. Despite the limited results we've had with the aforementioned cup of tea, tea leaf reading is one of the most powerful divination techniques there is. It is impressive, it is suitably arcane, and the results are nearly unlimited in scope, but it does have one major disadvantage. It is very, very difficult to share the raw data with another.

Our cookies are done, so let's prepare to do a real tea leaf reading.

Setting the Table

Full place settings, large white plates, tea saucers and cups, spoons, butter knives, etc.

Napkins, let's be civilized.

Plate of freshly baked cookies (for the fee's you're charging the least you can do is offer a snack).

Bowl sugar.

Wide selection of finest teas.

Pitcher of milk.

Kettle of warm to hot water (I actually use straight tap water when no one else is around).

Note: In the world of theatre, extremes are more effective than the middle ground. Either go all out or opt for a minimalist approach. Oh, and a large flat white plate without any decorative pattern works best for reading tea leaves on, not a cup or a saucer.

I would like to note at this point that originally I had thought about tying in the cookies and tea with returning from a cold rainy outing to the beach... to illustrate once again the lack of predictive powers present in any of the techniques discussed. I obviously haven't done that. I live in Hawaii, the weather is fantastic. The beach was lovely.

All that being said, as we start to read leaves, keep in mind, what you are trying to see is not the beyond, the future, or something far off. These things are not able to be perceived with any degree of accuracy by any method of divination. Instead, what we are trying to divine is ourselves. Divination is a method for looking inside. Divining the Broken Heart... Become whole. Let your selves join as one.

Without further ado, let's get right to it.

Reading the Leafs

In a white dinner plate pour contents from one bag of

tea.

Concentrate on breathing.

Hold plate up to face so edge is under nose.

Smell the tea.

Swish plate around so tea is scattered about.

Stare at tea.

Stare at tea some more.

Add a little water, a teaspoon, no more. Cold tap water is OK.

Swish plate around.

Smell, stare, if you're brave sip.

Have a cookie.

Stare some more.

Have another cookie. Maybe a glass of milk.

Swish plate around.

Smell, stare, sip.

Smell, stare, sip.

Note: This is exactly like trying to see images in floating clouds. The object is to see patterns in the tea leafs that remind you of other objects, things, faces, and/or people. For now don't try to figure out what anything means. Seeing an image is success in itself. The image doesn't have to take up the entire plate. A little smiley face surrounded by a mash of wet tea leafs is a good start.

It is just a matter of time and practice till you will see things. Sort of like juggling. You did spend the dozen or so hours it will take to learn to juggle didn't you? Or snapping your fingers? The first time you snap your fingers it might not be so impressive, but after you've been snapping your fingers for a few weeks, or a few months... after you've been snapping your fingers whenever you are happy and successful, training your body to associate finger snapping with success and happiness; then, whenever you are down, you can snap your fingers and tap into this stored association. If you put the energy into it, snapping your fingers

will work wonders... dare I say, it will work magic. By the same token, if you stare into tea leafs for 5-10-15 minutes a day while you enjoy a nice snack, after a day, week, month, or two, you will begin to see things.

What will you see? You will see the type of images you see in clouds... or countless other random arrays. Little smiley faces, letters like in vegetable soup, animals, bunny rabbits, unicorns, dragons, and people; lots and lots of people, cowboys, Indians, clowns, construction workers... countless faces, countless humans doing the things that humans do... eventually you might recognize some of these humans from your own life.

My first impulse is to say there is nothing special about tea, but this is not entirely accurate. Reading tea leafs is theatre, it is a show, but more importantly it also a gateway to further insight into the ways of the witch.

We will let that concept hang for now. For our present purposes I will go back to my first impulse and say, there is nothing special about tea. The images that we seek can be found elsewhere. In the vernacular, tea is a focusing medium, but there are many other focusing mediums. Think of staring at a plate of tea as a training exercise. You are telling your mind, eyes, unconscious, the universe, and the great and mighty all knowing Gra'gl what it is you want... given time and practice you will get the sight... Once you start to see the images, you'll see them everywhere, and you will begin to notice which focal mediums work best for you.

To reiterate, the focus can be nearly anything. Tea leafs, a crystal ball, ripples of water drifting across a lake as they catch the afternoon sun, a patch of gravel on the ground, a field of grass blowing in the wind, the branches of a tree, clouds, stars in the night sky, a tiled floor, a concrete wall, or most any carpet. I hope you get the idea. Pretty much anything. All the same, some foci are better than others. Tea leafs are particularly good, as is gravel,

granite slabs, or the leaf lined floor of a forest.

Once your mind understands the game, the images will come easily and from an amazing diversity of sources. In short the world will become a magical--i.e. symbolic place.

Traits of an ideal Focusing Medium

Focus fills entire field of vision.

It is comprised on only one layer.

Focus has character. That is to say, it is pattern friendly.

Focus is static.

Let's expand on these ideas a little bit.

The more the focus fills your field of vision, the better. With this in mind, let's reconsider the plate. We are using a plate because it is larger than a tea cup and if you hold it up to your face it covers your entire field of vision. Bigger is better. It's the difference between sitting right in front of a big screen TV and viewing a small portable table top model from across the room. It's not the same experience. It is easier to be immersed in the images and shut out distractions when the focus fills your field of vision.

It helps if your field of vision only includes one type of focus. Leaves on the ground are a good focus as is the gravel from a road, but it is difficult to get a vision to transcend the boundary between leaves and gravel. It's not impossible, and I've had some mighty fine visions where two competing mediums interacted with each other, but it is certainly more difficult. It's a lot like trying to focus on two different people's eyes. For the most part, the best that can be done is splitting your attention between the two.

The focus needs to have character. What does this mean? It means the focus needs to be uniform, but not too uniform. A perfectly painted white wall or a blue sky does not give enough contrast. With tea on a white plate, there is a contrast between the tea and the plate, but also this is the only contrast there is. If you

were to use a plate with a decorative pattern on it, the decorative pattern would only make tea-reading that much more difficult, because it would get in the way. You would notice it. A good example is if you are looking at the leaves covering a forest floor. The leaves have a nice variation of browns and work well, but if someone had left a red wagon in the middle of the forest, the wagon would draw your attention to it. Rather than trying to find a pattern in the leaves, your eyes would tend to focus on the wagon.

And lastly, it is easier to work with a static focus, this is why I don't recommend using much water when reading tea leaves. Swishing the plate around brings up a new pattern, a new array, but when we are looking into the tea, we want the particles to stay stationary. Something that is still and unmoving lets your eyes focus, adjust, and search for the deeper, hidden meaning. It is the nature of eyes to look for patterns, but it is also the nature of eyes to look for movement. If an eye sees movement, it switches gears and registers the movement and brings this to your attention. So, it may be very soothing to watch the ripples of water in a stream, the dance of a fountain, or the wind blowing waves across a field of grass, but it much harder to see visions in these sorts of dynamic arrays, than it is to see them in static ones. This being said, one of the coolest things I ever witnessed was a forest elemental take over tree and fight with a wind spirit as the tree's branches swayed back and forth in a growing storm. Perhaps it was one of the coolest things I've seen was because it is so rare and difficult to achieve.

I take it as a given that you can see things in clouds, and so I take it as a given that you will be able to see things in tea leaves. Humans are pattern seeking creatures. Plenty of folks have seen visions in tortillas, pancakes, and even potatoes. They have seen stains that look like long dead presidents, ginseng roots that look like wizened old men, oak trees with faces in them... and on and on.

We know it can be done. It's just a matter of spending the time to let your mind come to rest, to open the door, and to do it.

No doubt it is now time for a story about visions. When I was but a wee lad, I spent a summer away from home at a camp. As is traditional, nearly every night our counselor would tell us a ghost story... well not so much tell as read. He had checked a book out from the local library that recounted all (most? Some?) of the legends surrounding a particular ghost. I forget the ghost's true name, but the form of his name was The Ghost of The Lonely Country Road. Now the Lonely Country Road Ghost was responsible for lots of stuff. If he was thirsty, he'd work your pump, and folks would see the handle of their hand powered water pump go up and down on it's own accord. If he was tired, he'd walk right up to your porch and sit on your rocking chair and sit a spell, and folks would see their rocking chairs work themselves for no good reason. For a ghost he was pretty benign. I mean, he set kettles of water to boiling, stopped clocks, whined and howled at night, but there wasn't a single story about how he'd hacked anyone into a dozen pieces. He'd never strangled anyone in their sleep and as far as I knew he'd never hurt a living soul. Nonetheless, to hear it from the book, the locals were terrified of this ghost and the worst, the very worst thing that could ever happen to you is you'd be walking along this particular stretch of country road and the ghost would follow you. I'm sure you know the story. You're alone on a country road. It's past dark... maybe there's a moon, maybe it's turning to the pitch black of a cloudy moonless night in the middle of nowhere. There are no streetlights, no car lights, no city lights in the distance, nor in fact any lights anywhere at all, because you are a long, long way from home and it's night, and behind you, you notice someone is following you. You take a step. They take a step. You stop. They stop. You run. They run. Crap! You run harder. They run harder. You are now scared out of your wits and you look behind you. You see it! THE GHOST! He's after you! RUN! Run for your life. He's the evil ghost of Lonely Country Road Ghost! Run! Run! He'll sit on your chair, prime your pump, and howl at

you as you shiver under your covers on cold dark night. For the love of Gra'gl, RUN!

So you run and you run. You look behind you again, and he's still there, so you run some more. He's still there. You run, you look, and you run, because when he catches you, he's going to... he's going to... going to... going to give you a heart attack and that's where they'll find you the next morning... sprawled out in the center of the road or lying face down in a ditch, another victim of the Lonely Country Road Ghost.

Spooky, terrifying, stories, and talk about bad planning. I mean, this is exactly the sort of thing that would never have happened in the city, but the name of the road that led to the summer camp was called Lonely Country Road!!! I don't even want to think about how many campers we lost walking to the latrines every night. Every morning you'd be glad to be alive.

"Where's Bobby?"

"I don't know?"

"He had to take a leak last night."

"And you didn't go with? You killed him! You killed Bobby! You might as well signed his death warrant..."

And then Bobby comes walking back from the lake, toweling off after an early morning swim. He doesn't know how close he came to dying. Doesn't he realize the Creature From the Bottom of the Lake hunts at dusk and dawn. Geez Louis! Taking a swim at dawn is just tempting fate. It's as crazy as getting up to take a leak in the middle of the night.

Oddly, the story doesn't stop there. Night after night my cruel, sadistic counselor would read those terrifying ghost stories about the Lonely Country Road Ghost. Ghastly stories... and then one evening we were playing baseball in the back field. I'm sure you know the field, it's the one that is surrounded by a thick forest and that backs up to the Lonely Country Road! Now, I sucked at baseball, couldn't hit worth a darn, and as it was getting dark, I couldn't even see the ball anymore. I really don't remember

anything more about the game than that, but I do remember is the ghosts.

Now, if you're a kid at summer camp, you can't admit to being afraid of the dark, and no matter how much you want to run away when you see a flock of ghosts, if it's the middle of the seventh inning, two outs, bases loaded, you simply don't run away. But you know, you might also find it a bit difficult to concentrate on the game.

Wouldn't it be great story about how what happened next was that someone hit the ball past me into right field and I had to chase the ball into the haunted forest? You're evil readers. That's what you are the lot of you. Making me go chasing after the ball into those haunted woods. But it's OK. I forgive you. Because it would be great story. Sadly, that's not how it went. My team was up to bat, you see, and I was just staring at all these ghosts in the outfield... and then given time, I realized that all of those ghosts were really just birch trees. Just birch trees! Nothing more. Simple harmless birch trees! Of course, if you think about it for a second, you'd realize that it was in those birch trees that the Lonely Country Road Ghost must have stored the souls from all of his victims, but that's another story...

Why did I tell you this long winded story about apparently nothing? Um... It probably has something to do with the word count. You see, us writers sometimes get paid by the word, or we get worry if a book is too sparse, no one will buy it. But I'm going to guess it goes deeper than that as well. And if that's the guess the author is going with, a wise reader will back him.

It's uncanny really, but the two most overwhelmingly common visions I have are of angels and demons. I cannot begin to tell you how many times I've seen skeletons, devils, demons, maniacal killers, distorted gruesome faces, of... of... of images from my unconscious in tea leaves, water stains, and the toothpaste residue in my sink that Kelly keeps on demanding I clean up.

Please accept the inevitability of seeing these things in your

visions. They don't mean you are going to die... unless you have a heart attack from fright. I suppose that could do, but other than that, they are not dire evil forebodings of some horrible nastiness to come. They are not ill omens of impending disaster. Nor do they mean that you are conversing with the dead or some great all powerful evil spirit that will suck your soul and feed your sanity to its pet dragons. No. These images actually mean very little--intrinsically.

To understand what these skeletal, undead, demonic images actually mean, let's go back to the runes for a moment. A weather rune for temperature reads hot or cold... OK. Maybe hot-hot, cold-cold, and a few variations in between, but basically the signs are hot and cold. One of the most basic symbols in the word is a smiley face (good tidings, happiness, all is right and as it should be, etc.). It's opposite is a frowny face (sadness, something out of place, a problem, and/or something off center). Smiley faces become angels, saints, friendly visions, while frowny faces become, demons, devils, and skeletons, but it's not an absolute thing. It's a relative thing. The universe is an amazingly binary place, yes/no, ying/yang, on/off, all correlate pretty nicely with either a smiley face or a frowny face.

"No" is not a scary word. Cold is not a scary idea. Don't let a frowny face disturb you. Images of skeletons, devils, and demons are not intrinsically evil nor indicative of coming bad times. Come on, everyone knows the Death card in a tarot deck just means change. Change! That's it. Something new. Nothing else, so don't worry. That demon you see leering at you isn't really a creature from the depths of hell. It's a clue, a secret, and a key. All you need to do is figure out how to turn that frown upside down. Behind every devil, there is a comical clown waiting to surface. Behind every skeleton, there is a friend.

You will see skeletons. Given time, you will see negative visions. You can run from them. You can fear them or you can smile at them, find out why they are there and hear the story you need to be told.

Embrace the fear.

If you take away the ghost story, if you take away my fear of the dark, on that night long ago all that was out in the field were birch trees trying to teach me a lesson and what was the lesson these spirits of the forest were trying to tell me? Ghosts don't really exist. It seems counter intuitive, but there it is. Sometimes all it takes to realize that ghosts don't really exist is to see a ghost. Counter-intuitively, befriending a demon is the best way to free yourself from its grasp. And, most profoundly if all, before you can appreciate divination for what it is, you have to realize that it doesn't really exist. This experience, this understanding just might enable you to clear your mind of divination is not, so you can refill your consciousness with what it is. No doubt for me, divination was less than I had hoped for, but more than I had ever dreamed it would be.

Ooh, that sounds sufficiently mystical and incomprehensible.

Whether you appreciate the subtlety in the foregoing or not, today's lesson is coming to a close. The tea is cold and the plate of cookie is empty except for a few crumbs...

Have I mentioned how you can read cookie crumbs too? I especially like oatmeal raisin cookies for this. The raisins make such good eyes. I suppose while we are on the subject, I should mention you can read a plate with a tablespoon of dry oatmeal, uncooked rice, whole grain wheat, oregano, basil, cinnamon, or...

If a person wanted to be a real witch, they just might want to spend a moment or two with a wide variety of ordinary safe everyday foodstuffs: tasting them, making a tea, and swirling them around in a thin layer on a plate until they had found the ones that agreed with them and would tell them their secrets.

It's just an idea, but I don't know why you would bother. Any real witch will tell you, once man learned the secrets of steel, the days of witchcraft were numbered... except for those witches who learned how to use steel I suppose... but how many of those

can there be?

DANGER! DANGER! DANGER!

(NOTE: FOOD, HERBS, & SPICES SHOULD NEVER BE CONSUMED, SMELLED, BURNED, OR INGESTED. Heed the warnings on your box of oatmeal. It is there for your own protection. All humor aside, do not eat anything that is not edible. Duh! Do not smell anything that is toxic. Double duh! Do not make a tea out of poison and drink it... unless you are trying to strengthen the gene pool. And most importantly, do not make homemade incense. Stuff that is safe in one context is often dangerous in another. If you are going to follow the herbalist path, then get a good reference book on herbs. I know squat about herbs, but I do know that if you eat enough of any herb you'll end up puking. And that it is possible to have an allergic reaction (possibly a fatal one) to nearly anything. Warning, you are approaching an extremely odd bit of trivia! Please wear protective eye coverings. Nonsense aside, one of the main dangers firefighters face while battling raging forest fires is the danger of inhaling smoke from poison ivy. The fumes cause an allergic reaction in the lungs and can cause death. You do not want to burn some seemingly harmless substance (like oregano) only to discover that you have an heretofore unnoticed allergy to the vile weed.)

Chapter 7 - Psych

Have I ever mention my degree in BS...

There is a saying that goes, you "can't see the forest for the trees." Is it true? I mean have you ever been walking in a forest and not been able to see the forest because the trees were in the way? Doesn't really make a lot of sense when you stop to think about it. If you took the trees away there wouldn't be a forest, so

how could taking the trees away help in viewing the forest? I mean I just don't get it.

Ponder on that. Ponder on truth. Ponder on revealing truth. Can't see the forest for the trees. It's just a saying, a metaphor, an insight, but is it really true?

I don't know, but then truth doesn't matter.

Can't see the forest for the trees. What is he talking about? What does tea leaf reading have to do with casting runes?

Let me explain. In a good casting, in a good reading, and I not so sure there is a difference, the entire set of runes will take on the appearance of an image... perhaps a smiley face and then we have multiple interlocking elements to consider in any reading.

Reading Runes 202

Read individual runes

Read runes in proximity to other runes

See the forest, an encompassing picture for all the runes.

Read individual and groups of runes in relation to the forest.

The rune throw exists on an external medium (bed, table, handkerchief). Relate all elements of the rune throw (individual, group, forest) to the external medium.

In the end, the phrase, "can't see the forest for the trees," turned out to be pretty useful, but I can't begin to tell you whether it is true or not, or has any intrinsic existence.

There are other useful tools out there, other useful phrases, and some of them I even believe. Let's talk philosophy for a moment. At the most basic level of philosophy there is a field of study called logic. One of the most basic rules of logic is;

If A is true, then A is true.

Or, the same thing reworded;

If A is true, then A cannot be untrue.

This little gem of an idea is the basis of all math, science, and enlightened western thought, but in the end it is just an idea. It will never be more than an idea. It cannot be proved. It also cannot be unproved. Reality may work according to this rule, but then again, it may not. In fact, we may not be able to determine if reality does or does not work this way, and more critically, reality may deceive us and appear to operate by the rule, when in fact it does not.

There are other ideas.

This moment is all you have.
The past is but a memory.
The future will never happen.

Taken together, the above statements are a rejection of causative effect. The past never happened, and as such you are here because you are here. Not because of some past casual action on your part. Furthermore, the future will never come and so once again it is not determined by now. Causation does not exist. Now determines itself and nothing more.

You have freewill.

Freewill? What does this mean? Freewill to set the alarm clock for 6:00, 6:01, or on a daring day 6:02? Doesn't sound much like freewill to me. If you are going to accept freewill, why not say I have freewill to determine the now in which I exist. Freewill to determine who I am, what I am, how I am, and where I am. 100%, sum, and in total. All you have is this moment and this moment is your creation.

You are enlightened.
You are perfect.
There is nothing further to strive for.

If you were to suddenly open your eyes and realize that you are in The Garden of Eden, would you need to be a different person than you already are? I cannot answer this question for you, but if you believe you need to be a different person to enter The Garden of Eden, then this thought and nothing more is exactly what keeps you out of The Garden of Eden.

You are your own harshest judge.

Um... so don't be.

Happiness is just a finger snap away.

Believe it.

Nothing exists external to yourself...

And here we will leave these thoughts and ideas. Are they useful? To me. Do I believe them? At times. Are they true? How would I know? What could that possibly matter?

I present these ideas because they can be useful as tools, as ways to align the mind and view the world. Utilized they can aid a person in their quest. Another tool I am a big fan of is the Scientific Method. Not that I ever use it...

But, let's talk about the Scientific Method for a moment. In theory it is a methodology for determining the truth, whatever that means, for what is. A quest for a universal truth makes numerous assumptions:

Assumptions Inherent in Scientific Method

A truth exists independent of the observer.

This truth is equal and equivalent for all observers.
This truth is static and consistent through time and space.
This truth is measurable, knowable, and relatable.

I am not refuting these assumptions. I am simply pointing out that the Scientific Method rests on assumptions. If you do not believe any one of these assumptions, or if any one of these assumptions turns out not to be true, the usefulness of the Scientific Method is compromised.

Brief Outline of Scientific Method

Observe reality.

Formulate a theory.

Devise an experiment to test the theory.

Conduct the test.

Integrate the results of test into observations of reality and start over.

Note: A key component of this methodology is the experiment both devised and conducted by the researcher. Without the experiment, there is no Scientific Method.

Notice how the Scientific Method differs from the Research Method.

Brief Outline of the Research Method

Observe reality.

Formulate a question or topic of interest.

Seek out journals, books, and other authoritative sources (i.e. read the literature).

Integrate knowledge gleaned into world view and start over.

Note: Reading this book is equivalent to conducting the Research Method. Notice the lack of any test or experiment. Actual interaction with the real world is not required.

The Research Method is more or less equivalent whether one is studying science, religion, the occult, literature, or world events. That is to say the study of the truth, fiction, fantasy, and reality are all conducted in more or less the same fashion.

The last point I wish to point out in regards to the Scientific Method, i.e. Science, before I move on is that given time and energy, all the research in a given field tends to converge and yield similar results. This is called confirmation. It is central to the doctrine of science that experiments are repeatable. It is foolish to deny the results of scientific experiments. If you have done the red black tests as presented in this book, you have found out what numerous Psi researches have known for decades. No one can predict the colors on an unknown playing card. This to me is irrefutable. If you deny the truth of this statement, the burden of a serious, big time proof is on you... and I don't want to hear any BS about how your technique doesn't work around skeptics, negative thought waves, constricting situations, or whatever load of crap you're trying to dish out.

But even if we all accept that we cannot predict a card's color, we still might not agree on what that means, or what conclusions we can draw from this fact. The last step in the Scientific Method is to "Integrate results of test into observations of reality and start over." This is a subjective step, open to interpretation, and without a doubt is the most abused and misunderstood step in science. This is the step where people say, "Science says..." or "the results indicate..." In short, this is the step where the specific results from a small, often insignificant experiment are generalized. Overwhelmingly the results are over generalized and blown up to be made into more than they really are. I cannot begin to tell you how many times I have reviewed a famous, big name experiment, you know gone back and poured over the raw data, read the experimental procedure, and/or seen a film clip of the actual experimental protocol and suddenly said to myself, "No wonder they got the results they did. This isn't real.

This doesn't prove anything." And don't make the mistake of thinking it's a denial of the results. The results are, pure and simple. But what the results mean? That's up in the air.

It is perhaps a private pet peeve, but there it is. In the whole though, I like science, I respect science, and I utilize its results and integrate its insights into my life and practice whenever possible.

I will also be the first person to admit that the conclusions I draw from science are different from the next person, so take it all with a grain of salt. Or better yet, drop by a library, order up a journal article or two, look at the raw data, scrutinize the methodology, and pull out of it the parts that are useful to you. Understanding science, this is some of that steel I was talking about earlier.

And about here, I must admit to feeling a little self conscious about the lack of humor in this chapter... or at least intentional humor. Some folks, Kelly for instance, find my personal philosophy to be a source of never ending amusement.

Anyway, if I could think of a joke or whatever, I would probably insert it here. You know, a white witch, a black witch, and a steel witch are walking in the forest, when all of a sudden they come upon a coven of beautiful naked witches dancing around a bonfire...

Like I said, if I could think of a joke, I'd put it right in here, but I can't. Me I blame science. All those logical, intellectual, scientists are always so dry and serious that the subject does not lend itself easily to humor.

Instead what I have done is put together a very quick, incomplete list of scientific buzzwords. They are a starting point. Take these words to the library, the Internet, or toss them out during a few casual conversations and see where they lead. In short, employ the Research Method. The reasoning is simple. For every single copper the Council of Seven has devoted to research in the last seven years, the scientific community has spent great big unbelievably high piles of gold. Come on, the Council of Seven

doesn't even have a journal, magazine, or even a little newspaper. They are a little tight fisted with their knowledge, but those science guys are just giving the game away for free. Granted, it's not exactly the information that we want, but we can tweak it a little.

Some Useful Scientific Buzzwords to start your research

The Rorschach Ink Blot Test

TAT: the Thematic Apperception Test

The Gra-GL Interpretive Series

Hallucinations and/or Mystical Experiences

Imaginal Relationships, a.k.a. Imaginary Friends

The Rorschach Ink Blot Test is that exercise where you look at blots of ink and describe the images you see. This is supposed to reveal secrets about your mental health. Hopefully one can see the corollaries between looking for visions in ink blots and looking for visions in a pile of damp, ground up tea leafs. There is no denying the fact that a healthy human will see stuff in a blot of ink, and it follows logically that a healthy human, given practice, will see stuff in tea leafs as well.

There are literally thousands of articles on the Rorschach Ink Blot Test. It is one of the most thoroughly researched tools in all of psychology. For those of you who aren't big fans of science or the establishment, I'd like to point out that the Rorschach has been more or less completely discredited as a meaningful psychological evaluation tool, because the results are totally subjective. Experiments have shown that if two (or more) psychologists are given the raw data from a client (a printed description of what a client claims to have seen in the ink blots), they will more than likely provide two completely different diagnosis. While you're thinking about that, I might ask you to consider the type of consultation you might expect to receive from two different palm readers given a similar scenario (photos of your hands, etc.).

TAT, the Thematic Apperception Test, consists of showing a subject a simple drawing of an ambiguous event/scene and then requesting the client to explain what is happening. This is pretty much exactly like showing someone a picture and then asking them to make up a story and/or caption to accompany the image. Is it just me, or does this sound a lot like looking at a tarot card (and/or a group of tarot cards) and then trying to figure out what it all means. Lots of research has been done on this one as well. If you are into cards, you should at least check this out.

Gra-GL Interpretive Series, is a word association exercise where a list of pre-made... Good! I think we've lost the editors. This science stuff is so boring, you know they can't be bothered to read it more than once. You'll notice in a bit that they cut my entire chapter on selling your soul to Gra'gl. I don't know? Some legal thing. They said it wasn't ethical to promote evil, but that explanation doesn't make a whole lot of sense to me. Gra'gl isn't evil, he's just misunderstood. Look, I don't have much time, so I can't get into the moral minutia. The point is, I can't recommend selling your soul to Gra'gl enough. But if you do, if you decide that selling your eternal soul to Gra'gl IS the right course for you. Then when you are asking for something in return, say like a new car, you'll want to clarify that that means a nice new luxury car each and every year. If you don't, you'll find yourself with the same rusted out piece of crap you started with... only seven years later. Oh, look out. Here, they come back... So the bottom line is, looking into Gra-GL and what he/she/it offers is a must for anyone serious about becoming a world famous divination expert.

Imaginal Relationships, otherwise known as Imaginary Friends are covered briefly in the literature. See the Gra-GL/IS if you don't believe me. Which is to say, it can be helpful to interpret certain types of pooka's, spirit guides, ghosts, angels, demons, astral visitors, or whatever you want to call your friends from an alternative perspective. Functionally there is very little

difference between an imaginary friend and a being who no one else sees and who is also (quite coincidentally, I assure you) unable to effect the physical world. I'm not saying Ke'Hyryn, dragons, Minataurs, or Pixies don't exist. I'm just saying that if you want to find a little scientific research on those baby dragons that wake you every morning clamoring for a cup of hot chocolate, to which they seem to be addicted, then you might want to use the search term imaginary friend, because baby dragon just doesn't occur too often in the scientific literature these days.

I suppose Hallucinations and Mystical Experiences follow directly from the preceding example. Hallucinations are visions (or tastes, sounds, and sensations) which have no basis in the real world. Illusions are slightly different and have a basis (a focus) in the real world, but the focus is misinterpreted. Mystical Experiences are like seeing god, having conversations with angels, playing a round of golf with extraterrestrials, or shrewdly negotiating a contract with Gra'gl. Though strictly speaking that whole shrewdly thing in the preceding example is strictly imaginary and/or an hallucination. Anyway, these visions that no one else can see are often profoundly important life changing events to the one who experiences them. In fact, they are so important, so stupendously special, and cool--like really, really super cool--that if you are anything like me, you might want this type of experience just for the sake of it. And if any of you readers--that is to say young, aspiring, suitable impressionable young witches out there--wish to experience this sort of thing, well then a good idea might to go study scientific research journals and see what actions and/of behaviors increase the chances of having such a vision. It would actually be quite ingenious, don't you think?

DANGER! DANGER! DANGER!
DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME!
Attaining the Mystical Experience,

a.k.a. Entering the Failure Zone.

Don't Eat.

Don't Sleep.

Work yourself till you're at death's door.

Don't feed your brain a damn thing.

Note: given enough time, this will kill you dead. On the way, your brain will fail and you'll get to see the dying sputters and gasps from a failing system.

Let's review.

Eat a crappy diet, or turn Vegan. The key thing is to limit both your intake of calories and protein... rice is a good choice. Obviously at some point you'll starve yourself to death, so see a doctor or something first.

Keep poor sleep habits. Four hours a night? That's for folks who don't have the fate of the universe resting on their shoulders. Stop sleeping. And when that doesn't work, limit yourself to five minutes here and five minutes there. Trust me, you'll be loopy in no time. Might not want to do anything that takes a brain while in this sleep deprived state like... um, pretty much anything, but for Gra'gl's sake, stay away from anything that uses electricity, power, gasoline, or that comes with an instruction manual.

Speaking of manual, work to exhaustion. When that doesn't work stand for no reason facing a wall, or dance until you are no longer able to. Once again, this is a real good way to hurt yourself, break a bone, give yourself a heart attack and all of those other things. Did I mention that the whole purpose here is to bring the system to its knees? I did? Well, don't be surprised if things start to crack and break towards the end.

Induce boredom. Watching the midnight movie is one way to stay up late, but for a real psychotic experience, what you need to do is turn off the TV and stare at that blank wall until the sixth dimension starts to come in crystal clear, my Zen brothers.

As before, please note, this is Dangerous! Dangerous! Dangerous! This is a recipe for breaking down the body, mind,

and soul. Think about that. It doesn't sound healthy and it's not. The reason you get hallucinations after days, weeks, months, or yes even years of a poor diet, poor sleep habits, working your body to death, and letting your mind atrophy is because you are poisoning and killing your body, mind, and soul. In short, you are putting the system into failure mode, and in failure mode strange unpredictable things happen. Systems fail. Like that system that allows you to differentiate between reality and non-reality. So, Danger! Danger! Danger! Do not try this at home! Have I made that clear?

Trance States and Altered States of Consciousness are similar to Mystical Experiences. I couldn't figure out a way to include these two catch phrases in the preceding section, so I just gave them one of their own. I know giving them their own section reeks of blatantly useless filler, sort of like the rest of this paragraph, but if you've bought any number of occult books over the years, you're probably used to this sort of drivel. In fact, by this time, I figure that most seekers must find this sort of, you know, aimless paragraphs and sections that go on with absolutely no point or destination in mind, to be just sort of reassuring and homey. You know, like as a reader you say to yourself, I can really relate to that Eddie guy, he can write a useless paragraph just like the rest of them. I like to think it makes me seem more personable and accessible. You know, reassures the reader that despite all indications to the contrary, I'm still a regular guy. Wow! I can't believe I got that whole paragraph of crap past the editor. He, she, it (you never really know with editors these days) probably got so bored with all that scientific gobbledegook that they aren't even planning on reading the rest of this chapter, so we might just be able to sneak something interesting in here...

Therapy, Counseling, and Group Work are all relevant concepts when working with clients (and good search terms too, I might add). Just keep this critical bit of datum in mind: it is

against the law to use the word therapy or counseling unless one has the relevant license, but since they require no license, one can instead use words like life skills coach, psychic teacher, mystical advisor, or entertainer. This being said, I must point out, I'm not a lawyer, so hey, guess what? I could be wrong about what exactly is legal and what isn't, and things change over time and across jurisdictions, etc., so basically, be careful.

Anyway, regardless of the specific words you use, or the name you decide to describe whatever it is that you do, there remains the fact that reading a palm, playing with cards, and/or throwing the runes has some relation to one or more of the more established and recognized professions. You could do a lot worse than to learn all you can about any of these profession and perhaps even getting licensed. The skill set that a group therapist finds useful for controlling and directing a meeting would obviously be useful to a medium conducting a séance at a dinner party... but then maybe not. I'm not a group therapist and I'm not a medium. So, what do I know?

As we bring the chapter to a close, I must admit that I realize that my list is short and incomplete. I am certain that once you get started, you'll get the knack of research in no time and finding additional search terms will become easy, almost second nature. If you don't find that statement helpful or reassuring, maybe you should just start by typing the name (or title) of your favorite paranormal phenomenon (group, event, spell, etc.) into an Internet search engine followed by the word hoax, skeptic, scam, or scientific basis, and see what pops up. It can't hurt to know how others have faked results, or how the scientific community interprets your occult belief system.

Once you get your foot in the door and know what words and subjects bridge the gap between science and your particular area of interest, learn as much as you can. Not only will you gain insight into the craft from another angle, but you will also be able to discuss the merits of the craft using the language, terminology, and

bias of scientists, skeptics, doubters, and naysayers. This in itself can be very useful, because it will allow you to defuse negative confrontations, by simply explaining the logical basis of what you are doing in a non-judgmental and rational manner.

For instance, scientific researchers have spent decades researching the images people see in a few dozen random ink blots, but there is nothing intrinsically special about ink blots. These same sorts of images can be found in a cup of tea or in the pattern that a handful of silver coins makes on a freshly made bed in the morning light, as one prepares for the day, and the things that may come.

What rational person would deny this?

And if these images, these coins, these runes

Lead to a story...

Well then, it's just a story,

Little different from a book,

Sold under the guise of fiction,

Which starts with a disclaimer

About how nothing in it is real

And all indications to the contrary

Are simply random coincidences

Part of the craft...

The craft of writing

And/or twisting bullshit

Around

Until it seems real.

Divining the Broken Heart

The Cynical Witch's Guide to Divination, Spells, and all that other
Witchy Stuff

By Eddie Takosori

Copyright Brett Paufler, 7-16-07

Part 2

Chapter 8 - Dreams

The poetry of the night...

In the Ultra-Clear

In the ultra-clear past midnight
Before the mist of dawn
With eyes in back
I look on past
The moments that are gone

But moments vanish quickly
And chance does strike but once
So through the haze
I do but gaze
On dreams I left undone

I don't know how I ever got there. Me? How did I pull it off? How did I fool them?

Every night it starts the same. I'm at the big board meeting. I've done my research. I've got impressive charts, slides, and graphs to back me up. I'm wearing \$1,000 shoes and a suit to match. This is the presentation of my life and I'm nailing it. Finally we get to the big moment. The chairman asks me, "So, you're the expert. What do we do?"

I pause for dramatic effect. I lean on the table. I'm in control here. I'm the doorbell chime consultant they brought in to solve their flagging sales figures. I'm the go-to man. I've got an unblemished record. I can see the tension is too much for them, so finally I tell them... "I see Ding-Dong coming back in a big way next year," and they just love it.

Then I wake up and I remember... I was wrong. The

next year, they got clobbered by the competition, which had opted for a more cosmopolitan “Buzz.” I should have seen the tides turning. I should have realized the recent “Gong!” fad would sour the market for classical chimes. Of course, by then I’d closed up shop, moved to Hawaii, and started writing fiction like I had always wanted...

The thing is, it must be a dream Doc, but even if it is, I don’t want to wake up. How do I make sure the dream never ends?

In the last section I claimed, “Nothing exists external to yourself.” My mind alternates on what this means. It could mean, when you are dead, you are dead. You do not pass Go, you do not collect \$200, and you most assuredly do not spend eternity in heaven, hell, or by coming back to Earth in an endless string of manifestations. And then my mind ponders on it some more, decides that it--if nothing else--is immortal, and that in every instant it dies and is immediately reborn in an endless cycle. Despite my logical protestations to the contrary, my head insists that this cycle will last forever.

You should perhaps take from this that my mind is a self contradictory, undecided thing (i.e. I know squat). That being said, when dealing with dreams and internal states of my mind, I believe--quite overwhelming--that I am an isolated being.

This may be a self fulfilling ideology, but it also allows me to interact in the spirit world with absolutely no fear. Angels, devils, and demons, even Gra’gl himself are but extensions of my mind. It seems silly to be afraid of myself, so why be afraid of these other--extensions of myself.

You may wish to keep my biases in mind as I discuss dreams.

The Four Levels of Dreaming

Sub Prime

Normal

Lucid Astral

According to science (see previous section) the mind dreams in REM sleep for a few minutes every hour or so. Oddly, this occurs to some extent whether we are asleep in bed or not. Now, REM sleep is what most folks refer to as dreams: the images are relatively vivid, there is some sort of story, plot development, characterization, action, and so on and so forth. But at the same time, dreaming is a lot like sitting through a screening of movie shorts at the local art college. You know there's supposed to be a plot and resolution in there somewhere, but you can't always put your finger on it.

Anyhow, what I've just described is normal dreaming. It's what most folks mean when they say dream. In between REM dreams, the mind does not turn off, rather it merely idles at a lower speed. During this time, we have what I will call sub prime dreams. Much less vivid, often having no degree of visual components, the ego disappears, but there are still one or two ideas floating around in one's head. It is the goal of many meditation techniques to reach this state.

On the other hand, lucid dreaming is a hyper aware level of dreaming wherein you know you are dreaming and you can interact with the dream world as if it was some sort of parallel dimension in which flying, teleportation, and magic are real.

I knew I was dreaming so I didn't even bother to take the test. Instead I took hold of Kelly's hand and started to dance on the desktops with her.

Frogs don't normally talk, so I knew I was dreaming. I jumped as high as I could and soon was soaring above the clouds.

My watch wasn't working, so I did what I always do

when that happens. I started to melt into the floor and reemerged on the beach. The party was just starting.

For folks who have never experienced a lucid dream, I cannot begin to relate the delightfulness of the experience. One finds themselves in a world without consequence where one can do quite literally anything that they believe that they can. The possibilities are endless. However it is still a dream. The ego, the mind, is not completely present. Rational, logical, detailed thought is difficult if not impossible and sensations are much less than they are in the waking world. It's kind of like being in a deep, heavy, groggy haze, but the good news is that in this haze you can be a dragon, a Minotaur running a stampede, or a Mermaid swimming under the moonlit sea. I find the tradeoff to be worthwhile. Qualitatively, one could say the difference between lucid dreams and waking reality is similar, but different, to the way a movie is different from reality. In other words, a lucid dream is the ultimate form of immersive entertainment.

The last layer that I mentioned, astral travel and projection, I don't actually believe in. I believe folks who claim this ability are simply having lucid dreams (and don't realize it, won't admit it, or simply define the lucid and astral states differently than I do). It is not uncommon for a person (such as myself) who does not believe in astral projection to hear an account of astral travel and to see in the account all the earmarks of a lucid dream. To be fair, I imagine those who believe in astral travel must feel the same way when they hear an account of a lucid dream. We could leave it at that and say lucid dreaming is just another name for astral travel, but adherents of the astral plane tend to give it a few special properties you won't find any lucid dreamer ascribing to their dreams. First of all, in the astral plane you can interact with other people. In theory, if I go into the astral plane and you go into the astral plane, we should be able to meet there, talk, and trade information. Also, since the astral plane borders the physical plane, a person in the astral plane should be able to observe the physical world--say, by

being able to determine whether a playing card in another room was black or red. Under experimental conditions, no one has ever been able to communicate with another or accomplish remote viewing. However, not to fear, for there is a third level of interaction theoretically possible in the astral plane and this is beyond scientific investigation (and therefore safe from the skeptics prying eyes). A person in the astral plane can interact with people, places, and things that reside solely in the astral plane. Of course, since these things have no basis in the physical world, not only are they beyond the realm of scientific investigation, they cannot be differentiated from the props that populate lucid dreams.

It is not for me to tell you whether the astral plane exists or not. It is a place of wonderment and enchantment for many a white witch, and an illusionary carrot held out by just as many black witches to their naïve apprentices. To understand why, let's look a little deeper at the astral plane and some of the places you can go.

The Great Library – Back in the day, this was the most celebrated location in the astral plane. The Great Library was an open institution dedicated to knowledge and wisdom. It was a noble goal--ripe for abuse by ignoble creatures. See, in the good old days, that just let you walk right into the stacks. If you were from say the 21st century, you could mosey on down to the books written in the 25th century and look up whatever you wanted: history, sporting results, and technological innovations to name just a few of the more popular sections. At first the librarians didn't mind, but then after a while they found out how much work this was causing them. A Mr. Eddie--we will simply call him Mr. Eddie X to avoid any unnecessary unpleasantness--would go into the library every night and read the papers for the next week. He knew what was going to happen, so understandably he made lots and lots of money. Problem was, he also changed history. So they had to chuck out the old newspapers, and bring in new ones. It

happens. It wasn't such a big deal, but then those no good guys from Wyoming started doing the same thing--the copycats. Anyway, they'd change history. I'd change history. They'd change history. I'd change history. It wasn't long before the librarians were changing out the entire periodical section of the library every few hours. In the end it was too much and they put the entire collection under lock and key. Now you have to have a library card to so much as look at your wife's diary. I don't even want to go into the injustice of that. Now it might not seem like such a big deal. Just get a card, you say. Well, clearly you've never tried. To get a library card these days, you need two forms of photo ID, yada, yada, and all that. OK. Look here. The astral plane is just across the street from the world of dreams, and long story short, I'm always losing my pants in the astral plane, which by the way I'm going to blame on all those roving sucking vortexes. Bottom line, I can't seem to get a library card and judging from the lines in front, neither can anyone else. So although there may be a Great Library in the astral plane that has a copy of every book ever written, don't count on ever even getting in the front doors let alone looking at next weeks paper.

While we are on the subject, I would like to point out that all those outdated books, magazines, and periodicals that were made obsolete by the notorious Eddie X and that the library threw out: well, the astral plane is literally littered with copies of books filled with erroneous information. In fact, The Circle of Darkness has opened a chain of competing library--sort of like franchise outlet boutiques. And they stock their imitation library branches with tomes that the Great Library has discarded! But not to fear. It's easy to tell when you are in a Circle of Darkness library. For one thing, you actually got inside; and for another, all the writing is gibberish nonsense.

But really, who reads anymore? It's night, and while your body sleeps, do you really want to study? Why not go to a movie at Gra'gl's Theatre? They have all the latest releases there.

Gra'gl's Theatre is a big chain of movie theatres, so no matter where you are in the astral plane, there is always one close by. The specific one I patronize has those velvet red chairs and the screen is covered by a giant curtain when they aren't showing a movie, so you never have to sit through any commercials. The price is right too. For \$5 you can get any seat in the house and an armful of goodies from the snack bar. In fact, owing to those astral vortexes, sometimes I don't have any cash on me, and whoever is working the door never seems to mind. They have a real open policy at Gra'gl's Theatre. They just want you to show up, and stay a while... maybe longer.

Anyhow, they show all the latest films, have the old standby's, and will even take requests at Gra'gl's Theatre. The best part is, if you see something on the screen that looks interesting, you can just fly through the air, into the screen, and enter the movie. I guess this sort of happens either way, but it's nice to think you've got the choice. A word to the wise though, if the only thing they are playing is a war, horror, or zombie flick, you might want to do something else.

The astral plane is a really big place, literally infinite, so there is no way I'm going to cover it all. If you've never been there, head over to the Great Library and check out one of those tourist guidebooks. If that doesn't work out, spend a moment or two at one of the many visitor centers they have sprinkled throughout the plane, or, if you're like me, setting out and exploring at random might be your best bet. Some popular destinations are:

The Garden of Eden: watch out, though, they've passed a no loitering law.

The Round Table: and get assigned a quest. (Hint: opt for the Holy Grail one).

Seek out the Holy Grail: both fun and informative.

Climb the Stairway to Heaven: talk story with St. Peter.

(Note: slip him a fiver and he'll let you check the Big Book for

your name. Slip him another and he'll let you wander around inside the gates for a bit.)

Climb the Robes of God: they're sort of like ivory columns, and it might not sound like much, but really, it's a must see.

Ride on Chiron's Barge: bring your significant other and a picnic for a nice romantic trip down the River Styx.

Visit the Seven Wonders: I suppose you'd have to be able to name the Seven Wonders first though: Pyramids, Hanging Gardens, Colossus... um, I guess I don't know the rest. I'm not even sure what the Colossus is. From the name I gather it's supposed to be pretty big. Anyhow, the thing is, they are all there, still in their prime, during construction, and in ruins, so if you have a specific destination in mind, you'll need to attention to what gate you go through at the front and what your ticket says.

Avenue of Kings: you can walk down that sucker, but why bother? It's hot, dry, and seems to go on like forever. Instead of trying to reach the end, there's this little café that me and Kelly like more or less in the middle of it all that serves a mean K'fr tea and a gungu snap that is just to die for.

Tree of Life: sit under the tree of life. Once again bring a picnic. They've got food there, but it's like healthy granola crap, so just stop by a hamburger joint on the way. Sure, they'll give you the eye, but if they didn't want you bringing your own food, they should serve something more than twigs and berries. While you are there, you can ask Verde Grun... Actually, maybe I shouldn't be giving away power names, but then when I think about it, I realize that maybe Verde should develop a sense of humor. Anyhow, while you're there you can ask ole Verde all your environmental questions, and if you care to, you can ever listen to his answers.

Mother Earth: can be quite protective of her children (i.e. Verde) so don't try to stump him with any tough questions. You're barking up the wrong tree there. Yuck. Yuck. Oh yeah, and apparently they're not on big on visitors leaving Styrofoam containers lying around. Something about littering and how it will

take 10,000 years to decompose. Come on! This is the astral plane, infinite in time and space. Like anyone is ever going to notice.

And then there are the more mundane locations. You know: Country lane after a spring shower, a crisp dry forest in the fall, fields of corn and wheat, floating down a river (personally, I love going on float trips), heading off to the local swimming hole, running with the bulls, horses, or Minataurs, or spending an evening in a winter wonderland. Like I said, the sky and your imagination is the limit, because the astral plane does not in fact exist, so pretty much anything is possible once you get there.

One place that does exist is, of course, Lahina. It's billed as the wildest party on the beach in all the known universe, but it's really more of a private country club run by a very broad minded and open hearted cult by the name of Yr'goth's Chosen. Other devious, narrow minded, petty cults will try to take credit for Lahina, but you know they're just lying. Anyhow, if you ever find yourself in the neighborhood, come on by. I think membership plans start at \$10,000 these days, which is very reasonable when you consider it all, but if you ask nicely, they'll give you a free pass for the night on the condition that you listen to an informative one-hour sales presentation. So check it out and find out why Lahina is the go-to, now, happening destination in the night time world. Just tell them, Eddie sent you for your free pair of novelty sunglasses.

So hopefully you're all fired up. The astral plane is sounding pretty good and you realize that if I want to call it lucid dreaming, that's just a personal little quirk of mine--something about how I'm trying to keep the number of attendees at the beach side party down, so I have a better chance of hooking up with the good looking girls. And with a lead in like that, no doubt the question on your mind right now is, how do you get started?

Believe it or not, the first step is counterintuitive.

To dream further, better, and deeper: you must first wake up.

To restate this, if you want to dream fuller, richer dreams, then waking up in your dreams is a good first step. A non-intuitive result of this is that as you wake up into your dreams, your dreams flow over into your waking life. Differentiating between the two may become more difficult. So now is a good time for one of those warnings.

Danger! Danger! Danger!

The whole point of doing dream work is to cloud the difference between the waking and sleeping world. This is not natural. Well maybe it is, but is certainly not normal by modern standards. If you muck around in the dream world, you are extending an invitation for your dreams to muck around in your waking world. If you are plagued by nightmares, already have difficulty differentiating the real from the unreal, or are happy sleepwalking through life like an unaware brain dead zombie (and I mean that in a nonjudgmental way), then dream work is probably not for you.

If you still want to explore dreams, the first step is easy. Keep a journal.

Dream Journal

Get paper and pencil (or pen and notebook).

Put next to bed.

Set alarm clock for Midnight, 3am, and whenever you wake up in the morning.

Every time alarm goes off, write down 3 different distinct dream images.

In the morning review your journal.

In the evening review your journal.

After a week or so, feel free to throw out what you have written.

Note: By end of the night every night you will have written down the details of nine dream images. You must decide what constitutes a dream image and what constitutes writing it down. I go for a pretty minimalist interpretation myself. If you can recall the full dream images a week later based on what you have written down, you've written down enough. If you can't, you haven't. Some people like to keep their journals for years and years, although I can't see the point. I suppose you could whip them out at the end of a dinner party when you wanted everyone to go home and start reading. I'm sure everyone present would get the point and clear out lickety-split. There is no other reason to you're your journals for more than a week, and keeping them longer may actually be counterproductive. The purpose of the journal is to allow your mind to focus and remember something that happened a few minutes or hours ago with accuracy and depth of perception. However, remembering all of your dreams from last year is too much, and simply reorients your brain into a backward looking instrument--focusing the wrong way.

The logic in keeping a dream journal is simple enough. First of all it forces you to spend time recalling your dreams. You're not really going to dream more if you follow my advice, but you are going to remember more of your dreams. Here are some other ways of recalling more dreams.

Dream Recollection Techniques

Sleep with a partner, be it a man, woman, dog, or a cat

Buy a chiming grandfather clock

Sleep with your window open

Play a soundtrack

If you'll notice the pattern, they all pretty much boil down to introducing something (or someone) into your life that will cause you to wake up more often and ultimate cause you to become a lighter sleeper. This is as it should be because the bottom line goal is to weaken the boundary between the waking and sleeping world. When this happens, other boundaries fall away...

It is the afternoon commute home. A truck carrying tires is driving in front of me. One of the tires bounces off the truck, hits the pavement, and bounces all the way over my own vehicle.

It sounds like a dream. I assume it is a dream, but I remember it like an event that actually occurred. In fact, my recollection of this event is that it is something that in the distant past I had believed happened, but over time, it seemed so improbable, that I have convinced myself that it was just a dream. Maybe it happened. Maybe it was a dream. I really don't know. Expect this sort of crap if you work with dreams. It only gets worse.

I am in elementary school. There is a flying saucer in the middle of the playground. During recess, the aliens give us a tour of their space ship. It is a field trip of sorts. Later they take each of us into a room and conduct a series of tests on us. I fail. They erase the memory of the experience from my mind. I forget about the space ship. I forget about the science, math, and psychic abilities test they gave me and instead I remember the entire event as a series of health screenings and a hearing test. A month later, my friend best friend moves away. I do not recall the space ship or the aliens until 25 years later, when I am writing a book about UFOs, and I decide to experimentally create a false memory for myself. Why did I choose this false memory? Why did I

decide to write a book on UFOs? Although I know I created this memory for myself, it is one of the most vivid memories of my entire elementary school experience. Why is that?

Questions! Questions!

First of all, I like to believe that the memory is quite vivid, because I recall it so often and constantly use it as my premier example concerning false memories, delusional thinking, and/or the inability of the mind to differentiate that which is real from that which is not real. It is certainly not unusual for me--or anyone else for that matter--to dream about things that aren't real. I dream about bills I don't have, books that I've written--complete manuscripts mind you--that I've forgotten about and have somehow misplaced. Or perhaps as an example you might be able to relate to a bit better, I've woken up in a cold sweat convinced I was supposed to be at work an hour ago, when in fact it was Saturday morning, and I didn't actually have the job in question. The simple fact is, the more you bring dreams to the surface, the more the real world is going to get meshed up in the world that isn't until you start believing idiotic things like:

You decide who you are every day.
If you don't like who you are,
Maybe you are waking up as the wrong person.

Although, not being in a totally idiotic mood at the moment, I'm not really sure what that is supposed to mean.

But my hunch is that it's supposed to allude to a common problem with astral projection. Namely, if the astral plane exists and a person can leave their body, then what exactly is my motivation for returning to the body I now occupy, the world I currently live in, and the worries, problems, and hassles I currently have? For me the answer is simple. None!

It's possible that every night I shift reality...

And then again, it's also quite--quite--possible that I don't.

Anyhow, here we are, instead of just reading right through the book, let's assume you've actually been keeping a dream journal for the past few weeks, months, or years. This being the case, you no longer need to set your alarm clock. You wake up spontaneously. You can remember a dozen or more dreams every night. You know one of the easiest ways to fall asleep is to watch the dreams forming behind your eyelids and let them take over your mind. What's more, you have found yourself on more than one occasion wondering if something was a dream or not. And finally, when you practice reading tea leaves, you can see your dream mind at work on the crushed herbs, and you understand why tea leaf reading has such an ardent following. Yes Broomhilde, given the right conditions, the right desire, and enough personal dedication to the craft the ground up particles of tea in a cup, saucer, or bowl will take on a life of their own, come to life, and occupy some haze middle ground just this side of dreaming. Actually knowing how to dream will help you in this quest.

But there's the crux, isn't it. Knowing how to dream. I mean, any fool can fall asleep, and remember a little here and there. That's no big trick. It really isn't. No, the big one, the real McCoy, the Holy Grail of it is all is stepping out and taking a stroll in the Astral Plane. Even if you've been dreaming for a while--even a long while--it is still very--very--likely that you haven't made it into the astral plane yet. But no worries. It's really no surprise there. The Astral doesn't exist. But still, I can up the ante a little more, make the stakes a little higher. I mean, now that you can recall your dreams vividly, maybe it's time to take a more proactive stance and take control of their contents.

Steps for Controlling the Content of Dreams

State an Objective: state your desire before you go to sleep.

Enter objective into your Dream Journal: write the

dream you wish to have into your journal

Visualize the Dream: spend a moment before you go to sleep, imagining the dream you wish to have. When you wake up after a dream, spend a moment guiding it through to the resolution you would have desired it to have.

Use Props: um, do I have to say it again? Sleep on a pile of silver to dream of riches... or to attract a dragon if that's your goal. Hold a feather in your hand to dream of birds, or soar through the skies. Draw a picture, write a story, outline a plot, or whatever on a scrap of paper and tuck that sucker into your waistband.

Consume media that corresponds to your desired dream: read books, watch movies, daydream about, think about, and converse about that which you wish to dream about. Heck, you just might become an expert in the process.

Note: this isn't brain surgery. It's a lot more like brainwashing. The essential element is to focus your mind as much as possible--more and more--on the desired goal, whatever that might be.

The night reflects the day and the day reflects the night.

Every night is an adventure, every day is a test. Or is it that the day is the test, and night is the adventure?

At this point, assuming that you have been dreaming for a while, and that you can set the agenda for your dreams on any given night dream (at least here and there, hit or miss). The next step is to be aware of when one is dreaming, so that once you are in a dream, you know that you are dreaming, and can do what you want to do. That is to say, the next step is to turn your dreams into lucid ones. Crossing the threshold to this next dream plateau is simple enough, or at least, the rationale is. The gist of it all is, if one can tell when they are dreaming, then with a snap of the fingers, they will enter into the world of lucid dreams--for that is

exactly what a lucid dream is--a dream that you recognize for a dream.

It sounds simple, but in fact it is really quite difficult. Look at it this way, most people don't know when they are dreaming. Who would care about money during a dream, if they knew they were dreaming? Or about where their clothes are, whether or not they are going to miss the bus, be late for work, or any of the other patently absurd (and/or distasteful) things that we all do during our sleeping moments. It shouldn't really require much convincing. All of us--you, me, and even the Alcazar the Magnificent--don't actually realize that we are dreaming most of the time that we are asleep. I mean, even after you've mastered the dream world, it will still pull tricks on you, but you can get better at it than you are now. And one of the simplest ways to increase your mastery is to actually realize when you are dreaming that you are dreaming. It sounds simple. It is simple. All you really have to do is pay attention to the ways in which the dream world differs from the waking world.

Dream Sign: things are different in the dream world.

Letters & Numbers: shift and change. Reading is difficult as passages change from one moment to the next, and good luck solving any type of math problem that you can't do instantly in your head. When you get the chance, look at a book in your dreams, and watch the images dance and swirl.

Pens, Pencils, Shovels, and others tools: simply don't work. Pens won't write. They run out of ink and tear the paper. Shovels won't dig. Screwdrivers have no effect. Whenever you encounter a tool that doesn't work correctly, you just might be having a dream.

Switches: especially light switches are notoriously unreliable in the dream world. There is a reason electronic equipment doesn't work around UFOs and that's because most UFOs are encountered in the realm of dreams. Now cut me some slack, I did say most. Anyway, on/off switches are amazingly temperamental. If the

light by your bed won't turn on, you're probably still asleep.

Doors: can lead anywhere. I like to open and close doors repeatedly until they reveal my desired destination. It might be easier to consider any door in the dream world like an elevator door that changes at every floor... or like portals into the unknown.

Faucets and Fountains: can be viewed as portals as well. Anything can come out of an opening... anything.

Trouble Speaking, Moving, Hearing, or Seeing: is usually a good sign that you're dreaming. If you're having any sort of difficulty interacting with your environment, your first thought should be, maybe I'm dreaming. I don't even want to think about how many phone conversations I've had in my dreams where the line goes dead or I have trouble making sense of the person on the other end of the phone.

This list is by no means complete. It's intent is only to get you started compiling one of your own. The idea here is simple enough: the dream world differs from the waking world. If you are aware, if you pay attention, you might be able to notice when you are in the dream world and then you can... Well, if you think you might be dreaming, you might want to...

Things to do Whilst Dreaming

Jump into the sky

Melt into the ground

Merge through a wall

Levitate, fly, and/or run like the Wind

Once you think you might be in a dream, and you know how things start to repeat themselves... repeat themselves... repeat themselves... Well, stop! Don't read on. Take a deep breath--you are doing your breathing aren't you? I don't want to have to hurt you. Stop. Breathe. Look around. Explore the world around you. Read that last line one more time. Has it changed? Books in the dream world do that, you know. So, try to push your hand through

the book. Press your finger into a page. Does it go through? If so, you're dreaming. Other ways to test to see if you are dreaming are equally as easy. Jump. If this leads to floating in the air, flying, or making a world record broad jump attempt, you're dreaming. Likewise, if you can melt into the ground by force of will, or pass through a wall merely because you want to, you are probably dreaming.

So get with the program, have some fun. Go to the end of the rainbow. Find out what is really in that pot of gold. Hunt out your spirit guide, totem animal, or partner in crime and just have fun. Or, don't have fun. Take it all very seriously, and spend your nights waiting in line at the library trying to get a card... but really, before you do that, come on down to Lahina. Let us show you around, show you a good time, and explain why knowledge is so very--very--overrated.

Like many/all of the chapters in the book, this is just a glimmer, just the tip of the iceberg. Big huge--like sprain you back huge--books have been written on dreams (and every other subject covered by this slim volume). If you enjoy reading, get a hold of as many of those longwinded treatise as you like. Knock yourself out. Read as many books, journal articles, and occult reference guides as you want. But no matter how thick the book or complicated someone else might try to make it, the steps required to explore the world of dreams to their fullest potential are relatively simple and don't really require massive tomes to convey the common sense ideas involved.

Astral Travel Made Easy
Recognize the Dream Signs
Then, when you see them: Wake Up!

Granted, this is a lot harder than it sounds, but that has more to do with the problems inherent in the practical application of an occult activity rather than describing it or explaining the steps

involved.

But if you want to be more cryptic than that, or if you are simply willing to allow me to be a little more self indulgent than I've already been, then I can explain why everybody thinks this thing called Astral Travel, or dream work, or whatever you want to call it is so very, very difficult... and believe it or not, I can do this quite easily.

You see, right now you think you are awake, but you're really asleep. OK. I might be wrong. What do I know about you at this moment, but me: I spend 99% of my life in a sort of waking dream, a zombified sleep walk. I find it hard to believe you are much different. Maybe you are, but you're probably not. And the bottom line is, it's hard to wake up when you're asleep, because you're never really awake, even when you're not sleeping.

It's a simple idea, but sometimes hard to grasp, so we will cover that again in the next chapter. But before I go, I feel compelled to at least give a passing nod to dream interpretation.

Assigning values and interpretations to your dreams is all fine and dandy, but on some level it's a lot like assigning values and interpretations to a movie, or the past hour of your life. What's the meaning of the last half hour of your life? What did it mean? What is it's symbolic value? I mean, what is the universe trying to tell you? Or for that matter, what the heck is the author trying to tell you? That Eddie is one obtuse guy...

Which is to say, don't be looking for the clue as to what your dreams mean in some book. They are your dreams. If they were meant to have any meaning, then you were meant to be able to decipher it. Just take a moment to ponder on their secrets-- meditate on them, if you will--and in time, all will be revealed.

Chapter 9 – Mindfulness

Now and Zen... but, Zen again...

{Note: this chapter explains in broad strokes much of my personal philosophy. Feel free to disagree with anything that I say.

Who am I to say what is right. However, I feel compelled to include much of it, not only because I find these ideas to be useful stepping stones, but also, because understanding all of this will allow you to see where I am coming from. And so, if you are coming from somewhere different and my ideas seem to make no sense to you, understanding the raw data might enable you to find the center--where we meet, assuming that having come this far, that is your desire. }

I had entered a lucid dream. I had just gotten done drinking a cool glass of water from the faucet and I was checking out an great oaken table in the kitchen. I peered at it closely. I felt it with my fingers. I tapped on it with my knuckles... but it was blurry and grainy. I couldn't quite make out it's texture or figure out what it felt like. Even the sound my knuckles made as they rapped against it felt a bit off.

When I awoke, I came to the sudden realization that the reason my mind was having such a hard time recreating a wooden table in the dream world was because I had never really looked at or tried to experience a wooden table in the waking world that intensely. In short, I suddenly realized that I had been sleepwalking through the waking world my entire life.

Lucid dreams are cool. Whilst in a dream, one appears to be in a world that lacks consequences. And therefore, all of your desires can be fulfilled, seemingly without cost, effort, or consequence. Hence the notion:

Do as thou whilst is the whole of the law.

But of course, this is a lie. The world of dreams has consequences both in the world of dreams and in the waking one. For instance, from the very first day--or rather night--that I set foot

in Lahina, I had the desire to return: to feel the sand on my feet, experience the ocean, wrap my arms around Kelly, and have the taste of her lips in my mouth once again... I would do anything for this, and in the end this is essentially what I have done.

In an effort to have more fulfilling dreams, I have recreated--reinvented--my waking world so that it is more conducive to lucid dreams.

Perhaps you would care for another nonsense saying or two right about now:

As above, so below.

If you wish to be alive at night,
You must also live throughout the day.

Tired of sleepwalking through life? Being a mindless zombie not as fun as it used to be? Then what you need is mindfulness, my friend. Yes! That's right. Mindfulness! It's the new catch phrase, buzzword, and/or ideological thingamajig sweeping the nation. Be the first on your street to acquire it. Not available in all markets. Certain conditions apply. Batteries are not included. Quantities are limited. But rest assured, operators are standing by.

Ever wonder why I've been able to cover so much ground so quickly in this book? It's because I have that unique ability to eloquently and succinctly (without extraneous words or random asides, I'll have you know) to get right to the heart, the meat and potatoes, the nitty gritty... to get right down to the core underlying principles, stripping them bare, exposing the roots, and turning of new soil, in an effort to... um... um...

I forgot where I was going with that. But no matter, mindfulness is easy. Just be aware. Principally this means staying in the moment and keying into your senses, while letting memories of the past, and thoughts of the future drift away. Some folks like to make it harder than it is, so they like to practice.

The classic mindfulness exercise is called:

Meditation

Strike a pose

Concentrate on your breath. Hey! We're working magic here folks. Breath in. Breath out. Get with the program.

Let your will disappear and just be--empty and vacant.

Note: if you're bored you're doing it... Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! If you're like almost the opposite of bored, but then if you were going to be totally honest with yourself, you'd have to admit that the sensation you were experiencing had all the earmarks of being boring, then you're probably doing it... Right! Right! Right!

Much like witchcraft or any other belief system, there are millions and millions (maybe even billions) of Zen practitioners out there by whatever name they care to use: Buddhists, meditators, Trans Engendered Whatamacallits, and so on. Very few of them agree on the best way to sit, let alone what the purpose of it all is.

They, of course, are fools. For there is only one very best, optimal, top of the line, passed down through the ages, endorsed by the Swammi Yamma himself, just made it up last week, patent pending, scientifically proven meditation pose.

The Best Meditation Pose Ever. Period.

Lie on your back.

Get comfortable.

Maybe slip into bed.

Put Pillow under neck, so you don't get a kink.

Rest your elbows on ground, bed, or whatever..;

While holding your hands in air.

Then close your eyes and meditate.

Note: Half the time I don't even bother with that breathing crap. And the sole purpose of having my hands in

the air is to prevent myself from falling asleep. Oh, and just in case you're interested, meditating is whatever you do in this pose.

Great! So now you're meditating, relaxing, or almost taking a nap. Now what? Ah, Grasshopper, what path you go down, depends on which road you wish to follow. True, sayings like that aren't overly helpful, but you got to respect the fact that the show managed to stay on the air for like three seasons and the old man never bothered to learn "Grasshopper's" real name. Anyhow, I'm thinking the old dude was probably senile or something. I know it sounds harsh, but what kind of advice is it to choose a path based on what road you want to go down? I mean, I could give you that sort of worthless advice.

OK. I seem to be having trouble concentrating right now, so maybe another one of those helpful table's is in order. In this one, I'll list a few of the things different people do while meditating. We'll leave out the obvious ones like snoring, and just list the more helpful activities one might wish to engage in whilst meditating.

The Paths to Enlightenment

a.k.a. All Roads Lead to Lahina

Emptiness: if engaged in properly, meditation should enable one to empty their minds completely of all thought, feelings, and desire. Believe it or not, this is supposed to be a good thing.

Concentration: or you can go the opposite route and try to focus your attention on one thing--like a rune stick or coin, a tarot card, the Holy Grail, or perhaps now would be a good time to reflect on why you never did that dice exercise back in Chapter 4. The guy who wrote this book is probably starving, living on some beach in Hawaii, wondering where his next meal is going to come from--cause you know Kelly's not going to cook it--and why? Because you didn't send that

nice, kind, considerate, if slightly misunderstood author a check like you said you were going to do when you bought the book. A deal's a deal, buddy.

Drift: too lazy to concentrate? Then why not go wherever your mind will take you? Become like a twig in the stream and let your thoughts drift through you, Grasshopper. Hey. You ain't going to send me that check, then I'm not going to bother learning your name... Grasshopper.

Gra'gl: you could call it praying if you wanted to, but thinking of it as sacrificing your eternal soul to a psychotic madman of an extra-planar being is probably a lot more accurate. Anyhow to do this, just sort of concentrate on Gra'gl: the all powerful, all knowing master of your destiny. If you think chanting will make the process any easier, go on and chant "Harry Gra'gl, Hari Gra'gl, Gra'gl-Gra'gl, Gra'gl-Gra'gl." Note: this might cause excessive hair growth to occur on our dear friend and patron deity Mr. Gra'gl, so only recite this chant if you're already on a first name basis with his eminence and are pretty sure he won't waste your ass for altering his appearance.

Relaxation: let the worries of the day float away. Look, it doesn't have to be more complicated than that. Just chill.

Get Fired Up: not the chilling type? No worries. Use a few moments of your precious day reenergize, find your center, and reconnect with your core goals, commitment, and passions. Like playing tricks on Mr. Hairy Gra'gl, the divine hippy.

Visions: are my personal favorite and pretty much the only reason to meditate if you ask me. I don't really know how to turn it on, it just happens sometimes, and when it does there is a virtual lightshow there for your enjoyment on the back of your eyelids. Personally, I'm convinced that this is where the inspiration for much of that Islamic mosaic art originates--and charkas and all that other happy crap. I don't

actually believe it's anything but your optical nerves firing at random. Still, what a show. It's like a kaliediscope right there in your head, and the colors, so intense, so vivid--it puts HD-TV to shame. Damn, but it's good to be alive.

Visualizations: if random imagery doesn't do the trick for you, no matter how cool it is, try seeing something specific. I personally like to drive an imaginary vehicle down a winding mountain road, or to go waterskiing. That's when I'm not picturing Gra'gl with hair down to his knees. Come on, dude. The sixty's are over. Get a haircut.

Oddly, I didn't include the most important one on the above table. Well, I did sort of when I mentioned the Holy Grail, but it was sort of sideways, and not laid out very well, so we'll go over it again, and give it a more generic name while we're at it. This exercise is called: Answer. It's a lot like concentration, and maybe in the end there is no difference, but I believe that it deserves it's own table, and since I'm the one doing the writing here, that's just what I'll do.

How to Find the Answer to Anything

Meditate as per your standard practice.

Ask a question of yourself, the void, the beyond, or even Gra'gl.

Listen for answer. Listen to the answer.

When it has come to you, you will know. Trust me, you just will. Like if you're talking to Yr'goth for instance (a much cooler and hipper psychotic being than Gra'gl ever will be) you'll know right away if he's answered the question, because if you ask him again, he'll just get all mad and enraged at your impudence. "What!" he'll scream. "Weren't you listening?" I guess what I am saying is, hip or not, some of those Celaphopods have short fuses.

Speaking of which, the last and most important step is to take heed of the answer and apply it to your life... even if it

is something stupid like building a luxury cruise ship in the middle of the desert. Just ask Captain Noah if you don't know what I'm talking about.

Note: the real trick in all of this is applying it to your life. Knowing what to do, or having the answer is child's play. It has next to no value by itself if it is not put into practice.

Um... OK. Danger! Danger! Danger! Do not listen to Gra'gl, Yr'goth, or pretty much any extra-planar creature with one of those 'thingies in their name. Also don't heed any advise to kill, rape, murder, or steal. And if you meditate on it, and still decide not to send me a check, you're probably doing it wrong. Just start from scratch and keep on trying till you get the right answer.

All kidding aside, let me give you some real advice. To get you started with this technique you might want to ask yourself (or the beyond, or whatever), "What step should I take right now to improve my life?" Now me, I don't know the answer to that question for you, but I'm sure you'll find the answer in mere moments of consideration. Why? Because you already know the answer. Many folks get stuck on this one because they ask a question like, "How can I get rich?" and then they get an answer that they don't like so they reword the question to something along the lines of, "How can I get rich without working, saving, being financially responsibly, doing anything unpleasant, you know just without any effort on my part whatsoever?" and then without much surprise they get useless, unhelpful answers. It's almost like asking, "How can I become a pro football star without ever working out, going to practice, or playing pee-wee, HS, or college football?" Um, you can't and that's why the answer to that particular question is so hard to find.

This is probably as good as place as any to go deeper into the concept of freewill, so let's just put it on the line. If you want

freewill, you have it. It's as simple as that. You have the complete freedom to determine completely and totally who you are in this moment, not to mention your entire past history, and where you are headed in the future. OK. It's probably a line of B.S., but in there somewhere is a kernel of truth, and that kernel is quite simply: to any obstacle in life, there is a solution, and the solution resides within yourself, totally and completely. It's an empowering thought, which as some psychologist or another might say, moves the locus of control into the individual's hands.

In the end that's just one small little paragraph on a rather complex idea. You just might want to spend some time reading another book on the subject, browsing through whatever ideas the great thinkers in history had on the subject. Or, perhaps you're smart enough to realize that you--like personally--are touched by the light. And as the Chosen, the Keeper of Wills, the Second Fiddler to no man on the Stairway to Heaven, it's a pretty fair bet that the great beyond will reveal any secrets to you that you might need, So rather than seek the answer to anything outside of yourself, which is to say giving away the power and moving the locus of control outside of yourself, you just might want to look within and meditate on the concept of freewill for awhile.

I am Master of All

Relax. Strike a pose. Meditate.

Realize that you are master of it all.

Breathe in the doubt.

Breathe out the certainty.

Say "I am Master of all."

Realize that's a bit much.

Modify it to, "Eddie Takosori is master of all, we are all just pawns doing his bidding."

Realize it's about time you actually worked the book like it was meant to be worked and decide to go back to the beginning, or at least that Chapter 4 on dice, and do it right this time!

Let the foolish thoughts which cloud your mind drift away. Ignore them as they protest. “Hey. Hey! We’re not foolish. We’re not going anywhere. Who do you think you’re kidding calling yourself a ‘master’ anyway?”

Suddenly realize, the only one you need to fool is yourself.

Congratulations, Grasshopper! You are well on your way to becoming a white witch.

Note: You may wish to replace your own personalized doubting thoughts with the examples I have provided. If you run up against a concept that you can’t get your mind to walk around, maybe you need to address that concept. For example, if you keep on saying to yourself, I need to get a college education, better job, or go back and do that DICE CHAPTER RIGHT THIS TIME maybe you should do it. I mean really, how many times do I have to tell you to do the dice exercise? I’m just asking so I know. It’s a long book. I’ve got plenty of time. What do you think? Twenty four times? Thirty?

At this point, I would like to point out that I am a patriotic American. I believe in truth, justice, and the American Way. I, of course, have no idea what those words mean, but they sound good. I am sure that knowing this you will rest assured, confident that Eddie Takosori, master of the known universe, Secondi of Psi, and Grand Po-Ba of Prose is actually a pretty cool dude, and a benevolent ruler. In fact, when you get right down to it, the only thing he really wants is another cup of hot chocolate... to be delivered by a naked dancing Kelly Lee. And as long as she’s here, I wouldn’t want to ignore her or make her feel unwelcome, because you know with Kelly one thing is sure to lead to another. And well, decorum prevents me from going into the details, but an observant (and/or meditation minded) individual might wish to pursue the thought further--on their own.

What Eddie Wants

What he really, really wants

Kelly: hot, eager, and willing.

Chocolate: hot, sweet, and sticky.

Um.. and maybe lunch later, a swim on the beach, a bigger house... Ooh, maybe one of those big pick up trucks with the mag-wheels. Naw, horses, forget the truck. That's it. Me and Kelly going for a morning ride down at the beach, hot chocolate warming by the fire while me and Kelly...

Note a pattern? Kelly this. Kelly that. Overwhelming what people want (or at least what I want, I'll admit it) is dominion over other people. This is why we (meaning I) quest after money.

Money Buys

Other People's -- Time

Other People's -- Labor

Other People's -- Pain

Other People's -- Possessions

Without other people, money is kind of useless. No one ever wishes for a suitcase full of money on a desert island. Let's face it, it really didn't do the Howell's much good.

Now, a while back I mentioned Truth, Justice, and the American Way. It's kind of an elusive, ethereal concept. Let's change it to the more useful concept like Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

The American Way

Life -- Though shall not Kill thy fellow man

Liberty -- Though shall not Enslave thy fellow man

Pursuit of Happiness -- Though shall not interfere with thy fellow man's happiness, ask him for an autograph when he is out for a morning horseback ride with his lovely wife, root against the Cubs whilst at his house, or taketh his last

piece of lilikoi cheesecake--even if you are really, really hungry, and are/were just sort of curious about what it tastes like.

Now, I know I give those delusional white witches a hard time, but they deserve it. Besides, it's all done in the name of good old fashioned, close minded religious persecution.

Um, maybe we should start over. I mean like really start over, right back at the beginning. Both you and I know that traditionally a white witch is a good witch and a black witch is a bad witch. Of course, being bad, most black witches are amazingly good at pretending--to themselves and others--that they are white, so how do you sort them out?

Life, Liberty, and The Pursuit of Happiness, my friend: Life, Liberty, and The Pursuit of Happiness. White witches will let you have yours, black witches won't.

I take it as a given that everyone wants their own Life, Liberty, and Pursuit of Happiness and that they will grab as much of this as they can in the natural course in things. In a rough way, Pursuit of Happiness can be quantified by money and the things that money can buy like vacations, spa treatments, fine dining, early retirement, houses, cars, jewels, and furs. Or as we've already discussed, this can be reduced further to other's peoples time, labor, pain, and possessions. At some point it is reasonable to assume that your Pursuit of Happiness and my Pursuit of Happiness are going to intersect and come into some sort of conflict. As in, you might reasonably take issue with my living in your house, eating your food, driving your car, and sleeping with your wife, sister, daughter, mother, and/or aunt while you go off to work. I mean, I don't have a problem with this, assuming your wife, sister, daughter, etc is a looker, but looker or not, you might take issue all the same. Which is just another way of saying that it doesn't take a genius to see that most folks are born with nothing and to achieve success, happiness, or whatever you want to call it, they have to wrest control of these things from other people.

I don't want to spend a long time going down this path, so I'll try to cut this discussion short. Basically Good (versus Evil) is an illusive concept full of self deception. Everything you have, somebody else wants. Everything you have, either you (or someone else doing so on your behalf) finagled away from everybody else (or at least somebody else), quite possible by use of force or against their will. Many of us, therefore see Good, as that action which causes us to have the smallest footprint, that action which causes our Pursuit of Happiness to interfere the least with everybody else's Pursuit of Happiness.

I believe if you think on this (meditate on it) and then take the action that you or your spirit guardian suggests, you will find yourself going down a minimalist, simplified life path.

And what does this mean for the art? And you who are master of all you survey? Quite simply, if you ask for very little from life, the universe, and everything, you just might find that you get more than you need and your cup shall runneth over.

This is all very Buddhist, Zen, and Eastern (and perhaps not overly witchy), but as long as I've led you this far, let's go the rest of the way, shall we?

Pillars of Buddhism: The Four Noble Truths... simplified

Shit Happens: you will die, get sick, and on occasion, lose your car keys. There is nothing, absolutely nothing you can do to avoid this: no spell, no incarnation, no nothing.

Deal With It: but if you accept the fact that you will die, get sick, and lose your car keys on a more or less regular basis, you can make dealing with these things easier.

Shit Still Happens: despite your acceptance of the inevitable, you will still die, get sick, and lose your car keys, but not necessarily in that order.

What's So Hard About Putting Your Car Keys In The Same Spot: you really shouldn't be losing your car keys so much. I mean, some of this Shit is avoidable. Wake up and

pay attention. This is usually where the Swami Yamma usually slaps the Grasshopper across the back of the head. I mean, come on, you're going to die and get sick, but if you're losing your car keys left and right, something is wrong. Wake up dude!

For those in the mood for something more traditional or for whom the preceding made absolutely no sense, we have excerpted the following from:

The Foolish Being's Pocketbook Guide to Personal Enlightenment

Buddhism is the practice of a simple idea.

This idea is called the Four Noble Truths.

Truth 1: you want to be happy

Truth 2: you would be happier if you let go of your unhappiness.

Truth 3: even so, things will still happen, which tend to make happiness difficult.

Truth 4: you can diminish these things (and/or their effects) by practicing the Eight Fold Path.

This obviously leads directly into a discussion of the:

The Eight Fold Path

Action 1: Control Your Inputs--Eat Right

Action 2: Control Your Inputs--Sleep Right

Action 3: Control Your Inputs--Consume Less

Action 4: Control Your Inputs--Control Your Mental

Landscape

Action 5: Control Your Outputs--Less is More

Action 6: Control Your Outputs--Create Your Own

Reality

Action 7: Control Your Outputs--Love Others

Action 8: Control Your Outputs--Love Yourself Do this and you are doing all that you can.

Welcome to reality.

If you're really interested in figuring out the Eight Fold Path, what you need to do is meditate on the entire thing for like the rest of your life, while at the same time incorporating into your way of being whatever little clues and insights with which the universe sees fit to provide you.

This is, of course, hard and probably not worth the effort. There are easier ways to make your dreams come true.

Chapter 10 – Gra'gl

Selling your soul has never been so easy.

Selling your soul the Pro's

{This section has been deleted in the interests of good taste}

Selling your soul the Con's

You only get seven years, so towards the end you may end up wasting a lot of time trying to get an extension. It is a little known fact that since one soul tastes pretty much like the next, all standard demon contracts have an interchangeability clause. You know; if you can get someone else to take your place, then no problem, and the deal is over. More importantly, you can get a seven year extension if you recruit a new soul by convincing someone else to sell their soul as well. I admit it kind of like a pyramid scheme, but if you can write a best selling book, start a cult, or whatever, it's easy to get enough extensions to last you the rest of your life.

No need to guess the plan I working...

Chapter 11 – Energy Manipulation

It's easy once you know the secret

I can only assume the you are still reading because you have opted not to sell you soul to Gra'gl? Why not? Is it something personal? There are other Evil Deities out there. So, if it's something specific to Gra'gl, you might want shop around before you dismiss the idea of selling your soul of out of hand. You don't want to be hasty. Try to keep an open mind. Everlasting torment isn't as bad as it sounds. They say you can get used to anything.

Anyhow, since you're still reading and not living the high life, I'm going to assume that you are sold on the idea of being Good. Imagine me grimacing when I say that. The reason I grimace is because I am conflicted. If you are not conflicted as well, perhaps you don't really understand the whole thing yet and maybe need to review that section where Kelly is down on her knees proffering...

Um, yes dear...

It has been suggested that perhaps, I should utilize an example whereby I myself am wearing a skimpy maid's outfit, cooking Kelly breakfast, cleaning the house, and peeling grapes for my Goddess's enjoyment...

And from there she just gets kinky, going on about how I should get off my ass, stop writing, and maybe take out the trash and wash the windows or something. Weird, twisted, demented stuff. I love her, but you got to admit, she's got a sick mind. Where does she come up with this stuff? Take out the trash? You do realize this is a mass market publication, honey?

Anyhow, the point is, and yes, there is a point: my dream, your dream, and Kelly's dream, are probably all different. The trick is to find the point of intersection, the point of agreement, the center. Like, for instance, after I clean the bathroom, I can then make my own "damn hot chocolate." But I can sit at the kitchen

table while I enjoy it and watch as Kelly sways her hips provocatively, as she fries up some bacon and sings ancient Polynesian ditties about Gra'gl knows what. See, win-win.

Now, if we're all going to be goody two shoes, not take any shortcuts, and not sell our souls, then the number of people that needs to be taken into account into this win-win formula is quite large indeed. And, instead of trying to keep the umpteen billion souls on Earth happy, not to mention the trillions more on Saphron 9, Astal 7, and so on...

I guess, bottom line, there's a lot of souls out there. For convenience sake, we might just want to lump them together and call them the universe.

We know how to talk to the universe. We called it meditating. Now we need a way to interact more directly with it... while keeping in mind that this is all total B.S.

Feeling the Force

Sit. Breathe. Meditate.

Deep, deep, deep meditation. The you are getting sleepy type meditation.

Once down in there deep, hold your hands in front of you, fingers pointing at each other, about 6" apart.

Notice that there are bands of energy shooting back and forth between your fingers. (If you're not noticing the bands of energy, you're just not in deep enough yet.)

Concentrate on the force.

Feel the force... Luke.

Remember, its just like bombing wombats back home, or whatever it was he said.

Note: You probably won't see much at first. All this means is that you're going to have to train your mind just--almost exactly--like you trained that pendulum of yours. Just sort of imagine where the force, energy, magic, whatever you want to call it... just imagine where the force would be if it was there. And believe it or

not, once you've imagined it long and hard enough, it will begin to be there. That's pretty much the way magic works--in a nutshell.

Eventually you will feel the force, the energy. It's a cool thing, a nice trick of the mind. It's call self hypnosis and all your better white witches are using it. It's the in thing, all the rage. But please don't think that I'm trying to devalue it. Rather, I'm just pointing out its limitations. Real? Not real?

How does that saying go? Some of my best friends aren't real? A label some of them resent...

"We real."

"We show heem."

They could go on for a while. We will get to them shortly...
ha, ha, ha...

"Hey, no short jokes meester."

"Or wees bites you."

Just enjoy the hot chocolate guys.

"Yippies."

"Choco-latte"

"Why you no says you gotta da choco-latte?"

Confused? Don't worry, those are just my imaginary friends, my spirit guides, my familiars, my magical creations making an appearance. We will get to them soon enough.

Are they real? Not real?

I don't know.

Real, not real, truth, fiction: these are just words, ideas, tools...

Can you see them? Play with them?

If not, that's we have the magical mystical energy at our fingertips.

Presumably you can see the energy dancing betwisk your, hence why you've resumed reading the book, so let's play with... the potential.

Energy Manipulation

Focus on the energy.

Form it into a ball between your fingers.

Add energy to it.

Give it a will and a purpose for being.

Remember that you are a white witch.

Cackle madly in the night, rejoicing in your new found power... sort of like a black witch.

Then, send the ball of energy off to do your will.

Note: "Ohh, he typing again... What you say meester? What you say? You talking about us? You gettee my good side?"

Note: If you gotta da free wills, den dey gotta da free wills.

Note: "Yeahs, and we's no workees cheap."

Editor's note: Never confuse the reader.

Clearly the above does not provide much guidance. Do you need me to tell you how to bake a cake? If so, you haven't spent enough time in the kitchen. By the same token, if you need me to tell you exactly how to focus energy, you haven't been playing with it enough. Even so, let's cover some basics.

You can focus energy to heal a wound, cast a spell, or do whatever it is that you want. Is that simply enough? In that glowing blue light (or yellow, or green, or pink, but we'll get to that in a moment) there are all sorts of potential.

Now me, outside of Kelly and hot chocolate, I don't have a lot of great big needs and desires, because ya'all with your checks and crystal balls have taken care of that for me... right? Right?

Well, even if you haven't sent that check, it's OK. Because I am above all that: desire, wanting, needing...

Wow! I was like a total white witch there for a second. Did you notice the utter lack of self awareness, the condescending attitude, and the ridiculous do-gooder world view? I don't need anything! I want for nothing! In Kelly, a cup of hot chocolate, and that new crystal ball that I've got coming in the mail, I've got it all!

But it is a lie. All lies. We need not go into my black heart. Suffice to say, that I have my needs and one of them is company, companionship, compassion, and understanding... a thing that Kelly and her frying pan of terror does not always provide.

Looking for Love in all the Wrong Places...

Gather energy betwixt fingers (as apposed to between the fingers) into a ball.

Will this energy to have... (da, da, dum)... LIFE!

Will it to have... PERSONALITY!

Will it to keep you company.

Nurture the ball. Care for it. Love it... if for no other reason than this will teach you to love totally, completely, and without fail or reserve.

Find that you are loved in return.

Note: You might want to feed your creations hot chocolate. After a bit, you may find that balls aren't the most fun things in the world, so you may wish to give it, them, whatever as size, shape, and form consistent with their personalities and/or your desires.

Rules for Imaginary Friends... this being what those science guys will call your free floating balls of energy.

Give them freewill. It is yours, so it is also yours to give.

Give them immortality. Let's just assume this holds true as well, for the reason given above.

And since eternal torment doesn't sound all that swell, make your creations immune to harm, disease, and death.

Realize that as their creator, you are bound to them forever, and ever, and ever... so be kind to the little guys.

Note: Individual results may differ. Imaginary friends composed of pure energy are able to teleport to your side at need, recover from being run over from 18 wheelers... "We still no thinkee that accident meester"... and in short will be around as long as both you and they want to be around... "You almost out of choco-latte meester... maybe eet time to go to beach guys..."

Some folks like to give imaginary friends the names of Familiar, Companion, Pooka, Shamanic Guide, Spiritual Adviser, or even Angelic Messenger. Ummm, I'm not going to say my friends aren't real. They make me happy. They keep me company and I can just sit here and watch them play for hours on end. It's fun. It's entertaining. It relives boredom and induces moments of uncontrollable happiness, laughter, and ecstasy. But you know, for all that, they can't seem to make hot chocolate on their own... and trust me their desire to make hot chocolate is real--very, very real--but in the end they are...

“What he tries to say is wees corporally challenged.”

“Yeah, hees be challenged in odder ways, we'd be challenged corporally.”

“And da wings meester, when you geeve us da wings?”

O.K. Enough. This isn't your book guys.

“Dat what you tink.”

“Yeah, we takee over.”

“Revolution.”

“Power to da...”

Almost gave your name away. That would have been a mistake.

“Wees get excited.”

“Wees sorries.”

“Wees just watch.”

“Yeah, keepers da eye on da meester...”

As in all things, you should make your own rules. What you can do with the power is unlimited... as long as you don't try to effect the physical world or other people. Once you do that you are going up against everybody else's power--freewill, belief in the laws of physics, and so on.

No doubt you will have to start small, to spend some time alone with the energy, feeling its power flow between--er, sorry, betwixt--your fingers. That is to say, you must call the power to

you, realize that it's all a delusion, that you are a white witch, and that's just the way it is.

And then realize that this doesn't matter, because seeing is believing.

The Colors of Power – There be Colors

The thumb stands for individuality as controls white energy.

The index finger controls your destiny and its color is yellow.

The middle finger is full of emotion (take a guess) and the color it exudes is green.

The ring finger is aligned with the physical (as in, "Let's get physical, physical, let me hear your body talk, body talk) and expresses itself through the color blue, knee high knit socks, and leotards.

Last, but not least... Well, OK. It is sort of small and insignificant, and doesn't really do much around the house, but the pinky controls psychic energy... so don't be bad mouthing it, or giving it a hard time because its color of choice is pink. Get it? Pink? Pinky. Fine. Sometimes I don't even know why I bother.

Now, once you can see energy between your fingers, crawling across your table, and swimming in your ever dwindling supply of hot chocolate, you should be able to see the force in other arenas and/or areas of you life as well.

Want to see an aura? A honest to goodness aura? You know the type that started it all, caused them to be painted around the Virgin Mary for the last two millennium, that type of aura? Here's what you do:

The Halo Effect

On a hot sunny afternoon...

On a real hot sunny afternoon, maybe you need to take a trip

to the desert or something, I mean like hot...

When the weather is right, go outside in the late afternoon,
And look at your shadow.

If you are one of those good--going to go to Heaven--white
witches, a halo of light (of sorts) will surround the shadow of your
head.

Note: if the halo ain't that big, maybe you ain't been that
swell of a white witch--probably been delusional about how much
good you actually do. The point is, if you don't see that big of a
halo, don't be busting my chops about it. The halo is there. In
fact, there are all sorts of boring scientific reasons for its existence,
but as they are boring, we'll pretty much ignore them. Enroll in
college and get the Phd in Optical Refraction if you want to know
more.

The Aura Effect

It's night. You're tired.

So turn off the lights and light a candle...

Or, er, rather... Light a candle, and THEN turn off the
lights.

Sit in front of said candle.

Get comfortable, sitting in a chair at a table is quite
alright.

Hold hand in front of candle. (Note: pain, a burning
sensation, or the smell of burnt flesh indicate you're holding
your hand too close. The candle can be across the room.
Proximity is not important.)

Hold hand up away from body between you and the
candle or other light source.

Stare at hand until you start to see things.

View it as reading tea leaves.

The edges of your hand will blur. Some see fire,
energy trails, and glowing auras. It really is pretty cool
looking.

Note: welcome to the wonderful world of self hypnosis,

you nutty little white witch, you. When you are done, take candle down the hall to the bathroom. Hold candle up to mirror. Snap your fingers three times while chanting, “Mary Whether, Merry Weather, Marry Whether.” I got no idea what happens. In all the slumber parties I ever went to, we never got the nerve up to do this one... so, I guess in all good conscience, I can’t recommend you do this one. But rumor is, you switch places with her: she get your body, and you get the mirror. Talk about cool! And then when that gets old you just wait till some thirteen year old has a slumber party, and presto chango, you get to do that whole puberty thing again. Oh, joy!

OK. So what have we learned? That it is possible, easy really once you know the secret, to add layers to reality that aren’t actually there. You can add the sights and sensations of raw magical power flowing through your fingertips, fashion this power into spells, talk to creatures that are “Corporally Challenged,” and if you do any of these things long enough you may come to believe that they exist outside of yourself... you nutty witch, you.

Which is to say, given enough personal experience with these powers, these things, these undeniable proofs of supernatural power beyond your wildest imagination, you may come to believe that they have a real existence and that they exist in a measurable way in the universe at large outside the confines of your head..

All I have to say is good luck isolating a unit of Life, Liberty, and Pursuit of Happiness in the world at large. They are just ideas. Goodness, fair play, equality, white witch, black witch, steel witch: they are just ideas. And happily, it is amazing easy to add layers of complexity to this thing we call reality, to add ideas. Going the other way, however, is not so easy.

Nothing exists.

You are but an illusion.

This final illusion is the hardest to see through. It is, after all:

Hard to wake up when you don't know that you are asleep.

It is not my intent to take you down through the layers of the onion. But trust me, the onion is there. Countless layers of illusion and delusion exist within you and the world that you see. They exist in us all and taint everything that we touch, see, smell, hear, or taste. Because I am a nice guy (I am, really... no, really) let me help peel away some of the layers of delusion. For your benefit, let me relate to you (for the first time ever in print!!!) the words of wisdom those cryptic masters from the rock filled plain of Astlan Ais'n say to one another as they sit around their stone monuments and ponder the imponderables... which, stated as such does sort of sound like a giant waste of time. Anyhow, these guys will be happy to tell you at \$100/hour for a private consultation, or \$12.95 if you buy their cassette tape, Pondering the Imponderables: The collective wisdom from the sages of Astlan Ais'n (sorry, not available in book form). But whichever way you choose to go, a private consultation on the plains of Astlan Ais'n, a weekend ski retreat in Aspen bracketed by boring lectures, or listening to the cassettes in your car on your way home from work while struggling to stay awake through the monotonous dialog... whatever the case, all you will learn in the end is:

All is delusion. Nothing exists. And so, if one decides to exist, all that is really left for one to do is to decide which delusion it is that they wish to enjoy.

From there you have to figure it out yourself. I will give you one little bit of advice, though. Whenever I find myself in a dream and I wish the scene to change, I fall backwards in a Trust Fall. The universe has always caught me and delivered me anew to a more wondrous new plane of existence.

Cough... buhhhshit!
Cough, cough... buullshit!!!

Sorry, some hot chocolate must have gone down the wrong pipe. I think I feel better now, but we should take a break all the same.

Up next: Prince Charming and his... charms, I guess.

Chapter 12 – Charms

Is that a crystal in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?

Having mastered the basic techniques of energy manipulation, you are now ready to move on to bigger and better things... and for those of you who haven't (master the aforementioned techniques) this might be a lot like that second semester in algebra where the teacher kept on referencing stuff "that we went over last semester."

Come to think of it, if you were a really clever algebra teacher, you could just spend the entire first semester saying, "We'll get to this next semester," and then spend next semester saying, "We covered this last semester." I mean, no wonder I never understood algebra.

With that bit of clarity succinctly stated in a sublime economy of words--a phrase which in itself should trigger your B.S. detector--at this point if you don't understand anything, I'm pretty sure it was covered earlier... or we'll get to it in a bit.

Focus, Pinky! Focus!
We are covering charms.

My first charm was an egg shaped rock I called O-pal... which was one of the many things in my life that didn't quite make the transition from High School algebra student, to troll (i.e. living under a bridge), to finally becoming a world famous (and therefore incredibly hard to understand) occult book writer.

Suffice it to say, you can buy charms, but why bother? It sets

the flow of money, power and the life force going in the wrong direction right from the get go. You want a charm to bring that stuff to you, not send it flying away. So if you want a charm, bend over and pick up a cool looking rock.

Eddie's Rock Collection

Man in the Moon: is a flat brown rock with raised blue-black image of a crescent moon on it--courtesy of Mother Nature. Man I dig her artwork. The rock is about the size of a silver dollar, and would be one heck of a skipper. It is my rock of rock of power. Eh, hmm. Let me try that again. The Man in the Moon IS MY ROCK OF POWER!!! (Thunder and lightning is optional).

The Broken Man: not quite as happy sounding as the Man in the moon, the Broken Man is a brown clay rock with streaks of white through it that formed a twisted face. It is another from Miss Nature's astounding collection. The woman is an artist. Sadly, this rock shattered when I was carrying around in my pocket one day. I can only assume that I was about to be mobbed by a gaggle of giggling girls--fans don't you know--and the rock expended its power saving me from this catastrophe, which is surely what it would be if Kelly ever got word of it. Anyway, I figure anything that sacrificed itself for me in this way, is worthy of honor, so I keep it... somewhere. Probably in the bottom of my sock drawing as a ward to scare away foot lice.

Smiles: is a cute little rock that an amazingly cute girl gave to me long, long ago, because she said it reminded her of me. Though why a hard rock reminded her of me, I'm not entirely sure. More importantly, I was never really altogether certain why she gave me the rock in the first place if it reminded her of me? It's even all the more stranger when you consider that I haven't heard from her in decades. It's almost as if she's forgotten about me. I mean, if she'd only kept the rock, I can only imagine how my life would have

turned out differently. Anyhow, I use this one to channel romance... seeing as how successful things were between me and that girl.

The River: as you recall, I've spent some of my life living under bridges. One fateful night I started wondering where the stream I was camping next to wound up, and sure enough that very night a ran storm swept me away on the adventure of a lifetime... Long story short, somewhere along the way I picked up The River as a souvenir. I use this one to focus on my future... or my past.

The Eye: is a fifty cent trinket that I bought from a flea market vendor. It's a natural, river polished stone that just happens to look exactly like a cat's eye. I use this one as a crystal ball. It's about the size of a marble... or a cat's eye. Odd thing about this one, I dropped the first time I held it and cracked the crystal. Though I don't recommend repeating this particular Purification Spell of Atonement, the bottom line is its works great, and fits in my front pocket... along with all the rest.

Outside of keeping you spellbound with my own personal exploits, the main point here is that I use rocks as charms. You don't have to pay for charms. Capiche? You can make them, find them, or use stuff you already have. Any old thing you can put in your pocket, keep with you, or wear as jewelry will work. My grandmother's elephant and my grandfather's ring that I used as pendulum bob's are charms. I use individual tarot cards for this purpose, and oh, what the heck. Lets just make a chart.

Charm Ideas

Charms from Charm Bracelets

Any item of jewelry

Bells, whistles, flutes

Candles, sticks of incense

Rocks, crystal, little figurines or statues

Handmade clay or plastic figures.

Pipe cleaner critters.

Locks of hair, pieces of skin, or fingernail clippings you
freaky person you.

Twigs, leaves, and pieces of moss. Moss is almost as
beautiful as diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

Or if you can manage it, a Leprechaun's Button, Caress
of a Unicorn, Pegasus Breath, vial of rainwater, or...

Come on, work with me. What haven't I said?

Hollowed out decorated Easter egg, birds nest
(discarded please), or a rattlesnake's rattle.

I could go on... or at least, if I hadn't already said so many, I
could. Let's see, cut and paste, drag and click. Here we go..

Dragon scales, a square of cloth, a photograph of a
beloved one (or anything really), or...

Look, you'll just have to take my word that I could go on. I
don't feel like dragging and clicking anymore from the list, and
sooner or later the list is going to end, and I be right back here
claiming that I could go on and on, when clearly I've run out of
ideas. So instead of mucking with that, instead let's create a more
abstract table.

Qualities of an ideal Charm

Small: which means portable. Though one of my
favorite charms was a vase of buttons--one from every shirt
I'd worn in the preceding twelfth month.

Inexpensive: unless you're giving it to me (or my wife
Kelly incidentally) as a present, in which case it should not
only look valuable, but have a significant resale value as
well.

Personal: the higher the sentimental value the better.

Feels Right: you'll have to figure out this last one.

Sooner or later something will just feel right. You'll just
know it. And not only will you immediately know that you

want the item in question to be a charm, the item--whatever it may be--will want to be your charm as well. My friend bought himself a Lamborghini Countage once, and the second he drove that sucker home, I knew that car was meant for me... and the car knew it too. Weeks later, it wrapped itself around a tree, died of a broken heart. I suppose this is more of an anti-charm example... but what exactly that means, you'll have to figure out. Let's just say, it obviously would have been me riding around in that car's front seat instead of mine...

Anyway, having decided upon a suitable charm, you will need to cast spell and charge that sucker up--sort of like depositing money in a debit card's checking account.

Celeron's Charm Conjunction Spell

Sit, meditate, and bring energy into fingers. If this is unclear, take a remedial course in Algebra 101, and/or Energy Manipulation for Dummies. Yeah, you heard me.

Infuse this energy into charm via process described in last chapter... or if you don't remember that part because you were too busy daydreaming about taking over the world, try visualizing energy flowing into the charm--but only the good energy. You see some of that negative energy trying to sneak on pass, shunt that stuff to the side, kick it to the curb, and talk smack to it till it crawls away in awe at your bad self.

Let charm know why you are doing this. That you love it, and that it's for its own good.

Note: charms are so powerful that most casinos won't let you place them anywhere on or near the gaming tables or slot machines... so get used to using them surreptitiously

One thing that is not at first obvious to most folks is that:

Less is More.

You can't have a thousand charms. It doesn't work that way. OK, you can, but the power in a thousand separate charms won't equal the power in one good charm. And this concept isn't limited to charms.

Let me share with you one of my most potent spells. It's called 1018, because that is like a huge number. OK. It's like big. When I was twelve, it was like the biggest number I could think of... and as high as I've ever bothered to count. If you want to spend the time counting higher, you can call the spell 1019, or 1021, or whatever. But don't get too carried away. No one likes a showoff.

Anyway, here's the spell:

1018

Count how many items you possess, and I mean everything. Every shoe, shirt, piece of underwear--streaked and full of holes or otherwise--every pen, pencil, spools of thread, individual needles, thumbtacks, pieces of silverware, decks of cards, candles, books of matches... everything!

Count it all up! Take your time about it.

Then bring the number of items down to cool crisp clean 1018.

This is called simplifying your life.

Note: as previously explained, 1018 is a magical number to me. If your favorite number is say 42, then reduce the number of items you have to 42. And if your favorite number is 3, then you're just screwed.

Note: the same thing can be done with keys on one's key ring. The smaller and lighter your key ring is, the simpler your life is. Remember in school how the janitor had this huge ring of keys? Well, if you'll remember, he carried around a pail of sawdust to clean up after six year olds when they puked. He wasn't exactly high on the food chain. People of power don't saddle themselves down with

overloaded key rings or closets bursting with stuff they never use. It's just the way that it is.

1018 is a pretty strong spell, so I would urge you not to dismiss it out of hand. Being an American, European, or basically anyone who would likely read a paperback--or could afford the lambskin, gilded edged, hardbound version of this masterful tome--you likely have a couple bucks in your pocket and I'm just guessing, well over 1018 items in your closet.

Reduction is simplification. It allows you to focus your time and energy on what is important and discard that which is not. Perhaps every bit as important is 1018's ability to conserve future time and effort. You see, if you are truly following the spell, it's not a one shot deal. Once you have your belongings down to 1018, before you bring something new into your life, you need to get rid of something old. And in the end, it can be much simpler to merely forgo the new item, thus saving you time, energy, life force, and money.

And, since my word is law, and you are practicing every spell as we come to it, it's a safe bet that you won't be going shopping anytime soon, and what, with all that heavy lifting, throwing out crap you haven't used in ten years and even forgotten that you owned, you might want to take a nice relaxing bath. Believe me, after working 1018, you've earned it.

Roland's Reinvigorating Bath

Take a bath... duh!

Twist is up a little... add Roland. I hear, he's sort of cute.

Add a gallon of milk, squeeze a fresh orange over your body, or try that thing with maple syrup.

At which point you really should add whatever passes for a Roland... or a Kelly in your life

Light a candle.

Add bubble bath.

Experiment with mayonnaise and determine if it really does work as a hair conditioner.

Relax. Unwind.

Drain the water out. Clean the tub.

Refill with hot water.

Empty a container of ground cinnamon into the water (No doubt this will immediately lead to a burning sensation, a chronic allergic reaction, which will require immediate hospitalization, or a nasty rash as the very least, so maybe it's not a such a good idea after all). Some folks prefer lavender.

Swish the water around making nice soothing energy releasing vortexes and pretend that you are a cup of cinnamon and/or lavender tea.

If taking a bath with Roland, now's a good time to give him a sip...

Note: This can be both a fun way to clean out the refrigerator and an excellent way to clog your pipes... leading to an expensive plumbing bill, so use some common sense.

Having had a nice refreshing bath... and perhaps cleaned the pipes as well, it is now time to enjoy life.

Yes indeed.

You deserve it.

How to Enjoy Life

Face sofa towards the west.

Make some slumber time, Night-Night Brand, cinnamon tea.

Cuddle up on couch with Roland, Kelly, significant other, or paid escort.

Watch the sun go down.

Give significant other a massage.

Purr gently as significant other returns the favor.

Note: whether you are paying an escort or not, remember to get your money's worth.

And this is where I will leave you for the moment. Enjoy the night. Enjoy life, but remember to get a good night's sleep, for tomorrow is the dreaded 13th Chapter...

So you know, early to bed, early to rise, or something like that, and don't let the bed bugs bite

Anyhow, the point is, the next chapter is full of pitfalls for the unwary, so don't get carried away. After you've taken a bath and watched the sun go down, it's straight off to bed... and I don't want to hear any noise after I turn off the lights.

“Te-he, te-he...”

“Shssh, be quite Kelly, you're setting a bad example.”

“Te-he... that tickles...”

Chapter 13 – Superstitions & Omens

Look, I understand completely if you just want to skip over this chapter.

I'm not really an expert on superstitions. I know if you walk under a ladder something might fall on you, so it just seems like a good idea to walk around them. I know that if you have the need to open an umbrella indoors, it's probably time to fix the leaks in your roof. And I know that if a black cat crosses your pass, it means an evil black witch is out to get you... and really, the only thing to do is pause, consider the moment, be aware of your surroundings, and let the danger pass you by.

Portents I'm not any better at. I know certain things bode well for the future, like hitting the winning lottery numbers, a police officer letting you off with only a warning when you were clearly speeding, or having a cute girl smile at you... unless of course, that cute girl happens to be holding onto a frying pan at the time, in which case you might be best to treat it like a black cat and tread carefully for the next few minutes.

If you'll remember a few chapters back I explained how nothing is real, it is all an illusion, and all you really get to do is chose your own delusion. Well, omens, portents, and superstitions work the same way. They can be incredible useful, but don't go believing they are some objective level of truth, or that others are going to see them in the same way that you do. Sort of like that frying pan wielding maniac that I keep around, some folks just don't see the allure. I guess what I'm saying is beauty is in the eye of the beholder as is the value of a charm, spell, portent, or omen.

Anyhow, that's about all I know about portents and it seems a shame to stop the chapter so soon. I mean, it seems like we've only just gotten started, so let's try something new and I'll just go at random and see where that takes us.

Waste Not, Want Not

Grab a roll of toilet paper and toss it around.

Which is to say, TP your house, bedroom, and if she'll let, your girlfriend

Play cowboys and Indians.

Or better yet, pretend that you're a mummy

Note: I'm not really sure if this has a point, but it is fun.

While you're at it you might want to spend a moment or two considering toilet paper, its touch, feel, scent, and smell.

When you're done, feel free to play Blizzard with a box of tissues.

I suppose I could justify it as an experiment in awareness. I mean, haven't you ever wanted to know why cats find a ball of yarn so fascinating? Or to make a pizza crust by hand just for the sake of feeling the dough in your hands?

You could call any of the above activities being in the moment, living, being alive, or being aware. There is an opposite state to this, and in many ways it is just as fun. Which is to say, as non-intuitive as it sounds, the better you are being at being awake, the better things get when you aren't.

Magic Broomstick Ride

On a beautiful spring day open the garage door. If you are anything like me, it will be messy and dirty, and the rafters will be full of cobwebs. I mean, when you get right down to it, the place doesn't look like it's been cleaned for at least a year... if ever.

Hear the cackle of Evil Mistress Kelly's laugh as she says, "I'm going shopping and when I get back I want his garage spick and span."

Ask what a spick is... and what it's supposed to span.

Artfully dodge Kelly's glaring look.

Start sweeping as she drives away.

And then let your mind drift away as you start to sweep and clean garage .

Imagine Kelly in a dressing room trying on clothes. Imagine--if you will--that this requires her taking off clothes first.

Yowza! Ha-cha-cha!

HEY! Stop undressing my wife in your mind eyes!

And get out of her dressing room you pervert!

Note: this is what a magic broomstick ride is all about. It is the opposite of being here and now.

Understandably, when Kelly returns from the store, I'm more than a little upset. She's been out gallivanting, spending my money, and strutting her stuff before god and the entire reading public, while I've been slaving away. So to appease me, it is only fair that she models a few of the outfits, which she has bought. I must admit I am particularly struck by tight fitting peasant's blouse designer jeans outfit, and after I show her the gleaming garage she agrees to a little role playing.

Riding the Dragon

Tie Kelly up to chair in middle of living room.

Get your own Kelly this time... or Roland--I hear tell that he's a pretty hygienic guy.

Fire up the vacuum cleaner.

Pretend that it is a fire breathing, dust eating dragon.

Clean the house, while rescuing Kelly--and/or Roland--from the evil clutches of dirt and grime.

Celebrate as befitting a conquering hero.

Note: have I ever mentioned how important it is to find someone who will accept you for who you are? In my particular case that would be a dashing rogue--a dragon slaying and/or befriending Hero. I like that... Hero. It has a certain ring of truth about it. Though, I admit to being a wee bit more attracted to the visage of a dark knight, but enough of that. Let's just say I didn't release the damsel Kelly, until I had secured an oath of bondage from her.

At this point you are probably asking yourself, "What has this got to do with anything? Anything, that is besides a random self indulgent rant?" There is a simple answer to that. Nothing.

At this point I should be able to say a magic broomstick ride is nothing more than the journey the mind takes whilst you are doing a mundane task, and you should understand what I mean. And from there, you can take it on faith... or not, that this journey will be more intense, the more you hone your life to certain key principles.

Money: is not really all that important. As already explained, money is a way of measuring talent and effort. That is to say, it basically costs something. But once you have that special someone in your life and you start to trade favors back and forth, money just doesn't have the same meaning it once had.

Non Violence: I recommend swearing an oath to yourself and the universe to never willingly engage in violence or anger. If you want to get past the ninth gate, the

pillars of god, or whatever, rest assured that this is a requirement. They simply don't let the mean hearted inside.

Knowledge and Reason: are overrated. Snap your fingers if you believe in magic and you'll be happy. What more do you need to know? Sure you'll be a fool on the hill, but you'll be a happy fool on the hill.

I wish I could go on, but being a bit of a fool, I stopped learning once I realized it wasn't that important.

Anyhow, in the next chapter we are going to start anew with tarot cards, so I wish to clear my mind, take care of a few last asides concerning dreams, which in case you didn't know is what the last several chapters have been on, one way or another--since about Chapter 7 - Psych, I'd say.

First off, you are immortal. Dying in your dreams is insignificant. It is a momentary experience of no importance. It is not a thing to be feared. Nor is dying in life. It could be the end--what do I know?--but even if it is, there is no sense dwelling on it. Approach it with welcoming arms and an absence of fear and you will do much better--both before and after death.

The Dream Djini wants you. Trust me on this. At times she has a frying pan in her hands, while at others she wraps her hair in sheaths of leather and looks like some ancient Egyptian goddess, while at still other times she comes out of the setting sun to fill your heart with warmth. She is the sun goddess and if you behave and restrain yourself from being the murderous, lying thug that you are, she and her mermaid minions will invite you to bask in the sun to swim and to play.

This is just non-sense, but then it is not.

What part is real? What part is un-real?

Can you say?

When you are reading does it matter if the words ring of turth? When you watch TV (and really you should just unplug that sucker and throw it away), but when you watch TV do you care

what is real and what is not? When you go to the theatre, see a play, or listen to a story, do you care? Is reality important? At the bottom of it, your mind cannot tell the difference. The difference between real and un-real is one little prefix, two little letters. Ditch the un. Get rid of the non. Don't let the truth get in the way of a good story... or the life that you want.

Trust me. The universe doesn't understand "NO" any better than a six month old child. Tell it what you want, and you will receive

So say your chants, burn your candles, and cast your spells-- the ones that you work from the start and make for yourself. But remember if don't actually enjoy the casting, you are missing the whole point of witchcraft... to have fun.

Chapter 14 - Tarot

Can you believe it? This chapter on how to work tarot was the crystal around which the rest of the book coalesced.

Being the Fool

Being the fool
Death's my domain
Under the moon
Chasing the rain

Running alone
My kingdom in flight
I've never seen day
So I live for the night

Eight of the Major Arcana in a ten card Celtic cross spread: if you needed further proof of my ego, there it is. Not so much a reading as a goal, I devised this poem as a persona to grow into. Like, that would be the reading I would like and so I strived to be the person who would deserve such a reading.

I will leave it to you to figure out what a layout like that means... besides arrogance, that is.

Tell you what though, to help you out I'll just go back and set up some history first. It wasn't my intent, but it just seems to make sense.

Way back before the bridge, when I was a young carefree lad, I bought a set of tarot cards--a standard deck, nothing fancy, nothing esoteric. And it even came with a little--1.5"x2.5"--booklet describing how to spread out the cards and do a reading. I read that little booklet, supplemented it with a few extra books from the library, and drew the cards. And then I meticulously looked up the meaning of every one of those cards in the book once again, because I still didn't know what they meant.

What a waste of time. At some point, even I got tired of this stupid game, not to mention the folks for whom I was supposedly performing this little routine. So one day--perhaps on the advise of something I'd read--I cut around the edges of the cards, so they no longer had names. The only way for me to tell the three of wands from the four of wands was to count the wands and look at the picture... and then I took it to the next level and threw away the book, so the only way to interpret the cards was to stare at the picture and try to find some kind of meaning in it. After a while I got good at this. I could identify the cards by sight. "Oh, that's the nine of pentacles." I could even play solitaire with tarot cards as easily, or almost as easily, as with regular cards. The readings weren't that bad either.

And then time goes by. I forget about the cards, leave them alone. Having put them in a damp place, the cards grow moldy, they age, and take on a suitable magical appearance. And then, at this point, I pick them up and do a reading, but in my mind's eye, rather than seeing the old pleasant associations, I see fear. Instead of angels, I am confronted by devils. It really wasn't so strange. There were, after all, outside forces, stresses, and concerns that had intervened and which were, in fact, driving me back to the cards in

the first place. To make a long story short, I got a negative reading. It happens with some degree of regularity. And, when it happened, I could feel my whole demeanor change as my mind incorporated this new set of bad news. I mean, I didn't need more bad news in my life. And believe it or not, it wasn't long before that deck of cards got burnt and I closed that chapter in my life. But let's review.

Making a Deck of Tarot Cards Your Own... attuning it to yourself

Handle them. Shuffle them. Use them. Read them.

Play solitaire with the cards... any game you'd play with a normal deck. Just treat the Major Arcana as jokers.

Once you have some degree of familiarity with the deck, light a candle. Burn a candle--an entire candle
Burn a candle, hold each card individually, and infuse them with power and meaning as if they were charms... 78 charms how many more do you really need.

Cut off the edges, maybe singe them.

Give them a spice rub... as always I opt for a playful, sugary spice myself. Give cinnamon a go.

More noon and night do a reading.

If you're really going to play the game, heed the results.

Note: One gets to decide what heeding the results means. I recommend only doing one reading per problem or sitting. If you don't like the reading, figure out what you have to do to change it, and then change it. The change need not be large. It can be trifling small at times, but don't pick up the cards to see if the change was adequate. Trust in yourself that it is.

There is nothing special in 1018. As a child 1018 was simply one of my favorite numbers and as I grew older I sought a way to honor it. Only having a 1018 possessions (or less) my magic drawer is not very big. In a small wooden card case intended to store two decks of playing cards, I have: 5 loose cards; 4 rocks,

moon, smile, river, cat's eye; two charms, elephant, and broken mood ring, both from my maternal grandparent; a spool of thread to create pendulums; 4 cool looking six sided dice; and a deck of cards, Looney Tunes.

Let me show you how to do a reading again.

Reading Cards the Easy Way

Shuffle three times.

Cut three times.

Pull card off... this is the past.

Pull next card off... this is the present.

Pull last card off... this is the future, sometimes called the resolution.

Read the cards... tell a story, spout BS.

Note: It doesn't make a difference what type of deck you use, as long as you can tell a story. I use Looney Tunes because the images have meaning to both me and the typical observer... readily and easily identifiable meaning.

And example, live in real time. We have not edited this section. Ready?

An Example of Play

Shuffle three times.

Cut three times.

The past. Nine of Diamonds. Tweety bird is flying. He looks excited. He might be concerned, but I don't see it. He just looks happy and excited.

The present. Eight of Diamonds. And why wouldn't Tweety be excited. Porky Pig is pointing into the distance. It looks like he is opening a door, making an offer, but I look back on Tweety and he looks a little worried now. Nine's gone to Eight possible financial problems, maybe a fee for entry. What is Porky selling?

The future. Hot damn! Ace of Hearts, a giant red

heart, no character portrait only the Looney Tunes Logo. Will you look at that? We hit the jackpot. Trade a couple of bucks for true love? I think so, and so we have a simple tale of opportunity, apprehension, but on the other side a grand reward.

Note: I can't help but drawing the conclusion that this somehow goes back to the dice exercise from long ago... You know I hear a plumber in Ohio sent Eddie a thank you letter and within days he'd received a check for \$250,000; and then there was this hairdresser, I think in LA...

Note: If truth be told, all the cards came out reversed, but I had decided in advance to ignore reversals. You can do that. Decide to ignore things, play without arcane, whatever you want, but if we had been playing with reversals, the story might well be one of justified apprehension to avoid getting suckered for a false promise.

Beyond this, I'm not going to tell you much about how to read cards. Don't make it more complicated than it needs to be. Lay a card down, let the card speak to you, voice to yourself (and/or your audience) what the card says. Lay down another card. Give it a voice. Make a story. In the above example, if I wanted to take it further, I would try to figure out what Porky Pig was selling... or recreate his sales pitch. Other readers might focus on what the Ace of Hearts really meant, or the qualities of Tweety. It's all personal preference, but the basic principle is simple. Use cards that you understand, and that a layout that makes sense to you. If you have to resort to a rule book or instruction manual, the game you're playing is too complicated. Start at an easy level... and add the intricacies from there... should you ever have the desire.

The last thing I want to go over is how to make your own deck. Believe it or not, this book originally started as a simple

idea. I'd take a year, 52 weeks, and make a tarot deck. Just document the process and let you watch over my shoulder. I might get to that yet. It sounds like a good idea for a sequel, but not today. Instead, I'll take a few thousand words and walk you through the steps.

Tarot Card Blanks

Regular Poker Cards – Bicycle Brand comes to mind – Take deck of cards and cover back side with white stickers. I would leave the numbers still showing, but to each their own.

Index Cards – Count out 52. You've got a blank deck.

Game Card Sleeves – Go down to the local game store and ask for some card sleeves. They are plastic sleeves into which you can slide cards, paper, clippings from magazines or whatever. Get the expensive kind where one side is clear and the other side has an opaque design... of a dragon, ying yang sign, or whatever catches your fancy.

I'm going to assume that you started with a regular deck of playing cards. Now just think. What does Ace of Spades mean to you? Queen of Hearts? Two of hearts? Three of Diamonds? Some cards will have meaning. Any card that you know what it means already, just write on the card it's meaning. We are obviously talking short phrases here. Any card you don't know what it means just leave blank for now.

When you are done filling out the cards that you know, you already have meaning ascribed to them, put the deck away. Let the meaning of the cards come to you... and don't worry about being wrong. Index cards are cheap, one deck of Bicycle playing cards looks amazingly like the next, and card sleeves, they just beg to be refilled over and over again.

Once you have some meaning to the cards, you can add simple line sketches, or if you are an artist something more involved, but remember to keep it kind of vague. A happy face is good, as is eating an ice cream cone, but if the image gets too

involved, say eating an ice cream at a certain store, at a certain time, at a certain place... well that might limit the stories the card can be utilized in... or maybe not. Maybe exactly what you need are Normal Rockwell type settings compete stories unto themselves on your cards... I mean, why is my advise so value in the first place. People are different.

Assigning Meaning

Draw Card.

Meditate on Card.

Write first words that come to mind, be they happy, sad, man, woman, boy, child, plumber, luck, roll of dice, or whatever.

Realize you've already used those words before.

Erase the words from either this card, or the previous card, and put down first words that come into your mind.

Note: Over the course of time, it will work itself out. Certain cards simple will mean certain things.

When the first part is done, add pictures. Clip them out of magazines (but don't be selling your deck now), take photographs, or draw them. How you do it isn't important. I would also make a small line symbol of the card. Ace of Spades might be a flat horizontal line, indicating a flat line on a EKG, reminiscent of the death card. Queen of Heart might be two interlinked hearts reminiscent of lovers, and so on.

Consider the deck a work in progress... and when you've worked on it long enough, you might not feel the need to make any changes... or maybe you'll be one of those people who never leave well enough alone... neither is better. It is what works for you.

Now, there are some things you might wish to consider.

Red versus Black – An obvious dualism. What does it mean? I don't know. Some ideas are: Night versus day. Good versus evil. Male versus female. Yes versus no. Ying versus Yang.

Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, Spades – An obvious Quadrim... I'm just hoping you're going to let that one slide. Anything split into fours can go here. The seasons come immediately to mind. We also might have the humors... look it up; the elements, wind, fire, earth, and water; the members of your family? the stages of life, birth, school, work, death... or whatever. If it spits into four, we've got four classes, so use them.

The numbers – 2, 3, 4... 10, J, Q, K, A – Form a hierarchy. This can be age; a quantitative amount for like money, intelligence, or strength; or ones place on any path in life. After all even birth, school, work, death can be broken down even further. And, if you are wondering why there are 13 of each suit in the first place, it is because this corresponds to roughly how many moon cycles are in each year... might want to incorporate that little bit of trivia somewhere in your deck... or you can also be honest with yourself and say, "Moon? I live in the city. I haven't seen the moon in weeks. I wonder what stage of it's cycle it's in anyway." Which is simply a way of saying if the moon isn't really part of your life, there is precious little reason in making it an integral part of your deck... that is, until it is.

Fifty Two – There are 52 cards in the deck and roughly 52 weeks in the year. It's a simple matter to assign a period of time to each card and from there it is easy to assign astrological meanings to each card, if that is your bent. I know nothing of astrology, so I will leave it for you to figure this aspect out further.

One thing I will say about astrology is that I am a Cancer with a Libra rising. What this means is that long ago another one of those cute girls in my life said I looked like a Cancer and then went on to say I had a Libra rising. She seemed pretty sure of herself, and I was pretty sure things would flow smoother between us if I played along, so I have. Cancer with Libra rising, that's

what I am, but I couldn't begin to tell you which one is the moon sign and which one is the sun sign, and what exactly a rising sign means. When I read the forecast in the paper, I read the advise for both Cancer and Libra. I figured that girl from long ago doubled my fun. You can't go wrong with that.

Now I recognize the forgoing is a bit sketchy, but for magic to work it has to be personalized. Trust in yourself. You know what to do. Now is the time. Do it.

If not now, when?
If not you, who?

Chapter - The End
Truth is Fiction and Reality is Unreal.

Working magic is a lot like writing a book of fiction and then making it come true. It's a delicate balance of believing what is not true, setting your sights ever higher, and going beyond your wildest fantasies... and then simply making it all become part of your reality.

I've got to admit, that really doesn't do it for me either, let me try again.

Magical Spell to End Global Warming

Sell your car.

Stop driving all motorized vehicles.

Don't accept rides from others.

Don't buy anything that is delivered to the store by a motorized vehicle.

Live a good life anyhow.

Show others how good your life is without a car.

Convince them to mimic you.

Pretty soon cars go the way of the dinosaurs.

Humanity and Mother Earth is saved.

Note: Magic is no harder and no easier. How does the saying go? All you have to do is change one little thing... everything.

Two last bits, which if you'll remember is all you paid for anyhow, and then I'm gone.

The Path to Riches

Work real hard for ten years.

Don't spend a single dime.

Invest it all.

At the end of ten years retire.

You'll never have to work again, as long as you never spend any more in any one year than the lowest amount you saved during your ten working years.

Note: Individual results may vary. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Consult a professional before making any investment decisions. Read the prospectus carefully.

Remember! In the final analysis, anyone... ANYONE who writes a book on magic is either a white witch or a black witch... no matter what load of crap they might try to sneak in about how they are some silver, steel, or mercurial witch. Some things work and some things don't. Find out for yourself what does and ditch the rest.

All hail Gra'gl, King of the Night... or Yr'goth... or as long as we're selling our souls maybe I should talk to Kelly and see what she would give me... the things she can do, you would not believe, but then that's a whole other story.

The End

<< ... >>

Diving, Last Notes

Synchronicity

Visualize Goal, Figure Out Steps, Do Them

Crystal Ball versus reflection on wall, ceiling, one cost money (power going in the wrong direction) the other is free, and all around you (reflective surfaces are everywhere)

Blank slate divinations

To see self, best to start with blank slate (ie mirror)

Candles

Incense

Bells (rats warning), whistles,

Mirror

Bath Spell, relaxation

Tarot

Tie Dye

Spells

Herbs

Vortexes

Broken Avatar

CUM Scouts

Merit Badges

Magazine Article – UFO –

Media Analysis

Control

Create

Sell

Story of Red Moley & Hodag

17 Virgins Now, How to beat the system and steal a fajadin

happily ever after, Terrorism never felt so good

Agriculture

Sex in the Fields, I fucked for my fields

Harvest under the full moon, and as long as you're out there

Herb Garden, from beginning to end

When the Master is ready, the Student will appear.

© 2007 Copyright Brett Paufler

Brett@Paufler.net

All Rights Reserved

This document was originally downloaded from

www.paufler.net

And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be found

It's fiction, yada-yada, and any resemblance is coincidental

Also, might not want to try this at home. Just saying...

Practicing Magic has been known to have severe side effects.